

Summertime In Venice

Connie Francis

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.