

Sarah Blasko

"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,
? 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 gr?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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