



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

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MS-4787: Abba Hillel Silver Papers, 1902-1989.

Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

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171

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Early poems, notebook, 1910-1911.

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11th. Chap. 9th. 17422th. 24

11th. Chap. 9th. 17422th. 24

Furies.

p. 1

Oh! where art thou
Mighty Thor
God of Thunder
God of War?
Thou hast left us
Skulking cowards
On thy very shore.

Be once more our God
O! Sire.
Wane once more thy Rod
Of Fire.

Speed! and let
Thy thunder speak
Unto the weak
Unto the meek
Speed! and let
Thy fire
"Will" inspire
In the hearts of men.

Speed! and let
Thy ire

"Grit" inspire

men, souls, again.

Shining

Passionless creatures
 Fie on your weakness
 Ashen-pale features
 Fie on your meekness.

Sing ye of ~~Best~~ Mien
 Of Love and Emotion
 I'll sing me of Winds
 Of Tempests and Motion.

Of a nebulous, thundering sky
 Warring with the restless surge
 Of a dolorous, shuddering main
 Howling forth a frenzied dridge.

Of the blasted woodland dales
 Where the tawny, furrowed witches
 Tell their ghostly tales
 Where with frenzied wild gestures
 In a maddening, whirling dance
 Sound their woeeful wails.

Of the restless, raging Ocean
 In his ceaseless, laving motions
 In his misty, racing shimmers

In his fading, foaming glimmer P.3
In his endless hallowing grief
Smiling on his muddled reef.

Bring ye of Imitate
Of Pity, Remorse
I'll sing me of Storms
Of motion and Force...

A. Silver

June 27, 1910.



Sea-foam.

p. 4

In wanton dreams and foam-capped
hopes
On sterile shores we roam
For gaily webs and elfin flight
And dazzling, sparkling foam
There sea-foam.

The throbbing soul in youthful
hopes
rime uncupped
Seeks sky and pleasure dome
And finds no light but reeking
gloom
And froth and fizzles foam
There sea-foam!

Sans fame sans hope with
shattered lives
We leave the hills we clomb
The stormy life leaves naught
behind
But penum and serpent foam
There sea-foam
Aug. 3, 1910. H. H. H.

-The Great Hall.-

p. 5

No humid stones, no flowering floors
No nestling moss are thine
No writhing ghouls' round pillars
Gaunt

No spectral tales are thine
For golden beams & silvery rays
Still bathe the silent nave
And two-light corymbi like
wood-land lily

Still sports upon thy walls
And yet

The Spirits dim of ages gone.
E'en now broad with the roof
And August silence, so thick, soft
Like balm rests on thee
And there

I long to cull some cubby nook
And sit me there alone
And let thy solemn stillness
steal

Upon my pain-packed heart
And dream

And life goes teeming by thy walls
 And thou art still the same
 And years are ebbing round thy
 walls

And thou art still the same
 And when this dreamer wakes in
 thy shade

Shall moulder in the earth
 And lonely flowers wave for
 him

Thou once didst thrill with hope
 Thou still shalt stand majestic
 pale

And steep the tide of years
 And other dreamers whoaned
 from much

Shall dream beneath thy
 fold.

A. H. H. H.

Aug. 16, 1880.

Songs of Sorrow.

7

I

A thrush there sang within her cage
From morn to dusk she sang
A wind there came in jealous rage
And killed her with his fang.

O wind O wind where is the thrush
That sang upon my sill
O wind O wind where is the thrush
Whom thy cold blasts did kill

II

A little girl of morning dew
Beamed on my gloomy day
A wind there came; and paled her hue
And stole my golden ray

O wind O wind where is the child
That thrilled me with her ray
O wind O wind where is the light
That lightened up my way

III.

The girl she smiled when the thrush sang
The thrush sang when she smiled
Their voice and laugh like sleigh-bell ring

Their joy my tears beguiled.

O wind O wind where is my ^{golden} ~~sun~~ ray?
 Where is my ~~sun~~ ray?
 O wind O wind where are ^{the} ~~my~~ joys
 That cheered my setting day?

J. W. Hilkey

Sep. 8, 1910.



The Dying Race.

9

He who saw the foam-splashed Ocean
Break upon his rocky shore
He who heard the mellow rustle
Of the forest and his lore
Soon shall pass away.

He who trailed thru trackless prairies
Hunts of winds and babbling blades
He who heard the song of fancies
In the valleys in the glades
Soon shall pass away

He who saw the sunset glory
Sunset of the crimson West
He who scaled the mountain hoary
Mountains of eternal rest
Soon shall pass away.

Breaking dawn shall no more greet him
With its tears of silent bliss
Smiling moon shall no more meet him
With its warm and thrilling kiss
He must pass away.

The mighty falls shall ~~move~~ ^{flow} further
 The little streams shall pray
 And I shall think & dream of thee
 With the setting of each day....
 When darkness skins the day

A. H. S.

Sept. 8, 1910.



He left so soon. I ^{fain} ~~feign~~ would weep
 But hope consoles: For who among
 Us all must not go forth to reap,
 To bring the harvest home with song?

A. H. S.

Sept. 20, 1910.

— Withered Leaves —

When the leaves grow sore and withered
And the days grow cold and bleak
Slowly then rolls in the new year
For the humble and the weak.

For we know what things are hidden
In the bosom of the years
Chilling wind and dying embers
Wreck of hopes and burning tears

For the primrose is not ours
Nor the thrilling sunlight rays
But the ghastly shade of winter
And the murky, windy day.

Hopes are fading; clouds are coming
And a sable shroud is spreading
As the new year steals in softly
On the fallen leaves a-treading.

When the leaves grow sore and withered
And the days grow cold and bleak
Slowly then rolls in the new year
For the humble and the weak.

Sept. 27, 1910.

[Handwritten signature]



— Shadows —

12

O! the moon is pale and sickly
And the leaves are dead; —
Hark! his steps are coming quietly
Coming to my bed!

Hear him knocking? shut the door!
Bolt it hard and fast!
See him grinning in his gore?
Laughing in the blast?...

O! the moon is pale and sickly
And the leaves are dead;
Yet her bosom still heaves quickly
And her lips are red,

He is calling! who is sighing?
Sighing in the night?
O! the embers they are dying,
And how pale the light!

He is coming! who is sobbing?
How the candles flicker!
But the soul O! God, it's throbbing
Throbbing ~~quicker~~ ^{faster} quicker!

Crumbling Thrones.

Yet another throne hath crumbled,
And its king was forced to flee!
And a people that has grumbled
Ages long in misery
Sounds its psalm! It is free.

Ye that made a throne a pyre
Blessings on ye! Men of might
Hands of brass and souls of fire!
In the reeking gloom of night
Ye have called - and there was light!

All your shackles now are broken
Hopeful, cheering breaks your dawn
Here's a prayer - friendship's token
"Ye have fought and ye have won
Be ye strong! and be ye one!"

A. Silver

Oct. 6, 1910.

The Soul of the Sea

I stood upon the rocky ^{rubbed} shore
Beside the troubled sea
Low sighs and sob the breezes bore
From out the deeps to me

I wondered why this endless dole
Is rising from the sea
I looked within my own wrecked soul
I solved the mystery



A.J.A.

Oct. 11, 1910.

I would to God I had not heard
Its deep and yearning dole
For now the song of semi-thicketed brier
In vain calls on my soul.

Nov. 1, 1910.

The Troubled Night.

15

The night is cold;
The shades creep 'round me now;
The wind is sad;
And sadly sighs thru blade and bough.
O! come to me my dearest!

The embers die;
Tow shines the feeble light;
It too will die
And pass into the anguished night.
O! come to me my dearest!

The moon it stands
Like some lost soul in pain;
And far across
Shrieks loud and shrill the rough train.
O! come to me my dearest!

The light is lost;
The embers long have died;
The sigh is chilled.
But thou hast heard when I have called
And didst not come my dearest!

Sighed

Nov. 3, 1910.

H. Silber



Shadows

16

Long, long ago,
In dewy youthful dreams,
I saw her smile - a smile of cherubim:
And now tho low
The embers burn; the streams
Of ^{swelling} ~~burning~~ hopes are chilled; yet on the brim
Of pregnant woe
I see it still. It beams
In supple warmth and cheer when day is dying.

Long, long ago
When life was wondrous young
I heard her sigh - a sigh of agony.
And tho no throes
Of ~~mortal~~ want now molds my song
Yet thus the shouts of joy and revelry
Like chilling snow
The sigh doth pierce: and long
Its echo stays to feed my misery.

A.H.S. -

Dec. 17/1910.

Silent Tears.

17

Faintly shines my little candle
Shimmers in the anguished night
And its life is slowly waning
Waning with the dying light.

Are thy ^{tallow} ~~sweat~~ drops that trickle
Tears of rain and hopeless strife?
Are they silent mazy sorrows
Sorrows of a wasted life?

Flicker, flicker little candle
Flicker in the anguished night:
Thus my life shall ever flicker
Flicker forth its dying light.

Atth

Jan. 1, 1911.

Mists.

The shadows writhe like serpent brood
Within my little room.

And in my soul like mists they sink
And spread a humid gloom

O star of ^{Galilee} Galilee!

Send one bright ray of supple warmth
Within my sable heart

One ray of light; then shades shall melt
And shadows shall depart.



Att.

Jan. 1, 1911.

Vox Domini supra Aquas

The voice of God is on the waters, so
 the sea is full of song. Among the mounds
 of ~~giant~~ ^{giant} foam or in the pregnant woe
 of ~~tumbling waves~~ thy mystic voice resounds
 Within the stifled sobs of mighty falls,
 Within the whir and whirl of fleecy spray
 Or in the crooning of the stream that calls
 Unto its reeds we mark thine ancient lay.
 The tears of wandering souls that lowly sob
 Among the shades, the tears of those whose day
 Did fade long e'er the soul had ceased to throbb
 They too, O Lord, breath forth thine endless praise
 And ~~there~~ ⁱⁿ they will they fall and by thy doom
 To ~~renew~~ ^{renew} life with death and light with gloom
 By thy ~~will~~

W.S.

May 10, 1911.

FURIES

Oh! Where art thou
Mighty Thor
God of Thunder
God of War!
Thou hast left us
Skulking cowards
On thy very shore.

Be once more our God
O! Sire.
Wave once more thy Rod
Of fire.
Speed! and let
Thy thunder speak
Unto the weak
Unto the meek
Speed! and let
Thy fire
"Will" inspire
In the hearts of men.
Speed! and let
Thy ire
"Girt" inspire

our souls again.

↑
(paper torn)



Passionless creatures
Fie on your weakness
Ashen-pale features
Fie on your meekness.

Sing ye of mercy
Of love and emotion
I'll sing me of Winds
Of Tempests and Motion.

Of a nebulous, thundering sky
Warring with the restless surge
Of a dolorous, shuddering main
Howling forth a frenzied dirge.

Of the blasted woodland dales
Where the tawny, furrowed witches
Tell their ghostly tales
Where with frenzied wild gestures
In a madeening, whirling dance
Sound their woeful wails.

Of their restless, raving Ocean
In his ceaseless, laving motion
In his misty, grayish shimmer
In his fading, foaming glimmer
In his endless hallowing grief
Smiting on his rugged reef.....

Sing ye of Quite
Of Pity, Remorse
I'll seing me of Storms
Of Motion and Force.....

(signed) A.H.Silver

June 27, 1910

Sea-Foam

In wanton dreams and foam-capped hopes
On sterile shores we roam
For gauzy webs and elfin light
And dazzling, sparkling foam
Mere sea-foam.

The throbbing soul in hope uncurbed
Seeks sky and pleasure dome
And finds no light but reeking gloom
And froth and frizzle foam
Mere sea-foam.

Sans fame, sans hope with shattered lives
We leave the hills we clomb
The stormy life leaves naught behind
But scum and serpent foam
Mere sea-foam.

(signed) A.H.Silver

August 3, 1910



The great hall

No humid stones, no frowning gloom
 No nestling moss are thine
 No writhing ghouls 'round pillars gaunt
 No spectral tales are thine
 For golden beams and ~~xxx~~ sil'vry rays
 Still bathe thy silent nave
 And twilight coy like woodland nymph
 Still sports upon thy walls
 And yet
 The Spirits dim of Ages gone
 E'en now brood neath thy roof
 And august silence, soothing, soft
Envelope thee in years
 Like balsam rests on thee (line crossed out)
 And there
 I long to cull some cubby nook
 And sit me there alone
 And let thy solemn stillness steal
 Upon my pain-racked heart
 And dream....

And life goes teeming by thy walls
 And thou art still the same
 And years are ebbing round thy walls
 And thou art still the same.
 And when this dreamer in thy shade
 Shall moulder in the earth
 And lonely flowers wave or him
 That once ~~his~~ did thrill with hope
 Thou still shalt stand majestic pale
 And stem the tide of years
 And other dreamers weaned from mirth
 Shall roam beneath thy fold.

(Signed) A.H. Silver

August 16, 1910

Songs of sorrow

I

A thrush there sang within her cage
 From morn to dusk she sang
 A wind there came in jealous rage
 And killed her with his fang.

O wind O wind where is the thrush
 That sang upon my sill
 O wind O wind where is the thrush
 Whom thy cold blasts did kill

II

A little girl of morning dew
 Beamed on my gloomy sky
 A wind there came and plaed her hue
 And stole my golden ray

O wind O wind where is the child
 That thrilled me with her ray
 O wind O wind where is the light
 That lighted up my way

WRHS

III
AMERICAN JEWISH
ARCHIVES

The girl she smiled when the thrush sang
 The thrush sang when she smiled
 Their voice and laugh like sleighbells rang
 Their joy my tears beguiled.

O wind O wind where is my thrush?
 Where is my golden ray?
 O wind O wind where are the joys
 That ~~was~~ cheered my seething day?

(signed) A.H.Silver

Sept. 8, 1910

The Dying Race

He who saw the foam-splashed Ocean
 Break upon his rocky shore
 He who heard the mellow motion
 Of the forest and his lore
 Soon shall pass away.

He who trailed the trackless prairies
 Lands of winds and babbling blades
 He who heard the song of fairies
 In the valleys in the glades
 Soon shall pass away

He who saw the sunset glory
 Sunset of the crimson West
 He who **scaled** the mountains hoary
 Mountains of eternal rest
 Soon shall pass away.

Breaking dawn shall no more greet him
 With its tears of silent bliss
 Smilin noon shall no more ~~gentle~~ ~~meet~~ meet him
 With its warm and thrilling kiss
 He must pass away.

...
 The mighty falls shall moan for thee
 The little streams shall pray
 And I shall think and dream of thee
 When darkness skims the day.

(signed) A.H.Silver

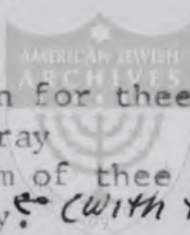
Sept. 8, 1910

..

He left so soon. I fain would weep
 But hope consoles: "For who among
 Us all must not go forth to reap
 To bring the harvest home with song?"

(signed) A.H.S.

Sept. 20, 1910



(with the setting of each day - crossed out)

Withered leaves

When the leaves grow sere and withered
 And the days grow cold and bleak
 Slowly then rolls in the new year
 For the humble and the meek.

For we know what things are hidden
 In the bosom of the years
 Chilling winds and dying embers
 Wrecked hopes and burning tears.

For the primrose is not ours
 Nor the thrilling sunlight ray
 But the ghastly shade of winter
 And the murky, windy day.

}

Crossed out

Hopes are fading; clouds are coming
 And a sable shroud is spreading
 As the new year steals in softly
 On the fallen leaves a-treading.

When the leaves grow sere and withered
 And the days grow cold and bleak
 Slowly then rolls in the new year
 For the humble and the weak.



Sep t. 27, 1910



(signed) A.H.S.

Shadows

O! The moon is pale and sickly
 And the leaves are dead; -
 Hark! His steps are coming quickly
 Coming to my bed!

Hear him knocking? shut the door!
 Bolt it hard and fast!
 See him grinning in his gore?
 Laughing in the blast?...

O! the moon is pale and sickly
 And the leaves are dead;
 Yet her bosom still heaves quickly
 And her lips are red.

He is calling! who is sighing?
 Sighing in the night?
 O! the embers they are dying,
 And how pale the light!

He is coming! who is sobbing?
 How the candles flicker!
 Put the Soul O! God, ~~xxx~~ it's throbbing
 Throbbing faster, quicker!



Crumbling thrones

Yet another throne hath crumbled,
 {And its king was forced to flee!← (crossed out)
 {In the kingdom on the sea
 And a people that has grumbled
 Ages long in misery
 Sounds its paeon! It is free.

Ye that made a throne a pyre
 Blessings on ye! Men of might
 Hands of brawn and Souls of fire!
 In the reeking gloom of night
 Ye have called - and there was light!

All your shackles now are broken
 Hopeful, cheering breaks your dawn
 Here's a prayer - friendship's token
 "Ye have fought and ye have won
 Be ye strong ! And be ye one!"

WRHS



(signed) A. H. Silver

Oct. 6, 1910

The Soul of the Sea

I stood upon the rock ribbed shore
 Beside the troubled sea
 Low sighs and sobs the breezes bore
 From out the deep to me

I wondered why this endless dole
 Is rising from the sea
 I looked within my own wreck'd soul
 I solved the mystery

(signed) A.H.Silver

Oct. 11, 1910

I would to God I had not heard
 Its deep and yearning dole
 For now the song of sun-thrilled bird
 In vain calls on my soul.

Nov. 1, 1910

1



The Troubled Night

The night is cold;
 The shades creep 'round me now;
 The wind is sad,
 And sadly sighs through blade and bough.
 O! come to me my dearest!

The embers die;
 Low shines the feeble light;
 It too will die
 And pass into the anguished night.
 O! come to me my dearest!

The moor it stands
 Like some lost soul in pain;
 And far across
 Shrieks loud and shrill the (sough?) of rain.
 O! come to me my dearest!

The light is lost;
 The embers long have died;
 The sigh is chilled.
 But thou hast heard when I have sighed
 And hast not come, my dearest!



(signed) A.H. Silver

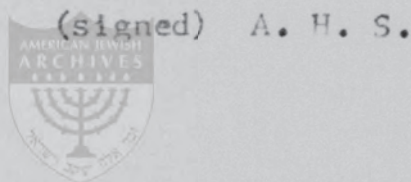
Nov. 5, 1910

Shadows

Long, long ago,
 In dewy youthful dreams,
 I saw her smile - a smile of cherubim:
 And now tho low ~~XXXXXX~~
 The embers burn; the streams
 Of purling hopes are chilled; yet on the brim
 Of pregnant woe
 I see it still. It beams
 In supple warmth and cheers ~~XXX~~ when days grow dim.

Lon, long ago
 When life was wondrous young
 I heard her sigh - a sigh of agony
 And tho ~~XXXXXX~~ no throe
 Of want now molds my song
 Yet through the shouts of joy and revelry
 Like chilling snow
 The sigh doth pierce: and long
 It's echo stays to feed my misery.

Dec. 17, 1910



(signed) A. H. S.

Silent Tears

Faintly shines my little candle
Shimmers in the anguished night
And its life is slowly waning
Waning with the dying light.

Are thy tallow drops that trickle
Tears of vain and hopeless strife?
Are thy silent mazy sorrows
Sorrows of a wasted life?

Flicker, flicker little candle
Flicker in the anguished night:
Thus my life shall ever flicker
Flicker forth its dying light.

(signed) A.H.S.

Jan. 1, 1911



Mists

The shadows writhe like serpent~~s~~ brood
Within my little room
And in my soul like mists they sink
And spread a humid gloom.

O star of Giboa! (Galilee-crossed out)
Send one bright ray of supple warmth
Within my sable heart
One ray of light; then ~~shades~~ shades shall melt
And shadows shall depart.

(signed) A.H.S.

Jan. 1, 1911



Vox Domini Supra Aquas

The voice of God is on the waters, Lo
 The sea is full of song. Among the mounds
 Of heaving foam or in the pregnant woe
 Of (tumbling waves)(crossed out) thy mystic voice
 resounds

Within the stifled sobs of mighty falls,
 Among the shriek and whirl of frenzied spray
 Or in the crooning of the stream that calls
 Unto its reeds we mark thine ancient lay.
 The tears of wandering souls that lowly sob
 Among the shades, the tears of those whose days
 Did fade long e'er the soul had ceased to throb
 They too, O Lord, ~~xxx~~ breath forth thine endless praise
 And in thy will they fall and by thy doom
 To ~~xxxxxx~~ life with death and light with gloom.
 brightening

(signed) A.H.S.

May 10, 1911

WRHS

