


ARAËLLE

Gone are the leaves



Textes

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The Winds

Hannah Flagg Gould

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and own 't is we;
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or, hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?

And, whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh;
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still, 't is we.
And ye list, and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or waken one note, when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then, lift up our hearts to him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds!

A Tale by the Shore

Araëlle

I lay beside my dear
In the shade of a pine
And I told her of my fear
That her heart was no longer mine

“My love,” she said,
“We are to be wed.
Everyone knows in the land.
To you I gave my hand.”

“I wish I could believe what you say,
Yet your tears you wipe away.
My beloved, let me share your burden;
Let me in, I will listen.

“My love,” she said,
“No more tears I will shed.
To myself I shall be true
And to you I must be too.”

“Oh yes, I want to be your bride
And I’ll never leave your side.
Yet there is a gentle voice in my heart
No more I can go against the tide.

My love, it’s the sea:
Its melodies are calling for me.
My dear let’s sail away
Before our wedding day.”

The first morning of July
Was their last one on shore
And as the seasons slowly go by
One can hear their song once more.

Our love, we seal
Upon the white and dancing foam.
Deep in our hearts we feel
The breath of the wind is our home.

The background is a painting of a waterfall. The water is depicted with vertical brushstrokes in shades of blue, green, and white, creating a sense of movement and depth. The waterfall is surrounded by a dense layer of autumn leaves in various colors, including yellow, orange, red, and brown. The overall composition is rich and textured, with the waterfall as the central focus and the leaves providing a vibrant, seasonal atmosphere.

To Spring

Araëlle

The very first light of the spring is about
To shine upon us
And the merry wind to the beautiful trees
Is singing aloud: "The blackbird is here."

Patience and silence come now to an end,
For winter is gone,
And fairly the birds are spreading the news:
The buds are smiling to the sky and the sun.
Welcome to thee, thy beauty is free.
Let's paint thy colours with this melody.

Let the rain wash your soul
And let the old go away.
Make way for the new
And bless each and every day.

The blossoming trees are looking forward
To their young shade of green
And sweetly the clouds are dancing around
Like the dreams that we hold in the depth of our hearts.

In the cradle of Earth lie the seeds of rebirth,
The flowers rejoice,
The dandelions are glowing on the hill,
In the murmuring stream one can hear a voice:
"Welcome to thee, thy beauty is free.
Let's paint thy colours with this melody."

The tears from above, full of grace, full of love,
Have joined the rivers
And at the dimming of the glorious day
They mirror the stars, candles in the sky.

When the last song is heard and its last echo rings
In the scented evening
Gently the quiet moon rises above,
To guard our prayers, to soothe the soul.
Welcome to thee, thy beauty is free.
Let's paint thy colours with this melody.



Echo

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

Oh dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again tho' cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

Gone are the Leaves

Araëlle

Gone are the leaves
And sweet are the memories
Of the time when they used to dance in the wind
Oh fear no more the night to come.

Gone are the sounds
And cold as stone is the ground
Everything stands still nearby
And yet, can you hear the sweet lullaby?

For if the wind has blown petals and leaves away,
The time of rebirth is on its way.
Oh take my hand, my love, and see
The tokens of a life to be.

The fields are white in the morning.
They hold the promise of a new dawning,
Like the pages of a poet's diaries
Waiting to be filled with melodies.

Silently,
The winding branches are patiently
Waiting for their fronds to renew,
As is the green grass in the morning dew.

Let the river flow and clean your past;
Let the breath of the air blow strong and fast
To welcome the next morning, fresh and new,
Under the sky so blue.

All stands still nearby
And yet can you hear the sweet lullaby
Of the quiet and vibrant air around?
This is a treasure to be found.

Keep faith when you go to sleep,
Keep a silent watch on the sky,
For birds in a cage one cannot keep
When they are meant to fly.

For if the wind has blown petals and leaves away
The time of rebirth is on its way.
Oh take my hand, my love, and see
The tokens of a life to be.

Daughter of the Forest

Araëlle

She walks through the deserts
And crosses all the rivers.
She fearlessly weathers the storms
And coal into gold she transforms.
She rose from the ashes
When the trials burnt her wings
She never stops searching for answers
That the fire of life brings.

The wind is her guide
And the sun lights her way.
Her home is the sky
By night and by day.

As wild as the mountain
And as free as the eagle,
When above the trees she flies
The wind murmurs its lullabies.
With a wolf's eyes wide open,
With a sharp mind,
Faith is her weapon
For inner strength to find.

The wind, the mountain sing along
To make her brave, to make her strong,
To guide her steps, to show the way, to light her way,
To bring her home,
From low to high, from fear to grace,
Hearing the sound of a pure voice
Saying "Seize the day."

Over hills and over dales,
Over doubts and over sorrow,
Behind walls and behind veils,
Lies the right path to follow.
It is tortuous, it is winding
When we look at it with our eyes.
But if we give up our beliefs
A bright star will be revealed.

The wind is her guide
And the sun lights her way.
Her home is the sky
By night and by day.



Purest Hope

Araëlle

On a bright morning in a wild wild field,
Amidst the flowers, I sat alone.
I saw the lights of a rainbow fall
Upon the heights of the farthest trees.

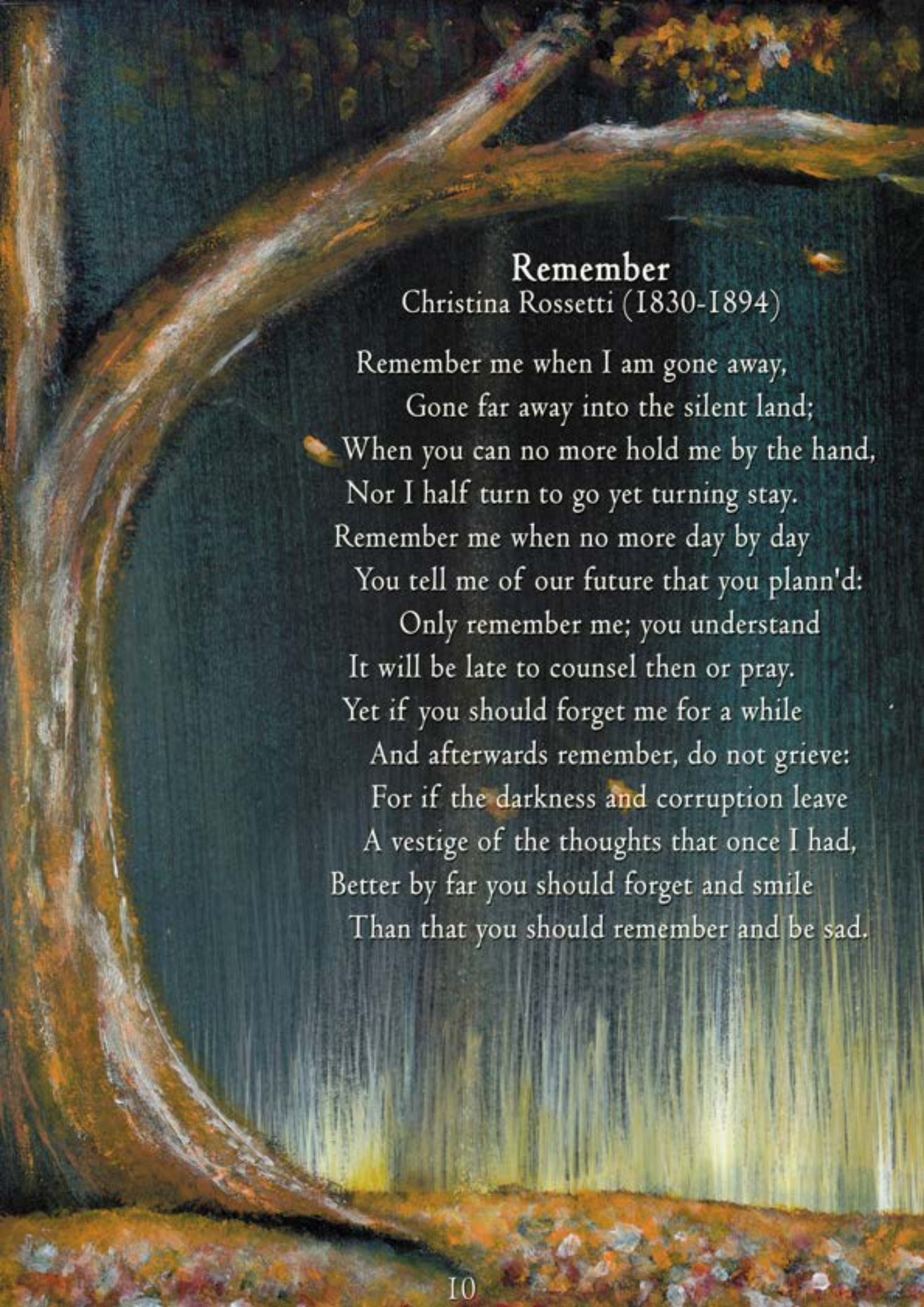
And I cried, I cried, I shed all my tears,
For the sun shining bright took away all my fears.
Oh my darkest hours are finally gone,
And my purest hope lies in my heart.

I made my way, fears swept away
And found a lake among the trees.
The waters deep, the waters clear,
I held my breath and I dived in.

No cold I felt, no danger there
No sound to hear, no pain to fear.
Oh my darkest hours are finally gone,
And my purest hope lies in my heart.

When I emerged from the pure waters,
I lay all day, to enjoy the breeze
That blew on my face and kept murmuring:
“Oh your darkest hours are finally gone,
And your purest hope lies in your heart.”

When the night did come, like a gentle veil,
I laid my eyes upon the stars.
So bright, so bright they shone for my soul
And for me to find the peace I longed for.



Remember

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.



Jimmy Johnson
Araëlle

Once there was an old man, living in a desolated house.
He'd failed to keep his fortune, left his friends and lost his spouse.
Every day was quite the same for Jimmy Johnson; that is his name.

And day by day, night by night,
By and by, oh time does fly.

The cock crew in the morning and Jimmy Johnson was complaining.
The night had been long and dreary, the rain had fallen endlessly.
The day went by, he looked at the sky, as cloudy as his heart could be.

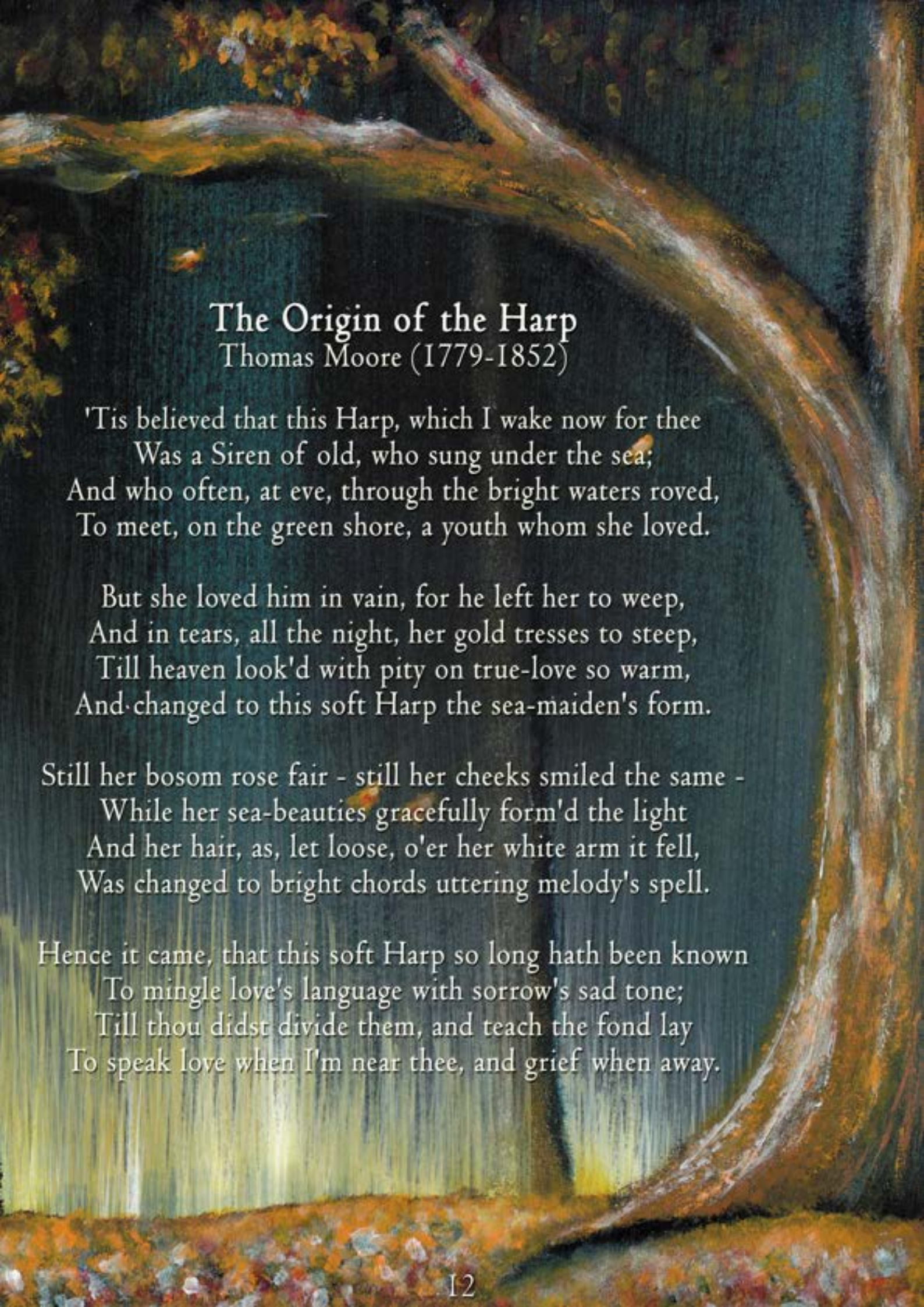
And day by day, night by night,
By and by, oh time does fly.

The cock crew in the morning, in the valley the wind was whispering
And when the first light did appear, he saw a rose blooming near.
So pure so strong the flower grew, a glimmering light in the morning dew.

And day by day, night by night,
By and by, oh time does fly.

The cock crew in the morning and this time Jimmy Johnson was smiling.
The night had been sweet, softly the rain had washed the man's pain.
The day went by, he looked at the sky, as shiny as his heart could be.

And day by day, night by night,
By and by, oh time does fly.



The Origin of the Harp

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till heaven look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair - still her cheeks smiled the same -
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

A painting of a waterfall with autumn foliage in the background and foreground. The waterfall is the central focus, with water cascading down. The background shows trees with yellow and orange leaves, suggesting an autumn setting. The foreground is a rocky bank with scattered leaves and small plants.

A Canadian Boat Song

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

The background is a painting of a tree trunk with autumn leaves in shades of orange, yellow, and red. A waterfall flows down the center of the page, with white and yellow water cascading over dark rocks. The overall mood is serene and natural.

The Child of the Sun

Araëlle

Deep down, in your soul, is the light of your dreams,
Of the season of joy and grace.

May it shine, may it shine, through the clouds,
Let it be your only guide.

And sing this lullaby, for I'll sing along with you:
Be the child of the Sun, be the child of the Sun.

The soft stroke of the wind on your skin
Is the blessing you've been waiting for.
And the mist may come and go, across the moor,
But your heart is ready to soar.

Feel the touch of the sky, beneath your bare hands.
Be the child of the Sun, be the child of the Sun.

The sound of hope you will hear at dawn,
When the night is nearly gone.
The fears, the tears you may leave behind,
For the Sun has finally come.

May its rays shine through your heart, may it heal its wounds and scars.
Be the child of the Sun, be the child of the Sun.