

Va, pensiero (from Nabucco)

Giuseppe Verdi

English translation by Jennifer Rushworth

Largo (♩ = 42)

Go, my thought, go, u-pon your gol-den wings; Go and
4 rest up-on the slopes and hills, Where the sweet breeze ca-res-ses our
7 na-tive land with its soft and warm per-fume fil-ling the air! Go and
10 greet there the old banks of Jor-dan: Go and greet too the top-pled tow-ers of
13 Zi-on. O, my home-land, so love-ly, so dis-tant! O, how
16 che-rished, how fa-tal the mem'ries of thee! Gol-den harp of the truth tel-ling
19 pro-phets, why do you on that wil-low hang si-lent? Re-a-
22 wa-ken the mem'ries in our long-ing hearts; Tell us now of the time that is
25 past! Like the fall of the tem-ple of So-lo-mon O draw
28 forth now your harsh-est la-ment! Let the good Lord in-spire such

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har-mo-ny that our suff'-ring spi-rits may find peace at last; that our spi rits may

34 *dim.* find peace at last, that our spi - rits may

36 *dim.* find peace - at last, *pp* peace at last, peace at last.