

The Foggy, Foggy Dew

Words & Music:
Traditional English (ca. 1815)

There are also Irish & American versions. Benjamin Britten wrote a version of it and you will find traces of that in the music to Monty Python's "The Lumberjack Song".

 D G E
When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
 A D
I worked at the weaver's trade.
 D G E
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
 A D
Was to woo a fair young maid.
 A D A D
I wooed her in the wintertime, and part of the summer too.
 D G E
And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong
 A D
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side
When I was fast asleep.
She threw her arms around my neck
And then began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair, ah, me, what could I do?
So all night long I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade.
And every single time I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime, and part of the summer too,
And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.