

# Stonewall Jackson, 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 up the pathway  
With such a jolly face and jolly hair  
He rang the bell and he whistled as he waited  
He smiled and said good morning to you Jack  
He little knew the sorrow that he brought me  
When he handed me that letter edged in black  
With trembling hands I took the letter from him I opened it and this is how it read  
Come home my boy your dear old father needs you  
Come home my boy your dear old mother's dead  
I'm sorry that harsh words were ever spoken  
You know I didn't mean them don't you Jack  
My eyes are blurred my poor old hand is shaking  
As I'm writing you this letter edged in black  
The last words that your mother ever uttered  
Was tell my boy I want him to come back  
The angels bear me witness as I'm asking  
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black