



## 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 Visitor, poem, 1911.

University Weekly News  
 Cincinnati 11-8-11  
**THE VISITOR.**

I.

Who rides so late across the  
 moor,  
 Through gale and sough of rain?  
 With ghastly mein and ghastly  
 eyes  
 Like some lost soul in pain?  
 Chant low, chant low the dying  
 song,  
 The rose shall die today.



II.

Why sobs the wind so loud to-  
 night  
 Around the castle walls?  
 What dying chant, what dead  
 man's song  
 Breaks through my silent halls?  
 Chant low, chant low the dying  
 song,  
 The dawn shall break no more.

III.

Who knocks? In such a stormy  
 night  
 Who dares knock at my door?  
 Who oped the door? Whose  
 shadow creeps  
 Across the cold slabbed floor?  
 Chant low, chant low the dying  
 song,  
 His light shall fail today.

#### IV.

What chill it brings from out the  
    night  
Into the silent room!  
What voice is this that calls so  
    loud  
From out the stifled gloom?  
Chant low, chant low the dying  
    song,  
The embers, too, are dead.

#### V.

Who breathes this icy blast upon  
My burning cheeks and brow?  
Whose bony, raven fingers  
Are seizing on me now?  
Chant low, chant low the dying  
    song,  
The mists are falling now.

#### VI.

The cup is still blood-red with  
    wine,  
My lady's eyes still glow;  
And must I leave the cup and  
    lip?  
Stand back! I will not go!  
Stand back! Oh, God! That  
    awful clutch!  
Chant low, chant low the dying  
    song,  
A dead man's song, chant low.