

Kathy Mar "Jonathan"

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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

Chorus: 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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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
Words and music: Kathy Mar

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