

Marianina

O'er the ocean flies a
mer - ry fay, Soft her wings are as a cloud of day,
As she pass - es all the blue waves say:
"Ma - - - ria - - - ni - - na, do not
roam, Whi-ther, whi-ther is your home, Come and turn us in-to foam,
Ma - - - ria - - - ni - - na, Ma - - - ria - -
ni - na, Come, O come and turn us in - to foam!"

O'er the ocean flies a merry fay,
Soft her wings are as a cloud of day,
As she passes all the blue waves say:
"Marianina, do not roam,
Whither, whither is your home,
Come and turn us into foam,
Marianina, Marianina,
Come, O come and turn us into foam!"

O'er the fields she passes to and fro,
By the cornstalks standing row by row,
Poppies whisper as they see her go,
"Marianina, little friend,
Whither would your footsteps wend,
Come and teach us how to bend,
Marianina, Marianina,
Come, O come and teach us how to bend."

O'er the mountains when the day is done,
When the clouds are gath'ring o'er the sun,
While they, weeping, whisper one by one-
"Marianina, come again,
We have tried to dance in vain,
Come and turn us into rain,
Marianina, Marianina,
Come, O come and turn us into rain."