

# Marty Robbins, The Foggy Foggy Dew

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