

One Fine Day

Hayley Westenra

One fine day you'll find me
A thread of smoke arising on the sea
In the far horizon
And then the ship appearing Then the trim white vessel
Glides into the harbor
Thunders forth her cannon
See you, now he is coming I do not go to meet him
Not I stay upon the brow of the hill
And wait there and wait for a long time
From out the crowded city, there is coming
A man in the distance climbing the hill Chi sara? chi sara?
E come sara giunto
Che dira? che dira? He will call, butterfly from the distance
I, without answering hold myself concealed
A bit to tease him One fine day you'll find me
A thread of smoke arising on the sea
In the far horizon
And then the ship appearing This will all come to pass as I tell you
Banish your idle fears
For he will return, I know I know he will return

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