



When I was a ba-che-lor, I liv'd all a-lone I worked at the wea-ver's trade; and the  
 5 only, on-ly thing that I did that was wrong was to woo a fair young maid. I  
 9 wooed her in the wintertime, and part of the summer, too, and the only, only thing that I  
 14 did that was wrong was to keep her from the fog-gy, fog-gy dew.

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.