



Abba Hillel Silver Collection Digitization Project

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

Series V: Writings, 1909-1963, undated.

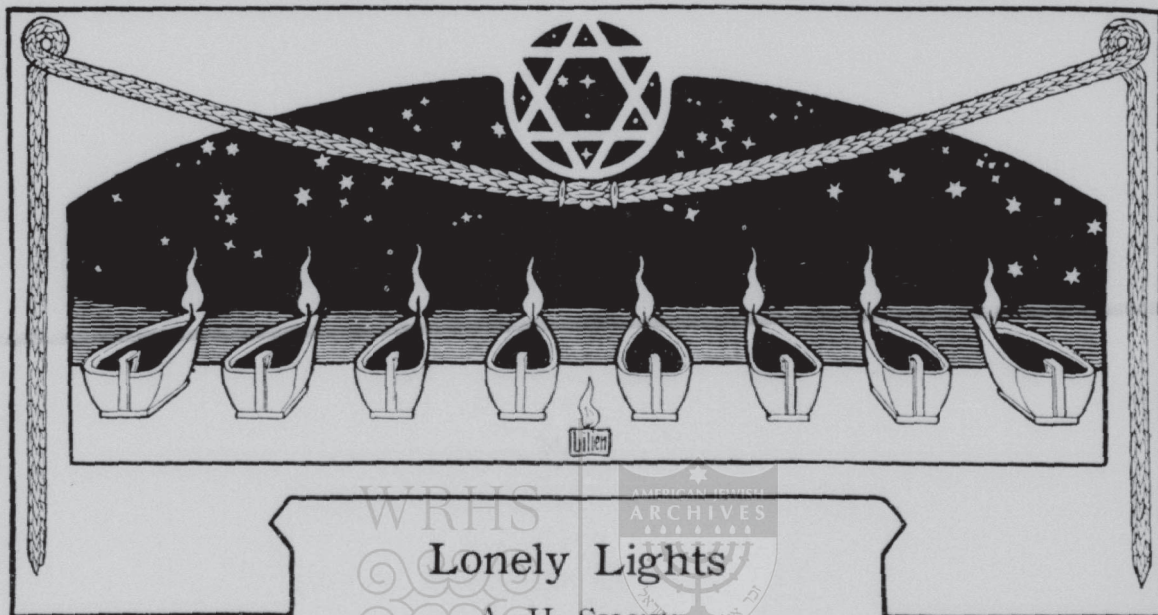
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Lonely Lights, poem, 1913.

young judaean, Dec. 1913. 13-1



Lonely Lights

A. H. SILVER

Softly gutter little tapers
In my cheerless attic room,
Shedding low a feeble shimmer
Dying slowly in the gloom.

Lonely weep the tallow tapers
In the night of growing shades,
Like the doomed soul of the dreamer
When his vision slowly fades.

Gray-spun visions idly woven
In a cloud of mute dismay,
Crowd upon me quick as twilight
Of a drooping autumn day.

Oh, I hear the voices chanting
In the ghoul-gorged night of pain.

With the whirling of the wild winds
And the scurries of the rain.

And the voices sound like echoes
Of a dead and distant day;
Like the sobbing in the tree-tops
When the summer dies away.

You have struggled, slender tapers,
With the shadows of the years;
You have triumphed in your weak-
ness,
You have conquered in your years.

Tell me, little flint-souled tapers,
Ere you leave me one by one,
Shall I, buried in the darkness,
Ever see the rising sun?

LONELY LIGHTS

By Abba Hillel Silver

Softly gutter little tapers
In my cheerless attic room,
Shedding low a feeble shimmer
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And the voices sound like echoes
Of a dead and distant day;
Like the sobbing in the tree-tops
When the summer dies away.

You have struggled, slender tapers,
With the shadows of the years;
You have triumphed in your weakness,
You have conquered in your fears.

Tell me, little flint-souled tapers,
Ere you leave me one by one,
Shall I, buried in the darkness,
Ever see the rising sun?

(From *The Young Judaeen*,
December 1913)