

I wish I had a son
A little boy
Bright, with black curly hair.
I would take his hand in mine
And stroll slowly, slowly
Through the garden...
Little boy.

Uri, I'd call him
My Uri!
How gentle and clear this tiny name
A glimmer of joy
For my little boy,
Uri, I'd call him
Uri, I'd call.

But I am still bitter as Rachel
I am still praying as Hannah in Shiloh,
I am still waiting for him.
I will
Wait.