

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

- 3 Sous les feuilles d'un chêne,
Ja me suis fait sécher;
Sur la plus hante branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 4 Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 5 Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 6 Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer,
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 7 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l' avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 8 Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.
- 9 Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés.
Lui y'a longtemps je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

DOWN WHERE THE SPRING IS SPARKLING.

- 3 Then in the oakwood shadows
Resting my limbs I lay,
High on the topmost branches
Song-sparrows sing and sway.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 4 High on the topmost branches
Song-sparrows sing and sway.
Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
Light is your heart and gay.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 5 Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
Light is your heart and gay,
Your heart is full of laughter,
Mine, full of tears to-day.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 6 Your heart is full of laughter,
Mine, full of tears to-day,
My love is lost me ever,
Gone from my life away.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 7 My love is lost me ever,
Gone from my life away,
Just for a bunch of roses,
Snatched from her hand in play.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 8 Just for a bunch of roses,
Snatched from her hand in play,
Oh, were the bunch of roses
Back in its garden gay!
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.
- 9 Oh, were the bunch of roses
Back in the garden gay!
Oh, that my love would love me,
Love me as yesterday.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love alway.