The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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I can still relive my first distress:
Tracking alien steps with guilty haste,
And I crushed my dearest dream for this!

When I conjure up the past and see
Early years of wildest agony,
How I beat on tombs: Oh, shelter me!

Now I find you almost swift and slight!
Gentle awe I grant you as your right,
Saddest solace, Son of Night.

Have victims gulled me, or an eagle's glide,
Or can the reader in the clouds have lied?

This virgin bud is never to enjoy
The bridal nectar which the winds convoy?

But with a flood of balm and spice assail
The tedious hours in a sultry jail?

And try to quicken life in sluggish veins
With sap of hemp, and wine in broken rains?

And must I forfeit youth, my love confessed
— Unheeded — to a pillar's marble breast!

AUGURY

Once I saw the swallows winging,
Swallows snow- and silver-white,
In the wind I saw them clinging,
Windy weather, hot and bright.

Saw the jays alight and glimmer,
Parakeet and colibri
Through the trees of wonder shimmer
In the wood of Thusferi.
Saw the ravens flap and slacken,
Daws of black and sombre grey
Over adders, near the bracken
Where the magic forest lay.

Now again I see the winging
Snow and silver swallows veer,
In the wind I see them clinging,
Windy weather, cold and clear.