

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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The letter edged in black

I was standing by the window yesterday morning
Without a thought of worry or of care
When I saw the postman coming up the pathway
With such a happy look and jolly air

Oh, he rang the bell and whistled while he waited
And then he said, Good morning to you, Jack
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me a letter edged in black

With trembling hand I took the letter from him
I broke the seal and this is what it said
Come home, my boy, your dear old father wants you
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead

The last words that your mother ever uttered
Tell my boy I want him to come back
My eyes were blurred, my poor old heart is breaking
As I'm writing you this letter edged in black

I bow my head in sorrow and in silence
The sunshine of my life it all has fled
Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning
Saying come home, my boy, your poor old mother's dead

Those angry words I wish I'd never spoken
You know I never meant them, don't you, Jack

May the angels bear me witness, I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black

I could hear the postman whistling yesterday morning
Coming down the pathway with his pack
But he little know the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me that letter edged in black