WERE I GARDENER
(SI J’ETAI JARDINIER)

ROGER MILES
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

CÉCILE CHAMINADE
(1861–)

Allegretto (d:140)

molto sostenuto

PIANO

dolce

Were I gard-ner of the sky, Stars for thee I’d cull gleaming bright-ly!
Si j’é-tais jard-in-ier des cieux je te cueil-le-rais des étoiles!

Jew-els fair should de-light thine eye, Were I gard-ner of the sky!
Quels joy-aux ra-vi-raient tes yeux Si j’é-tais jard-in-ier des cieux!

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When the pale shadows veil thee nightly. Thou should'st beam in glory on high. Were I gardener of the sky Stars for thee I would glimpse bright and raise thee in the hues! You would be a light and a glory to thyself.
Or if gard'ner of Love I were, With caress-es I would do-
light thee. All the day would I feast thee, dear. If the gard'ner of

Love I were! Flowers with voice-less charm should in-vite thee

And in low-ly hom-age ap-peal. If the gard'ner of Love I were,
With caress-es I would de-light thee!
Je te cueil-le-rais des ca-re-ses!

My gar-den hath no flower but song;
Mais mon jar-din n'est que chan-sons,

To thee a-lone that flower is giv-en.
Et tu peux y cueil-lir toi-même,

The birds with-in the thick-et throng,
Dieu pour les nids fit les buis-sons.
My garden hath no flower but song. Come thou, oh, come to me at even. Rapture deep my heart shall thrill? My garden hath no flower but song, And to thee a lone that flower is given!

Et mon jardin n’est que chansons. Viens-là rêver si

Et mon cœur musicien. Et mon cœur aux fleurs des frisés.

Et tu peux

nez. Mais mon jardin n’est que chansons Et tu peux