

Ciribiribin

Frank Sinatra

When the moon hangs low in Napoli,
there's a handsome gondolier,
Every night he sings so happily,
so his lady love can hear.
In a manner oh gravissimo,
he repeats his serenade,
And his heart beats so fortissimo,
when she raises her
Venetian shade.
Ciribiribin, chiribiribin, ciribiribin.

Ciribiribin,
he waits for her each night beneath her balcony.
Ciribiribin,
he begs to hold her tight, but no, she won't agree.
Ciribiribin,
she throws a rose and blows a kiss from up above,
Ciribiribin, ciribiribin, ciribiribin, they're so in love.
(musical interlude)
Ciribiribin, ciribiribin, ciribiribin, they're so in love