



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.

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The Great Hall, poem, 1911.

The Great Hall.

No humid walls, no reeking gloom,
No nestling moss is thine ;
No writhing ghouls 'round pillars gaunt,
No time lashed stones are thine ;
For throbbing rays or laving beams
Still bathe thy silent nave ;
And twilight coy, like woodland nymph,
Oft sports upon thy walls.
And yet
The spirits dim of ages past
E'en now brood 'neath thy roof.
And august silence, soothing, soft,
Envelopes thee in years.
And here
I long to cull some shady nook
And sit me there alone ;
And let thy solemn stillness steal
Upon my pain-racked heart
And dream * * *
And when this dreamer in thy shade
Shall moulder in the ground,
And lonely blades shall pray for him
That once did thrill with hope,
Thou still shalt stand, majestic pale,
And stem the tide of years;
And other dreamers, weaned from mirth,
Shall dream beneath thy shade.

BENDINOH, '14.