The Blue Alsatian Mountains

Claribel (Charlotte Arlington Barnard)

Stephen Adams (1844-1913)
(Pen name of Michael Maybrick)

Voice and Piano

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,___

3. By the blue Al-sa-tian moun-tains, Many spring-times bloom'd and
   pass'd, And the maid-en in the foun-tains, Saw she lost her hopes at last,___

   Were the rip-ples of her hair;    An-gel mild her eyes so win- ing, An-gel
   Just to hear the maid-en sing;     Just to whis-per in the moon-light, Words the
   _She lost her hopes at last;      And she with-ered like the flow- er That is

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bright her happy smile,  
When beneath the fountains spinning, You could hear her  
sweetest she had known,  
Just to charm away the hours, Till her heart was  
waiting for the rain,  
She will never see the stranger, Where the fountains  
sing the while A-dé,  
Such songs will pass away___  
all his own A-dé,  
Such dreams may pass away___  
fall again A-dé,  
The years have passed away___  
Tho’ the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait always.  
But the blue Alsatian mountains seem to watch and wait always.  
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