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W. H. GOVE.

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THE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW.

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W.H. GOVE.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns. The left hand begins with a bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns.

1. I live in Ver - mont, And one morning last sum - mer, A let - ter in -
 2. Yet scarce was I seat - ed with - in the com - part - ment, Be - fore a fresh

The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

form'd me my Un - cle was dead, And al - so re - quest - ed I'd
 pas - senger - en - ter'd the door, 'Twas a fe - male - a young one - and

The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

come down to Boston Ash'd left me a largesum of money it said; Of
 dress'd in deep mourning, An in - fant in long clothes she graceful - ly bore, A

The vocal line continues on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

course I de - ter - mind on mak - ing the journey And to book my - self by the "first
white cap sur - rounded a face oh, so lovely! I nev - er shall look on one

class" I was fain Tho' had I gone "second" I had nev - er en - counter'd The
like it a - gain I fell deep in love over head in a moment, With the

Charming Young Wi - dow I met in the Train.
Charming &c.

3.

The Widow and I side by side sat together,
The carriage containing ourselves and no more,
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who enquired the time by the watch that I wore;
I of course satisfied her, and then conversation
Was freely indulged in by both, 'till my brain
Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted
With the Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

We became so familiar I ventured to ask her
 How old was the child that she held at her breast
 "Ah Sir!" she responded, and into tears bursting,
 Her infant still closer convulsively pressed,
 "When I think of my child I am well nigh distracted!
 Its Father — my Husband — oh, my heart breaks with pain,"
 She choking with sobs leaned her head on my waistcoat —
 Did the Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

5.

By this time the Train had arrived at a Station
 Within a few miles of the great one in town,
 When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked through the window
 "Good gracious alive! why there goes Mr Brown
 He's my late Husband's Brother — dear Sir would you kindly
 My best beloved child for a moment sustain?"
 Of course I complied — then off on the platform
 Tripped the Charming Young Widow I met in the Train.

6.

Three minutes elapsed when the whistle it sounded,
 The Train began moving — no Widow appeared;
 I bawled out "stop! stop!" but they paid no attention,
 With a snort, and a jerk, starting off as I feared;
 In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour —
 But my watch! ha! where was it? where where was my chain?
 My purse too, my ticket, gold pencil-case — all gone,
 Oh that Artful Young Widow I met in the Train.

7.

While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing,
 The Train again stopped and I "tickets please" heard
 So I told the Conductor while dandling the infant,
 The loss I'd sustained — but he doubted my word,
 He called more officials — a lot gathered round me —
 Uncovered the child — oh how shall I explain!
 For behold 'twas no baby — 'twas only a dummy!
 Oh that Crafty Young Widow I met in the Train.

8.

Satisfied I'd been robbed they allowed my departure,
 Though, of course I'd to settle my fare next day;
 And I now wish to counsel young men from the country,
 Lest they should get served in a similar way:
 Beware of Young Widows you meet on the Railway
 Who lean on your shoulder — whose tears fall like rain,
 Look out for your pockets in case they resemble
 The Charming Young Widow I met on the Train.

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