

Hank Snow, A Little Box Of Pine On The 7:29

A Mother wrote a letter asking how much longer must I wait
Before you send my boy back home to me
For my eyes are growing dim and I'm longing for my Jim
Please hurry up and let my boy go free.

The warden read the letter and a tear fell from his eye
Sitting down he wrote her this reply
There's a little box of pine on the 7:29 bringing back a lost sheep to the fold
There's a valley filled with tears as the train of sorrow nears
The night is dark and the world is growing cold

There he's taking his last ride
Down the trail no more he'll roam
On his face there is a smile
He know he's going home

The church was filled with people as the organ softly played
On their knees the congregation prayed
As they softly sang a hymn for poor widow's Jim
For he's happy for he's going home to stay