

## **Roger Whittaker**

# **"Foggy Foggy Dew"**

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When I was a bachelor I lived all alone  
And I worked to do weaver's trade  
And the only, only thing that I ever did it wrong  
Was to woo a fair young maid

I wooed her in the winter time and in 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 came to my bed side  
When I lay fast to sleep  
She laid her head upon my bed  
And she began to weep

She sight, she cried, she den dear digit  
She said: What shell I do  
So I hold her into bed and I covered up her head  
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew

Now I am a bachelor I live with my son  
And 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 and 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

The many, many times that I held her in my arms  
Just To keep her from the foggy, foggy dew

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