

# The Black-edged Letter From Home - song lyrics

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The Black-Edged Letter from Home.  
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Words and Music by Morris Weston.

In a village In Australia, far away from London shore,  
Many poor men wandered there to search for precious ore;  
Left their families far behind them to strive for their daily bread;  
Wives and mothers for news were waiting to hear were they living or dead;  
At the village post-office waited miners for their mail;  
Some had good news, some had bad news-their expressions told their tale;  
One was handed a black-edged letter, which he waited to have read;  
Little Knew that mark of mourning that we all so deeply dread.

Chorus.  
Yes, that Is from my boy, what does he say?  
Can it be that Nell is dead, and I so far away?  
What will become of our little ones left all alone;  
Oh, this will break my heart, the black-edged letter from home.

Back to his tent he traveled, thinking of his poor wife Nell,  
With his pard he shared their gold, to him his sad tale did tell;  
How together they did struggle to keep poverty from the door,  
And now with all this gold he ne'er would see her more;  
The little ones are waiting, praying for papa day by day;  
Not knowing if he'd the letter that they sent so far away;  
I bid you now "good-bye," mate, you can work the claim alone;  
And may you ne'er receive a black-edged letter from home.-Chorus.