



Le secret



Gabriel Fauré (1845 - 1924) | Armand Silvestre (1837 - 1901)

Je veux que le matin l'ignore

I would like that the morning it ignore

Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,

The name that I-have told to the night ;

Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,

And that-in-the wind of the dawn, without sound,

Comme une larme il s'évapore.

Like a tear it evaporates.

English Translation

*I Would like that the morn were unaware
Of the name I told to the night,
And that in the dawn wind, quietly,
It would vanish like a tear.*

*I Would like that the day might proclaim it,
The love I hid from the morn,
And leaned above my open heart,
Like a grain of incense it inflames.*

*I Would like that the sunset forget,
The secret I told to the day,
And would carry it and my love away
In the folds of its faded robe!*

Je veux que le jour le proclame,

I would like that the day it proclaims,

L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,

The love that in the morning I have hidden,

Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché

And over my heart open leaning

Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Like a grain of-incense it inflames.



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Je veux que le couchant l'oublie

I would like that the sunset it forget

Le secret que j'ai dit au jour

The secret that I have told to the day,

Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,

And carry it away, with my love,

Aux plis de sa robe pâlie !

In the folds of its robe pale !