

# Mattinata

JosÃ© Carreras, Orchestra London Arts, Jacques Dela

Ruggero Leoncavallo  
L'aurora di bianco vestita  
Gi l'uscio dischiude al gran sol;  
Di gi con le rosee sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!  
Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato gi par;  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar. Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
E schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!  
Ove non sei la luce manca;  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor. Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato gi par;  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar. Ove non sei la luce manca;  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor. Morning Serenade  
Dawn, dressed in white,  
already opens the door to broad daylight;  
already, with her rosy fingers,  
she caresses the multitude of flowers!  
All around, creation seems stirred  
by a mysterious shiver;  
and you do not awaken; and in vain  
I stay here, aching to sing. Put on your white dress too,  
and open the door to your minstrel!  
Where you are not, sunlight is missing;  
where you are love dawns. All around, creation seems stirred  
by a mysterious shiver;  
and you do not awaken; and in vain  
I stay here, aching to sing. Where you are not, sunlight is missing;

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