

# Sarah Brightman, Voici Le Printemps (English - H

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."