



Ode To

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

Oh! He Carried The Cross For Me
 He Carried The Cross For Me.
 When I was just a boy, playing with a toy,
 He was concerned about my Liberty.
 When I stood telling tales, He spent many days in jail,
 to restore to me my lost humanity.
 When I was a hate-filled man, He made me understand.
 He told me truth's that set my poor heart free.
 When I could only cuss, He rode the Freedom Bus,
 and introduced me to responsibility.
 When I didn't have a friend, Nonviolently,
 He sat in and made the nation honor my dignity.
 When I didn't have a coat, and my mama couldn't even vote,
 He made the Congress set my people free.
 When my sister didn't have a blouse,
 and my dad couldn't buy a house,
 He made Open Housing a reality.
 We were dying in Viet Nam, and He stopped Old Uncle Sam,
 and made him respect all humanity.
 When I was but a slave,
 He gladly went to his grave to set my mind and body free.
 He never was afraid, cause this is what He said:
 "No matter what, my son, you must forgive!
 If you haven't got a cause to die for,
 then you're not fit to live!"
 And this is the challenge He left you and me.
 When Martin Luther King died, I sat down and cried,
 cause I had lost my best friend don't you see...
 He taught me to forgive, and now I'm fit to live...
 and now I too can face the tree...cause
 He Carried The Cross For Me.

by James Luther Bevel

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1929
 Born, January 15
 Atlanta, Georgia

1953
 Married, Coretta Scott
 June 18

1956
 Bus Boycott
 Montgomery, Alabama

1957
 Elected President
 S.C.L.C.
 Southern Christian
 Leadership Conference

1963
 Birmingham Movement
 Birmingham, Alabama

1963
 March On Capital
 Washington, D.C.
 August 28

1965
 Right-To-Vote Movement
 Selma, Alabama

1966
 Open Housing
 Movement
 Chicago, Illinois

1967
 Anti-Vietnam War
 Speech
 Riverside Church
 New York, New York
 April 4

1968
 Assassinated
 April 4
 Memphis, Tennessee