Alice, Where Art Thou?

W. Guernsey
Voice and Piano

Joseph Ascher (1829-1869)

Moderato

1. The birds sleeping gently,
2. The silver rain falling,

Sweet Lu-na gleameth bright,
Her rays tinge the forest,
And all seems glad to-

Just as it fall-eth now,
And all things slept gently,
Oh! Alice, where art

night. The wind sighing by me, Cool ing my fevered brow; The
thou? I've sought thee by lake let, I've sought thee on the hill; And

stream flows as ever, Yet Alice, Where art thou? One
in the pleasant wild wood, When winds blow cold and chill. I've

year back this even, And thou wert by my side, One year back this
sought thee in forest, I'm looking heav'nward, now, I've sought thee in
Vow ing to love me; One year past this even
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine; I've sought thee in forest
side, Vow ing to love me, Alice, What e'er might be-tide!
now, Oh! there a-mid the starshine Alice I know, art thou!