

The Loreley

Heinrich Heine (1823)

F. SILCHER (1789-1860)

CIRC. 1837

Voice and Piano

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 bo - som, Feels pain - ful long - ings stir, — He

mf *cresc.*

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

mf *cresc.*

dim.

11 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. —

dim. *cresc.* *dim.*