

Un songe / A Dream

Poem by Sully Prudhomme (1839–1907), 1865

Music and translation by Faré (1973–), 2010

Andante Dm F

Le la - bou - reur m'a dit en songe: "Fais ton pain
The far - mer told me in a dream: "Bake your bread

Dm F Dm

Je ne te nour - ris plus: grat - te la terre et sè - me.
I won't feed you a - gain: till the soil and seed it."

F

Le tis - se - rand m'a dit: "Fais tes ha - bits toi - mê - me."
The wea - ver said to me: "Make clothes from sheep you breed."

Am C A

Et le ma - çon m'a dit: "Prends la tru - elle en main."
And so the ma - son said: "Mix your ce - ment and spread it."

Dm F

Et seul, a - ban - don - né de tout le genre hu - main
A - lone, from me the en - tire hu - man race had fled

Dm Gm A⁷

Dont, je traî - nai par - tout l'im - pla - cable a - na - thè - me,
Lea - ving me to pro - vide, for ev' ry thing I need - ed:

Dm F Gm Dm

Quand j'im - plo - rai du ciel un - e pi - tié su - prê - me,
And when I pray'd the Gods, they laugh'd the more I'd plea - ded

E^o Dm C#^o

Je trou - vais des li - ons de - bout sur mon che - min.
And sent some hungry li - ons, whe - rev - er my path led.

D Bm Em A⁷

J'ou - vris les yeux, dou - tant si l'aube é - tait ré - el - le;
And then I woke, or was the dawn still be - ing dreamt of

Em G Bm D

De har - dis com - pa - gnons sif - flaient sur leurs é -chel - les.
Up whist - ling on their lad - ders were four brick - lay - ing bro - thers

Em G D

Les mé - tiers bour - don - naient, les champs é - taient se - més.
Hum - ming ma - chines were wea - ving, and all the fields were sown

Bm Em A⁷

Je con - nus mon bon - heur, et qu'au monde où nous som - mes
I un - der - stood my bliss, and vow'd it to be known

Em G Bm D

Nul ne peut se van - ter de se pas - ser des hom - mes,
That no one can pre - tend to do with - out the o - thers

Em G D

Et de - puis ce jour - là, je les ai tous ai - més.
And e - ver since that day, it's all of them I love