Soft o'er the fountain, Juanita Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their fond farewell. Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part! Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart. Spanish Air Arranged by Maxwell Eckstein Moderato