

The Dreamer

( In memory of Nachman Syrkin, <sup>died in New York,</sup> 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 fall 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 ~~glow~~ gleam.  
The dreamer men, I know, forget,  
But some will not forget the dream.

Return

( Nachman Syrkin , reburied in Kinnereth , Israel, on September 6, <sup>1951</sup>~~1924~~ )

You would have glori~~ed~~ed in this great Return  
Across two seas, a vanished world, and - more -  
Borne 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.

