

# Lorelei (Music Recording, Translation)

Poet: Heinrich Heine

Music: Clara Wieck Schumann

English Translation: Robert McFarland

I don't know, I don't understand why I feel so sad.

A tale from ancient times--I just can't get it out of my mind.

The air is cool, it is twilight, and quietly flows the Rhine...

The top of the cliffs glisten in the evening sunshine.

The loveliest maiden is sitting so strangely way up there;

Her golden jewelry is sparkling; she combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a comb of gold and sings a song as she does it;

The song has an uncanny, powerful, overwhelming melody.

The river-man in his small boat is clutched by wild longing...

He looks up to the tops of the cliffs, staring off into the sky.

I believe, in the end, that the waves swallow both sailor and barge.

Who did this? Why, with her singing, it was the Loreley.