


# Mystery of Shadowfane

Zephyristarius Murali Beval

Soprano   
The ri-ver hemmed with lean-ing trees wound

7   
through its mea-dows green; A low, blue line of mountains showed the o-pen pines be-tween. One

13   
sharp, tall peak a-bove them all, clear in-to sun-light sprang. I saw the ri-ver


18   
of my dreams, the mountains that I sang! No clue of mem-ry led me on, but well the ways I

24   
knew; A feeling of fa-miliar things with ev-ry foot-step grew. Not oth-er-wise

30   
a-bove its crag— lean blas-ted pines; Not oth-er-wise— maple a-loft—

35   
hold-ing its red— en-sign. So up the long shorn— foot-hills the road—

39   
moun-tain the road— creep. Green— and low, the mea-dows show—

43   
the col-or'd flowrs— they keep. The ri-ver wound as it should winds; Their place the moun-tains

48   
took; The white torn frin-ges of their clouds wore no un-won-ted looks. Ne'er— before that

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54  
S  
ri - ver's rim was pressed by feet of mine, Ne'er be - fore mine

58  
S  
eyes had crossed that bro - ken mountain line. A pre - sence strange at

62  
S  
once but known, walked with me as my guide. Skirts of some for - gotten life trailed

67  
S  
noiseless at my side. Was it a dim - re - membered dream? Or glimpse through e - ons old? The

73  
S  
secret which the mountains kept, the ri - ver ne - ver told. from the vi - sion ere it passed, a

79  
S  
tender hope I drew, and pleasant as a dawn of spring, the thought with - in me

84  
S  
grew, that love would tem - per ev' - ry change and soft - en all dis - dain, and

89  
S  
mis - ty with dreams of Ae - rune, the hills of Sha - dow - fane.