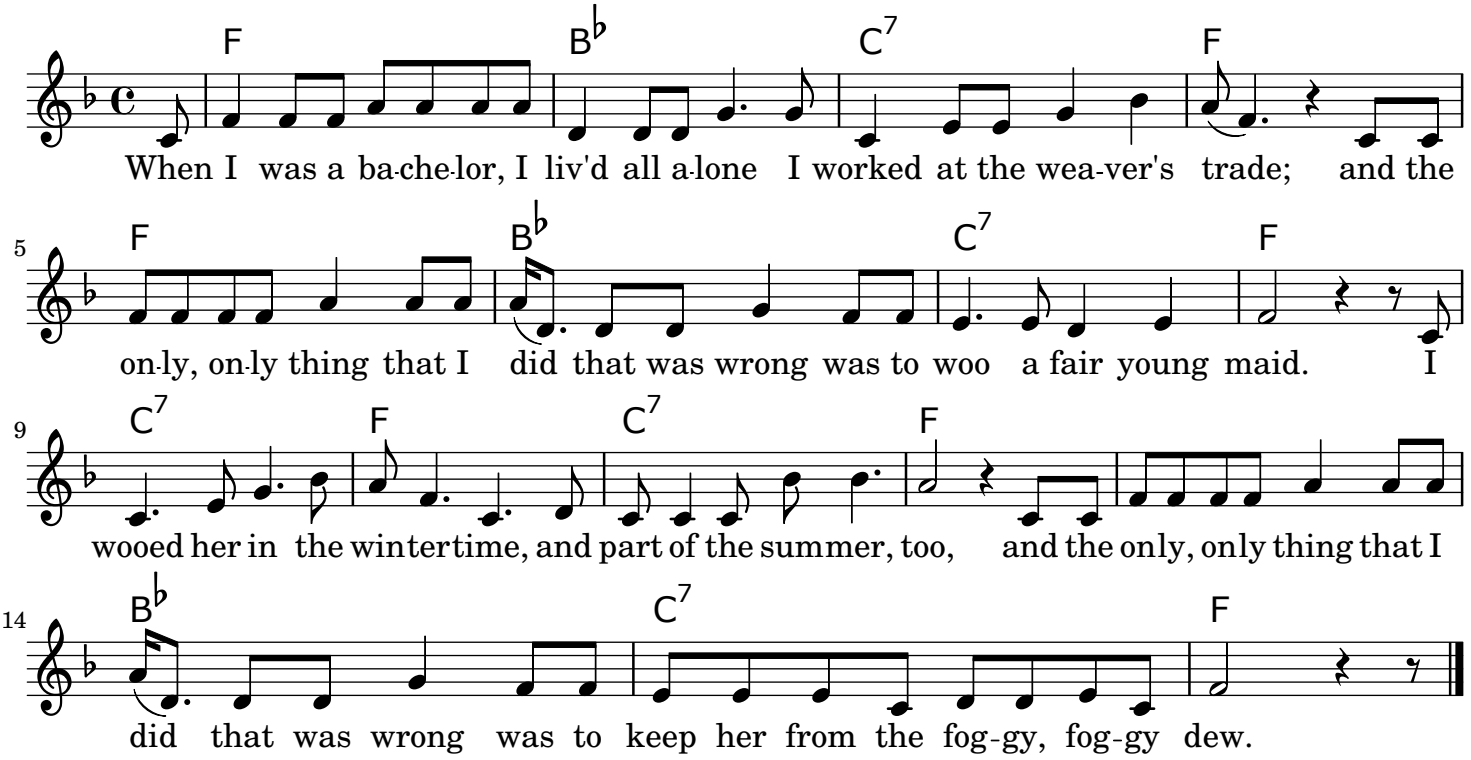
Foggy Foggy Dew

Irisches Volkslied



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.