

Foggy Dew - Mr Jay

Originally written in 6/8 time



Oh I am a bach-el - or and I live a - lone and I work in the weav - er's trade - , and the



on - ly thing - I ev - er done wrong - was court - ing a fair young maid - . I



court - ed her one - sum - mer time and all - the win - ter too - , and the



on - ly thing - I nev - er should have done was to save her from the fog - gy, fog - gy dew - .

2
I got that tired of living alone
I says to her one day
'I'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,
You'll lay right warm and take no harm
away from the foggy, foggy dew.'

3
'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?'

4
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
up her head
to save her from the foggy, foggy dew.

5
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.

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.

7
One night I lay there good as gold
and then she say to me,
'I got a pain aouth 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
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.

9
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
see
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.