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
2. By the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tains, Dwelt a stran-ger in the spring, And he
3. By the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tains, Ma-ny springtimes bloom’d and pass’d, And the

care-less flow-ing foun-tains, Were the rip-ples of her hair, Were the rip-ples of her hair;
lin-ger’d by the foun-tains, Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the maid-en sing;
maid-en in the foun-tains, Saw 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-neath 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 always_ pass away_ But the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait always_ passed away_ But the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait always_