

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Letter edged in black

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

We rang the bell and whistled while he waited
Then he said good morning to you Jack
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
As he handed me a letter edged in black

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

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