

Celine Dion, Les Roses Blanches

(Eddy Marnay)

[The White Roses]

C'etait un gamin un gosse de Paris
Sa seule famille etait sa mere
Une pauvre fille aux grands yeux fletris
Par le chagrin et la misere

(It was a kid a boy from Paris
His sole family was his mother
A poor girls with big faded eyes
By sorrow and misery)

Elle aimait les fleurs, les roses surtout
Et le cher bambin, le dimanche
Lui apportait des roses blanches
Au lieu d'acheter des joujoux
La calinant bien tendrement
Il disait en les lui donnant

(She loved flowers, especially roses
And the beloved child, on Sundays
Was bringing her some white roses
Instead of buy toys for himself
Caressing her tenderly
He was saying while giving them to her)

("Today it's Sunday
Here my beautiful mom
Here are some white roses
You who love them so much
Go when I'll grow old
I will buy from the store
All of his white roses
For you beautiful mommy")

Au dernier printemps le destin brutal
Vint frapper la blonde ouvriere
Elle tomba malade et pour l'hopital
Le gamin vit partir sa mere
Un matin d'avril parmi les promeneurs
N'ayant plus un sous dans sa poche
Sur un marche le pauvre gosse
Furtivement vola quelques fleurs
La fleuriste l'ayant surpris, en baissant la tete il lui dit

(On last spring brutal destiny
Came hitting the blond worker
She became ill and for the hospital
The boy saw his mother leave
A morning of april among the walkers
Not having anymore a single penny in his pocket
On the market the poor boy
Furtively stole some flowers
The florist (woman) having caught him, lowering his eyes he told her)

("Today it's Sunday
And I was going to visit mommy
I took those white roses

She love them so much
On her little white bed
In there she's waiting for me
I took those white roses
For my beautiful mommy")

La marchande emue doucement lui dit

Elle l'embrassa et l'enfant partit
Tout rayonnant qu'on le pardonne
Puis a l'hospital il vint en courant
Pour offrir les fleurs a sa mere
Mais en le voyant une infirmiere
Lui dit:
Et le gamin s'agenouillant, dit devant le petit lit blanc

(The touched merchant told him softly
"Have them I give them to you"
She kissed him and he left
All shinning that he was forgiven
Then to the hospital he came running
To offer the flowers to his mother
But seeing him a nurse
Told him: "You no longer have a mommy"
And the boy kneeling down told in front of the little white bed)

("Today it's Sunday
Here my beautiful mom
Here are some white roses
You who loved them so much
And when you'll leave
To the great garden up there
Those beautiful white roses
You'll bring them along")