

# TOO MANY MARTYRS

Words by  
PHIL OCHS

Music by  
PHIL OCHS  
and BOB GIBSON

Moderately

1. In the state of Mis - sis - sip - pi man - y years a - go, A  
boy of four-teen years got a taste of South-ern law. He saw his friend a-hang-in', his  
col-or was his crime, The blood up-on his jack-et put a brand up-on his mind.

Chorus:

Too man - y mar - tyrs and too man - y dead,  
Too man-y lies, too man-y empty words were said, Too man-y times for two  
man - y an - gry men, Oh, let it nev - er be a - gain.

Detailed description: The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in the key of G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It includes guitar chord diagrams for Em, G, Am, D, and Fm. The piece is marked 'Moderately'. The lyrics are: '1. In the state of Mis - sis - sip - pi man - y years a - go, A boy of four-teen years got a taste of South-ern law. He saw his friend a-hang-in', his col-or was his crime, The blood up-on his jack-et put a brand up-on his mind. Chorus: Too man - y mar - tyrs and too man - y dead, Too man-y lies, too man-y empty words were said, Too man-y times for two man - y an - gry men, Oh, let it nev - er be a - gain.'

2. His name was Medgar Evers and he walked his road alone,  
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know;  
They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground,  
But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down.  
(CHORUS)
3. The killer waited by his home hidden by the night,  
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight;  
He slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side,  
It struck the heart of every man when Evers fell and died.  
(CHORUS)
4. They laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear,  
They laid him in his grave when victory was near.  
While we waited for the future with the wisdom of our plans,  
The country gained a killer, and the country lost a man.  
(CHORUS)