

# Sullivan's Letter

## Audra Mae

Sullivan Ballou  
July of 1861  
Wrote to his wife  
And seven odd days later  
He lost his life  
In the First Battle of Bull Run.  
And the letter read....

When the breeze  
Brushes against your cheek,  
Heaven is sending you  
My breath.  
Oh, my Sarah, dear,  
Do not mourn me dead.  
Think I am gone and wait for me,  
For we shall meet again.

My love for you is deathless  
Unlike the flesh of men,  
So if my love of country  
Leaves me breathless  
And I cannot write you, my love, again,  
Remember....

When the breeze  
Brushes against your cheek,  
Heaven is sending you  
My breath.  
Oh, my Sarah, dear,  
Do not mourn me dead.  
Think I am gone and wait for me,  
For we shall meet again.

And our future lies  
In ashes.  
And Sarah, you must rise  
From ashes.

When the breeze  
Brushes against your cheek,

Heaven is sending you  
My breath.

When the breeze  
Brushes against your cheek,  
Heaven is sending you  
My breath.

Oh, my Sarah,...  
Wait for me, for we shall meet again.

Sullivan...

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Lyrics submitted by jsli.

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