

I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER

Lyric by
JOE YOUNG

(Diagrams for Guitar Acc.)

1935

Music by
FRED E. AHLERT

Moderato

Piano *mf*

Voice *p*

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

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

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.

rall.

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

Chorus
With a swing *mp-mf*

I'M GON-NA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MY-SELF A LET-TER _____ An

make be-lieve it came from you. _____ Im gon-na write words, oh, so

sweet, _____ They're gon-na knock me off my feet. _____ A lot of kiss-es on the

bot-tom, I'll be glad I got 'em, _____ Im gon-na smile and say, "I

hope you're feel- ing bet - ter" And close "with love" the way you

do. I'M GON- NA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MY- SELF A

LET - TER And make be - lieve it came from

you. I'M GON- NA you.

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down etc. - 8

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