Foggy Foggy Dew Irisches Volkslied



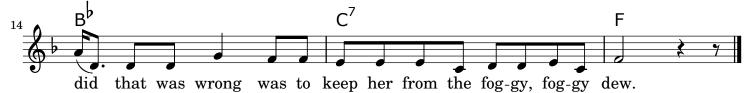
When I was a bachelor, I liv'd all alone I worked at the wea-ver's trade; and the



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wooed her in the wintertime, and part of the summer, too, and the only, only thing that I



When I was a bachelor,
I liv'd all alone
I worked at the weaver's trade;
and the only, only thing
that I did that was wrong
was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the wintertime,
and part of the summer, too,
and the only, only thing
that I did that was wrong
was to keep her from the
foggy, foggy dew.

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

Again I am a bachelor and I live with my son We work at the weaver's trade And every single time that I look into his eyes He reminds me of the fair young maid.

He reminds me of the winter time
Part of the summer too
And the many, many times
I held her in my arms
To keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.