The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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And whether morning or a distant quest
Drives me from you, against my breast
I keep the silken kerchief with your name.
It pledges strength and fame
As prayer before the din
Of joust and battle start.
Oh, may I never weep again save when
The watchman's bugle forces us apart."

IN THE UNHAPPY MANNER OF...

Loose from this letter softly the thread,
Welcome with grace what came in my stead,
Fancy it speaks for one who is dead.

When first I met you this was your request:
"There is a dragon man has never cowed."
I swiftly gallopped to his clifty lair
And stabbed him after battling breast to breast,
But that encounter singed my hair —
You laughed aloud!

"The Corsair's turban should be mine," you said
In jest, and blindly and beguiled
I rode to sea with clash and fight ahead,
And lost my arm, the left, for this conceit.
I laid the turban at your feet,
You gave it as a plaything to a child.

You saw how for your sake I was bereaved
Of joy, and blood, and thew,
Though I was threatened you were never grieved,
You barely thanked me when, through frost and fire,
Your glory grew,
And you were deaf to my desire.

Now from a wound nothing allays
I suffer, but to the last I shall phrase,
Beautiful lady, words in your praise.