

# My name is Emmett Till

Emmylou Harris (Arr. Oscar Dunn-Luck, 2020)

♩=136 *p* **G** **C**

Tacet Piano

7 **G** **C**

Plucked guitars

*Verse 1*

13 *mp* **G** **C** **D** **C** **G**

A. I was born a black boy, my name is Em-mett Till. Walked this earth for\_ four - teen years,\_ one night I\_waskilled. For

22 **G** **C** **G** **D**

A. speak-ing\_ to a wo-man\_ whose skin was white as\_ dough.\_ That's a sin in Mis-sis-ip-pi, but how was Itknow?\_ I'd

*Verse 2*

31 *mp* **G** **C** **D** **C** **G**

A. come down from Chi - ca - go to vis-it\_ with my kin. Up there I was a chee-ky\_ kid\_ I guess I al-ways been. But the

40 **G** **C** **G** **D** **G**

A. harm they put u - pon me was too hard\_ for what I\_ done. For\_ I was just a black boy, I nev-er hurt no - one.

Vla.

Hp.

Dr.

*Bridge 1*

49 **G** + Altos & men **C** **G** **C** **G** *mp*

A. Oh They

S. Oh

Fl.1 *mp*

Fl.2 *mp*

Vln. *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Hp. *f*

Dr.

*Verse 3*

57 **G** **C** **D** **C** **G** *mf*

A. took me from my un-cle's house Mose Wright was same. He'd la-ter stand and with-out\_ hes-i-ta - tion point the blame. And the

Cl. *mf*

Vln. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

Dr.

Verse 4

66 G C G mp D mf

A. ones who beat and cut me and shot me with gun. And threw me in the riv-er like I was trash when they were done. I was

Fl.2

Cl. mf

Vln. pp

Vc. pp

Dr. pp

75 G C D C G

A. sent back to my moth-er at least what was left of me. She kept my cas-ket o-pen, for the whole wide world to see. The

Fl.1 mp

Fl.2 mp

Vc.

Hp. mp

Dr. mp

84 G C G D G

A. awful des-e-cra-tion and the ev-denc-~~o~~fiate. You could not re-cog-nise me the mu-til-a-tion was so great.

Fl.1 p

Fl.2 p

Vc.

Hp. f

Dr. p

Instrumental

95

A. *f*

M.

G C D G G D G C D G D

With Piano

Fl.1 *mf*

Fl.2 *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *mf*

Hp. *f* *8va*

Dr. *mp*

111

A. *mf*

S. *mf*

A. *mf*

Be- Be-

G C D G D G

Fl.1

Fl.2

Cl.

Vla.

Vc.

Hp. *f*

Dr.

Chorus 1 Tacet piano & guitars

127 **Em** **D** **C** **G** **D** **G**

A. *came a cry\_ for jus-tice to be fin - a - ly\_ ful-filled. All be-cause of me\_ a black boy. My name is Em-mett Till. —*

S. *came a cry\_ for jus-tice to be fin - a - ly\_ ful-filled. All be-cause of me\_ a black boy. My name is Em-mett Till. —*

A. *Oooh*

M. *Oooh*

Vln. *p mp*

Hp. *p mp*

Dr.

Bridge 2

136 **G** **C** **G** **C** **G**

A. *Oh*

S. *Oh*

Fl.1 *mp*

Fl.2 *mp*

Vln. *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Hp. *ff*

Dr.

144 **G** **C** **G** **C** **G**

A. *Oh*

S. *Oh*

Fl.1

Fl.2

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Hp.

Dr.

Verse 5

Tacet piano & guitars

152 G C D C G

A. *mp* I had rath - er lived 'till I was toold to die young. *mp* Not miss all I left be-hind, all that might have come.---

Fl.1 *mp*

Vln. *mp*

Vc.

Dr.

161 G C G D

A. Sum-mer clouds a - bove my head,, the grass be-neathmfeet.--- Thawarmth of a good wo-man,--- her kis-ses soft and sweet.--- Per

M. Sum-mer clouds a - bove my head,, the grass be-neathmfeet.--- her kis-ses soft and sweet.---

Fl.1

Fl.2 *p*

Cl. *p*

Vc.

Hp.

Dr.

Verse 6

170 G C D C G

A. haps to be\_ a fath-er with a black boy of my own.--- Watch him\_ grow in - to a kin-der world than I have known. Where

Fl.1

Hp.

179 G C G D *mf*

A. no child would be\_ mur - dered for\_ the col-our ofiskin.--- And love would be the on -ly thing, \_in - side\_ the hearts of man. They

Fl.1

Hp.

Chorus 2 Enter piano

188 **Em** **D** **C** **G** **D** **G**

A. *say the hor-ror of that night is haun-ting hea-ven\_ still. — Where I am one more black boy. My name is Em-mett Till. —*

S. *say the hor-ror of that night is haun-ting hea-ven\_ still. — Where I am one more black boy. My name is Em-mett Till. —*

A. *Oooh - -*

M. *Oooh - -*

Fl.1 *pp* *mp*

Vln. *p* *mp*

Hp. *p* *mp*

Dr.

Bridge 3

197 **G** **C** **G** **G** **C** **G**

A. *Oh — Oh —*

S. *Oh — Oh —*

Fl.1 *f*

Fl.2 *f*

Vln. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Hp. *fff*

Dr. *mf*

205 *f* G C G G C G

A. *f* Oh Oh

S. *mf* Oh Oh

Fl.1

Fl.2

Vln.

Vla.

Vc.

Hp.

Dr.

Tacet piano & guitars

213 *p* G C D G *rall.*

Vln.

Hp.

Dr.