

## **My Hidden Door**

**By Yisroel Shtern (1933)**

Translated by Arnie Goldman (2006)

Let my song be concealed; locked away  
In a place that is holy and still.  
I don't beckon or call you to me  
And if I do let you inside  
I still keep a door out of sight  
So my song stays concealed, locked away.

I've no wish to gain from another,  
By my lights, we don't all die equal;  
What need has my song for your eyes?  
If two willows stand by a stream  
Both of them live there bowed over  
But each of them weeps all alone.

I sing not for glory, nor gold  
One goes to God on his own.  
I don't want to be the gold ring  
My heart set, like a precious stone  
On someone's swollen finger.

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