

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon, Far o'er the mount-ain,  
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?

Wear-y looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!  
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart,  
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

## The Spring.—Round.

1. The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush;

2. Hark! hark! I hear them sing;

3. The lin-net and the lit-tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.