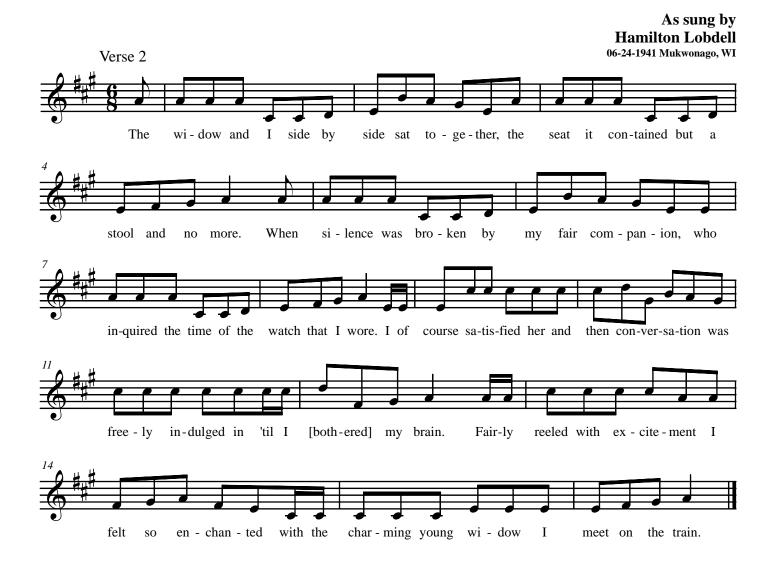
The Charming Young Widow



Verse 1.

I was born in the country and one morning last summer, I got a dipatch that my uncle was dead.

It also requested I come to the city ...

(gap in recording)

... the very first cars I was changed. For had I laid over I ne'er would encountered, The charming young widow I met on the train.

Verse 2.

The widow and I side by side sat together,
The seat it contained but a stool and no more.
When silence was broken by my fair companion,
Who inquired the time of the watch that I wore.
I of course satisfied her and then conversation
Was freely indulged in 'til I [bothered] my brain.
Fairly reeled with excitement I felt so enchanted
With the charming young widow I met on the train.

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Verse 3.

By this time the cars had arrived at a sation,
Within a few miles of the great busy town.
My fair one exclaimed as she looked out the window,
"Good gracious alive! there goes minister Brown.
He's my late husband's brother, oh would you, sir kindly,
A very few moments my child to maintain?"
Of course I accepted and off from the platform,
Tripped the charming young widow I met on the train.

Verse 5.

Well I was my loss most deeply bewailing,
The conductor came round "your tickets" I heard.
I told the conductor while dancing the infant,
The loss I'd sustained but he doubted my word.
They called more officials, they gathered around me,
Uncoverd the child, oh how shall I explain?
Alas 'twas no baby, 'twas only a rag one,
The swindling young widow I (gap in recording)

Verse 4.

Three minutes elapsed the signal bell sounded,
The cars began moving no widow appeared.
I cried "Stop! Stop!" but they paid no attention,
With a jerk and a snort started off [unafeared].
In the wild dilema I sought for the hour,
My watch, where was it? Oh where was my chain?
My purse, my ticket, whole pencil case gone Sir,
And so was the widow I met on the train.

Verse 6.

Satisfied I'd been robbed I took my departure, Of course had to settle the affair the next day. And I advise all young men who come from the country, Never to get caught in a similar way. Beware of young widows who ride on the railways, Who dress in deep mourning whose tears flow like rain. Beware of your pocketbook should they resemble, The charming young widow I met on the train.

Critical Commentary

Sources:

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K.G.