I was standing at the window yesterday
He rang the bell and whistled while he
With trembling hands I took the letter
Your mother's words the last she ever
I bowed my head in sadness and in
It said "Forgive the angry words that were
morning, Without a thought of worry or of
waited, And then he said, "Good morning to you,
from him, I broke the seal, and this is what it
uttered, Were "Tell my boy I want him to come
sorrow, The sunlight of my life it now has
spoken, You know I never meant them, don't you,
care, When I saw the post-man coming up the path-way,

Jack." He little knew the sorrow he had brought me, When he hand-ed me the letter edged in black.

"Come home, my boy, your poor old fa-ther wants you. Come home, my boy, your mo-ther dear is dead."

My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is break-ing, While I'm writ-ing you this let-ter edged in black."

Since the post-man brought that letter yes-ter-day morn-ing, Say-ing "Come, my boy, your mo-ther dear is dead."

The an-gels bear me wit-ness, I am ask-ing, Your for-give-ness in this let-ter edged in black."

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