

Death Letter Blues

(yet another version)

Words & Music:
Eddie "Son" House

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I got a letter this mornin', how do you reckon it read?

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It said, "Hurry, hurry, yeah, your love is dead."

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I got a letter this mornin', I say how do you reckon it read?

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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 Judgment Day."

Ah, yeah, oh, yes, I slowly walked away.

I said, "Farewell, farewell, I'll see you on the Judgment 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.

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?"