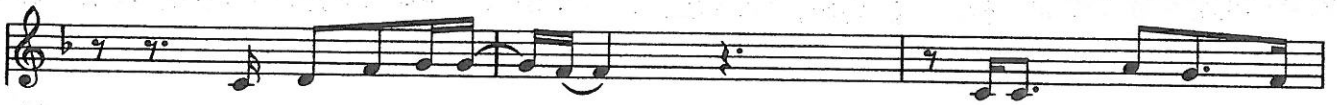


LETTERS FROM WAR

Words and Music by
CINDY MORGAN and
MARK SCHULTZ

Solo



1. She walked to the mail - box _

on that bright sum - mer's

Solo

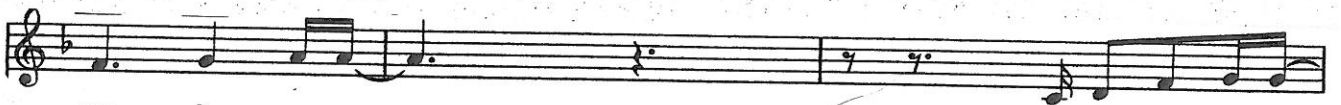


day. _

Found a let - ter from her _ son _

in a

Solo



war far a - way. _

He spoke of the weath -

Solo



- er, _

and good friends _ that he'd made. _

Said, "I've been

Solo



think-ing 'bout Dad, _ and the life _ that he had. _ That's why I'm _ here to - day." _

Chorus



And then at the end, he said, _

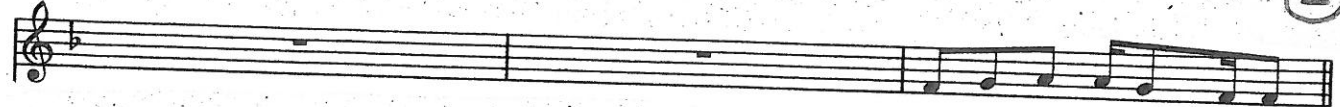
"You are what I'm _ fight-ing for." _

Chorus



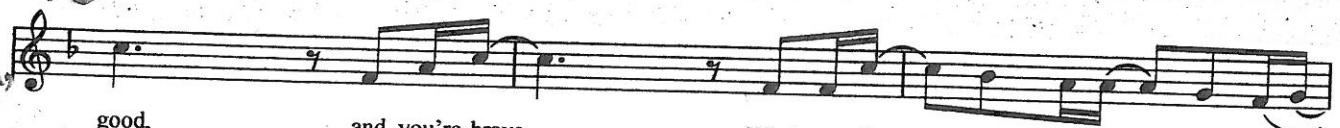
It was the first of his let-ters from war. _

Chorus



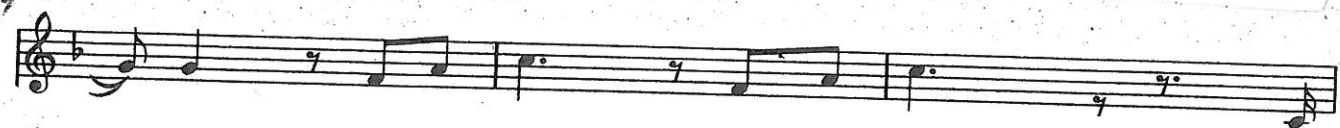
She start - ed writ - ing "You're -

Chorus



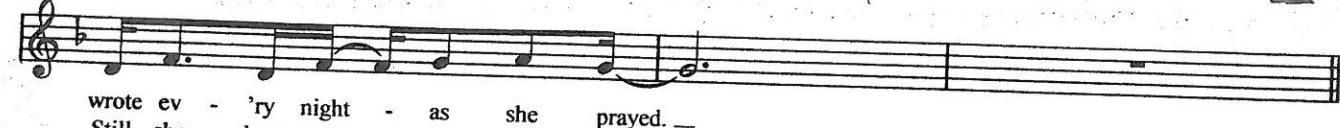
good, and you're brave. _ What a fa - ther that you'll be some -

Chorus



- day. Make it home, make it { safe." safe." She

Chorus



wrote ev - 'ry night - as she prayed. _
Still she kept writ - ing each day. _

Solo



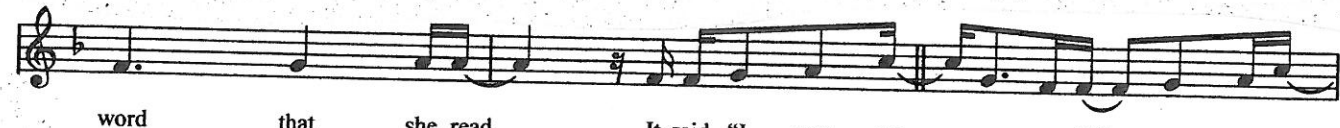
And late in De-cem - ber, _ a day she'll not for -
And then, two years lat - er, _ au-tumn leaves all a -

Solo



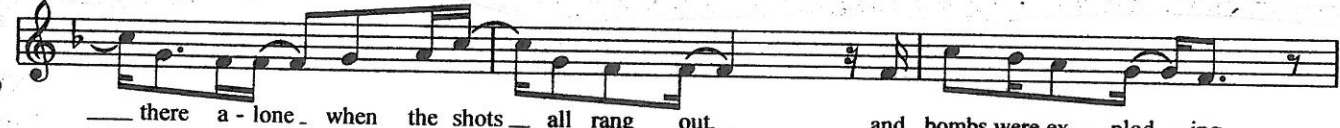
get. _ Oh, her tears stained the pa - per _ with ev - 'ry
round, _ a car pulled in the drive - way, _ and she

Solo



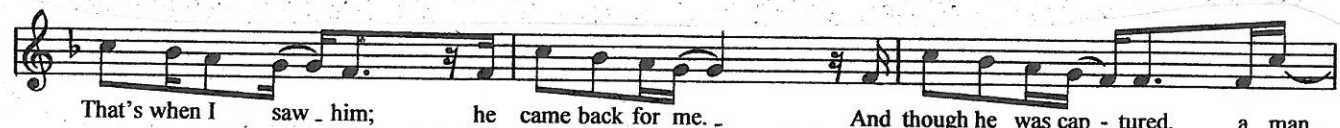
word that she read. _ It said, "I was up _ on a hill; _ I was out _
fell to the ground. (to Coda)

Solo



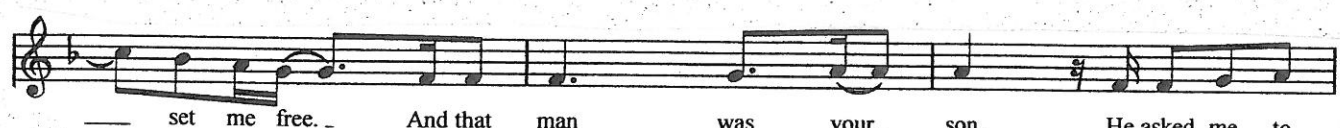
_ there a - lone _ when the shots _ all rang out, _ and bombs were ex - plod - ing.

Solo



That's when I saw him; he came back for me. _ And though he was cap - tured, a man _

Solo



_ set me free. _ And that man was your _ son. He asked me to

Chorus

write to you. I told him 'I would, 'oh, I swore." It was the

last of the let-ters from war. And she prayed

he was liv - ing, kept on be - liev - ing, and

D.S. % al Coda

wrote ev - 'ry night just to say, "You are

Coda

solo And out stepped a cap - tain

solo where her boy used to stand. He said, "Mom, I'm

fol - low - ing or - ders from all of your let - ters, and I've

come home a - gain." He ran in to hold her, and

Chorus

Chorus

dropped all his bags — on the floor, — hold - ing

all of her let - ters from war. —

Bring him

home, —

bring him home, —

bring him home. —

poco a poco rit.

From: "Letters from War"
Letters From War

by

CINDY MORGAN and MARK SCHULTZ

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








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LETTERS FROM WAR

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MARK SCHULTZ





Moderately, with expression (in two) ♩ = 54

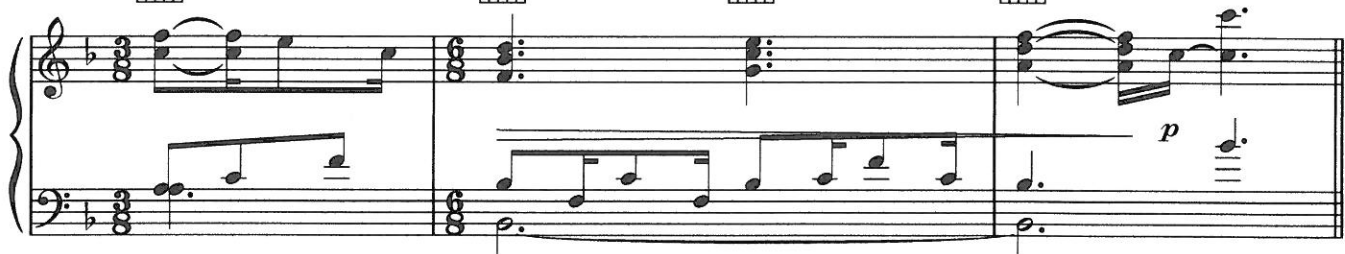
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mf







(with pedal)

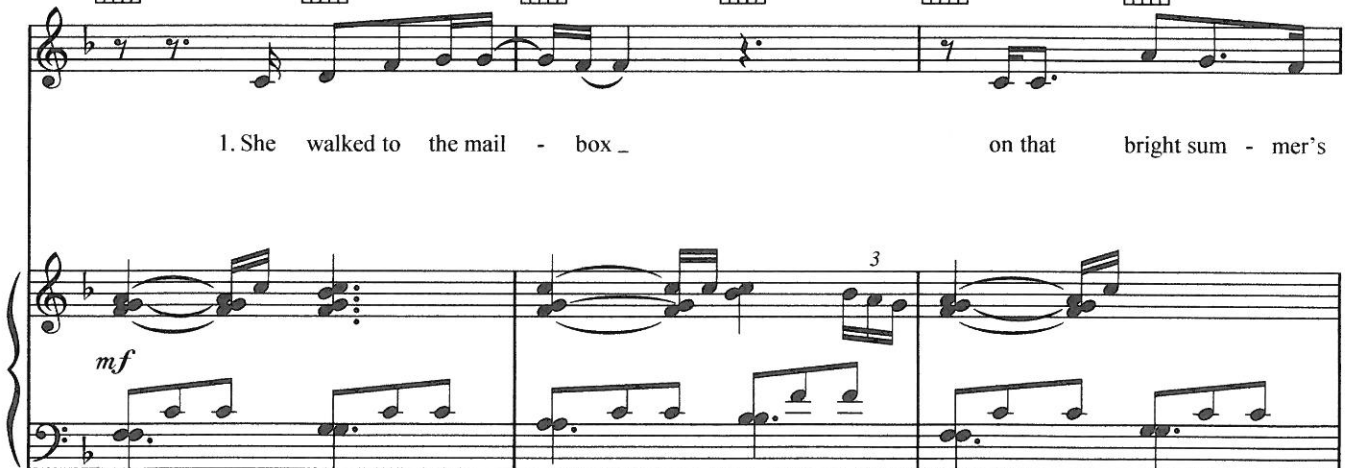
   



p

Verse 1:









1. She walked to the mail - box _ on that bright sum - mer's

mf

* Original recording in D♭ major.

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












day. ____ Found a let - ter from her ____ son ____ in a












war far a - way. ____ He spoke of the weath -

- er, ____ and good friends - that he'd made. ____ Said, "I've been

think-ing 'bout Dad, ____ and the life ____ that he had. ____ That's why I'm ____ here to - day." ____








And then at the end, he said, "You are what I'm fight-ing for."







It was the first of his let-ters from war.








She start-ed writ-ing "You're

Chorus:





good, and you're brave. What a fa-ther that you'll be some-

C/E Bb(9) Csus

- day. Make it home, make it { safe." safe." She

Bb(9)/D C/E

wrote ev - 'ry night - as she prayed. —
Still she kept writ - ing each day. —

mf

Verses 2 & 3:

F#6 Gm7(4) F(9)/A Bb(9) F Gm7(4)

And late in De-cem - ber, — a day she'll not for-
And then, two years lat - er, — au-tumn leaves all a -

F(9)/A Bb(9) F Gm7(4) F(9)/A Bb(9)

get. — Oh, her tears _ stained the pa - per _ with ev - 'ry
round, — a car pulled _ in the drive - way, — and she

To Coda \oplus

Bb(9)/D **C/E** **Fsus** **F**

word fell that she read. — It said, "I was up — on a hill; — I was out —
the ground. — *cresc.*

Gm7(4) **F/A** **Bb(9)**

— there a - lone — when the shots — all rang out, — and bombs were ex - plod - ing.

F **C/E** **Bb(9)/D**

That's when I saw — him; he came back for me. — And though he was cap - tured, a man —

F/C **Bb(9)/D** **C/E** **Fsus** **F**

— set me free. — And that man was your — son. He asked me to

mf

C/E F B \flat /D Csus B \flat F/A

write to you. _ I told him 'I would,' _oh, I swore." _ It was the

B \flat C7sus F C/E B \flat /D F/C

last of the let-ters from war. _ And she prayed _

Bridge:

Gm7 F/A






_ he was liv - ing, kept on be - liev - ing, and

E \flat (9)





wrote ev - 'ry night _ just to say, _ "You are

D.S. al Coda





Coda






And out stepped a cap - tain

where her boy — used to stand. — He said, "Mom, I'm

fol - low - ing or - ders — from all of your — let - ters, and I've —

— come home a - gain." — He ran in to hold her, and

f






dropped all his bags — on the floor, — hold - ing






all of her let - ters from war. —








Bring him








home, —



bring him home, _____



bring him home. _____




poco a poco rit.

8vb