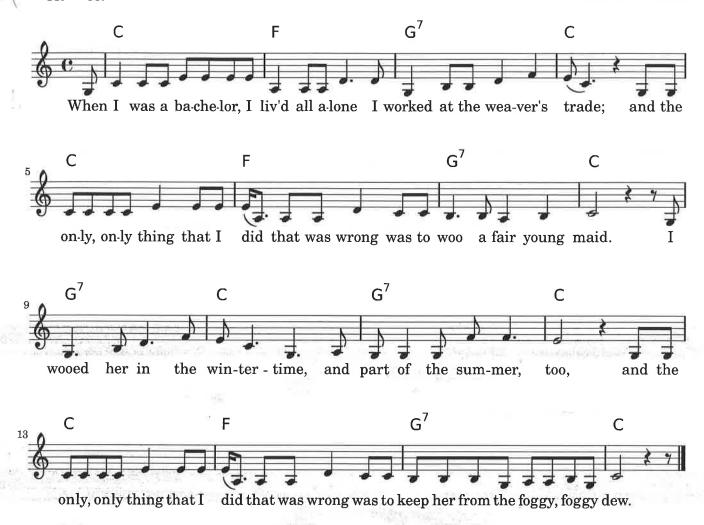
Foggy Foggy Dew

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.