

Your Little Band Of Gold

Hank Snow

On the raging field of battle in a dugout dark and cold
Lies a soldier in tears and wracked with pain.
We gathered close beside him as our Captain said a prayer,
We knew his chance to live was all in vain.

He opened up his big blue eyes and smiled through flowing tears,
These last few words then to our Captain told
"In this pocket by my heart, sir, is a message, send it please
And with it send this little band of gold".

I promised you sweetheart someday I'd meet you,
Your tender form close to my heart I'd fold,
But I'll never keep that promise, I have trod the last long mile,
But I'm sending you your little band of gold.

We laid him down in silence, it was so hard to leave him there.
Our hearts were heavy as we walked away,
But we know tonight in Heaven there's another soldier boy
Who'll be marked a hero on that Judgement Day.

We wrote his dear old mother, sent his love to folks back home,
And told her God had called him to the Fold.
And the message to his darling we so carefully mailed away
With his picture and her little band of gold.

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But I'm sending you your little band of gold.