

## Marty Robbins

# "The Little Box Of Pine On The 7.29"

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Dear Warden wrote a mother, how much longer must I  
wait  
Before you send my boy back home to me  
She little knew the angels had unlocked the prison  
gates  
And the one she loved had already been set free

The Warden read the letter and then he sadly cried  
As with these words the sorrow he replied  
There's little box of pine on the seven twenty nine  
Bringing back a lost sheep to the fold  
For a pardon from above has returned the one you  
loved  
It is the saddest story ever has been told

For he's takin' his last ride never more this world to  
roam  
On his face there is a smile for he knows he's going  
home  
There's a little box of pine on the seven twenty nine  
Bringing back a lost sheep to the fold  
The church was filled with music as the service did  
begin  
His broken hearted folks were gathered there  
The preacher told the story of a boy who'd gone astray  
The heavy load his loved ones had to pay.

When he had breathed his sermon the organ softly  
played  
And on their knees the congregation prayed  
There's a little box of pine on the seven twenty nine  
Bringing back a lost sheep to the fold  
For a pardon from above has returned the one you love  
It is the saddest story ever has been told.

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