The Dreamer

( In memory of Nachman Syrkin, September 6, 1924 )

Although the song be brave, the voice
Will echo neither far nor long;
Although the cliff be high the wave
Will conquer, infinitely strong.

Although an eagle fell in flight
Circling the harshest mountain-peak,
The mountain heights are not bereft
If other wings their fastness seek.

For other wings the proudest height
Marked where the scattered feathers gleam,
The dreamer men, I know, forget,
But some will not forget the dream.

Return

( Nachman Syrkin, reburied in Kinnereth, Israel, on September 6, 1951 )

You would have gloried in this great Return
Across two seas, a vanished world, and more—
Born from the flickering shade of grave and urn,
Out of sepulchral earth to the dreamed shore.
Could you but see what flag flies from the mast,
What comrades wait beside Kinnereth lake,
What walls have risen at the trumpet-blast
Of vision? I wish for your dear sake
I could in faith believe that now you know;
That the strong spirit, not these frail remains,
Somewhere exults and sees; but yes, or no,
Within that timelessness where time attains
The nerve of truth this moment shines; for you
Were one of those who saw, and one who knew.