

## THERE WAS ANOTHER SONG

If I was one of those cut off too soon, after my death say this about me:

*There was a man who died before his time,  
leaving his poetry, his song of life, unfinished.*

*What a shame!  
He had another song to sing,  
and now it's gone, gone forever.*

*What a great shame!*

He had a harp - a soul expressive and alive  
and the poet within used all its strings to tell his private thoughts,  
yet kept one secret hidden.  
Round and round his fingers played, but  
one string was mute to the end, silent to the very end.

*So the pain is very, very great!*

*There are some who die before their time  
leaving a song unfinished.  
There was another song to sing,  
and now it's \_\_\_\_\_ gone, gone forever.*

*Chaim Nachman Bialik  
Translation by Rabbi Jeffrey Marx*