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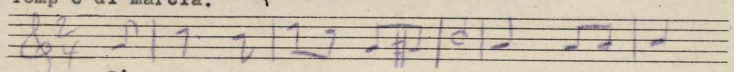
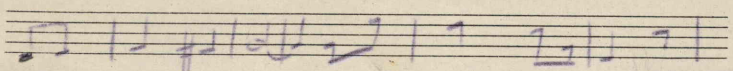
JUST A LETTER TO HIS PAPA.

Words by Monta R. Pride. Music by Luther A. Clark.

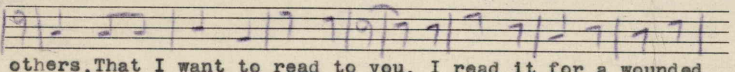
Temp o di marcia.



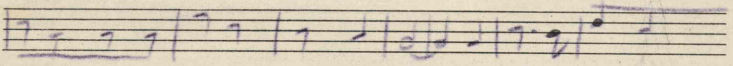
I've read the letters of our Mothers, And of loved



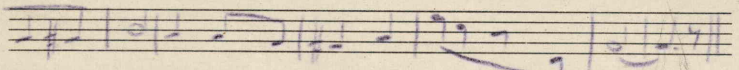
ones with hearts so true, But there's just one, of all the



others, That I want to read to you. I read it for a wounded

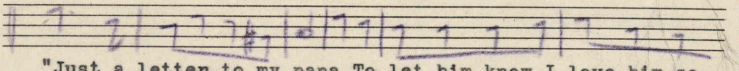


soldier, Who received it from his son; A little heart that

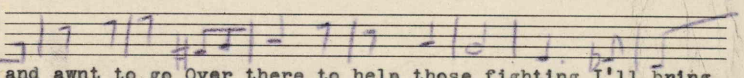


seems much older, Wants to help his papa fight the Hun.

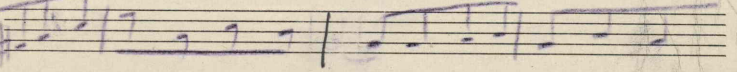
Chorus.



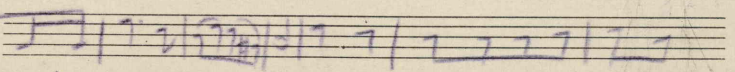
"Just a letter to my papa, To let him know, I love him so



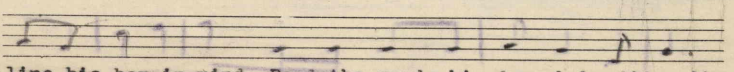
and awnt to go Over there, to help those fighting, I'll bring



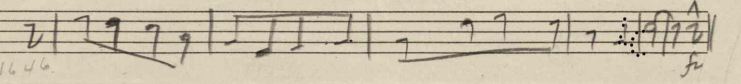
my gun, I'm not too young to fight, For what I think is right."



That's a letter to a soldier, Who's gone before the firing



line, his boy in mind. Read the words his dear babe did write



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A letter to his papa, Whenhe's tired of play and toys at night

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