Doboz emléklapokkal

Archive

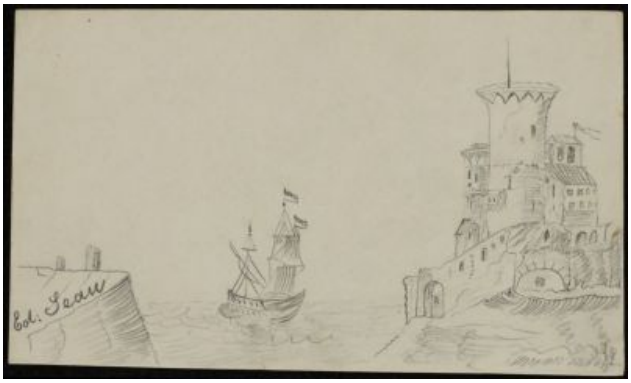
Accession Nr.:	20077
Date of production:	mid 19th century
Place of production:	unknown
Materials:	metal; paper
Techniques:	coloured; embroidered; gilded; pencil drawing; pressed; printed
Dimensions:	length: 14 cm





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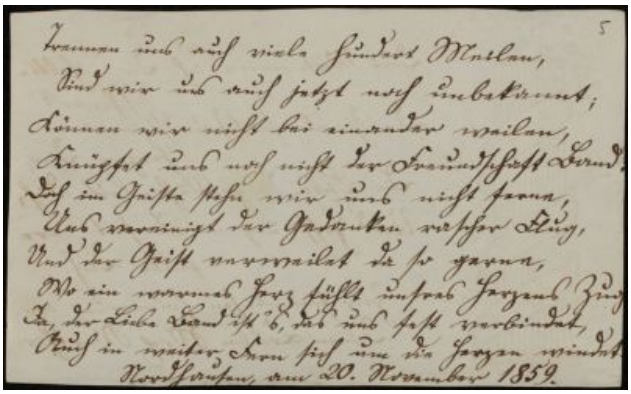




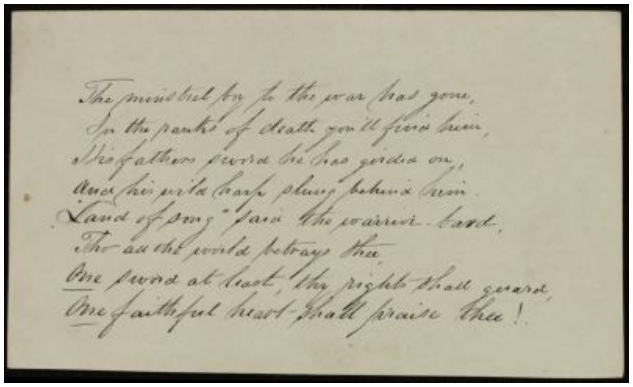
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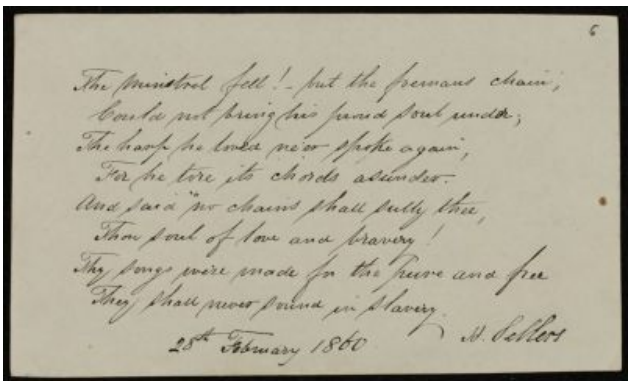
Drei Worte nenn' ich Dir, inhaltschwer:
Der Glaube sei Grundstein im Herzen Dir;
Die Liebe, die göttliche, leite Dich,
Und Hoffnung im Leidfalle erfülle Dich.
Zur freundlichen Erinnerung an Deinen Louise Mary Marthen



Freunden auf viele Hundert Meilen,
Sind wir uns auch jetzt noch unbekannt;
Können wir nicht bei einander weilen,
Knüpft uns doch nicht der Freundschaft Band.
Ob im Geiste stehn wir uns nicht fern,
Uns vereinigt der Gedanken reger Flug,
Und der Geist unverdrossen dir sie gerne,
Wo ein warmes Herz fühlt unser Herzen Zug.
Ja, der Liebe Band ist's, das uns fest verbindet,
Eins in unsrer Treu sich uns die Herzen windet.
Neustrelitz, am 20. November 1859.



The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee
One sword at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful heart shall praise thee!



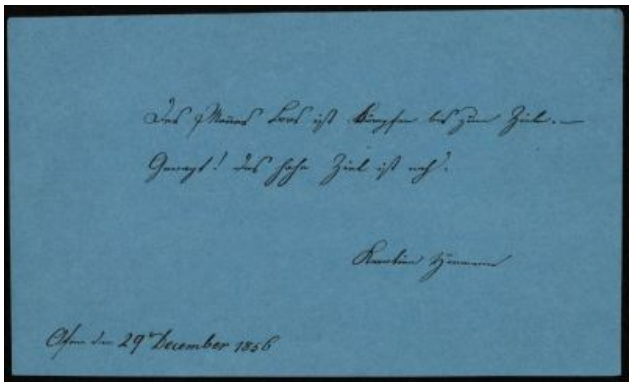
The minstrel fell! - but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder.
And said "no chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free
They shall never sound in slavery.

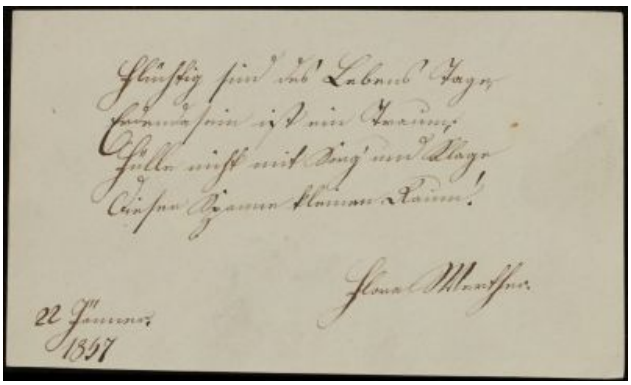
25th February 1860 M. Sellers

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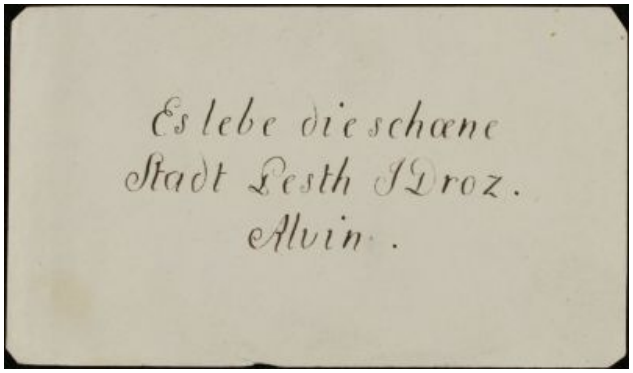


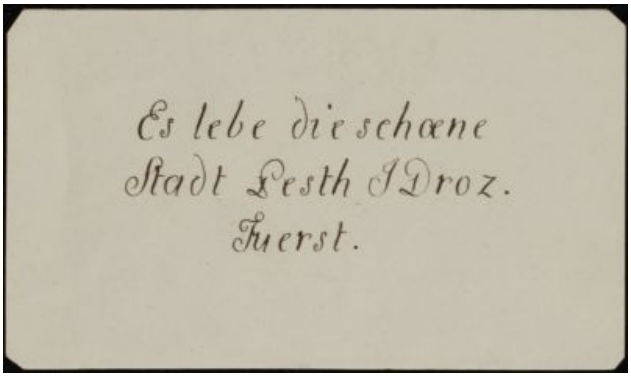






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