

FUNICULÌ, FUNICULÀ

Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I! And so do I!

Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh; to pine and sigh;
But I, I love to spend my time in singing,
Some joyous song, some joyous song,
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
Harken, harken, music sounds a-far!
Harken, harken, with a happy heart!
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà!
Joy is everywhere, funiculì, funiculà!

Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,
And like it well! And like it well!

For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell! So cannot tell!

With laugh, with dance and song the day soon passes

Full soon is gone, full soon is gone,
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
To call their own! To call their own!

Harken, harken, hark the soft guitar!
Harken, harken, hark the soft guitar!
Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà!
Hark the soft guitar, funiculì, funiculà!

