The Works of Stefan George

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Published by The University of North Carolina Press

Marx, Olga and Ernst Morwitz.
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They were his choice when he had turned away
From mild, maternal tutelage and, burning
With ecstasy of nightingales and May,
Pored over fabled worlds of early yearning,

And when he prayed to him who let him waken,
In doubt and fear the pledge might be withdrawn,
And pleaded that the image which had taken
Shape in his spirit, grow into the sun.

When from gilded bars like a bird I flew,
Fortune followed me on eager feet,
From the wall the women threw
Roses on the street.

By the shores of wonder, halls with marble domes,
Tents of deities, where shudders brew,
Far from thronging guests I roamed,
And my songs were few.

Years went by, the funnels of my country cast
Smoke into the clouds, I only long
For a twilit dream, and rest,
And oblivion.

VERSES FOR THE GUESTS IN T . . .

I
A sinister fairy shall sing
Of shadows and death, while you
Are nursed at your mother's breast.
She brings you a christening gift:
Eyes that are veiled and strange,
Where muses discover a refuge.