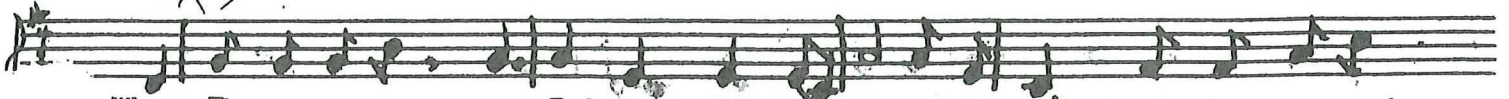


Mom

The Foggy , Foggy Dew ,,

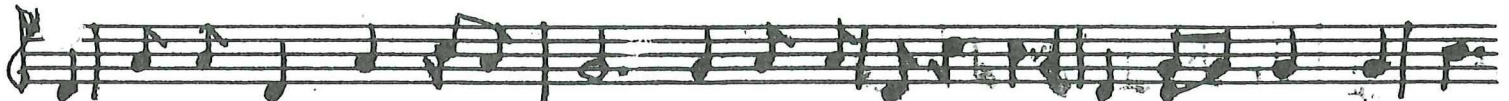
100 1/2



When I was a young man, I lived all alone, and I worked at the weaver's



trade, And all the wrong that I ever ~~did~~ ^{done..} was to court a fair young maid,



I courted her one summer's time, and in the winter too, and many were the times



That I held her in my arms, when I rolled her in the foggy, foggy dew,,

One night when I came home from work, I found her there inside,
She threw her arms around my neck, and bitterly ~~and~~ cried,

~~She sobbed, she sighed, she tore her hair, she cried I an undone,~~
And that same night, gave birth to a child,
Now you see what the foggy dew has done!

~~So then I up and married her, the baby was my own,~~
And for a while she stayed with us, and happy was our home.
But then one day, she ran away, and left us both alone,

~~To sit and sigh, my son and I, and think what the foggy dew had done,,~~

Now I am an old man, and I live with my son,
And we work at the weaver's trade,
~~And every time I look into his eyes, I think of that fair young maid!~~

I think of all these summer nights, and nights in the winter too,,
And the many, many times, I held her in my arms,
When I rolled her in, the foggy , foggy dew, I