

# My Antonia

Emmylou Harris

He said, "Oh my love, oh my Antonia  
You with the dark eyes and palest of skin  
Tonight, I am going from Santa Maria  
Wait for me till I'm in your arms once again" She held me, she kissed me, begged me not to leave her  
To cross on the mountain, my fortune to win  
But her letter now tells me, she died of a fever  
And I'll never see her in this world again You are my sorrow, you are my splendor  
You are my shelter through storm and through strife  
You are the one I will always remember  
All of the days of my life I curse the ambition that took me far from her  
For treasure not ever so fine or so fair  
As the flash of her smile or the touch of her fingers  
The fire in her heart and the smell of her hair She left me a note that cried, "Do not weep for me  
Behold you are with me as sure as the stars  
That rise in the evening to shine down upon me  
Behold I am with you wherever you are" I can still hear him, he calls to me only  
What once was begotten shall come to no end  
But the road is so long and the nights are so lonely  
My soul just to hold him in this world again You are my sorrow, you are my splendor  
You are my shelter through storm and through strife  
You are the one I will always remember  
All of the days of my life Oh my love, oh my Antonia  
You with the dark eyes and palest of skin  
How could I know that night in Santa Maria  
I'd never see you in this world again

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