

# Young Charlotte

G - modal

Based on the singing of Joseph Chisholm  
Transcription and Chord suggestions by Ian Bell

G F G Am F G

Young Char-lotte lived by the moun-tain-side in a dark and lone-ly spot There being no dwellings for -

F G F G G F Am F

6 miles a-round ex - cept her fath-er's cot On a New year's Eve as the sun went down she sat with a rest-less

F G F G

12 eye In a win - dow front she sat and watched the mer - ry sleighs go by

They loved to see their daughter dressed as gay as a city belle  
She being the only [child] they had her parents loved her well  
And many a lonesome winter night young swells came gathering there  
She was the only child they had, and she was very fair

He snapped his whip and he hurried his team, far faster than before  
And for the next five dreary miles, in silence they pass o'er  
Such a night as this I never knew, the frost is on my brow  
Young Charlotte cried with a feeble voice, "I'm getting warmer now"

In a village fifteen miles from here, there's a merry ball tonight  
And although the air is freezing cold, my heart is warm and light  
The laughing beams being in her eye, a well-known voice was heard  
And driving up to the cottage door, young Charlotte's sleigh appeared

But as they rode through the village air, in the glistening starlight  
And now they reach the village and the ballroom is in sight  
But as they reached the ballroom door he reached his arms for her  
But there she sat like a marble stone, she had no power to stir

Oh daughter, daughter, her mother cried, those blankets round you fold  
For there's a dreadful night abroad, you'll catch your death of cold  
Oh no, oh no, young Charlotte cried and she looked like a Gypsy queen  
All muffled up in blankets, I never shall be seen

He knelt himself down by her side while the bitter tears did flow  
Farewell my dear intended bride, farewell forever more  
And he twined his arms around her neck, and he kissed her marbled brow  
And his thoughts went back to the words she said,  
"I'm getting warmer now"

My dress and cloak is quite enough, see they're all lined throughout  
And there is my silken shawl to wrap my neck about  
Her cloak and bonnet being put on, she jumped into the sleigh  
And o'er the hills on the mountainside they swiftly rode away

Her hands and face were muffled up, the first five miles they passed  
Until those sad and frozen words, oh they broke out as last  
Such a night as this I never knew, the reins I scarce can hold  
Young Charlotte cried with a feeble voice, "I am exceeding cold"