The Works of Stefan George

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Published by The University of North Carolina Press

Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
The Works of Stefan George.

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If only from my care you do not rove
Before the sharp effulgence dies away,
And placable and grave, the evening grove
Again affords you refuge in its grey."

It seemed as if another sky unfurled
When we had broken off the dream of old,
And smiling life permitted us to hold
The only thing we wanted in this world.

And all at once the meaning of our days
Was: tensely to entreat the crowning hour
That knits us close together and devours
Phantasmal shapes and forces with its blaze.

Learn how to lavish even priceless gains!
Like plants consumed with long and searing drought,
So you, who live in regions of delight,
Shall cool your thirsty limbs in slender rains.

Know, while you take the loveliest that grows,
While sweet and sultry stars begin to burn,
While blaze and darkness ravish you in turn,
That you have had what fulness fate allows.

And nurse no foolish qualms because you woo
An image still a figment of your heart,
And always are impelled to keep apart
The kiss a dream accords you and the true.

When cool and early morning blows the wet
Down from the leaves of oak against our cheeks,
Beneath our feet the pointed gravel creaks
And pricks remembrance, ready to abate.