The Works of Stefan George
Marx, Olga, Morwitz, Ernst

Published by The University of North Carolina Press

Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
The Works of Stefan George.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/75740
And no scorn could make us falter.
When the evening glimmered mild
In the tinted panes, we bowed
Gravely on the flags, and vowed
Not as yet before the altar
Of the Mother, but her Child.

II

The island-garden sleeps. No step, no sound,
And magic holds the palace dim and mute.
No priest, or prince, or marquis can be found,
No guard displays the banner in salute.

A breath of fever from the river fumes,
A fire falls, a fire mounts and flows,
On every colour greyish vapour glooms
And wilts the shrubs and flowers in formal rows.

The stranger is expectant and afraid,
He hastens up the path between the yews...
No glimmer of a child in blue brocade,
Or of the impress of his saffian shoes?

III

Across a plain of snow we sped,
And parting swiftly lost its sting,
The whirl of wheels that chugged ahead
   Hurried straight into the spring.

How thoughts revolved abreast of night
I know, and how we scarcely slept,
How mists were downed before the light,
   Gleam of day through windows crept,

Where rush and tiny palm and leaf
Of sheerest crystal were unfurled
Among the bracken, moss, and sheaf,
   Flora of a wonder-world!