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, 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;

An-ge-ler mild her eyes so win-ning, An-ge-lbright 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 a gain. A-dé, A-dé, A-dé. The years have

pass a-way. Tho' the blue Al-sa-tian mountains seem to watch and wait a-way.

pass a-way. But the blue Al-sa-tian mountains seem to watch and wait a-way.

passed a-way. But the blue Al-sa-tian mountains seem to watch and wait a-way.