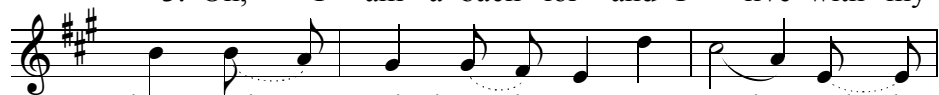


The foggy dew

Suffolkshire Folksong



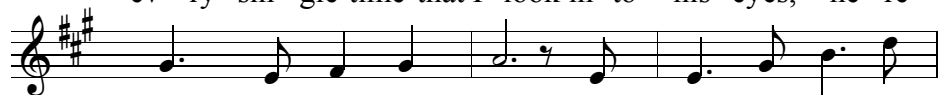
1. When I was a ba - che - lor I lived all a -
2. One night she came to my bed -
3. Oh, I am a bach'-lor and I live with my



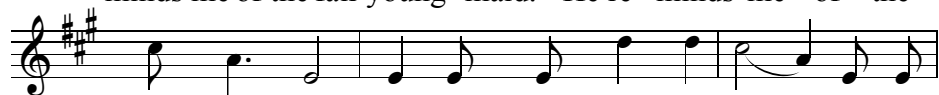
lone and I worked at the wea-ver's trade, And the
side when I lay fast a - sleep; She
son, and we work at the wea-ver's trade. And



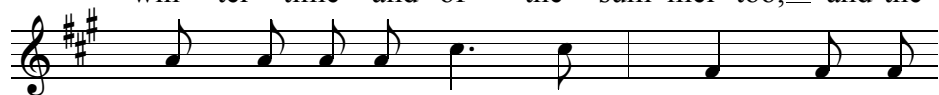
on - ly, on - ly thing I did that was wrong was to
laid her head u - pon my bed and
ev'-ry sin - gle time that I look in - to his eyes, he re -



woo a fair young maid. I wooed her in the
she be - gan to weep. She sighed, she cried, she
minds me of the fair young maid. He re - minds me of the



win - ter time and in the sum - mer too, — And the
damn near died, She said: "What shall I do?" — So I
win - ter time and of the sum - mer too, — and the



on - ly, on - ly thing I did that was
hauled her in - to bed And I covered up her
ma - ny, ma - ny times that I held her in my



wrong was to
head, just to keep her from the fog - gy fog - gy dew.
arms, just to

The foggy dew

Suffolkshire Folksong

1

When I was a bachelor
I lived all alone
and I worked at the weaver's trade,
And the only, only thing
I did that was wrong
was to woo a fair young maid.

I wooed her in the winter time
and in the summer too,
And the only, only thing
I did that was a wrong
was to keep her
from the foggy, foggy dew.

2

One night she came to my bedside
when I lay fast asleep;
She laid her head upon my bed
and she began to weep.
She sighed, she cried,
she damn near died,
She said: "What shall I do?"
So I hauled her into bed
And I covered up her head,
just to keep her
from the foggy, foggy dew.

3

Oh, I am a bach'(e)lor
and I live with my son,
and we work at the weaver's trade.
And ev'ry single time
that I look into his eyes,
he reminds me
of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime
and of the summer too,
and the many, many times
that I held her in my arms,
just to keep her
from the foggy, foggy dew.

Der neblige Tau

Volkslied aus Suffolkshire

Als ich Junggeselle war,
da lebte ich ganz allein
und arbeitete als Weber,
und das Einzige,
das ich falsch gemacht habe,
war um eine schönes junges
Mädchen zu werben.

Ich freite um sie im Winter
und auch im Sommer,
und das Einzige,
das ich falsch gemacht habe,
war: ich schützte sie
vor dem Tau.

Eines Nachts kam sie an mein Bett,
als ich tief im Schlaf lag;
sie legte ihr Haupt auf mein Bett
und fing zu weinen an.
Sie seufzte, sie heulte,
sie starb beinahe,
sie sagte: „Was soll ich tun?“
Also zog ich sie in mein Bett,
und bedeckte ihren Kopf,
nur um sie zu schützen
vor dem Tau.

Oh, ich bin ein Junggeselle
und ich lebe mit meinem Sohn
und wir arbeiten als Weber.
Und jedes Mal,
wenn ich in seine Augen schau,
erinnert er mich
an das schöne junge Mädchen.
Er erinnert mich an die Winterzeit
und auch an den Sommer
und an die vielen, vielen Male,
da ich sie in meinen Armen hielt,
nur um sie zu schützen
vor dem Tau.

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