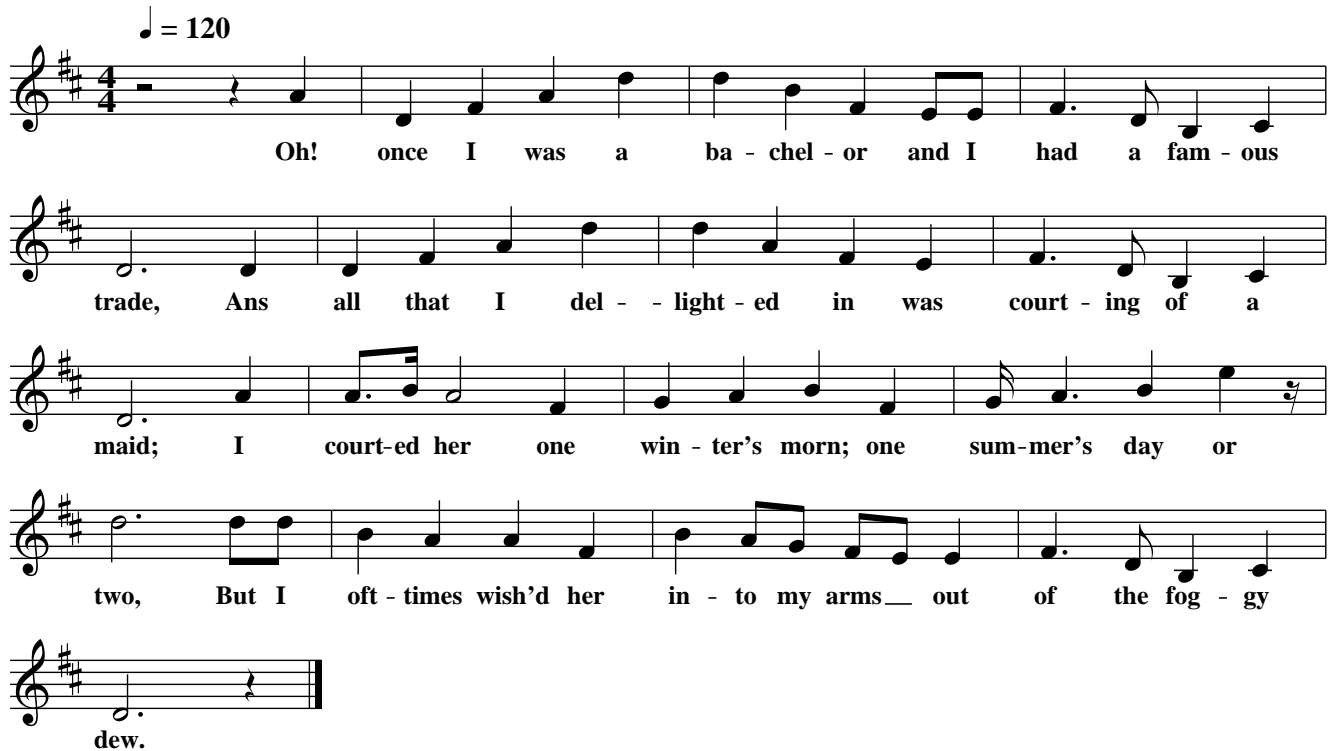


The Foggy Dew

$\text{♩} = 120$



Oh! once I was a ba - chel - or and I had a fam - ous
trade, Ans all that I del - - light - ed in was court - ing of a
maid; I court-ed her one win - ter's morn; one sum-mer's day or
two, But I oft - times wish'd her in - to my arms_ out of the fog - gy
dew.

Oh! once I was a batchelor and I had a famous trade,
And all that I delighted in was courting of a maid;
I courted her one winter's morn, one summer's day or two,
But I oft-times wished her into my arms, out of the foggy dew.

My love she came to my bedside as I was fast asleep
And then she went to my bed's foot and bitterly did weep
She wept, she wail'd, she wrung her hands; she cried, "What shall I do?"
"Come into bed, my pretty fair maid, out of the foggy dew."

Oh! all the first part of that night we did both sport and play,
And all the rest part of that night she lay in my arms till day;
And when the daylight did appear she cried, "I am all undone."
"Then arise, fair maid, and be not afraid, for the foggy dew is gone."

Then the very next day I married her, I made my lawful wife,
I nourished her, I cherished her, I lov'd her as my life;
But I never told her of that thing, nor I never intended to
But everytime that fair girl smiles, I think on the foggy dew.

"So when we've got one child, my dear, it will cause us both to smile,
And when we have got another, my dear, we'll work for a little while,
And when we've got another, my dear, and another, and another, too,
Then we'll both set out to work, my love, and forget the foggy dew."