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

Waltz tempo

1. By the blue Al-satian moun-tains, Dwelt a maid-en young, and fair, like the
   care-less flow-ing foun-tains, Were the rip-ples of her hair;
   An-gel mild her eyes so win-ing, An-gel bright her hap-py smile, When be-neath the

2. By the blue Al-satian 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 whis-per in the moon-light, Words the sweet-est she had known, Just to charm a-

3. By the blue Al-satian moun-tains, Many springtimes bloom’d and pass’d, And the
   maid-en in the foun-tains, Saw she lost her hopes at last,
   And she with-ered like the flow-er That is wait-ing for the rain, She will nev-er

fountains spinn-ing, 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 stran-ger, Where the foun-tains fall a-gain_ A-dé, A-dé, A-dé,____ The years have pass a-way____ Tho’ the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tain seem to watch and wait a-way.___ pass a-way____ But the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tain seem to watch and wait a-way.___ passed a-way____ But the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tain seem to watch and wait a-way.___