

That Kind of Grace

by Annie Hill and David Roth (1967)

Em *D* *Em* *B7*
Sunday morning, Birmingham, quiet in the church.
Em *D* *Em*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *Em*
Bombs were planted, House of God, children's blood on the cross.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
And your daughter, she was one, angel without wings.
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
How could anyone forgive those who do such things?

G *G7* *C* *G*
And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"
G *Em* *D* *B7*
Your face is what I see
Em *D* *C* *G*
I hope some day that kind of grace
B *B* *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*
Will find its way through me.

Em *D* *Em* *B7*
Friday evening, in Mobile, Klansmen killing time
Em *D* *Em*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *Em*
Saw young Michael walking by, he would do just fine.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
Quiet student, mother's best, pleading for his life.
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
Strung him up to make a point, sharper than a knife.

G *D* *Em* *B7*
Beulah Mae, his mother, stood, people all around,
G *D* *Em* *B7*
In the courtroom listening as the truth was found.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
From her mouth no curses fell, no profanity,
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
"I would do to others what I'd have them do to me."

G *G7* *C* *G*
 And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"
G *Em* *D* *B7*
 Her face is what I see
 Em *D* *C* *G*
 I hope some day that kind of grace
 B *B* *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*
 Will find its way through me

Em *D* *Em* *B7*
 Thursday afternoon in the car, turned the radio on.
Em *D* *Em*₍₂₎ *B7*₍₁₎ *Em*
 The verdict in Los Angeles, oh what have we done.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
 Images of violence, yellow, black and white.
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
 Fifty dead and millions lost, who can win this fight?

G *D* *Em* *B7*
 Then on the screen a face of tears, trembling through and through.
G *D* *Em* *B7*
 One we've seen so many times, beaten on the news.
Em *D* *Em* *B7*
 I could barely hear your words, full of fear and doubt,
Em *D* *Em*₍₁₎ *B7*₍₂₎ *Em*
 "People, we can't live like this, we've got to work this out."

G *G7* *C* *G*
 And when I sing "Amazing Grace,"
G *Em* *D* *B7*
 Your face is what I see
 Em *D* *C* *G*
 I hope some day that kind of grace
 B *B* *Em* *Bm* *Em* *Bm*
 Will find its way through me