Alice, Where Art Thou?

Joseph Ascher (1829 - 1869)

1. The birds sleep-ing gen-ty Sweet Lu-na glea-meth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And
2. The sil-ver rain fall-ing Just as it fall-eth now; And all things sleep gen-tly! Ah!

all seems glad to-night. The wind sigh-ing by me, Cool-ing my fev-er'd brow; The
Alice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the hill, And

stream flows as ev-er, Yet, Alice, where art thou? One year back this e-ven, And
in the pleas-ant wild-wood. When winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in for-est, I'm

thou wert by my side, And thou wert by my side, Vow-ing
look-ing heav'n-ward now, I'm look-ing heav'n-ward now, Oh! there

'mid the star-shine, I've sought thee in for est I'm look-ing heav'n-ward now,

Vow-ing to love me; One year past this e-ven, And thou wert by my side,

Oh! there a-mid the star-shine, Alice, I know, art thou.

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