Verse 1:
D7          G          D7          G          D7
The mail man passes by And I just wonder why
G          G6         Am         D7          G          G6 Am D7
He never stops to ring my front door bell.
G          D7          G          D7
There’s not a single line From that dear old love of mine
D          G6         A7         D7          D7b          D7
No, not a word since I last heard “farewell”

(Chorus)
G                             G6                  GM7 G6
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
G                        B7              C  E7  Am
And make believe it came from you
Am7                          D7
I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet
G                         F7 E7
They're gonna knock me off my feet
A7                   G6 A7  Am7          D7
A lot of kisses on the bottom I'll be glad I've got 'em
G                             G6                  GM7 G6
I'm gonna smile and say "I hope you're feeling better"
G                        B7              C  E7  Am
And close "with love" the way you do
Am7                        Gdim                  G F7 E7
I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter
Am7                    D7          G
And make believe it came from you

Verse 2:
D7          G          D7          G          D7
Since you stopp'd writing me I’m worried as can be,
G          G6 Am D7          G          G6 Am D7
I miss each little love-word now and then.
G          D7          G          D7
You’re in my every thought, You don’t know how much I’ve fought
D          G6 A7 D7 D7b          D7
To find a way to feel O.K. again.

I’m Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter
Joe Young and Fred E. Ahlert 1935 arranged by Ukester Brown with help from doctoruke.com
practice sheet at ukesterbrown.com (1st note sung is a “D”)