

D.C.

breast, While you're tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fe - vered fore-head rest.  
 pain, Since they said my dear - est broth - er I should nev - er see a - gain.  
 fight? Did the vic - t'ry crown our ban - ner? Did you put the foe to flight?

The Loreley

F. SILCHER

1. O tell me what it mean-eth, This gloom and tear-ful eye? 'Tis mem-'ry that re -  
 2. A - bove, the maid-en sit - teth, A won-drous form and fair; With jew - els bright she  
 3. The boat-man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell-bound; Oh! what shall him de -

tain - eth The tale of years gone by; . The fad - ing light grows dim-mer, The  
 plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair: With comb of gold pre-pares it, The  
 liv - er From dan - ger threat'ning round? The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both

Rhine doth calmly flow, . The loft - y hill-tops glim-mer Red with the sun-set glow.  
 task with song be-guiled; A fit - ful bur-den bears it, That mel - o - dy so wild.  
 beat and boatman brave; 'Tis Loreley's song hath brought them Beneath the foaming wave.