

# THE LORELEY.

Friedrich Silcher.

*p Andante con moto.*

1. I know not what it pre - sa - ges, That  
 2. The most beau - ti - ful maid is re - clin - ing On the  
 3. It seiz - es with wild - - eat yearn - ing, The

I am so sad 'to - day;.... A leg - end of for - - mer  
 cliff, so won - drous fair;.... Her glo - ri - ous jew - els are  
 boat-man, en - tranced in his skiff;.... He sees not the treach - er - ous

a - - ges Will not from my tho'ts a - way..... The  
 shin - ing, She is comb - ing her gold - en hair;.... With a  
 break - ers, He gaz - es a - lone on the cliff..... And

*dim. e rit.*  
 air is cool and it dar - kles, The Rhine flows calm - ly on,..... The  
 gold - en comb she combs it, And sings a song there - by,..... That  
 soon will the waves en - gulf them, Both boat and boat-man strong,..... For

*a tempo.* *rit.*  
 peak of the moun - tain spark - les In the glow of the eve - ning sun.  
 thrills with its mys - tic mean - ing, And pow - er - ful mel - o - dy.  
 thus in her toils hath she bound them, The Lore - ley with her song.