

## Ciao, Ciao Bambino

Connie Francis

Violins played by the wind are crying  
Softly the silvery rain is sighing  
Slowly the flame of our love is dying  
It rains on our love, and we must part

Ciao, ciao, Bambina, the rain is falling  
Once more I kiss you and then goodbye  
Our love was just like a fairy story  
But all its glory must pass us by  
Are raindrops trembling upon your face, dear  
Or are they teardrops for the love we knew?  
Ciao, ciao, Bambina, my heart is calling  
While rain is falling I cry with you

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