

## **Hank Thompson**

# **"Letter Edged In Black"**

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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

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