The Works of Stefan George

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A golden mullein nodding in the grass,
The silver tufts along the meadow's hem
Remember us and wonder if a less
Ungracious star has sent us back to them.

The branches touch our heads, may they eclipse
The fear which clings between us even now,
And let no idle query cool the lips
Which to a mated mouth have made their vow.

And let us guard against the dooms that brew
When flaming life of one the other laves,
And gaze together into summer blue
Which blithely beckons from the shining waves.

Have you his lovely image still in mind,
Who boldly snatched a rose from the ravine,
Forgot the passing day in such a find,
And thieved the nectar from a columbine?

Who when a flash of wings had driven him
Too far afield, turned back into the park,
Who mused and rested at the water's rim
And listened to the deep and secret dark?

The swan forsook the waterfall to sail
Around the island, built of moss and stone,
And laid a slender neck into the frail
And childish hand which smoothed his down.

When we are haunted by a past dismay,
And fear is rampant in our golden land,
"Feel no alarm at what recurs," you say
With confidence, "while we are hand in hand."