

Bright Alfarata - song lyrics

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BRIGHT ALFARATA.

Wild roved an Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata;
Swift as an antelope,
Through the forest going,
Loose were her jetty locks, '
In wavy tresses flowing.

Gay was the mountain song,
Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata;
Strong and true my arrows are.
In my painted quiver,
Swift goes my light canoe,
Down the rapid river.

Bold is my warrior good,
The love of Alfarata,
Proud waves his snowy plume,
Alone the Juniata;
Soft and low he speaks to me,
And then his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
From height to height resounding.

Thus sang the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata;
Fleeting years have born away
The voice of Alfarata,
Still sweeps the river on
Blue Juniata.