

The Foggy Dew

ireland

$\text{♩} = 100$

5

9

13

Over the hills I went one day,
A lovely maid I spied
With her coal black hair and her mantle so green.
An image to perceive.
Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride
And she lifted her eyes of blue
She smiled and said, "Young man I'm to wed
I'm to meet in the foggy dew."

Over the hills I went one morn,
A-singing I did go.
Met this lovely maid with her coal-black hair,
And she answered soft and low:
Said she, "Young man, I'll be your bride,
If I know that you'll be true."
Oh, in my arms, all of her charms
Were casted in the foggy dew.