The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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And you exult in trying hour on hour
Herbs of pure and magic power,
Guard your spirit close in lonely stages,
Raptures of expectance for its wages,
Till the curtain flow
From the paramount of ages
Whom, perhaps, your flesh will never know.

EVENING OF PEACE

The regions withered by the sun that poured
In stinging torrents, slowly are restored,

And clouds of black and lurid yellow fall
Upon the rigid pole, the naked wall.

The gardens stifle in a fragrant bath,
The shadows grow and seem to clutch the path.

The brittle voices drop asleep and blur,
The high are muted to a toneless whir.

The clamour of the end, the clash of hosts,
The glories of the banquet fade to ghosts.

And only seldom, dulled in mist, a sound
Of worlds in bondage rises from the ground.

Sheltered by the lavish foliage, where
Filmy flakes from starry flowers snow,
Gentle voices tell of their despair,
Tawny throats of fabled creatures flare
Jets the marble basins catch and throw
Down as little streams that fret and glide.
Through a screen of branches candles stare,
Milky shapes divide the moving tide.
In this Eden, halls and gayly-
Painted tiles take turns with frailly-
Flowered field and leafy valley.
Slender storks on forage stipple
Ponds the fishes streak with glamour,
Rows of birds in glistening dun
From the crooked ridges clamour,
And the golden rushes ripple...
But I dream of one alone!

A novice I was drawn into your sway,
I was not moved until I saw your face,
And wishlessly I lived the common day.
Elect me to the ranks that do your will,
These young and folded hands regard with grace,
Im merciful forbearance spare who still
Must falter on so new and strange a way.

Now that my lips are motionless and burn,
The path my feet have taken me is plain:
To other lords' magnificent domain.
Perhaps I still could bring myself to turn,
But through the spacious grating I divine
The eyes to which I knelt so long in vain.
They seem to question me or make a sign.

Tell me on what path today
She will come and wander by,
So that from my chest I may
Take the sheerest silks and choose
Sprigs of violet and rose,
That I lean my cheek to lie
Underfoot for her repose.