The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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But you know nothing of the solemn rite
Of burnished candelabra, tier on tier,
Of vessels breathing clouds of stainless white
To warm the temple, sombre and austere,

Of niches brimming with their angel throngs
Reflected in the lustre's prised glass,
Of ardent prayers told with faltering tongues,
Of darkness sighing with a faint: Alas!

And nothing of desires that awake
Upon the festive altar's lower rows.
Uncertain, cold, and dubious, you take
The jewel born of glitter, tears, and glows.

I taught you to discern the winning peace
Within these walls, the quiet rays which fall
From lamp and hearth, the croon in nook and niche,
You have the same and vague amaze for all.

I cannot fan your pallor into flame,
And in the room beside I kneel and break
My silent thoughts with doubt I cannot tame:
Will you awaken — ever? Oh awake!

But when I venture to approach the door,
You still are lost in dreams, your eye upon
The emptiness of space, just as before.
Your shadow blots the carpet's same festoon.

And there is nothing now to stem the plea
I never practiced and I know is vain:
O Mother — great and sad — concede to me
That solace spring within this soul again!