

At Seventy-Five

BY SHELOMOH ELIEZER DANZIGER

Heedless that our bond together grows,
The stream of time onward, onward flows,
Snatching here and washing there away,
Those who thought they'd see another day.

Enough, I say, of this old sad refrain
Of Weltschmerz, sorrow, all this world of pain,
Image of Him have we not been made,
To serve, to cleave, in shelter, unafraid?

Then up and serve and spread His holy Name,
In joy and life His goodness to proclaim,
So live and act that all will one day say:
"Come ye to His house, He'll teach His way."

So be not weary under weight of age,
Apply yourself to yet another page
Of word and deed that He to us revealed,
Until the end, from each of us concealed.

And then the stream of time shall bear us too,
Beyond this mode to our true rendezvous,
Where we awake and gently step ashore,
In Master's house, our home forevermore.



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