The Loreley

Heinrich Heine (1823)

Voice and Piano

F. Silcher (1789-1860)

Circ. 1837

Andante

mf

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

old-strange leg-end is haunt-ing, And will not leave my mind; The day-light slow-ly is go-ing, And
gild-ed rai-ment is shin-ing, She combs her gold-en hair; With gold-en comb, she's comb-ing, And
sees not dan-ger be-fore him, But ga-zes up at her; The wat-ers sure must swal-low, The

calm-ly flows the Rhine, The moun-tain's peak is glow-ing, In eve-ning's mel-low shine.
as she combs she sings, Her song a-midst the gloam-ing, A weird en-chant-ment brings.
boat and him ere long, And thus is seen the pow-er, Of cru-el Lor-e ley's song.

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