MY HEART IS THINE!
'O sole mio!
NEapolitan Serenade

English Words by FRANK SHERIDAN
Italian Words by G. CAPURRO

Music by E. di CAPUA

Andantino

The day is dying
While thou art sleeping
Che bel la cosa

And the west winds sighing
My poor heart is crying
Its love for

'N'era tur-na-la so-le,
N'era so-re-da to-do,
Fa 'nno tem-

Thee my own
Night shades are falling
Birds to mates are calling

Pesta
Pe'll'u-ria
Fe'sca
Bu-ri-gia
Fe'sta

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As now I cry to thee to thee alone.
Need I tell thee again how much I love thee.
Oh! bel-ia.co-sm'man tur-na-t'e so-le.
Maaaa-ta

lattice sweet-heart of mine.
I'm watching waiting.

at Love's sweet shrine.
For thee for thee I

long dear I love but thee my heart is thine.

My heart is thine 2
MY HEART IS THINE!

1
The day is dying, and the west winds sighing
My poor heart is crying its love for thee my own
Night shades are falling—birds to mates are calling
As now I cry to thee to thee alone.

So ope' thy lattice—sweetheart of mine
I'm watching, waiting at Love's sweet shrine
For thee for thee I long dear
I love but thee my heart is thine.

2
While thou art sleeping Love's watch I am keeping
The bright stars are peeping down from above thee
My joys are thine dear and thy sorrows mine dear
Need I tell thee again how much I love thee.

So ope' thy lattice—sweetheart of mine
I'm watching, waiting at Love's sweet shrine
For thee for thee I long dear
I love but thee my heart is thine.

FRANK SHERIDAN

'O SOLE MIO

1
Che bella cosa 'na iurnata e sole,
n'aria serena doppo 'na tempesta!
pe' l'aria fresca pare' gia 'na festa
Che bella cosa 'na iurnata e sole.

Ma n'atu sole
cchiu bello, ohi ne',
'o sole mio
sta nfronte a te!

2
Quanno fa notte c' o sole se ne scenne,
mme vene quase 'na malincunia;
sotto 'a fenesta teia restarria,
quanno fa notte c' o sole se ne scenne.

Ma n'atu sole
cchiu bello, ohi ne',
'o sole mio
sta nfronte a te!

G. CAPURRO