

Mystery of Shadowfane

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Alto 
The ri - ver hemmed with trees — wound lean - ing

A 
through — its mea - dows green, — low, — blue line of moun - tains that showed the

A 
o - pen pines be - ween. One sharp — tall peak a - bove — them all in - to — the sun - light

A 
sprang. — Saw — the ri - ver of my dreams, moun - tains sang! No clue of mem - ry


A 
led me on, but well the ways I knew, A feeling of fa - miliar things with ev - ry foot - step

A 
grew. Oth - er - wise a - bove — its crag could lean — the blasted pines, — Oth - er - wise the

A 
ma - ple — hold a loft — its red en - sign. So up — the long foot - hills — the road the

A 
moun - tains should — creep. — Green — and low the mea - dows they show the

A 
cot - ord'd flows they keep. The ri - ver wound as it should wind, Their place the moun - tains

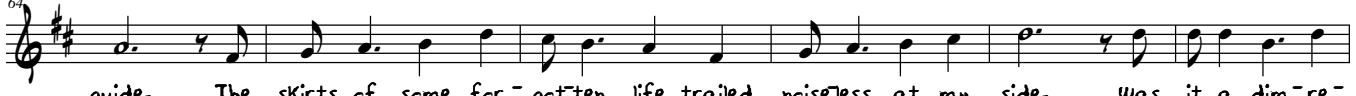
A 
took, The white torn frin - ges of their clouds wore no un - won - ted looks. Ne'er be - fore that

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54
A 
river's rim was pressed by feet of mine, And ne'er be-fore mine eyes had crossed that

59
A 
broken mountain line. A presence, strange at once but known, walked with me as my

64
A 
guide. The skirts of some for-gotten life trailed noiseless at my side. Was it a dim-re-

70
A 
membered dream? Or glimpse through e-ons old? The secret which the mountains kept, the

75
A 
river ne-ver told. From the vision ere it passed a ten-der hope I drew,

81
A 
plea-sant as a dawn of springs, the thought with-in me grew, that

85
A 
love would tem-per e-ry change and soft-ten all dis-dain,

89
A 
mis-ty with dreams of Ae-runes, the hills of Sha-dow fane.

