

Therese Dahn (1845-1929)

## **Fear not to part.**

»Now fare thee well, beloved mine,  
They send thee to the west.«

He put his curl in a golden shrine  
And fasten'd it on her breast:

5 »Where thou art wandering, my own love dear,  
My soul is following always near.

In faraway lands and over the sea,

Now sunbeat, now driven by wind

10 And pining and struggling, – I view thee,  
All sharing it in my mind.

Wherever thou tired layest down to rest,  
My darkbrown curl is on thy breast.

15 That keeps from thee all dangers off,  
That shields against a foe

And over thee watches my lasting love,  
Thy home, thy rest in woe.

Fare well, my love, fear not to part

20 My curl on thy breast, my love in thy heart.«  
(124 words)

Quelle: <https://www.projekt-gutenberg.org/dahn/gedichte/gdda3b95.html>