

Andrea Bocelli, Leoncavallo

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads of flowers.

A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.

Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born!