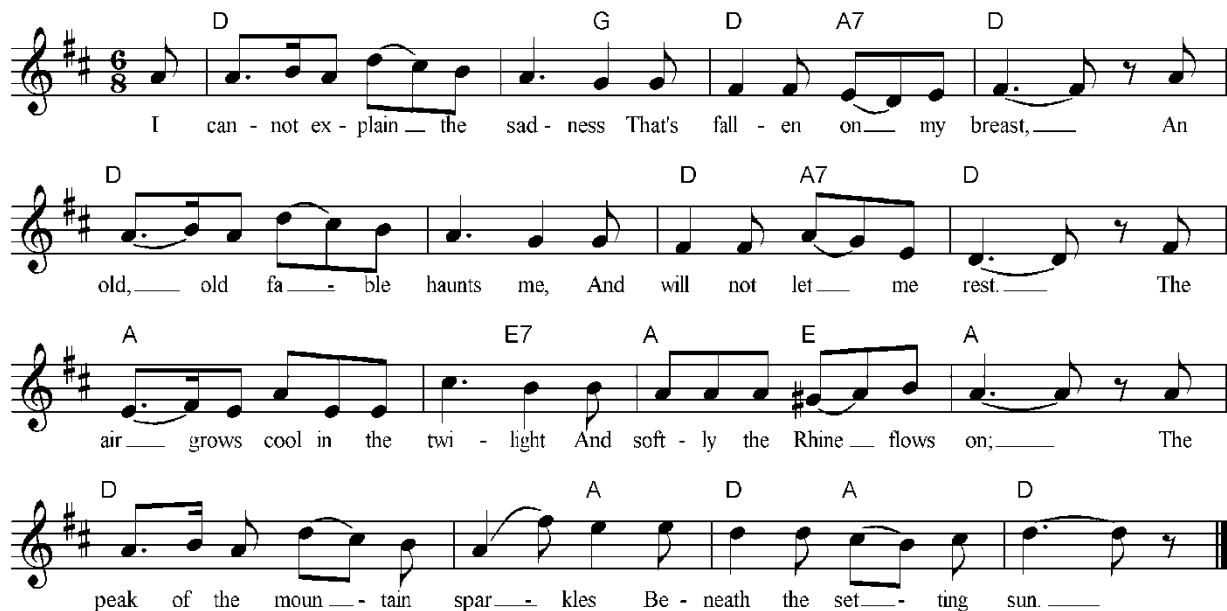


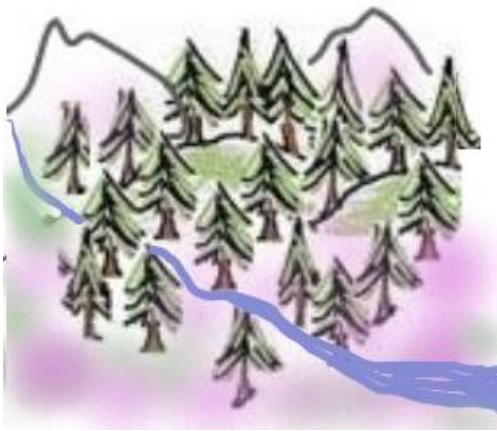
The Lorelei

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

A classic tale from Germany. Die Lorelei is a famous 1824 poem written by the German poet Heinrich Heine. It became widely known as a folk song after being set to music, here by Friedrich Silcher. This translation is by Aaron Kramer. It became widely known in the UK through the BBC Schools programme 'Singing Together' see pamphlet Autumn 1947.

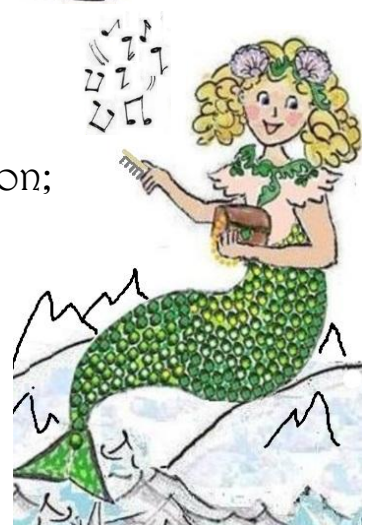


I can - not ex - plain — the sad - ness That's fall - en on — my breast, — An
old, — old fa — ble haunts me, And will not let — me rest. — The
air — grows cool in the twi - light And soft - ly the Rhine — flows on; — The
peak of the moun - tain spar - kles Be - neath the set - ting sun. —



I cannot explain the sadness That's fallen on my breast,
An old, old fable haunts me, And will not let me rest.
The air grows cool in the twilight, And softly the Rhine flows on;
The peak of a mountain sparkles Beneath the setting sun.

More lovely than a vision, A girl sits high up there;
Her golden jewelry glistens, She combs her golden hair.
With a comb of gold she combs it, And sings an evensong;
The wonderful melody reaches A boat, as it sails along.



The boatman hears, with an anguish More wild than was ever known;
He's blind to the rocks around him; His eyes are for her alone.
At last the waves devoured The boat, and the boatman's cry;
And this she did with her singing, The golden Lorelei.