When The Mailman Comes - song lyrics

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WHEN THE MAILMAN COMES.
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Words and Music by W. B. Davis.

There's a fair-haired maiden watching for the gray coat down the street;
With the blinds she hides her blushes on her face so pure and sweet;
She is longing for a message, and her soul with joy it burns,
There's a letter from her lover when the mailman comes.

Chorus.
She is happy beyond measure, in her hours of pure love's leisure.
As she presses close her treasure, when love's melody she thrums;
Never mind the sad to-morrow, she will never yield to sorrow.
And us sad lines she'll ne'er borrow, when the mailman comes.

There's a sad-faced woman waiting for a husband to return:
He had left her without warning, how her heart for him doth yearn;
The mailman's long in coming, when she, with a wail, succumbs;
Her love's to die, the letter reads, when the mailman comes.

Chorus.
Now she's mourning for her lover, who was loved the wide world over.
And she prays to God above her, us she tastes life's bitter crumbs.
She has bid farewell to gladness, there is naught for her but Sadness;
She is verging on to madness, when the mailman comes.

There's a gray-haired mother waiting for a letter from her boy;
From her anxious soul she's longing for a message full of joy:
Then there comes a warning letter, let the sadly muffled drums
Beat but a balm to mother when the mailman comes.

Chorus.
The boy is dead, she's dying-death on hurried wings is flying;
Hear that mother's awful crying, a true man's heart benumbs,
Never crackled paper crisper: hush! it is her baby's whisper,
Tells her in an angel's whisper, when the mailman comes.