Song of the Unsung Singer

Frank Bacon*
SONG OF THE UNSUNG SINGER

By Frank Bacon

Song of the Unsung Singer,
I hear it alone in the wood
Where the murmur of life and the shadow of death
Mingle for ill and for good.

Song of the Unsung Singer,
This time in a city’s street
Where a thousand people stride scowling past
And ten thousand pulses beat.

Song of the Unsung Singer,
It rides in the breath of the night
Where ghostly clouds and the glow of the moon
Churn over the blinking starlight.

Song of the Unsung Singer,
In the blasting heat of the sun
I hear its refrain where men work and sweat
Till burdensome toil is done.

Song of the Unsung Singer,
I cannot tell you the words.
It is made out of work and sorrow and joy
Like the song of the mocking birds.

Song of the Unsung Singer,
Not one small part will ring.
But though no one may hear my song,
I still can sing!