

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 sail-or'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!