

Verse

I dreamt of glory

I dreamt of glory: and how the sun
darkened and winter seemed harsh:
love seemed ill put to use

banners in the wind curled and coiled
I didn't know where I was or when
I could only fall and twist and writhe

In black coats and hats they come
and go, the chassids: their business
seems of God and others likewise

come and go the world whirls about
and I dizzy on its axis: o Lord,
has a madman roots and does a swallow sing . . .? Fa la

—Ken Samberg