

# My name is Emmett Till

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

♩ = 136

Vln. *p* **Tacet Piano** **C** **Plucked guitars**

Vla.

*Verse 1*

A. 13 *mp* **G** **C** **D** **C** **G**

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

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

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

*Verse 2*

A. 31 *mp* **G** **C** **D** **C** **G**

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

*p*

Vla.

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

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.

*Bridge 1*

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

Oh \_\_\_\_\_ Oh \_\_\_\_\_ They

Vln. *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Verse 3

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

A. took me from my un-cle's house Mose Wright was his name. He'd la-ter stand with out\_hes-i-ta - tion point the blame. — And the

Vln. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

66 *G* *C* *G* *mp* *D* *Verse 4* *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

Vln. *pp*

Vc. *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

Vc.

84 *G* *C* *G* *D* *G*

A. awful des-e - cra-tion and the ev - dence I hate. — You could not re-cog-nise me the mu-til - a-tion was so great.

Vc.

Instrumental

95 *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *mf*

106

Vla.

Vc.

117

Vla.

Vc.

### Chorus 1


127 Em Tacet piano & guitars D C G D G

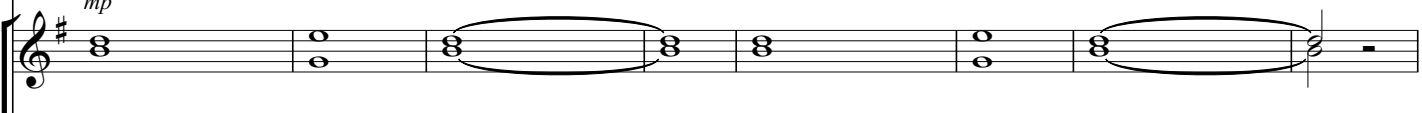
A.  came a cry\_ for jus-tice to be fin-a-ly\_ ful-filled. All be-cause of me\_ a black boy. My name is Em-mett Till.\_


Vln.  *p* *mp*

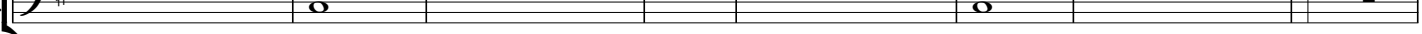
### Bridge 2

136 G + Altos & men C G C G


A.  Oh \_\_\_\_\_ Oh \_\_\_\_\_

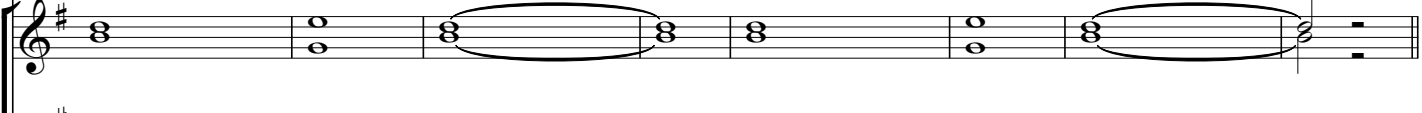
Vln.  *mp*


Vla.  *mp*


Vc. 

144 G C G C G

A.  Oh \_\_\_\_\_ Oh \_\_\_\_\_


Vln. 


Vla. 

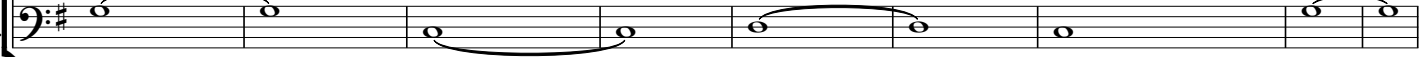
Vc. 

### Verse 5

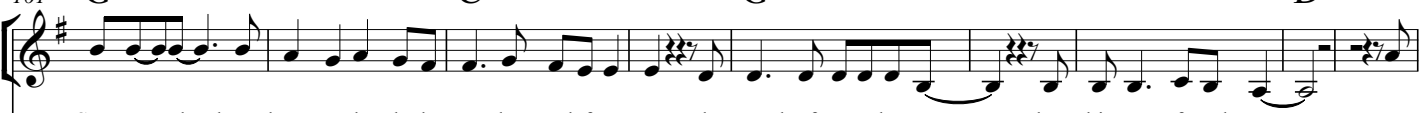
152 G Tacet piano & guitars C D C G

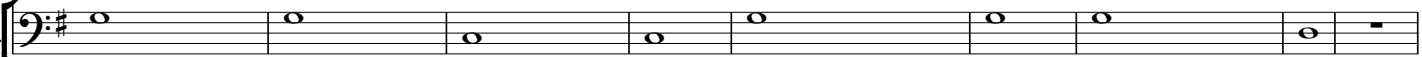
A.  I had rath - er lived 'till I was toold to die young. Not miss all I left be-hind, all that might have come.\_

Vln. 

Vc. 

161 G C G D

A.  Sum-mer clouds a - bove my head,, the grass be-neath my feet.\_ The warmth of a good wo-man, her kis-ses soft and sweet.\_ Per

Vc. 

Verse 6

170 G C D C G

A. *h*aps 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

179 G C G D *mf*

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

Chorus 2

188 Em *Enter piano* 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.\_

Vln. *pp* *mp*

Bridge 3

197 *f* + Altos & men G C G G C G

A. Oh\_ Oh\_

Vln. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

205 *f* G C G G C G

A. Oh\_ Oh\_

Vln. *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

Tacet piano & guitars

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

Vln.