

O SOLE MIO

Giovanni Capurro (1859–1920)

Eduardo di Capua (1865–1917)

1. Be-hold the bril-liant sun in all its splen-dor For - got-ten is the storm, the clouds now
 2. Be-hold the ra-diant sun 'mid eve-ning shad-ows With gold-en light it cov - ers all cre-

van-ish. The fresh'ning breez-es, heav-y airs will ban-ish Behold the brilliant sun in
 a - tion Un - til it sinks be - low the world's foun - da-tion Behold the ra-diant sun 'mid

all its splendor! A sun I know of that's brighter yet, This sun, my dearest 'tis naught but
 evening shad-ows!

thee— Thy face,— so fair to see,— That now my sun shall ev - er be!—