

One of Many

Vic Chesnutt

you're only one of many
of small account if any
you think about yourself too much
this touch the child with the quick touch
and worked his mind to such a pitch,
he threw his fellows in a ditch
this little child who was so mild is grown too wild

"murder in the first degree," cried old fury
recording the verdict of the jury
now we come to the execution tree
the gallows stand wide on me
"Christ died for sinners," explained the prison chaplain
from his miscellany
weeping bitterly,
the little child cried, " I die one of many"