

Secret Garden "Letter Song"

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MARY:

D-E-A-R Uncle Archie,
How are you?
I'm fine. Everybody else is too.
Please come home.

ARCHIBALD:

Home.
I have no home.

MARY:

Martha says that you're in Paris.

ARCHIBALD:

It's a house, child.

MARY:

Is that very far away?

ARCHIBALD:

It's just a house,

MARY:

Do they have nice girls and boys there?

ARCHIBALD:

And I can't get far enough away from it.

MARY:

Please come home.

MARTHA:

Now, just sign it.

MARY:

Should I say that Colin's well now?

ARCHIBALD:

Streets of Paris, like a maze.

MARY:

Should I say that Doctor Craven...

ARCHIBALD:
Sleepless nights and aimless days.

MARTHA:
I think that what you have is good.
Let's get it posted on its way.
He'll rush home, then you can tell
Him all the rest you have to say.

MARY:
Oh, kind sir, Uncle Archie, ARCHIBALD:
Can't forget, can't eat,
I wish that you could see Or sleep, or live.
When you come in to the garden.
Please come home.

ARCHIBALD:
Can't forgive.

MARY:
Yours truly?

MARTHA:
Well, maybe . . .

MARY:
Sincerely?

MARTHA:
How's about...

MARY:
Your friend, Mary.

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