

The Blue Alsatian Mountains

CLARIBEL

STEPHEN ADAMS

Not too slow

1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Dwelt a maid - en young and fair, . Like the
 2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Came a stran - ger in the Spring, And he
 3. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun-tains Ma - ny spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, And the

care-less - flow - ing foun-tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, Were the rip - ples
 lin-ger'd by the foun-tains Just to hear the maid-en sing, Just to hear the
 maid-en by the foun-tains Saw she lost her hopes at last, She lost her

of her hair; An-ge! mild her eyes so win - ning, An-ge! bright her hap - py smile,
 maid - en sing; Just to whis - per in the moonlight, Words the sweetest she had known,
 hopes at last. And she with - ered like a flow - er That is wait - ing for the rain;

When be - neath the foun - tains spin - ning, You could hear her song the while. A -
 Just to charm a - way the hours, Till her heart was all his own. A -
 She will nev - er see the stran-ger, Where the foun-tains fall a - gain. A -

dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . Such songs will pass a - way, Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian
 dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . Such dreams may pass a - way, But the blue Al - sa - tian
 dé, A - dé, A - dé, . . The years have passed a - way, But the blue Al - sa - tian

CHORUS

moun-tains Seem to watch and wait al - way. A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, Such songs will
[A-day,]

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

Lulu is Our Darling Pride

Arr. by C. JARVIS

p A little lively

1. Lu - lu is our dar-ling pride, Lu - lu bright, Lu - lu gay, Danc-ing light-ly
2. As the flow'rs of ear - ly spring Seem more gay, seem more light, As their per - fume
3. When the clouds of trou - ble come, Lu - lu soothes all our care; Ah! how dark would

FINE

at our side All the live - long day. Not a bird that wings the air,
first they fling Fra - grant at our feet. So tho' oth - ers loved there be,
be our home, Were not Lu - lu there! Lu - lu with her sun - ny smiles,

D.C.

Soar-ing to the sun, Free-er is from ev-'ry care, Than our dar - ling one. Oh!
Blooming in our bower, Lu - lu wins our hearts, for she Is our loveliest flow'r. Oh!
Cheer-ing ev - 'ry heart, Till each trou-ble she be-guiles, And the clouds de-part. Oh!