

# THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME.

## Song and Chorus.

WORDS BY PAUL DRESSER.

MUSIC BY MAX STURM

*Andante.*  
*mf*  
*dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It begins with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The left staff is in bass clef. The music is marked *Andante.* and *mf*. The piece concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

1. A let - ter here for me? was the ques - tion that he asked Of the  
2. He had wait - ed ma - ny years, joy had min - gled with his tears, When the  
3. So one day up - on the shore he was found but life was o'er, His

*p*

The vocal line is written on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. It features three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) in the same key and time signature, marked *p* (piano).

mail - man at the clos - ing of the day— He turned  
old post - mas - ter met him with a smile, How his  
poor soul it had gone out with the tide, In his

The vocal line continues on a single staff in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. It features three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves (treble and bass clefs) in the same key and time signature.

and - ly with a sigh, while a tear stood in his eye. Then he bow'd his head and slow - ly walked a -  
 fea - tures they would brighten, and his sad heart seem to lighten. But his vain hopes lasted on - ly a lit - tle  
 hand they found a note, with the last words that he wrote, "Should a let - ter come, please place it by my

*rall.*

way; Then he murmured, "Can it be, Will it nev - er come to me?" Had he  
 while; When the post - mas - ter would say, "There is noth - ing here to - day," He'd be -  
 side," Sweet flow - ers twine a - round His tombstone o'er his mound, On

*delicato.*

waited all these ma - ny years in vain?" Yet from ear - ly morning's light, He would  
 moan his fate, yet no one would he blame, Then he murmured, "sure - ly she Must  
 which was scrawled his age, al - so his name, Ma - ny years have gone they say, Since his

*rall.*

watch till dark at night For that let - ter, but a - las! it nev - er came.....  
 some-times think of me." Still he wondered why that mis - sive nev - er came.....  
 spir - it passed a - way, But the let - ter that he longed for nev - er came.....

*dim.* *rall.*

**CHORUS.**

Was it from a gray-haired moth-er, A sis - ter or a broth - er, Had he

*mf*

wait-ed all the ma - ny years in vain? Yet from ear - ly morn - ing light, He would

watch with spir - its light, But the let - ter that he longed for nev - er came.....

*rall.*