The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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Now we shall fly into the land again
Which as a child you called your own.
You touch the ruby in your palfrey's rein,
Your cheek against his mane, and on a night
Of summer heat — all hint of peril gone —
You will alight.

When through the greyness a clear
Scarlet suddenly showed,
Fragrance of spices flowed,
Land of my people was near,
Tribal dwelling and site.
Tremors of pride and delight
Freshened my soul to the core
When the first stems with their solemn
Palm fronds in opulent column,
Bent down to greet me once more.

The roads your strength has carven out, reveal
The coveted, the utmost pales.
But vaults that spill with booty: flags and steel,
Bewilder you with ringing tales
Of smoking shafts with battered grooves,
Of swords besmeared with crimson dye,
Of mantles crushed by rush of hooves,
And frenzied arms flung upward to the sky.

And deeper voices quiver through:
Forget, while we resound,
The majesty conferred on you.
Rejoice and kiss the ground
Where rains of rose and gold
Atone for languor, lust, and sin,
This ground: the only hold
Where the sweet seed can grow to green.