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<b>Name(s):</b>	Pettengill, Charlie St. John,
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THE



**CHELSEA**

**WAR WIDOW**

*Poetry by*  
**ST. JOHN.**

*Sung with great applause by*  
**CHARLIE PETTENGILL.**

*at the Morris Bros' Fall & Trowbridge's Opera House.*

A. J. Green Eng

BOSTON

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# THE CHELSEA WAR WIDOW.

C. PETTENGILL.

1. To all you youngmen my ad-vice I give free, When -  
2. She was dressed in deep black costing hundreds or more, And I

ev - er a pret - ty war wi - dow you see, Take warn - ing by one who was  
knew by her face that I'd seen her be - fore. And as she ap - proached me in

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caught in a snare, And of all the war wi-dows I tell you be-ware. As  
true Bos-ton style. I took off my hat and just gave her a smile. She

I went out walking one fine af-ter-noon, Down Tremont thro' Court to  
say, "my dear sir, you're a stran-ger to me," Says I "my dear mad-am of-

Brighams saloon, I turned round the cor-ner and who should I meet, But a  
fend-ed dont bet Al-though quite a stran-ger to you I may seem, Will you

La-dy just com-ing up Han-o-ver street.  
step in-to Cope-lands and take an Ice cream."



3.

At first she refused but soon gave her consent,  
 Then straitway to Copelands together we went,  
 She said she'd been walking and felt very weak,  
 And instead of a Cream she would take a Beef Steak.  
 We chatted and talked as we sat there together  
 About all sorts of things and the changeable weather,  
 She said that her husband had gone to the war;  
 But was formerly Conductor on a Chelsea Horse Car.

4.

She said that she lived on his Bounty alone  
 And over in Chelsea she had a nice home.  
 Thinks I to myself you are dressed very gay,  
 He must be a Captain and draw Extra Pay.  
 She finished her steak at a two forty rate,  
 Then said she must go as 'twas getting quite late,  
 I offered my arm she quick gave her consent,  
 Then down to the ferry together we went.

5.

The boat had just gone so we stood arm in arm  
 Awaiting the next and thinking no harm  
 When up stepped a Ruffian and threatened my life  
 He asked me what business I had with his wife,  
 "Your wife my Dear Sir," that was all that I said  
 When he drew a revolver and placed at my head  
 Says he now prepare, for as sure as I speak,  
 (This story will be continued in the Ledger Next week.)