

Letter Edged In Black

Stonewall Jackson

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