



Va Pensiero (Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves)

Va', pensiero, sull'ali dorate
Cross the mountains and fly over the oceans,
Reach the land, find the place
Where all the exiles gather in peace.

O mia patria, sì bella e perduta!
Oh, my homeland, so beautiful and lost!
Oh, remembrance, so dear and fatal!

Arpa d'or dei fatidici vati,
Golden harp of the prophetic bards,
Why do you hang silent on the willow?

Le membra degli avi nostri
Our forefathers' remains
Potranno forse racchiusi nell'urna?
Could they possibly be enclosed within an
urn?
Almen quelle che son sparse in terra
Those at least that are scattered on the earth,
Ogni uomo di lagrima infonderà.

Every man will infuse with tears.

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