

Burl Ives

"The Foggy, Foggy Dew"

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Artist: Burl Ives

Title: 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
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 she 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 sing time 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 the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy, dew.

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