Death Letter

Son House

I got a letter this mornin, how do you reckon it read?
It said, "Hurry, hurry, yeah, your love is dead."
I got a letter this mornin, I say how do you reckon it read?
You know, it said, "Hurry, hurry, how come the gal you love is dead?"So, I grabbed up my suitcase, and took off down the road.
When I got there she was layin on a coolin board.
I grabbed up my suitcase, and I said and I took off down the road.
I said, but when I got there she was already layin on a coolin board.Well, I walked up right close, looked down in her face.
Said, the good ole gal got to lay here til the Judgement Day.
I walked up right close, and I said I looked down in her face.
I said the good ole gal, she got to lay here til the Judgement Day.Looked like there was 10,000 people standin round the buryin ground.
I didn't know I loved her til they laid her down.
Looked like 10,000 were standin round the buryin ground.
You know I didn't know I loved her til they damn laid her down.Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul.
I wouldn't mistreat you baby, for my weight in gold.
I said, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul.
You know I wouldn't mistreat nobody, baby, not for my weight in gold.Well, I folded up my arms and I slowly walked away.
I said, "Farewell honey, I'll see you on Judgement Day."
Ah, yeah, oh, yes, I slowly walked away.
I said, "Farewell, farewell, I'll see you on the Judgement Day."You know I went in my room, I bowed down to pray.
The blues came along and drove my spirit away.
I went in my room, I said I bowed down to pray.
I said the blues came along and drove my spirit away.You know I didn't feel so bad, til the good ole sun went down.
I didn't have a soul to throw my arms around.

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