

# The Loreley

Voice and Piano

Heinrich Heine (1823)

F. Silcher (1789-1860)

circ. 1837

*Andante* *mf* *mf*

1. I know not what spell is enchant - ing, That makes me sad - ly in - clined, — An old strange leg - end is  
2. The fair - est maid is re - clin - ing, In daz - zling beau - ty there, — Her gild - ed raiment is  
3. The boat - man in — his bo - som, Feels pain - ful longings stir, — He sees not dan - ger be

haunt - ing, And will not leave my mind; — The day - light slow - ly is go - ing, And calm - ly flows the  
shin - ing, She combs her gold - en hair; — With gold - en comb she's comb - ing, And as she combs she  
fore him, But ga - zes up — at her; — The wat - ers sure must swal - low, The boat and him ere

*cresc.* *cresc.*

*dim.*

12 Rhine, — The mountain's peak is glow - ing, In eve - ning's mel - low shine.  
sings, — Her song a - midst the gloam - ing, A weird en - chantment brings. —  
long, — And thus — is seen the pow - er, Of cru - el Lor - e - ley's song. —

*dim.* *cresc.* *dim.*