

Brightman Sarah

"Voici le Printemps"

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Voici le printemps qui passe;
"Bonjour, tisserand, bonjour!
Ami, cde-moi ta place,
J'en ai besoin pour un jour.
C'est moi qui fais la toilette
Des bois, des prs et des fleurs.
Donne vite ta navette;
Tu sais qu'on m'attend ailleurs."

Voici le printemps qui passe;
"Bonjour, mon peintre, bonjour!
Ta main s'obstine 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."

Voici le printemps qui passe;
"Bonjour, fillettes, bonjour!
Donnez vos fuseaux, de grce,
Que je travaille mon tour.
J'ai promis sous less charmillles
Ma laine aux nids d'alentour.
Je vous dirai, jeunes filles,
O se niche aussi l'amour."

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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