

## Sarah Brightman "Voici Le Printemps"

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Voice le printemps qui passe;  
Bonjour, tisserand, bonjour!  
Ami, cde-moi ta place,  
Jen ai besoin pour un jour.  
Cest moi qui fais la toilette  
Des bois, des prs et des fleurs.  
Donne vite ta navette;  
Tu sais quon mattend ailleurs.

Voice le printemps qui passe;  
Bonjour, mon peintre, bonjour!  
Ta main sobstine et se lasse,  
Ã faire un semblant du jour.  
Donne vite ta palette  
Ta palette et ton pinceau.  
Tu vas voir le ciel en fate  
Rajeunir dans mon tableau.

Voice le printemps qui passe;  
Bonjour, fillettes, bonjour!  
Donnez vos fuseaux, de grÃ¢ce,  
Que je travaille mon tour.  
Jai promis sous less charmillles  
Ma laine aux nids dalentour.  
Je vous dirai, jeunes filles,  
O se niche aussi lamour.  
Here is the spring passing by

Here is the spring passing by;  
Good day, weaver, good day!  
My friend, lend me your chair,  
I need it for a day.  
I am he who cleanses  
The woods, the meadows and the flowers.  
Quickly, lend me your shuttle;  
I am awaited elsewhere, you know.

Here is the spring passing by;  
Good day, painter, good day!  
Your labouring hand grows weary  
As it makes a likeness of the day.  
Quickly, lend me your palette,

Your palette and your brush.  
You will see the festive sky  
Revitalised in my picture.

Here is the spring passing by;  
Good day, maidens, good day!  
Lend me your spindles, I implore you,  
That I in my turn may work.  
Under the arbours I promised  
My wool to the nests round about.  
I will tell you, o maidens,  
The place where love also nestles.

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