

# Hour of Gold

Emmylou Harris

I have seen your soul turn black and then retreat  
To that dark place where no one else may follow  
I waited here for your returning  
To roll your cigarette and wash your bloodied feet You have heard the silent running of my dreams  
Broke me from the grip of grief and fever  
With the sound of your voice speaking my name  
And a kiss that I will feel forever In the hour of gold, the hour of lead  
We did forge our wedding bed  
On a hard and holy road we lay down our head  
In the hour of gold, the hour of lead I have watched you riding on the wall of death  
And when it finally breaks you and you fall  
I will tear this dress of muslin that you gave me  
To bind the fatal wound and catch your last sweet breath In the hour of gold, the hour of lead  
We did forge our wedding bed  
On a hard and holy road we lay down our head  
In the hour of gold, the hour of lead But the world will be my witness when they excavate my heart  
And find the image of your face  
Imprinted there like some Shroud of Turin  
That neither time nor tundra could erase In the hour of gold, the hour of lead  
We did forge our wedding bed  
On a hard and holy road we lay down our head  
In the hour of gold, the hour of lead

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