

# **Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music**

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### **The Foggy Dew (Irish 2)**

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Over the hills I went one day, a lovely maid I spied  
With her coal black hair and her mantle so green.  
An image to perceive.  
Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride  
And she lifted her eyes of blue  
She smiled and said, "Young man I'm to wed  
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

Over the hills I went one morn, a-singing I did go.  
Met this lovely maid with her coal-black hair,  
And she answered soft and low:  
Said she, "Young man, I'll be your bride,  
If I know that you'll be true."  
Oh, in my arms, all of her charms  
Were casted in the foggy dew.

Note: Still yet another completely different Foggy Dew. This was  
the basis for the Irish revolutionary version. Great tune. RG