

15. Santa Lucia

Subtitle

Now 'neath the sil - ver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are

8
blow - ing; Here balm - y breez es blow, Pure joys in - vite us, And as we gen - tly row,

15
All things de - light us. Hark, how the sail - or's cry Joy - ous - ly ech - oes nigh:

21
San - ta - Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a, Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure

28
Har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

2. When o'er thy waters
Light winds are playing,
Thy spell can soothe us,
All care allaying;
To thee, sweet Napoli,
What charms are given,
Where smiles creation,
Toil blest by heaven.

Hark, how the sailor's cry
Joyously echoes nigh:
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia,
Home of fair Poesy,
Realm of pure Harmony,
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

Transcribed By Jennifer Lee



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