

# Andrea Bocelli, Leoncavallo

The dawn, dressed in white,  
has already opened the door to the sun,  
and with pink fingers  
caresses the myriads of flowers.

A mysterious trembling seems  
to disturb all nature,  
yet you will not get up, and vainly  
I stand here sadly and sing.

Dress yourself, too, in white  
and open the door to your serenader!  
Where you are not, all is dark,  
where you are, love is born!