

Santa Lucia

Verse

Now 'neath the sil - ver moon, O - cean is glow - ing,
O'er the calm bil - low Soft winds are blow - ing;
Here balm - y breez - es blow, Pure joys in - vite us,
And as we gent - ly row, All things de - light us.

Chorus

Hark, how the sail - ors' 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!