

Nearness of the Beloved

by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

translated from the German

I think of you, when toward me sunlight's shimmer
Projects from waves;
I think of you, when you in moonlight's glimmer
Reflect in caves.

I see you when, upon the far-off highway
The dust clouds rise,
In deepest night, when on the brambled pathway
The wanderer cries.

I hear you when, with rumbled dull crescendo
The wave grows steep.
In silent groves I listen for you more so
When all's asleep.

I am with you, though you are distant from me,
You too are near!
The sun's but set . . . soon stars shall burn above me.
O were you here!