



Carolyn Simmons Anderson

A Song for Dorothy

*I stood out on my porch one night
Just looking at the moon,
And then I found myself singing
A song that had no tune.
I sang of Dorothy that night,
Alone beneath the sky.
I sang for her that night, because
I'd rather sing than cry.*

*The owls stopped their hooting.
A whip-poor-will hushed its song.
The bullfrogs quit their calling,
And a wood thrush sang along.*

*I didn't mean to sing a song.
It somehow just started.
It just began, and then it stopped.
The song and I just... parted.
A night hawk heard the singing start
And flew into the sky.
I kept on singing anyway,
I had to sing, or cry.*

*The melody and lyrics
Disappeared into the night,
Flying from my memory
Like swallows taking flight.*

*I thought of Dorothy that night
And one word came to mind.
I thought, 'Special.' And then more words,
Like 'beautiful' and 'kind.'
The starlight often hides itself
Inside a darkened sky.
It hid itself that night, and watched
Me choose to sing, not cry.*

*With no one there to listen
But creatures of the night,
I freed my voice and let it
Fly high into the starlight.*

*The words may be gone from me now,
I may have lost the tune.
But I know my song rang true, as*

*I sang beneath that moon.
I lost myself inside my song
And joined it in the sky.
I chose a song instead of tears
'Cause I don't like to cry.*

*Mossy trees danced in moonlight,
Their leaves whispered in the wind.
A shooting star called to me,
But my thoughts were of my friend.*

*This music that had no rhythm,
These words that had no rhyme
Brought memories of girlhood,
That special point in time.
I sang about the fun we had.
I sang it to the sky.
I sang instead of crying 'cause
It hurts my heart to cry.*

*The fish crows laughed at stories
Of the things we did back then,
When we were silly teen-aged
Girls who liked to play 'pretend.'*

*I sang about a woman of
Soundless beauty and grace.
A woman whose beauty went far
Beyond that pretty face.
The Man in the Moon asked me, "Why
Do you sing to the sky?"
I told him that I sang because
It hurts too much to cry.*

*The Star of Venus grew dim
When compared to one so fair
As Dorothy, my friend, a
Woman so precious, so rare.*

*I don't know where the music went
That night I sang my song.
I know that it went someplace where
Our spirits all belong.
My song is waiting in that place
For me to sing again.
I'll find the words and learn the tune
And sing it for her then.*

*Dorothy will hear her song, and
It'll have rhythm and rhyme.
I'll sing it for her and all who love her.
Until that time,
Until that time,*

*The man in the moon can keep on frowning.
The stars can go dark in the sky.
The willow tree can go on weeping.
But I refuse to cry.*

Slightly longer ending:

*The man in the moon can keep on frowning.
The stars can go dark in the sky.
The willow tree can go on weeping.
But I refuse to cry.*

*I ask you, please, just let me be.
Just let my eyes be dry.
Just let me be.
Just let me sing.
I'd rather sing than cry.*

*Longer ending to use when
singing parts of it,
especially the ending.*

*That man in the moon can keep on frowning.
Those stars can go dark in the sky.
That willow tree can go on weeping.
But as for me,
If you don't mind,
Just let my tears stay dry.*

*I'd rather sing.....
I'd rather sing.....
I'd rather sing than cry.*

*I'd rather sing.....
'Cause crying hurts.....
So let my eyes be dry.*

*Just let me be.
Just let me sing.
I'd rather sing...
than cry.*