The Works of Stefan George

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Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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Your very voice sounds violent to you
When in the kindred pulse which presses near,
You recognize the quicker thud of fear...
And passionless embrace dispels the dew.

These trees be praised, this earth of many hues!
They taught us how to touch a rapture doled
In passing, one that left its residues
Like bloom of ripened fruit within our hold.

The pennant flies! There is no stop nor stay!
The tears will brim from hours of farewell,
And doubting a return, you go away
Immersed in mournfulness you cannot quell.

But I shall listen through the dusk, if there
The last call of a bird will tell me of
The sleep which yields a wakening fresh and fair
In flowered field — the satin sleep of love.

SUPERSCRIPTIONS AND DEDICATIONS

Friends, I cannot yet beget
Songs as I would have my songs,
Only shyly have I set
Rhymes like these in fleeting throngs,

To be proffered, to be told
Under silent roofs or green
Vines, to ease the winter's cold,
Make the fallow spring serene.

These are what I won from peace
After years of savage strife,
And from youth's abundant bliss
Salvage over into life.