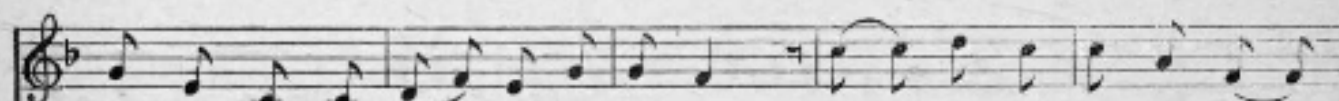


The Blue Juniata

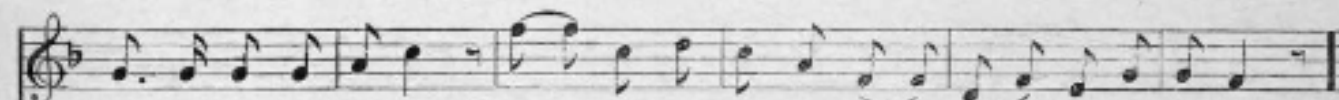
Mrs. M. D. SULLIVAN



1. Wild rov'd an In-dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the
 2. Gay was the moun-tain song Of bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the
 3. Bold is my war-rior good, The love of Al - fa - ra - ta, Proud waves his
 4. So sang the In-dian girl, Bright Al - fa - ra - ta, Wheresweep the



wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Swift as an an - te - lope,
 wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Strong and true my ar - rows are
 snow - y plume A - long the Ju - ni - a - ta. Soft and low he speaks to me, And
 wa - ters Of the blue Ju - ni - a - ta. Fleet-ing years have borne a - way The



Thro' the for - est go - ing, Loose were her jet - ty locks In wa - vy tress - es flow - ing.
 In my paint - ed quiv - er, Swift goes my light ca - noe A - down the ra - pid riv - er.
 then his war - cry sounding, Rings his voice in thun - der loud From height to height resounding.
 voice of Al - fa - ra - ta, Still sweeps the riv - er on Blue Ju - ni - a - ta.

