The Works of Stefan George
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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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In this Eden, halls and gayly-
Painted tiles take turns with fraily-
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.
Now there is no deed I do not spurn!
To imagine talk between us two
And to let my senses conjure you,
To receive and serve, to have and yearn,
For nothing else, for this alone I burn
And weep because the visions which assail
In exultant darkness always pale
When the clear and cold of dawn return.

I am throttled by my hopes and fears,
Every word is lengthened into sighs.
So tempestuously my longings rise
That I slight the thought of sleep and rest,
That my couch is drenched with tears.
I reject the hint of happiness,
Beg my friends to leave me comfortless.

If I do not touch your body now
Then the fibre of my soul will tear
Like a bow-string over-strait.
Mourning is the colour dear to me
Who, since I am yours, know agony.
Slake and cool my hot and fevered brow,
Judge if I must suffer such despair,
I, who tremble at your gate?

Our delights are stern and spare.
What availed so brief a kiss?
Like a drop of rain was this
On a plain which, parched and bare,
Drinks but cannot quench its pain,
Cannot taste a second bliss,
And is cracked with heat again.