

# 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  
e  
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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