O sole mio

Mario Lanza

That beautiful thing na jurnata ' and sun, n' serene air doppo na storm!

Pe' ll' fresh air seems na festivity already...

That beautiful thing na jurnata ' and sun.

But n' atu sun beautiful $cchi\tilde{A}^1$, oje of '. ' or sun mine it is ' nfronte to you!

Quanno makes night and 'or sun if of scenne, me veins quase 'na malincunia; under 'to restarria fenesta toia quanno ago night and 'or sun if of scenne.

But n' atu sun beautiful $cchi\tilde{A}^1$, oje of '. ' or sun mine it is ' nfronte to you!

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