

Sarah Brightman "Fileuse"

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Lorsque j'tais jeunette, je gardais les moutons,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou.
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, rouli, roule.
N'tais jamais seulette songer par les monts.
Tirouli ...
Mais d'autres bergerettes avec moi devisaient.
Tirouli ...
Parfois de sa musette un berger nous charmait.
Tirouli ...
Il nous faisait des rondes, joli rondes d'amour.
Tirouli ...
Mais me voilà vieille, reste seule toujours.
Tirouli ...!
Spinner

When I was a young girl I tended the sheep,
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, tiroulou.
Tirouli, tiroula, tirouli, rouli, roule.
I never dreamt in solitude upon the mountainside.
Tirouli ...
But other young shepherdesses would talk with me.
Tirouli ...
Sometimes a shepherd would play the musette for our
delight.
Tirouli ...
He would play pretty love dances for us.
Tirouli ...
Yet now I am old, and still on my own.
Tirouli ...!

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