

Marty Robbins

"The 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 some 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 I held her in my arms
To keep her from the foggy, foggy dew

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