

Mystery of Shadowfane

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Baritone

The ri-ver hemmed with
lean-ing trees wound through its mea - dows green; A low, blue line of
mountains showed the o-pen pines be - tween. One sharp, tall peak a -
bove them all, clear in-to sun - light sprang. I saw the ri - ver
of my dreams, the moun-tains that I sang! No clue of mem'-ry led me on, but
well the ways I knew; A feeling of fa - miliar things with ev'-ry foot-step
grew. Not oth-er wise a - bove its crag could lean the blas-ted pine; Not
ot-her-wise the ma-ple hold a - loft its red en - sign. So up the long and
shorn foot - hills the mount-ain road should creep. So, green and low, the
meadows show the color'd flows they keep. The river wound as it should wind; Their

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47
B place the mountains took, The white torn fringes of their clouds wore no un-won-
ted

52
B looks. Ne'er be-fore that river's rim was pressed by feet of mine, And
p

57
B ne'er be-fore mine eyes had crossed that bro-ken moun-tain line. A

61
B pre-sence, strange at once but known, walked with me as my guide. The

65
B skirts of some-for-gotten life trailed noise-less at my side. Was it a dim-re-
mf

70
B mem-bered dream? Or glimpse through e-ons old? The se-cret which the

74
B mountains kept, the river ne-ver told. From the vi-sion ere it passed a
mf

79
B ten-der hope I drew, and pleas-ant as a dawn of springs, the

83
B thought with-in me grew, that love would tem-per ev'-ry change and

87
B soft-en all dis-dain, and mis-ty with dreams of Ae-rune, the

91
B hills of Sha-dow-fane.