



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.