

Connie Francis, Summertime In Venice

SUMMERTIME IN VENICE

I dream of the summertime,

Of Venice and the summertime.

I see the cafes, the sunlit days with you, my love

The antique shop where we'd stop for a souvenir

The bridge, the boats below, the blue above.

I dream all the winter long

Of mandolins that played our song.

The dream is so real I almost feel your lips on mine.

And though I know we have to be an ocean apart,

There's Venice and you, and summertime, deep in my heart.

Un so-gno ro-man-ti-co,

Ve-ne-zia e il so-le splen-di-do!

Do-vun-que sa-ro, no li po-tro di-men-ti-car!

Di que-sta e-sta-te sul mar non po-tran mo-rir

In me, i dol-ce ba-ci ed I so-pir.

Un so-gno ro-man-ti-co

Ve-ne-zia e il so-le splen-di-do!

Di mil-le can-zon l'e-co lon-ta-na por-te-ro.

Que-sta la-gu-na ad-dor-men-ta-ta, ri-cor-de-ro

Che par-la al mio cuor so-lo d'mor, sem-pre d';amor.