

Young Charlotte

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Young Charlotte lived on the mountain side
F C
In a lonesome dreary spot;
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No neighbors lived for miles around
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Near her father's lonely cot.

'Twas on those cold and wintry nights
Young swains would gather there.
Her father kept a social place
And Charlotte was very fair.

Her father liked to see her dressed
Like any city belle;
She was the only child he had,
And he loved his daughter well.

On a New Year's Eve when the sun went down,
She watched with wishful eye,
Out through the frosty windowpane
As the merry sleighs went by.

In a village fifteen miles away
There was a ball that night;
And though the air was piercing cold
Her heart was warm and light.

How brightly gleamed her loving eyes
As a well-known voice she heard;
And dashing up to her cottage door
Young Charlie's sleigh appeared.

"Oh, Charlotte, dear," her mother said,
"This blanket round you fold;
It is a dreadful night, you know,
You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, no, oh, no," young Charlotte said,
And she laughed like a gypsy queen,
"To ride in blankets muffled up,
I never would be seen."

"My silken cloak is quite enough,
It is lined, you know, throughout;
Besides I have my silken scarf
To tie my head about."

Her bonnet and her gloves put on,
She leaped into the sleigh,
And away they went o'er the mountain top
And the hills so far away.

There was music in the sound of bells
As o'er the hills they'd go.
What a crackling noise the runners made
As they bit the frozen snow.

With faces muffled silently,
For five long miles they rode,
Until at length with a few frozen words,
Young Charles the silence broke.

"Such a dreadful night I never saw,
The reins I scarce can hold."
Young Charlotte faintly then replied,
"I am exceedingly cold."

He cracked his whip; he urged his steed,
Much faster than before;
And thus five other weary miles
In silence were passed o'er.

Said Charles: "How fast the shivering ice
Is gathering on my brow."
And Charlotte then more faintly cried,
"I'm growing warmer now."

Thus on they rode through frosty air
And the glittering cold starlight,
Until at last the village lamps
And the ballroom came in sight.

They reached the door and Charles sprang out;
He reached his hand to her.
"Why sit you there like a monument
That has no power to stir ?"

He called her once; he called her twice;
She answered not a word.
He asked her for her hand again,
But still she never stirred.

He took her hand all in his own;
It was cold and hard as stone;
He tore the mantle from her face,
And the cold stars on her shone.

Then quickly to the lighted hall
Her lifeless form he bore.
Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for all;
Her voice was heard no more.

He threw himself down on his knees
And the bitter tears did flow.
He said, "My young, intended bride,
No more with me you'll go."

He threw himself down by her side,
And he kissed her marble brow,
And his thoughts ran back to the place she said
"I'm growing warmer now."