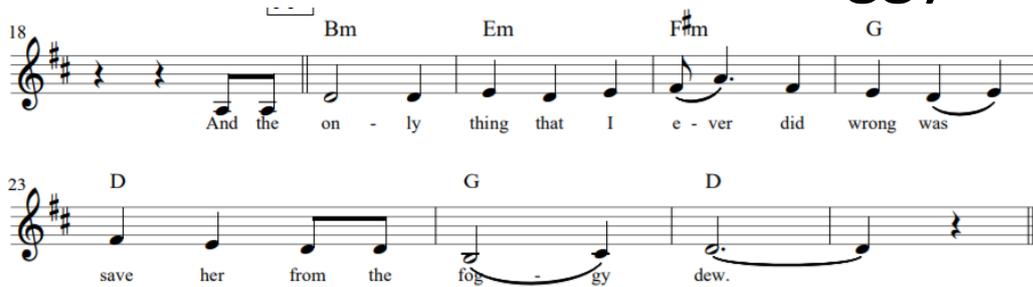


When I was a bachelor - Foggy Dew



18 Bm Em F#m G
And the on - ly thing that I e - ver did wrong was

23 D G D
save her from the fog - gy dew.

1. When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone
I worked at the weavin' trade
And the only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her all the summer long
And part of the winter, too.
And the only thing that I did that was wrong
Was to save her from the foggy dew.
2. One night, she crept up to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my bed
And then she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried, she damn near died
Alas, what could I do?
So I hauled her into bed and covered her head
Just to keep her from the foggy dew.
3. Now the first part of that winter's night
Oh, how we did sport and play
And all the latter part of the night
She in my arms did lay
And when broad light it did appear
She cried out, "I am undone!"
"Oh **hold** your peace, you silly young wench
For the foggy dew is gone." [break on "hold"]
[restart on "foggy"]
4. "Supposin' that you do have a child,
It would make you laugh and smile.
Supposing that you do have a child,
It would make you think awhile.
And just suppose you have another wee one
And another one or two,
It'll make you leave off them foolish young tricks
And think on the foggy dew."
5. I lo'ed that lass wi' all my heart,
She's as dear as my own dear life.
But in the latter part of that year,
She became another man's wife.
I never told him of her faults
And I never intend to do.
Yet many's the time she winks and smiles,
I think on the foggy dew.

The Foggy Dew

♩ = 56

Trd: Skotland
Arr.: Cabbie Drennan Band

A

When I was a bach - e - lor, I lived all a - lone, and I
the on - ly thing that I e - ver did wrong was

5 worked at the weav - ing trade. And I
woo a fair young maid.

B

10 woo'd her all the sum - mer long, and

14 part o' the win - ter too - .

A'

18 And the on - ly thing that I e - ver did wrong was

23 save her from the foggy dew.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Foggy_Dew_\(English_song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Foggy_Dew_(English_song))

"**Foggy Dew**" or "**Foggy, Foggy Dew**" is an English folk song. The song describes the outcome of an affair between a young weaver and a girl he courted for some time. She initially comes to his bed because she is afraid of the "foggy, foggy dew" but it seems she often returned. Early versions of the song refer to her fear of the "**bugaboo**" rather than the foggy dew.^[1] It is cataloged as **Laws** No. 003 and **Roud Folk Song Index** No. 558

The song is a lamentful ballad of a lover. It was published on a **broadside** around 1815, though there are very many versions: **Cecil Sharp** collected eight versions.^[2] **Burl Ives**, who popularized the song in the United States in the 1940s, claimed that a version dated to **colonial America**, and he was once jailed in **Mona, Utah**, for singing it in public, when authorities deemed it a bawdy song.^[3] **BBC Radio** likewise restricted broadcast of the song to programmes covering folk tunes or the works of **Benjamin Britten**.^[4] The tune is a late 18th- or early 19th-century revision of "When I First Came to Court", licensed in 1689.

Burl Ives: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tzyteR2_nOU

Roger Whittaker: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=htsZ6iolqEQ>