

Birmingham Sunday

Rhiannon Giddens

Come round by my side and I'll sing you a song
Sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong
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

Now the clouds, they were grey and the autumn wind blew
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 Carole 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

Now the Sunday has come and the Sunday has gone
And we can't do much more than to sing you a song
Sing it so loudly, you better sing along
And the choirs keep singing of freedom