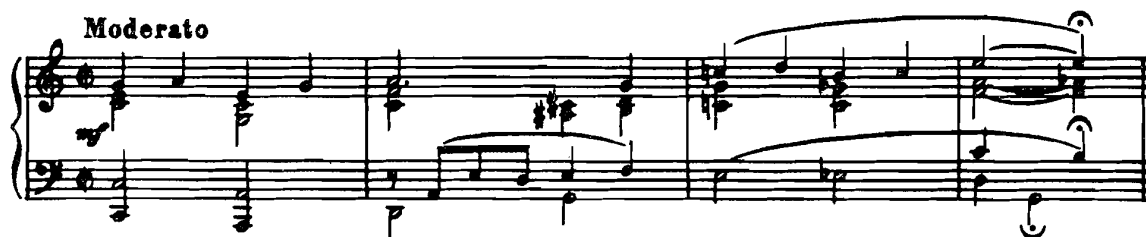


# I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter

Words by JOE YOUNG Music by FRED E. AHLERT

Moderato



VERSE

1. The mail man pass - es by And I just won - der why He nev - er stops to  
 2. Since you stopp'd writ - ing me I'm wor - ried as can be, I mis - each lit - tle

C G7 Gaug C G7 Gaug C Am

ring my front door bell. 'There's not a sin - gle line From that  
 love - word now and then. You're in my ev - 'ry thought, You don't

Dm G7 C Am Dm G7 C G7 Bdim

dear old love of mine No, not a word since I last heard "fare - well"  
 know how much I've fought To find a - way to feel O. K. a - gain.

C Cm G Em Am D7 G11 G6 G7 aug

## CHORUS

*mp - mf*

I'm Gon-na Sit Right Down And Write My-self A Let - ter — And make be-lieve it came from

*mp - mf*

you. — I'm gon-na write words, oh, so sweet, — They're gonna knock me off my feet. — A lot of kisses on the

bot-tom, I'll be glad I got 'em, — I'm gon-na smile and say, "I hope you're feeling bet - ter" — And

close "with love" the way you do. — I'm Gon-na Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Let - ter —

And make be-lieve it came from you. I'm gon-na you.

1 2

A7 D7 G11 G7 G7 aug C Eb dim Dm7 G7 G7 aug C Dm7 G7 aug C