

## NEARNESS OF THE BELOVED BY GOETHE

I think of you when sunlight on the ocean  
Glimmers at noon;  
I think of you when shimmers in the river  
Mirror the moon.

I see you in the rise of dust that covers  
The distant ridge,  
In each deep midnight where the wanderer quivers  
On the high bridge,

I hear you in the low and muffled rustle  
Of rolling seas.  
I often go to quiet groves and listen  
To things at peace.

I am with you. However far you are,  
I know you're near!  
Oh what I'd give, as sun gives way to star,  
To have you here