

The Chili Widow - song lyrics

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THE CHILI WIDOW.

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Words by W. T. Lytton. Music by Geo. Le Brunn.

It happened on a winter's night, a masher fair, mimed Willie,
A charming little widow met, who said she came from Chili,
And as he strolled with careless stride,
This widow fair strolled to his side;
In plaintive tones she told her needs,
And every word poor Willie heeds;
She heaved a sigh, "Oh, dear, heigho,"
Then wiped her eye and shivered "so."

Chorus.

She was the Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm,
Seeking shelter from the terrible storm:
He was ready and willing a kindness to perform
For that poor Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm.

She told him such a dreadful tale about her husband dying.
Her grief soon made poor Willie pale and started him a-crying.
In doing good, he felt a charm,
So offered her his strong right arm,
Then for a supper said we'll go.
You're cold and hungry too, I know,
With eyes so blue, and golden hair,
Poor Willie knew not where he were.

Chorus.

She was the Chili widow, the widow who couldn't get warm,
Seeking shelter from the terrible storm;
He was ready and willing a kindness to perform,
So Willie bought her brandy until she was good and warm.

Returning home, poor Willie found a welcome far from chilly;
His wife had followed him around and saw his actions silly;
Oh, wasn't there a storm-great scott!
She gave poor Willie chillies hot.
And now he suffers grief and pain.
Her tongue won't let him rest again;
He cannot sleep, but, sighs "Alas!
When widows weep keep off the grass."

Chorus.

She was the Chill widow, the widow who couldn't get warm,
Seeking shelter from the terrible storm;
He was ready and willing a kindness to perform.
But if ahe's where he wishes her, she ought to be nice and warm.