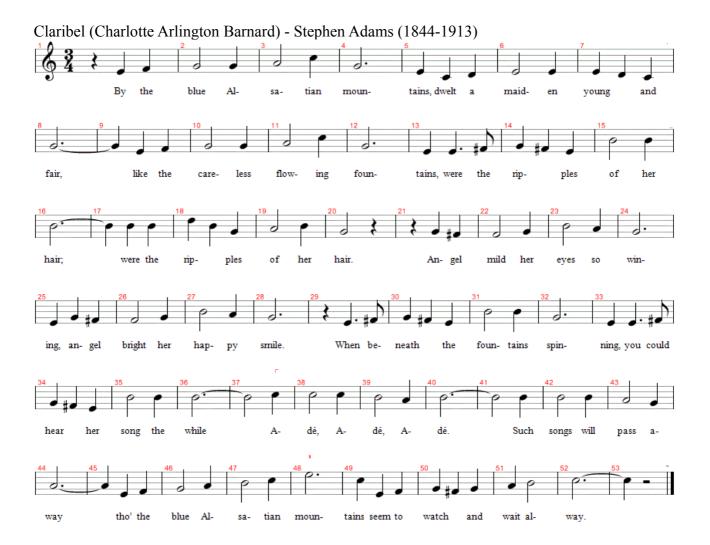
## The blue Alsatian Mountains



- 1. By the blue Alsatian mountains,
  Dwelt a maiden young and fair,
  like the careless flowing fountains,
  Were the ripples of her hair;
  Angel mild her eyes so wining,
  Angel bright her happy smile,
  When beneath the fountains spinning,
  You could hear her song the while
  Adè, Adè, Adè,
  Such songs will pass away
  Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains
  Seem to watch and wait alway.
- 2. By the blue Alsatian mountains, Dwelt a stranger in the spring,

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And he linger'd by the fountains,
Just to hear the maiden sing,
Just to hear the maiden sing;
Just to whisper in the moonlight,
Words the sweetest she had known,
Just to charm away the hours
Till her heart was all his own
Adè, Adè, Adè,
Such dreams may pass away
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway.

3. By the blue Alsatian mountains,
Many springtimes bloom'd and pass'd,
And the maiden in the fountains,
Saw she lost her hopes at last,
She lost her hopes at last;
And she withered like the flower
That is waiting for the rain,
She will never see the stranger,
Where the fountains fall again
Adè, Adè, Adè,
The years have passed away
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait alway.