

## THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

### A New Song

I tried to play a song, today, I'd written long ago,  
But, somehow, while the song remained the same, I didn't though.  
My fingers couldn't find the notes.  
The words were lost in time.  
Instead, a new song came about that didn't seem like mine.  
"I can't go back," I thought...then wondered if I could.  
And if I could but found the way, I'm certain that I would.  
The song is written down, of course, the notes, the words, somewhere;  
But I had hoped that memory was enough to get me there.  
O Father, why must life go on?  
It seems a shame,  
Until,  
One thinks about the songs that have remained unwritten, still.

(November 19, 1981)