

# Birmingham Sunday

Tom Paxton

Come round by my side and I'll sing you a song  
I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong  
On Birmingham Sunday the blood ran like wine  
And the choirs kept singing of freedom  
That cold autumn morning no eyes saw the sun  
And Addie Mae Collins, her number was one  
At an old Baptist church there was no need to run  
And the choirs kept singing of freedom  
The clouds they were grey and the autumn wind blew  
And Denise McNair brought the number to two  
The falcon of death was a creature they knew  
And the choirs kept singing of freedom  
The church it was crowded, but no one could see  
That Cynthia Wesley's dark number was three  
Her prayers and her feelings would shame you and me  
And the choirs kept singing of freedom  
Young Carol Robertson entered the door  
And the number her killers had given was four  
She asked for a blessing but asked for no more  
And the choirs kept singing of freedom  
On Birmingham Sunday a noise shook the ground  
And people all over the earth turned around  
For no one recalled a more cowardly sound  
And the choirs kept singing of freedom  
The men in the forest they once asked of me  
How many black berries grew in the Blue Sea  
I asked them right back with a tear in my eye  
How many dark ships in the forest?  
The Sunday has come and the Sunday has gone  
And I can't do much more than to sing you a song  
I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong  
And the choirs keep singing of freedom

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