

## 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. \_\_\_\_\_