The Works of Stefan George

Marx, Olga, Morwitz, Ernst

Published by The University of North Carolina Press

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

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/75740
They move, they wander slowly toward the lake
And sway on spacious marble steps, until
The lifted wings of nearing herons shake
The fragile burden in their arms, and chill

Petals of nards in spiral gusts exhale
Sweet vapours, where they merge, and float, and rise
To higher space. They grow more faint and pale
And are dissolved in pure and downy skies.

VIGILS

I

Your forehead clouded by the two tufts
Of your parted hair (they are blond and soft),
Your forehead shows me the sorrow of youth.

Your lips (they are silent) seem to tell
The story of souls condemned to hell.
A maddening mirror (your eyes), do not play with its spell.

When you smile (at last you have fallen asleep),
Your mouth is sad, you seem to weep,
And your head bends a little — your grief so deep!

II

I did not heed you and I went my road
In months of mist and greyness, when the goad
To ask, the urge to quest abate.

Who, in the months of mist and grey, will be
Beside the sombre gate because of me?
I think of you: Beside the sombre gate

Because of me you were, for me, though wall
And pillar creaked in silent fall
Of frost, and no one else was out so late.