The Loreley

Heinrich Heine (1823)  
F. Silcher (1789-1860)  
circ. 1837

Voice and Piano

Andante

1. I know not what spell is enchanting, That makes me sadly inclined, An
2. The fairest maid is reclining, In dazing beauty there, Her
3. The boatman in his bosom, Feels painful longings stir, He

old strange legend is haunting, And will not leave my mind; The day-light slowly is going, And
gilded raiment is shining, She combs her golden hair; With golden comb, she's combing, And
sees not danger before him, But gazes up at her; The waters sure must swallow, The

calmly flows the Rhine, The mountain's peak is glowing, In evening's melodious shine.  
as she combs she sings, Her song amidst the gloaming, A weird enchantment brings.  
boat and him ere long, And thus is seen the power, Of cruel Loreley's song.

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