

S. M933

3546

"Lucia"

Words and Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Marcia.

Piano.

There's a girl I know, met her long a go, In the fair-est land in all the
But this mai-den fair, had a sweet-heart there, Though I did-n't find it out at

south; She had hair of jet, eyes you'd not for-get, Pear-ly teeth and
first; He was a brigand bold, and from what I'm told, He must cer-tain-

dimpled, smil-ing mouth. When at Ven-ice there, met this mai - den
-ly have been the worst. When he made a threat, of a sharp stil-

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fair, And in true I - tal-ian style I made Court-ship that was
 lett, Un-less I would go, why I o - beyed. Now from dis-tance

sweet, and when we would meet, To her I would sing this Ser-e - nade.
 far, I tune my gui - tar, When I want to sing this Ser-e - nade.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Lu - ci - a, for you I pine, Come to me, ah, do not de-

cline; For I want to hear you sing so pret-ti - ly, As you sang in

poco rall. *a tempo*

poco rall. *a tempo*

sun-ny I-ta-ly Ah, say _____ you will be mine. _____ Oh, Lu-ci-a _____

poco rall. *a tempo* *f*

— for you I pine, _____ Come to me, Ah, _____ do not de-cline; _____

— For I want to hear you sing so pretti-ly As you sang in sun-ny I-ta-ly

Ah, say _____ you will be mine. _____ *D.S.* — you will be mine. _____

D.S.