

On Her Hand A Golden Ring

Phil Ochs

Another Sunday morning, another time to pray
A brand new dress to wear and a doll to put away
Another sermon, another hymn to sing
And on her hand a golden ring

On across the silent streets and to the church they came
Sheltered by the heavy walls and painted windows stained
Listenin' to the wisdom of the words the Bible told
And on her hand a ring of gold

Then the crackle and that clatter and the crinkle of the glass
Fell upon the people from the power of blast
The face of Jesus was crumbled into sand
Nearby the gold ring on her hand

Then a scream tore through the morning air and carried down the
street
Rage tore the hearts of men who leaped up to their feet
Old men grew hard and the young men grew cold
And on her hand a ring of gold

Then the speeches of the sorrow flowed into the town
And while the men were talking two more children were shot down
For that's the way when the law don't mean a thing
And on her hand a golden ring

More than pity, more than anger, can you feel what has been done
When hate can reach inside a church and mark the very young
The young will bear the scars when they're growing in this land
Rememberin' the gold ring on her hand

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