

Young Charlotte.



Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side, in a wild, and lonely spot. There



was no dwelling for three miles round, except her fathers cot. And oft, on many's



a wintry night, Young swains, were gathered there, Her father, kept, a social  
board, ((Her father kept a social board



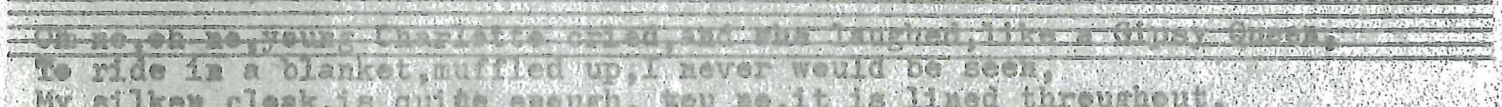
board,, and she was very fair,, and she was very fair, ((repeat from-- ))  
board,, and she was very fair,,



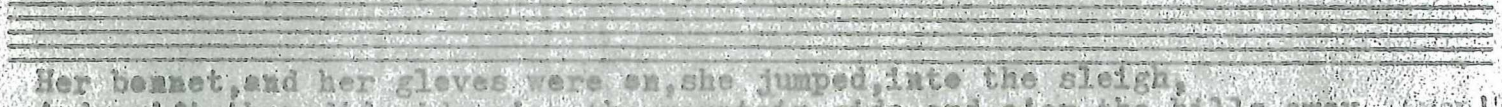
On New Years Eve, the sun went down, far looked her wistful eye,  
As out from the frosty, window pane, the merry sleighs go by,  
At the village fifteen miles away, there's a merry ball tonight,  
And the, the winds blow, fierce and cold, her heart was warm and light.. (repeat.)



Now brightly beams her laughing eye, as a wild merry voice she hears,  
And dashing up to her cottage door, her lover's sleigh, appears,  
Oh daughter dear, her mother said, this blanket, round you fold,  
For it is, a dreadful night abroad, you will catch your death of cold,, (REPEAT.)



Oh no, oh no, young Charlotte cried, and she laughed, like a Gipsy Queen,  
To ride in a blanket, muffled up, I never would be seen,  
My silken cloak, is quite enough, you see, it is lined throughout,  
And besides I have my silken scarf, to twine my neck about,, (REPEAT.)



Her bennet, and her gloves were on, she jumped, into the sleigh,  
And swift they did ride, e'er the mountain side, and e'er the hills away.. (repeat)  
With muffled beat so silently, five miles at length were past,  
When Charles with a gasp, and shivering words, the silence broke at last, (REPEAT.)



Such a dreadful night, I never saw, The reins, I scarce can hold,  
Young Charlotte, said, in a feeble tone, I am exceeding cold,  
He cracked his whip, he urged his team, with tart, than before,  
And then, five other, dreary miles, in silence were passed o'er, (Repeat.)



How fast, said Charles, the freezing ice, is gathering on my brow,  
Young Charlotte said, in a feebler tone, I am growing warmer now, (Repeat.  
Then on they rode thru the frosty night, and the glittering cold starlight,  
With a merry laugh, the village wall, and the ball room was in sight, (repeat.)



They reached the door, young Charles jumped out, and held his hand to her,  
Why sit you there like a monument, that hath no power to stir,  
He asked her name, he asked her name, she answered not a word,  
He asked her for her hand again, and still she never stirred, (Repeat)

