

# Let the Light Enter

By Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

The Dying Words of Goethe

“Light! more light! the shadows deepen,  
And my life is ebbing low,  
Throw the windows widely open:  
Light! more light! before I go.

“Softly let the balmy sunshine  
Play around my dying bed,  
E’er the dimly lighted valley  
I with lonely feet must tread.

“Light! more light! for Death is weaving  
Shadows ‘round my waning sight,  
And I fain would gaze upon him  
Through a stream of earthly light.”

Not for greater gifts of genius;  
Not for thoughts more grandly bright,  
All the dying poet whispers  
Is a prayer for light, more light.

Heeds he not the gathered laurels,  
Fading slowly from his sight;  
All the poet’s aspirations  
Centre in that prayer for light.

Gracious Saviour, when life’s day-dreams  
Melt and vanish from the sight,  
May our dim and longing vision  
Then be blessed with light, more light.