There's a little rosewood casket resting on a marble stand. With a pocket of old love letters written by my true love's hand.

Tell him that I never blamed him
Though to me he proved untrue
Tell him that I'll ne'er forget him
Though I bid this world adieu

When I'm dead and in my coffin
And my shroud's around me bound
And my narrow grave is ready
In the cold and silent ground

Place his letters and his locket
Close together o'er my heart
And the little ring he gave me
From my finger never part

You have finished now, dear sister
While I listen to you read them
I will lose all sign of pain

Tell him that I never blamed him
Not an unkind word was spoke
Tell him that I never blamed him
While I listen to you read them
I will gently fall asleep
Fall asleep to wake with Jesus
Darling sister, do not weep.