

# Wait, Mister Postman - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

WAIT, MISTER POSTMAN.

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Words by Stanley Wood. Musice by Henry Houseley.

The postman was late, and was running along,  
To gather the letters in time,  
When he heard a sweet voice, like a meadow-lark's song,  
Or a mellow-toned silver bell's chime.

Chorus.

"Wait, Mister Postman, don't hurry so fast,  
Wait, Mister Postman, I've caught you at last,  
This letter must go in the mail before seven,  
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.  
Wait. Mister Postman, don't hurry so fast,  
Wait, Mister Postman, I've caught you at last,  
This letter must go in the mail before seven.  
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n."

The postman was rough, but he paus'd and look'd down,  
And saw a wee bit of a girl,  
With trusting blue eyes, and with tresses of brown,  
Wreath'd in many a beautiful curl.

Chorus.

"Wait, Mister Postman, please bend down your head,  
Wait, Mister Postman, my mama is dead,  
This letter must go in the mail before seven,  
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.  
Wait, Mister Postman, please bend down your head,  
Wait. Mister Postman, my mama is dead,  
This letter must go in the mail before seven,  
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.

"Wait, and I'll read what I've written," said she:  
"Dear mama, I'm lonesome and sad  
Since you went far away; won't you please send for me?  
If you would, I'd be ever so glad.

Chorus.

"Wait Mister Postman, don't hurry away,  
Wait, Mister Postman, and answer me, pray,  
Will mama get this if it's mailed before seven?  
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n.  
Wait, Mister Postman, don't hurry away,  
Wait, Mister Postman, and answer me, pray.  
Will mama get this if it's mailed before seven,  
The letter I've written to mama in heav'n."