

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,
 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.

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.

MOTHER MACHREE

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may own,
 There's a depth in me soul never sounded or known;
 There's a place in my mem'ry, my life, that you fill,
 No other can take it, no one ever will.

Chorus:

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
 And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with
 care.

I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
 Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

SUNRISE AND YOU

Sunrise and you, and the soft morning dew,
 Like the tears on your cheek when we parted.
 My fond heart awakes when the glorious day breaks,
 For the sunrise reminds me of you.

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