

♩=45
2 ♩/bar
D Major

The Letter

Trad. Irish
Arr. D.S. Burns

Verse 2
Sop/Alt Solo

We work in the fields all the hours the lo-rd sends, we sleep in a shed full of

Verse 1
Tenor Solo

May this le-tter go swift ly & if it plea-ses the Lord, may these words of mine find you qui-te

Verse 3
Bass Solo

Take care of this mo - ney I'm sen ding you now, but be sure that there's some left fo - r

4

S. straw. With songs to re-mind us of Ire-land's green fields, what man could a - sk for more? But

T. well. The Har-vest is rich & the wa - ges are good, & I've so ma - ny sto ries to tell. &

B. you. When Har-vest is o-ver I'll be on my way, bid the bright fields of En gland 'A dieu'. &

9

S. *poco rit.* folks a round here seem to think us quite strange, a - nd like the old gyp-sies we've

T. when I get home to my own na-tive land & I tell of the pla - ces I've

B. one of these days may - be I'll stay at home, when in I - re - land times arn't so

12

S. seen... Oh you're wed to a poor man but if I ha-d my way, you'd be weal-thy & live like a queen. Repeat last line to finish

A. seen... Oh you're wed to a poor man but if I ha-d my way, you'd be weal-thy & live like a queen.

T. been..... Oh you're wed to a poor man but if I ha-d my way, you'd be weal-thy & live like a queen.

B. lean.... Oh you're wed to a poor man but if I ha-d my way, you'd be weal-thy & live like a queen. Repeat last line to finish