

Poor Jilted Jonathan
by Philip Paul Bliss

1.
Oh, dear! Miranda has gone!
The joy of my bosom has flown;
Tis fortnite today,
Since she went away,
And left me, and left me alone.

CHORUS [sung after each verse]
O, Jonathan! poor Jonathan!
We would assuage your sorrow;
Perhaps shell return tomorrow.
Perhaps Jonathan Ah!
She may, Jonathan, Ah!
Oh dear, Jonathan, Ah!
Ho, hum! Jonathan, Ah!

2.
Ah, me! She went not alone,
These Saddlebags sadly I see.
The Young Doctor Stiles
Was duped by her smiles,
Ah, Doctor dear Doctor, Ah! me!

3.
But oh! The worst is not told,
These jewels I gave her last fall.
Her absence Im sure Id try to endure,
But shes taken, shes taken them all!

4.
Oh, dear! Miranda has gone,
The Doctor was duped by her smiles,
But Ill peddle his pills,
And bring in his bills,
Tho Im sorry, Im sorry for Stiles!