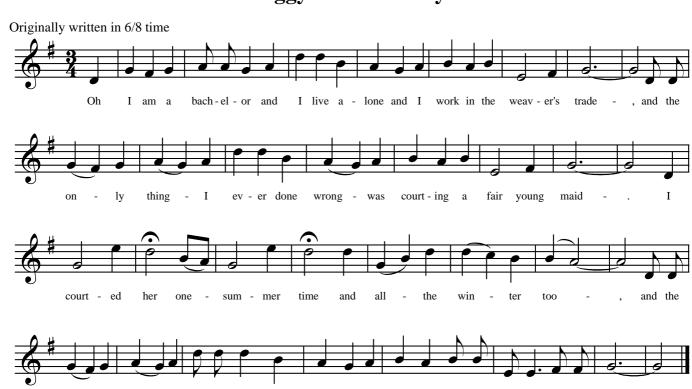
## Foggy Dew - Mr Jay



I got that tired of living alone
I says to her one day
T've a nice little crib in my old shack
where you might safely lay.
You'll be all right in the summer time
and in the winter too,

on - ly

thing - I

nev - er should have

You'll lay right warm and take no harm away from the foggy, foggy dew.'

'I don't think much of this old shack and I shall lonely be with only that poor old Cyprus cat to keep me company.

There's a cricket singing on the hearth

and what can that thing do
if the night-time roar and the fire won't
draw

to save me from the foggy, foggy dew?'

One night she come to my bedside time I lay fast asleep she put's her head down on my bed and she starts in to weep.

She yelled and cried, she well-near died, she say, 'What shall I do?'

So I hauled her into bed and I covered

to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

up her head

Says I, 'My dear, lay close to me and wipe away them tears.'
Then I hauled her shift up over her head and I wrapped it round her ears.
We was alright in the winter time and in the summer too, and I held her tight that live-long night

to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

done was to

save her from the

6
'Now lay you still you silly young fool and don't you feel afraid, for if you want to work with me you've got to learn your trade.'
I learned her all the summer time and all the winter too, and truth to tell she learned that well she save us from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night I lay there good as gold and then she say to me,
'I got a pain athout my back where no pain ought to be.
I was alright in the summer time and in the winter too, then I took some ill, or a kind of a chill from laying in the foggy, foggy dew.'

8
One night she start to moan and cry, says I, 'What's up with you?'
She say, 'I never should have been this way

dew

fog - gy, fog - gy

if that had'na been for you.'
I got my boots and trousers on,
I got my neighbour too,
But do what we would, we couldn't do
no good
and she died in the foggy, foggy dew.

So I am a bachelor, I live with with my son we work in the weaving trade.

And every time I look in his face I can

the eyes of that fair young maid.
That remind me of that summer time and of the winter too, and the many nights she laid in my arms to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.