

Foggy Dew

Traditional, **arranged by** Carolyn Robson

1. One night as I lay on my bed,
As I lay fast asleep,
A fair pretty maid came to my bedside
Most bitterly she did weep.
She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,
Crying, 'Oh what shall I do?'
'Go home to bed, my fair pretty maid,
For fear of the foggy dew, dew, dew,
For fear of the foggy dew.
2. So there they laid all that long night
Til daylight did appear.
'Come rise, pretty maid, and don't be afraid
For the foggy dew is gone.
I never told her all my faults
And I never do intend so to do,
But there's many a time I've rolled her in my arms
For fear of the foggy dew, dew, dew,
For fear of the foggy dew.