

Hayley Westenra, One Fine Day

One fine day you'll find me
A thread of smoke arising on the sea
In the far horizon
And then the ship appearing
Then the trim white vessel
Glides into the harbour
Thunders forth her cannon
See you? Now he is coming
I do not go to meet him
Not I
I stay upon the brow of the hill
And wait there
And wait for a long time
But never weary of the long waiting
From out the crowded city
There is coming a man in the distance
Climbing the hill
Chi sara? chi sara?

E come sara giunto
Che dira? che dira?
He will call, "Butterfly" from the distance
I, without answering
Hold myself quietly concealed
A bit to tease him

One fine day you'll find me
A thread of smoke arising on the sea
In the far horizon
And then the ship appearing

This will all come to pass as I tell you
Banish your idle fears
For he will return
I know
I know he will return