The Works of Stefan George
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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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How could he bear to leave this mournful site
Again, when blooms of frost are dew, to weave
The dance with scarlet women and believe
In careless revelry and loud delight?

Could he return once more to what he said
Farewell that day, still yearning for its fill,
To life with parchments, true and tried, until
Restoring dreams surround his lonely bed?

Stop your turning vanes, O mill,
So the heath may sleep at will.
Ponds await a thawing wind,
Rimmed with crystal lance on lance,
And the little trees are lined
Up like varnished woodwax plants.

On the blind and frozen tide
White-clad children softly glide
Homeward from communion, pray
Silently to God whom learning
Set aloof, while some essay
Pleas to Him who yields to yearning.

Did a whistle shrill below?
All the candles faintly flow.
Was it not like voices weeping?
Dark enchanters cast a spell,
Draw their brides into their keeping.
Ring, O bell, ring out, O bell!

While you listen to whispering flames,
Close to your knee is my cheek and claims
Only a breath of your warmth. But the mad
Tides of blood to my temples show
That where you go I must not go,
And bliss still leaves me chained and sad.

When in pity you smooth my hair
I am rewarded, and though I dare
Disaster, I court your sublimity

Like the devout who, in spite of their dread,
Daily at Angelus turn their head
To a Madonna of ebony.

Why do you squander
Tears on a she?
Foolish to ponder,
Wait and see

If in the valley
Snow has gone,
South wind will rally
Blooms on the lawn.

Will you be seeing
Her unveiled
Still before fleeing
June has paled?

Why do you squander
Tears on a she?
Foolish to ponder,
Wait and see!

All youth (or
So it seems to you)
Craves to be caught in flame.
But dawns and twilights flew,
When, in your presence I was poised and calm.