

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

TRANSLATION.

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
*J'y longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*

Down to the crystal streamlet
I strayed at close of day ;
Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay.
*I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.*

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné,
Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m'y suis reposé.

Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay ;
Then 'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay.

Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m'y suis reposé ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Then 'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay ;
Sweet the nightingale was singing
High on the topmost spray.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait ;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Sweet the nightingale was singing
High on the topmost spray ;
Sweet bird ! keep ever singing
Thy song with heart so gay.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

Sweet bird ! keep ever singing
Thy song with heart so gay ;
Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver.

Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day—
Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver ;
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away,
All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play—
Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et que le rosier même
Fût dans la mer jeté.
*J'y longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*

Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay,
And that the fatal rose-tree
Deep in the ocean lay.
*I've loved the long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet for aye.*

All the French Canadian songs show clearly their French
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