

SANTA LUCIA

Neapolitan Folk Song

1. Now 'neath the sil - ver moon O - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low
2. When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us,

Soft winds are blow-ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in -
All care al - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are

vite us, And as we gent - ly row All things de - light us.
giv - en, Where smile's cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en.

Hark how the sailor's cry Joy - ous - ly ech - oes nigh: San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

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