

Woody Guthrie, Hanuka's Flame

Hanuka candlelight, see my flame
Shining on my window's pane;
Come flicker cross my glassy glass
And light each lonesome to pass.

If your lifelong heavy load
Brings you down my path and down my road,
My light of Hanuka shines your way
To ask you in to rest a day.

Hanuka candle dances warm
To help you weather your heavy storm;
Shines like my lighthouse light this night
To bring your worried soul my light

Now as I light my first and my last
Of all nine candles to guide you past
Through these winds of blowing snows
To take you to your Hanuka home.

If you don't wish to stop inside;
Too bashful proud, or afraid of pride,
I'll send my beam to light your dream
Under your snow, where my newgrass hides.