



Soft o'er the foun tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south ern moon; Far o'erthe moun tain,
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm - light
loves to dwell, Wear- y looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well.
Ni- ta! Jua - ni- ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni- ta! Jua - ni- ta! Lean thou on my heart.

2. When in thy dreaming Moons like these shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, Prove thy dreams are vain,
Wilt thou not, relenting, For thine absent lover sigh?
In thy heart consenting To a prayer gone by?
Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by thy side!
Nita! Juanita! Be my own Fair Bride.

Transcribed By Jennifer Lee



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Source: Dykema, Peter, Will Earhart, Osbourne McConathy, and Hollis Dann. *I Hear America Singing*; 55
Songs and Choruses for Community Singing. Boston, : C. C. Birchard & Company, 1917.