

























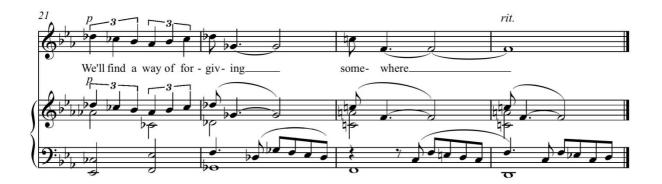






Somewhere from "West Side Story"





Rudolph

Che gelida manina Se la lasci riscaldar Cercar che giova? Al buio Non si troya.

...

Talor dal mio forziere
Ruban tutti i gioielle
Due ladri: gli occhi belli
V'entrar con voi put ora
Ed i miei sogni usati
Tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non m'accora
Poichè, poichè v'ha preso stanza
La speranza
Or che mi conoscete
Parlate voi, deh! parlate
Chi siete? Vi piaccia dir?

How cold your little hand is Let me warm it for you What's the use of searching?

•••

My hoard of treasure
Is stolen by two thieves
A pair of beautiful eyes
They came in now with you
And all my lovely dreams
My dreams of the past
But the theft doesn't upset me,
Since the empty place was filled
With hope
Now that you know me,
It's your turn to speak
Who are you? Will you tell me?



Carl Lee Perkins



ROUGH WORK