

# Red Sovine, Letter Edged In Black

I was standing by my window yesterday morning  
Without a thought a worry or of care  
When I saw the postman coming down the pathway  
With such a happy smile and jolly air  
He rang the bell and he whistled while he waited  
And then he said good morning to you Jack  
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me  
When he handed me a letter edged in black  
With trembling hands I took the letter from him  
I broke the seal 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  
Your mother's last words she ever uttered  
Was tell my boy I want him to come back  
Oh my eyes are blurred my poor old heart is breaking  
While I'm writing you this letter edged in black  
Those angry words I wish I'd never spoken  
You know I did not mean them don't you Jack  
May the angels bear me witness I am asking  
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black  
I can see the postman whistling every morning  
Coming down the pathway with his pack  
But he never knew the sorrow that he brought me  
When he handed me a letter edged in black