

# Juanita

music adapted from George Frideric Handel by T.G. May and English lyrics by Caroline Sheridan Norton (1855), often called "A Spanish Ballad"

*D* *D*<sub>(1)</sub> *A*<sub>(2)</sub> *A7* *D*  
Soft o'er the fountain,, ling'ring falls the southern moon;  
*D* *D*<sub>(1)</sub> *A*<sub>(2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(2)</sub> *A7*<sub>(1)</sub> *D*  
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon!  
*D* *Dma7*<sub>(1)</sub> *G*<sub>(2)</sub> *Em*<sub>(1)</sub> *A7*<sub>(2)</sub> *D*  
In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm night loves to dwell,  
*D*<sub>(1)</sub> *Bm*<sub>(2)</sub> *F#7*<sub>(1)</sub> *G*<sub>(2)</sub> *A7* *D*  
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell!

*D* *A7* *A7* *D*  
Nita! Juanita!, Ask thy soul if we should part.  
*D* *A7* *A7* *D*  
Nita! Juanita!, Lean thou on my heart!

When in thy dreaming, moons like thee 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 pray'r gone by!

Nita! Juanita! Let me linger by thy side!  
Nita! Juanita! Be my own fair bride!

Cae la tarde, lentamente sobre el mar;  
Tiemblan las hojas del vasto pinar  
Alla en la montana se oye voz de un pastor  
Que con dulce acento, canta asi su amor  
Nita! Juanita! Tve res mi angel, mi illusi3n  
Nita! Juanita! Dame el coraz3n.

Late afternoon, slowly over the sea;  
Tremble vast pine leaves  
There in the mountain's voice is heard a shepardess,  
What a sweet accent, so her love sings  
Nita! Juanita! You're my angel, my illusion  
Nita! Juanita! Give me your heart.