

The Charming Young Widow - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Charming Young Widow.

I live In Vermont, and one morning last Summer
A letter inform'd me my uncle was dead,
And also requested I'd come down to Boston,
As he left me a large sum of money, it said;
Of course I determined on making the journey,
And to book myself by the "first-class "I was fain,
Tho' had I gone "second "I had never encountered
The charming young widow I met in the train.

Yet scarce was I seated within the compartment
Before a fresh passenger entered the door;
'Twas a female-a young one-and dressed in deep mourning,
An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore;
A white can surrounding a face-oh, so lovely!
I never snail look on one like it again;
I fell deep in love overhead in a moment
With the charming young widow I met in the train.

The widow and I side by side sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more;
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who inquired the time by the watch that I wore;
I, of course, satisfied her, and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, 'till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met in the train.

We became so familiar, I ventured to ask her
How old was the child that she held at her breast-
"Ah, sir!" she responded, and into tears bursting,
Her infant still closer convulsively pressed)
"When I think of my child I am well nigh distracted,
Its father-my husband-oh, my heart creaks with pain!"
She choking with sobs, leaned her head on my waistcoat-
Did the charming young widow I met in the train.

By this time the train had arrived at a station,
Within a few miles of the great one in town;
When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked thro' the window,
"Good gracious alive! why, there goes Mr. Brown,
He's my late husband's brother-dear sir, would you kindly
My best beloved child for a moment sustain?"
Of course, I complied-then off on the platform
Tripped the charming young widow I met in the train.

Three minutes elapsed when the whistle it sounded,
The train began moving-no widow appeared;
I bawled out, "stop! stop!" but they paid no attention.
With a snort and a jerk, starting off as I feared;
In this horrid dilemma I Bought for the hour,
But my watch-ha! where was it? where, where was my chain?
My purse, too, my ticket, gold pencil-case-all gone!
Oh! that artful young widow I met in the train.

While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing,
The train again stopped, and I "tickets, please! " heard;
So I told the conductor, while dandling the infant,
The lose I'd sustained-but he doubted my word;
He called more officials-a lot gathered round me-
Uncovered the child-oh, how shall I explain!
For, behold, 'twas no baby-'twas only a dummy!
Oh! that crafty young widow I met In the train.

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure,
Though, of course, I'd to settle my fare the next day;
From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

And now I wish to counsel young men from the country,
Lest they should get served in a similar way;
Beware of young widows you meet on the railway,
Who lean on your shoulder-whose tears fall like rain;
Look out for your pockets in case they resemble
The charming young widow I met in the train.