

# Jonathan

Kathy Mar

This little trunk holds Jonathan's love letters  
Bound so neatly in ribbons of silk  
Jonathan had such beautiful penmanship  
Written on parchment as white as milk

Jonathan's words arranged chronologically  
Month by month and then day by day  
Jonathan surely wrote me quite frequently  
Jonathan had such a lot to say

My sweet Jonathan wrote me constantly  
All he hoped to be, all he dreamed  
How the world was too bright and beautiful  
How the people weren't all they seemed

Jonathan wrote when he was out traveling  
How he hated each social affair  
Jonathan swore he soon would come back to me  
We'd get married and settle somewhere

Jonathan wrote with caring and tenderness  
How he loved me so simple and pure  
Jonathan said those colorful party girls  
All were too forward to be endured

My sweet Jonathan wrote me constantly  
All he hoped to be, all he dreamed  
How the world was too bright and beautiful  
How the people weren't all they seemed

Jonathan wrote me on a clear summer's day  
Told me with sorrow we'd never wed  
Some little tramp accused him of raping her  
Jonathan never was in her bed

She was expecting one or two little ones  
Honor would force him to make her wife  
Jonathan swore he'd always remember me  
All through his terrible married life

My sweet Jonathan wrote me constantly  
All he hoped to be, all he dreamed  
How the world was too bright and beautiful  
How the people weren't all they seemed

Jonathan wrote once more in his perfect hand  
Told me that when all the fuss should die  
And his rich bride went off for the holidays  
He would come just for one last goodbye

Jonathan came at midnight on Christmas eve  
One more sweet letter was in his hand  
Saying that all his wealth was such misery  
Swearing his life was at my command

My sweet Jonathan wrote me constantly  
All he hoped to be, all he dreamed

How the world was too bright and beautiful  
How the people weren't all they seemed

This little trunk holds Jonathan's love letters  
Reading them still can be lots of fun  
This little trunk holds Jonathan's every word  
This bigger trunk holds Jonathan