

The Loreley

F. SILCHER

Andante

mf

1. I know not what spell is en - chant - ing, That makes me sad - ly in -
 2. The fair - est maid is re - clin - ing, In daz - zling beau - ty
 3. The boat - man in his bo - som, Feels pain - ful long - ings

clined, _____ An - old - strange leg - end is haunt - ing, And
 there, _____ Her gild - ed rai - ment is shin - ing, She
 stir, _____ He sees not dan - ger be - fore him, But

will not leave my mind; _____ The day - light slow - ly is,
 combs her gold - en hair; _____ With gold - en comb she's
 ga - zes up at her; _____ The wat - ers sure must

cresc.

go - ing, And calm - ly flows the Rhine, _____ The
 comb - ing, And as she combs she sings, _____ Her
 swal - low, The boat and him ere long, _____ And

dim.

moun - tain's peak - is glow - ing, In eve - ning's mel - low shine. _____
 song - a - midst the gloam - ing, A weird en - chant - ment, brings. _____
 thus is seen the pow - er, Of cru - el Lor - e - leys song. _____