

The Willow and the Pear

A ballad of lost love by Peter Brunette

1. I'm sending you this letter by the plain, old-fashioned post.
The words we put on paper are the ones that mean the most.
These questions I have scribbled don't call for no reply.
Just think of them, my darling, as a sad, sweet lullaby.

CHORUS: Is the moon out tonight?
Does she cast her pearly light
On the willow and the pear?
And the one I left behind,
Does she ever cast her mind
On the love we used to share?

2. Too soon I grew impatient with the delicate moonbeams,
Caught the mainland ferry across the sea of dreams.
And you tossed me two kisses from the landing on the bay,
The tenderest of kisses that would ever fall my way.

CHORUS

3. I went to seek my fortune, as young men often will,
To stand beneath the limelight in the city on the hill.
But fortune turned to ashes, the light turned cold and blue,
And now I live on memories, as old men often do.

CHORUS