

SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER

I'm writing this down in a trench mom, don't scold if it isn't so neat, the way that you did, when I was a kid and I'd come home with mud on my feet. The captain just gave us our orders, and mom we will carry them through, and I'll finish this letter the first chance I get, but for now I'll just say I love you. Then the mothers old hands began to tremble, and she fought against tears in her eyes. But they came unashamed for there was no name, and she knew that her soldier had died. Then the mother knelt down by her bedside, and she prayed Lord above hear my plea, and protect all the boys who are fighting tonight, and dear God, keep America free.(fade out)I'm writing this down.....

I believe the following information might be accurate.
Written 1944 Henry Stewart/Ernest Tubbs

When the postman delivered the letter
It filled her poor heart full of joy
But she didn't know till she read the inside
'Twas the last one from her darling boy

Dear Mom, was the way that it started,
I miss you so much it went on
And I didn't know that I loved you so
But I'll prove it when this war is won

I'm writing this down in the trench Mom
Don't scold if it isn't so neat
Remember how you did when I was a kid
And I'd come home with mud on my feet

The captain just gave us the orders
And Mom, I'll carry them through
I'll finish this letter the first chance I get
But for now I'll just say I love you

Then the poor mother's hands began to tremble
As she fought against tears in her eyes
But they came unashamed when she saw there was no name
And she knew that her darling had died

That night as she knelt by her bedside
She prayed to the Lord, Hear my plea
Protect all the sons who are fighting tonight
And Dear God keep America free