



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

Featuring collections from the Western Reserve Historical Society and
The Jacob Rader Marcus Center of the American Jewish Archives

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

Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

Reel
171

Box
62

Folder
7

The Organist, poem, 1911.

The Organist.

To Prof. Samuel Baldwin.

11-2

Not like a swift meand'ring stream

That lustily splutters on,

Nor like a wilful swallow strain

That teases the summer in,

But like the heaving billows' song

Of the murmuring ocean brine,

Slow and solemn roll thy notes,

Float and wind along.

They sound the withered latten heart,

And make the soul a flute,

And sing the songs of yesterday

To those who are forlorn

In cadence soft and supple warmth,

They sink within the soul,

And shed a stream of radiant light

Within the bosom cold.

worlds

And ~~would~~ they weave out of the mist,

And visions dreamy dim,

And framed in halo music rims,

They glide before our eyes

A cloister wrapt in charnal gloom,

And ghastly taper lights

An ancient ruin in moonlight bathed,

And stave of midnight song

A lonely moon[^], a sough of rain,

A dirge of wailing wind

A Fairy-land of wanton dreams

And foam-capped hopes of youth

Play on thy tunes, O organist!

And frame our elfin dreams

And sing the songs of yesterday

To those who are forlorn

—Bendinoh.

College Mercury

3-28-11