

" Vurria " (torna da te, Napule mio), by Mario Del Monaco

Dint'a na stanzulélla fredda e scura,
addó' na vota ce traseva 'o sole,
mo stóngo io sulo...e tengo na paura
ch'a poco a poco, mme cunzuma 'o core...
Paura ca mme struje 'sta malatia
senza vedé cchiù Napule,
senza vedé cchiù a te...

Vurría turná addu te,
pe' n'ora sola,
Napule mia...
pe' te sentí 'e cantá
cu mille manduline...
Vurría turná addu te
comm'a na vota,
ammore mio...
pe' te puté vasá,
pe' mme sentí abbracciá...
'Sta freva
ca nun mme lassa maje!
'sta freva
nun mme fa cchiù campá...

Vurría turná addu te
pe' n'ora sola,
Napule mia...
Vurría...vurría...vurría...
ma stóngo 'ncróce!

"Vurria" (I would like) to come back in Naples, by Mario Del Monaco

Inside a little room cold and dark,
where once the sun entered,
Now I'm all alone and in the grip of a fear
that is gradually consuming my heart.

A fear that this disease will kill me
without seeing Naples anymore,
without seeing you my love anymore.

I would like to return to you,
for just one hour,
My Napoli
to hear you sing
with a thousand of mandolins.

I would like to return to you,
like before,
O my love
to kiss you again ,
to feel your embrace.

This fever
that never leaves me !
This fever
does not let me live anymore.

I would like to return to you,
just for one hour, O my Napoli
I would like ... I would like ... I would like
But I'm in agony here !