

# Gesang Weyla's.

## Weyla's song.

(Originaltonart.)

Langsam und feierlich.

46. *pp*

*p*

Du bist Orp-lid, mein Land! das  
Hail sa - cred isle!— dear land!— far

fer - - - ne leuch - tet; vom Mee-re dam-pfet dein be -  
dis - - - tant shin - ing! The mists, be-guil-ed by thy

sonn - - - ter Strand den Ne - - - bel, so der Göt - ter Wan -  
sun - - ny strand from o - - - cean, chap - lets for the gods —

- - ge feuch - tet. Ur - al - te Was - ser stei -  
 - are twin - ing. E - ter - nal waves as - cend -

- - gen ver - jüugt um dei - ne Hüf - ten, Kind!  
 - - ing thy ver - nal slopes, lost youth re - gain.

Vor dei - ner Gott - heit beu - gen sich  
 Be - fore thine al - tar bend - ing, great

Kö - ni - ge, die dei - ne Wä - ter sind.  
 kings, thy vas - sals, thron'g thy mar - ble fane. (Marie Boileau.)