

My name is Emmett Till

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

Vln. $\text{♩} = 136$ *p* Tacet Piano Plucked guitars

13 *Verse 1*
mp

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

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

31 *Verse 2*
mp

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

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.

49 *Bridge 1*
+ Altos & men *mp*

A. Oh _____ Oh _____ They

Fl.1 *mp*

Fl.2 *mp*

57 *Verse 3*
mf

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

Cl. *mf*

66 *Verse 4*
mp *mf*

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

Fl.2

Cl. *mf*

75

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*

84

A. awful des-e - cra-tion and the ev - dence of hate.____ You could not_re-cog-nise me the mu-til - a-tion was so great.

Fl.1 *p*

Fl.2 *p*

Instrumental

95

Fl.1 *mf*

Fl.2 *mp*

Cl. *mp*

107

Fl.1

Fl.2

Cl.


117

Fl.1

Fl.2

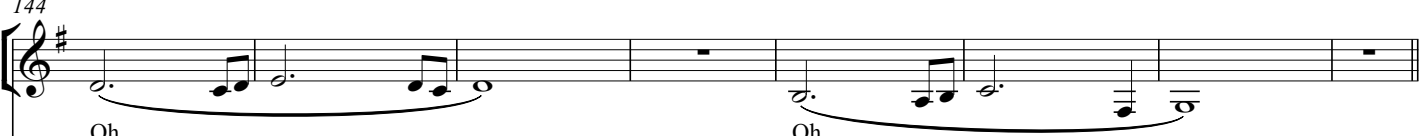
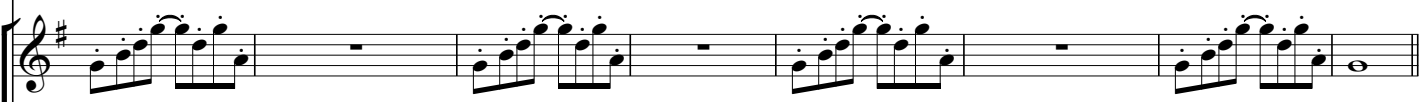

Cl.

Chorus 1 Tacet piano & guitars

127
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.____


Bridge 2

136 + Altos & men
A. 
Oh _____ Oh _____
Fl.1 *mp* 
Fl.2 *mp* 

144
A. 
Oh _____ Oh _____
Fl.1 
Fl.2 

Verse 5 Tacet piano & guitars

152
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.____
Fl.1 *mp* 

161
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
Fl.1 
Fl.2 *p* 
Cl. *p* 

Verse 6

170
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.
Fl.1
A. Where no child would be_ mur - dered for_ the col our d f i s k i n. And love would be the on ly thing, in - side_ the hearts of man. They
Fl.1 *mf*

Chorus 2 Enter piano

188
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.
Fl.1

Bridge 3

197 *f*
A. Oh _____ Oh _____
Fl.1 *f*
Fl.2 *f*

205 *f*
A. Oh _____ Oh _____
Fl.1 *f*
Fl.2 *f*

Tacet piano & guitars

213 *rall.*