

# This Golden Bracelet

(Capo 2) Bm  
(Am) Em7  
(Dm7)

*Verse:* Her hair was blonde, her eyes were blue, you might not take her for a Jew, But

F#m  
(Em) 1, 2 (& 3)  
Bm  
(Am) (Going into Bridge)  
Bm  
(Am)

this was Nine-teen fort - y two in War - saw. War - saw. **Bridge:** "You have a

G  
(F) A  
(G) D  
(C) G  
(F)

choice," they told her, "Yes you are free to

D  
(C) Bm  
(Am)

choose. You can work for us now, Or we can put you on a train,

G  
(F) A  
(G) (First bridge only)  
Bm  
(Am) (Going into Chorus)  
Bm  
(Am)

Like all those o - ther Jews." And so they Jews." **Chorus:** And now I

Em7  
(Dm7) G  
(F) D  
(C) Bm  
(Am)

wear this gold - en brace - let, en - graved with her name, It makes it

Em7  
(Dm7) G  
(F) D  
(C) Bm  
(Am) G  
(F)

like she's al - ways near me, close at hand, I wear it, and I re -

D  
(C) Bm  
(Am) Em7  
(Dm7) A  
(G) Bm  
(Am)

mem - ber her, Long a - go in a far a - way land.

Her hair was blonde, her eyes were blue, you might not take her for a Jew  
But this is 1942, in Warsaw  
The fetid stench of Nazi power was growing stronger hour by hour  
The ghetto was a prison now in Warsaw

Wanda's sisters and her cousins and her father and her mother  
Took the train like all the others out of Warsaw  
Not one of them was seen again, she had no family now, just her man  
To survive any way they can in Warsaw

**Bridge:**

"You have a choice," they told her  
"Yes, you are free to choose  
"You can work for us now. Or we can put you on a train  
Like all those other Jews"

So they worked in Shultz's factory  
For no pay, and barely fed  
Making uniforms, German army uniforms  
It was that or they'd be dead

**Chorus:**

*And now I wear this golden bracelet, engraved with her name  
It makes it like she's always near me, close at hand  
I wear it, and I remember her  
Long ago, in a faraway land*

In '43 the ghetto was ablaze. They bribed a guard and with fake papers  
By some miracle, they escaped from Warsaw  
For 18 months they hid away, lying in a narrow roof space  
Just one false move would give the game away  
Then finally the Russian forces rolled on in and won that war  
They both ended up, long story short, in Melbourne

From the ashes of the Old World  
War saw the end of all they knew  
Across the oceans – but all that water couldn't wash away the nightmares  
Of all that they'd been through

**Chorus**

A lifetime passes, seven decades. The German Government agrees to pay  
For all those years of forced labour in Warsaw  
The letter came through seven days after Wanda peacefully passed away  
At the tender age of 98 in Melbourne

Seven decades to say sorry  
A few Euros and a letter's all we get  
It's not much, but enough for us each to buy something of gold  
– So we won't forget

**Chorus**

*Then repeat second last line*

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*This is the true story of Wanda Lindner. Thanks to Benjamin Lindner for bringing it to my attention.*