

Marty Robbins

"Foggy Foggy Dew"

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When I was a bachelor I lived all alone I worked at the
weaver's trade
And the only only thing 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 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

He reminds me of the winter time part of the summer
too
And the many many times that I held her in my arms
To keep her from the foggy foggy dew

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