Birmingham Sunday

Joe McPhee

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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