C G7
I was standing by the window yesterday morning,
C
Without a thought of worry or of care,
D7
When I saw the postman coming up the pathway
G7 C
With such a happy look and jolly air.

Oh, he rang the bell and 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 hand I took the letter from him,
I broke the seal and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy, your dear old father wants you!
Come home, my boy, your dear old mother's dead!"

"The last words that your mother ever uttered—
"Tell my boy I want him to come back,'
My eyes were blurred, my poor old heart is breaking,
As I'm writing you this letter edged in black."

I bow my head in sorrow and in silence,
The sunshine of my life it all has fled,
Since the postman brought that letter yesterday morning
Saying, "Come home, my boy,
your poor old mother's dead!"

"Those angry words, I wish I'd never spoken,
You know I never meant them, don't you, Jack ?
May the angels bear me witness, I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

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I could hear the postman whistling yesterday morning,
Coming down the pathway with his pack,
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me that letter edged in black.

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