

Santa Lucia

Neapolitan Boat Song

*Moderato**mf*

1. O, moon, whose mys - tic veil, From the skies fall - ing, Gilds sigh - ing
 2. Zeph - yrs are ne'er at rest O'er the sea bring - ing Cool - ness to
 3. What great - er joy can be In our love - dream - ing, Than thus to

*Moderato**mf*

wave - lets pale, To our hearts call - ing; Glo - rious the sum - mer night,
 brow and breast, Far a - way sing - ing. Still waits my bark for thee,
 drift with thee, O'er wave - lets gleam - ing? Bride borne o'er sum - mer sea,



Sea - strand and billows white, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 Come, dream and drift with me, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 Na - ples, thy pride to be, San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a!

