Bob Dylan
"The Death Of Emmet Till"

"Twas down in Mississippi no so long ago,
When a young boy from Chicago town stepped through
a Southern door.
This boy's dreadful tragedy I can still remember well,
The color of his skin was black and his name was
Emmett Till.

Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they
beat him up.
They said they had a reason, but I can't remember
what.
They tortured him and did some evil things too evil to
repeat.
There was screaming sounds inside the barn, there
was laughing sounds out on the street.

Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst a bloody
red rain
And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his
screaming pain.
The reason that they killed him there, and I'm sure it
ain't no lie,
Was just for the fun of killin' him and to watch him
slowly die.

And then to stop the United States of yelling for a trial,
Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor
Emmett Till.
But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers
commit this awful crime,
And so this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to
mind.

I saw the morning papers but I could not bear to see
The smiling brothers walkin' down the courthouse
stairs.
For the jury found them innocent and the brothers they
went free,
While Emmett's body floats the foam of a Jim Crow
southern sea.

If you can't speak out against this kind of thing, a crime
that's so unjust,
Your eyes are filled with dead men's dirt, your mind is
filled with dust.
Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and
chains, and your blood it must refuse to flow,
For you let this human race fall down so God-awful low!

This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man
That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-
robed Ku Klux Klan.
But if