The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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You came, and closer each to each we clung,
I shall devise a gentle word for you,
And praise you on our sunny paths as though
You were the very one for whom I long.

Up to the gate and back again we wander
Between the beeches with their gold and gloom,
And glancing through the bars, we pause to ponder
The almond tree beyond, in second bloom.

We search for benches where there is no shade
And alien voices never fret. In dreams
Your arm in mine and mine in yours is laid,
And we are bathed in long and mellow beams,

And feel beholden when the sunflakes glisten
Around us from the leaves alive with sound,
And only lift our heads to look and listen
When fruit, too rich with ripeness, taps the ground.

Around the pond where runnels bring
Their silent waters, let us stroll,
You calmly try to plumb my soul,
A wind ensnares us, soft as spring.

The leaves that yellow on the mould,
Diffuse an odour new and frail,
Echoing me, you subtly told
What pleased me in this picture-tale.

But do you know of wordless sighs
And bliss on a sublimer stage?
Down from the bridge, with shaded eyes
You watch the swans in slow cortège.