

3950 Blackstone Ave.
Bronx, N. Y.

Aug. 12

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Goodman,

Though ~~you~~ we are strangers, we share your loss, for when a man gives his life in the pursuit of freedom, all free men are the mourners.

We are enclosing a folk~~song~~ song written by our twelve year old daughter. Perhaps her music and lyrics can say more than any words can, for they have captured the grief and the hopes of all freedom loving people.

As parents, our hearts go out to you, and we offer you our deepest sympathy.

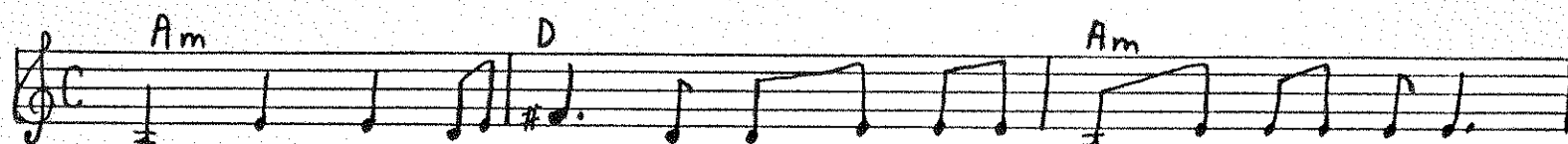
Sincerely, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Feldman



THREE YOUNG MEN

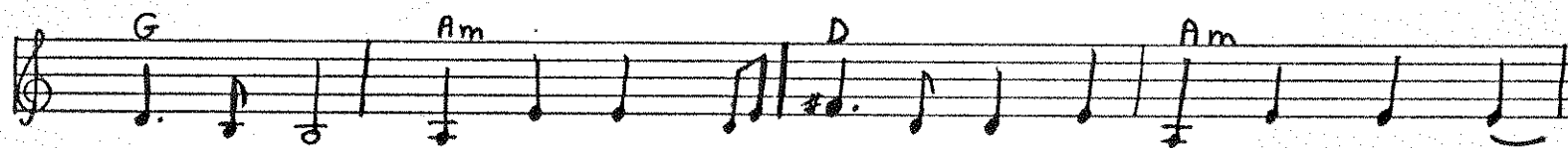
Music & Lyrics
Susan Feldman

Am D Am



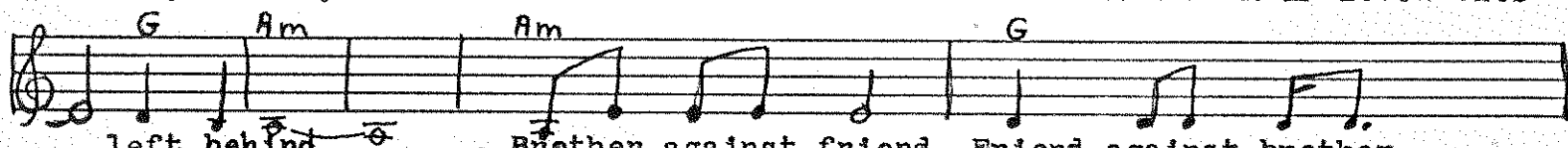
Three young men disappeared one day, and in the swamps of Mississippi

G Am D Am



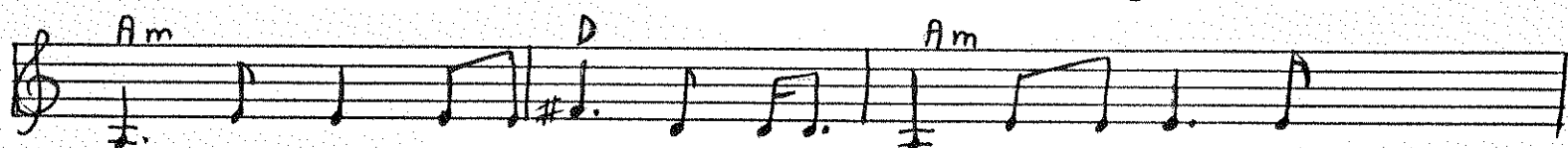
They did lay. Black or white - it makes no mind with all their loved ones

G Am Am G



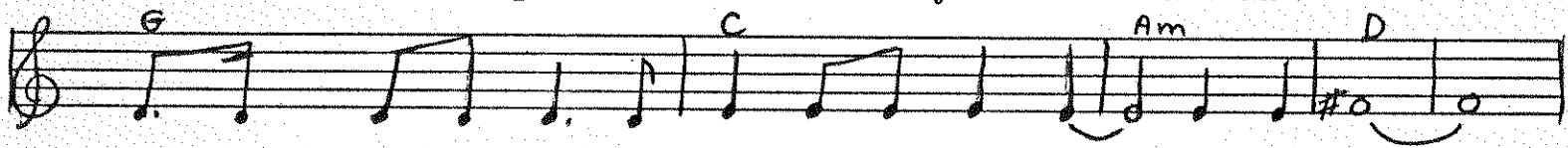
left behind. Brother against friend. Friend against brother

Am D Am



White and black man against each other. Why can't we live in

G C Am D



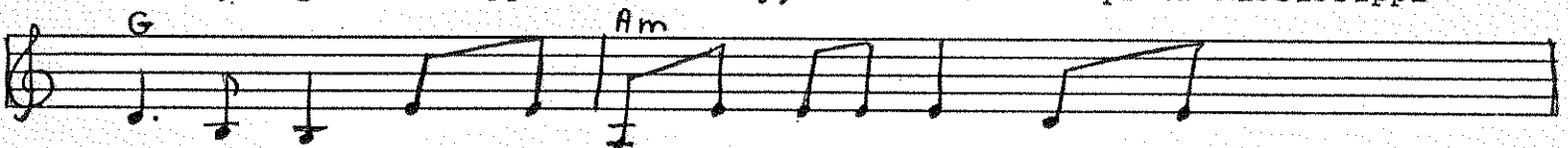
peace throughout our land and face all our hardships hand in hand.

Am D Am



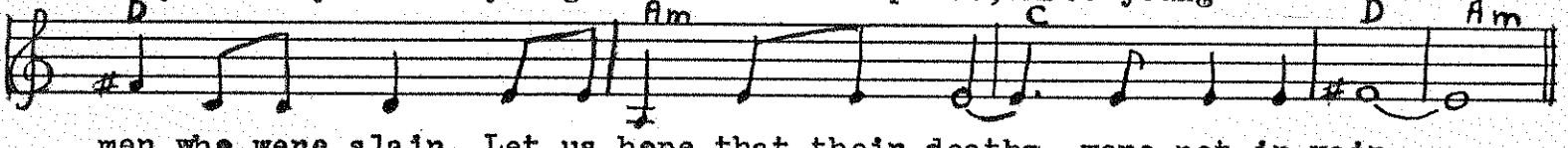
Three young men disappeared one day, and in the swamps of Mississippi

G Am



They did lay. Three young men who wanted peace; three young

D Am C D Am



men who were slain. Let us hope that their deaths were not in vain.

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Susan Feldman
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