

The Foggy Foggy Dew

Burl Ives

When I was a bachelor I lived 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 winter time
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 close 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
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew

Again I am a bachelor, 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 that fair young maid

He reminds me of the wintertime
Part of the summer too
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew