

The Voicing of Fear, Simplified

A Song of Night

Daniel Speyer

shamelessly immitating Randall Thompson

VOICE $\text{♩} = 84$

Is there some one out

there to hear? The voicing of my end-less fear: that all I love will fade like grass, be-

fore the dark - ness drawing near. I beg each season

to re-turn, The wise to teach, the young to learn, The sand to stay beneath my feet, That

not the towns and o-ceans burn. May I survive my

wanderlust, With time for love and for what is just May I afford a chance to play. To

live more life than what I must. All hope is si-lent

to me still I gird my heart and set my skill 'Cause some-one must and no one

will 'Cause some-one must and no one will