

Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er
When in thy dreaming Moons like these shall shine again, And day
mountain Breaks the day too soon, In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where
beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not re-lent-ing For th
warm light loves to dwell; Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their fond farewel
ab-sent lov-er sigh? In thy heart consenting, To a pray'r gone by.

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta, Ask thy soul if we should part
Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta, Let me lin - ger at thy side

Ni - ta, Jua - ni - ta, Lean thou on..... my

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