*A Small group will each verse, with everyone singing the response (italics) and refrain (italics)
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Some think the world is made for fun and frolic,
And so do I! *And so do I!*
Some think it well to be all melancholic,
To pine and sigh; *To pine and sigh;*
But I, I love to spend my time in singing
Some joyous song; *Some joyous song;*
To set the air with music bravely ringing
Is far from wrong! *Is far from wrong!*

*Listen! Listen! music sounds afar!*
*Listen! Listen! music sounds afar!*
*Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà,*
*Music sounds afar, funiculì, funiculà!*

Some think it wrong to set the feet a-dancing,
But not so I; *But not so I;*
Some think that eyes should keep from coyly glancing
Upon the sly! *Upon the sly!*
But oh! to me the mazy dance is charming,
Divinely sweet, *Divinely sweet,*
And surely there is nought that is alarming
In nimble feet? *In nimble feet?*

*Listen! Listen! music sounds afar!*
*Listen! Listen! music sounds afar!*
*Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà,*
*Music sounds afar, funiculì, funiculà!*

Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sighing,
And like it well; *And like it well;*
For me, I have not thought it worth the trying,
So cannot tell! *So cannot tell!*
With laugh and dance and song the day soon passes,
Full soon is gone, *Full soon is gone,*
For mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses
To call their own! *To call their own!*

*Listen! Listen! hark! the soft guitar!*
*Listen! Listen! hark! the soft guitar!*
*Funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà,*
*Hark! the soft guitar, funiculì, funiculà!*

(SOLOIST- new key, up a 4th)

Aissera, oje Nanniné, me ne sagliette,
tu saje addó, *tu saje addó*
Addó 'stu core 'ngrato cchiù dispietto
farme nun pò! *Farme nun pò!*
Addó lu fuoco coce, ma se fuje
te lassa sta! *Te lassa sta!*
E nun te corre appriesso, nun te struje
sulo a guardà, *sulo a guardà.*

*Jammo, jammo 'ncoppa, jammo jà,*
*Jammo, jammo 'ncoppa, jammo jà,*
*funiculì, funiculà, funiculì, funiculà,*
*'ncoppa, jammo jà, funiculì, funiculà!*

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(Translation:

I climbed up high this evening, oh, Nanetta,
Do you know where? Do you know where?
Where your ungrateful heart no longer pains me
With teasing wiles! With teasing wiles!
Where fire burns, but if you run away,
It lets you be, it lets you be!
It doesn't follow after nor torment you
Just with a look, just with a look.

*Let's go, let's go! To the top we'll go!*
*Let's go, let's go! To the top we'll go!*
*Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula!*
*To the top we'll go, funiculi, funicula!* )