

Hank Thompson, Letter Edged In Black

I was standing 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 smiling face and jolly air

He rang the doorbell and he whistled as he waited
He smiled and 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

Then with trembling hands I took the letter from him
I opened it and this is what it said
Come home my boy your dear old father needs you
Come home my boy your dear old mother's dead

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

Then I bowed my head and in silence and in sorrow
The sunshine in my life it all had left
Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning
Saying come home my boy your dear old mother's dead

Those harsh words I'm sorry they were never spoken
You know I didn't mean them don't you Jack
The angels bear me witness I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black