The Blue Alsatian Mountains
Claribel (Charlotte Arlington Barnard)
Voice and Piano
Stephen Adams (1844-1913)

Waltz tempo

1. By the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tains, Dwelt a maid-en young and fair, like the
care-less flow-ing foun-tains, Were the rip-ples of her hair;

2. By the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tains, Dwelt a stran-ger in the spring, And he
lin-ger’d by the foun-tains, Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the maid-en sing;

3. By the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tains, Ma-ny springtimes bloom’d and pass’d, And the
maid-en in the foun-tains, Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her hopes at last;

She lost her hopes at last;

An-gel mild her eyes so win-ing, An-gel bright her hap-py smile, When be-nath the
Just to whis-per in the moon-light, Words the sweet-est she had known, Just to charm a-
And she with-ered like the flow-er That is wait-ing for the rain, She will nev-er

fountains spinning, You could hear her song the while A-dé, A-dé, A-dé, Such songs will
way the hours Till her heart was all his own A-dé, A-dé, A-dé, Such dreams may
see the stranger, Where the fountains fall again A-dé, A-dé, A-dé, The years have

pass away Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait all the way,

pass away But the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait all the way,
passed away But the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait all the way,