

189

C F G⁷ C

When I was a ba-che-lor, I liv'd all a-lone I worked at the wea-ver's trade; and the

5 C F G⁷ C

on-ly, on-ly thing that I did that was wrong was to woo a fair young maid. I

9 G⁷ C G⁷ C

wooded her in the win-ter - time, and part of the sum-mer, too, and the

13 C F G⁷ C

only, only thing that I did that was wrong was to keep her from the foggy, foggy 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.

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

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

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.

189