

Crutchie
(Snyder)

Letter from The Refuge

#14

Cue: CRUTCHIE: "Dear Jack.

Freely, tentative at first (ca. $\text{♩} = 69$)

(CRUTCHIE) Greetings from The Refuge! CRUTCHIE:

1 2

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4 5 6

7 8 9 10

11 12 13 14

15 16 17 18

19 20 21

22 Piu mosso

23 24 25

26 27 28 29 *poco rit.*

How are
you? I'm o - kay. Guess I was - n't much help yes - ter - day. Sny-der
soaked me real good with my crutch. Oh yeah, Jack, this is Crutch-ie, by the way. These here
guards, they is rude. They say jump, boy, you jump or you're screwed. But the
food ain't so bad, 'least so far, 'cause so far they ain't brung us no food. Ha-ha.
I miss the roof - top." Sleep - in'
right out in the op - en, in your pent-house in the sky. There's a
cool breeze blo - win' ev - en in Ju - ly... "A - ny -

#14 - Letter from The Refuge

-2-

30 **Tempo 1°**

way, so guess what? There's this sec-ret es-cape plan I got: tie a
sheet to the bed, toss the end out the win-dow, climb down, then take off like a shot! May-be
though, not to-night. I ain't slept and my leg still ain't right. Hey, but
Pu-li-tzer, he's go-in' down! And, then, Jack, I was think-in' we might just go,—
like you was say-ing..." where it's

49 **Appassionato**

clean and green and pret-ty, with no build-ings in your way, and you're
rid-in' pal-o-mi-nos ev'-ry day, once that

57 **Slower**

train makes... "I'll be

60 **Tempo 1°**

fine, good as new. But there's one thing I need you to do: on the
Moving forward
roof-top you said that a fam-ly looks out for each oth-er, so you

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