

## CRY NOT FOR ME

Shadows fall upon the world of my loved ones:  
They no longer see the dew upon the rose,  
The sun has slipped behind a darkened rain cloud,  
Their souls are clenched in pain as sorrow grows.

From the surface of their minds they have set forth  
Pursuing each daily chore with melancholy face  
That yields no more, no less than asked;  
And yet, I long to reach right out and say aloud  
Cry not for me my friends, hear the music in my heart  
And kiss my memory-‘Farewell’.

I have lived so well upon this earth  
I have followed many paths to reach the sun.  
If I had troubles, or pain, or heartaches,  
I cherished more the smiles, a thousand more, when one  
Had said to me in friendship – ‘I wish you well!’  
They were sweet words I treasured long.

To the hilltops, to the clouds to the moon and stars beyond  
To a pasture glistening with fresh rain – I run  
So, cry not for me, my friends, hear the music in my heart  
And kiss my memory ‘Farewell’.

Ruth van Gramberg