

# Young Charlotte - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side,  
In a wild and lonely spot,  
No dwelling there for miles around,  
Except her father's cot.

Yet many a cold and Wintry night  
Young swains were gathered there,  
Her father kept a social board,  
And she was very fair.

Her father loved to see her dress  
As gay as any city belle.  
She was the only child he had,  
And he loved his daughter well.

'Twas New Year, and the sun was down,  
Bright beamed her restless eye  
As she to the frosted window went,  
To see the sleighs go by.

While thus she stood with glittering eye,  
A well known voice she heard,  
And dashing up to the cottage door,  
Young Charlie's sleigh appeared.

At a village inn some miles away  
Was a merry ball that night,  
The air was bitter, freezing cold.  
But her heart was warm and light.

Her mother said: " Ah, daughter, dear,  
Those blankets 'round you fold,  
It is a dreadful night abroad,  
You'll catch a deathly cold."

"Ah, no, ah, no," young Charlotte cried-  
She felt like a fairy queen-  
"To ride in blankets muffled up  
I never can be seen.

"My silken cloak is enough for me,  
You know its lined throughout,  
Beside I have a satin shawl  
To tie my neck about."

Her bonnet and her shawl put on,  
She stepped into the sleigh,  
Away they rode by the mountain side,  
And o'er the hills away.

There's music in the ring of the bells,  
As over the hills they go,  
And a pleasant sound the runners make  
As they leave the drifted snow.

Through the freezing air and cold starlight,

From the music archive at [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Full five long miles they passed,  
When Charlie, in near frozen tones,  
The silence broke at last.

"Such a night as this I never knew,  
The reins I scarce can hold;"  
Young Charlotte replied, in feeble voice,  
"I too am exceeding cold."

He cracked his whip and urged his steed  
Much faster than before,  
And many other weary miles  
In silence they passed o'er.

Said Charles: "How fast the freezing ice  
Is gath'ring on my brow;"  
Young Charlotte said, in weaker voice,  
"I'm growing warmer now."

Still through the freezing, cold starlight,  
More miles they sped along,  
Until at length the village inn  
And ball room met the sight.

They reached the door, and jumping out,  
He gave his hand to her-  
"Why sit you there like monument  
That has not power to stir!"

Again appealed, and yet again,  
She still remained unmoved;  
Once more he sought to take her hand-  
She ne'er vouchsafed a word.

He stripped her cloak from off her form,  
The bright stars on her shone,  
He took her hand-Oh, God! it was  
As cold and hard as stone.

Then quickly to the lighted hall  
Her lifeless form he bore;  
Young Charlotte was a frozen corpse,  
And never spake she more.

As sad he sat there by her side,  
While bitter tears did flow.  
He said: " My young and blooming bride  
You never more shall know." "

He twined his arms around her neck,  
He kissed her marble brow,  
And his thoughts ran back to when she said:  
"I'm growing warmer now."