

# VI. Dear Barbara

Jason A. Heald 12/05

Maestoso

Piano

*f*

*p*

*mp*

The for-tunes of war may bring you wealth, then leave you poor. Pop - u -

*f*

lar - i - ty may wane or it may soar. The vo - ters are fick - le!

21 *mp*

They rare-ly keep their eggs in one bas-ket.

27 *mp*

But the winds of war al-ways blow cold.

33 *mf* *f*

War is nev-er mo - ral as we're of - ten told. War is just war!

37 *p*

Young men fight. Young men die. And the

42

*mf* *p*

cause is lit - tle con - so - la - tion as you pass by your broth - er's cas - ket.

*mp* *pp*

47

*mp* *pp*