

# Celine Dion, Les Roses Blanches

(Eddy Marnay)

[The White Roses]

C'etait un gamin un gosse de Paris  
Sa seule famille etait sa mere  
Une pauvre fille aux grands yeux fletris  
Par le chagrin et la misere

(It was a kid a boy from Paris  
His sole family was his mother  
A poor girls with big faded eyes  
By sorrow and misery)

Elle aimait les fleurs, les roses surtout  
Et le cher bambin, le dimanche  
Lui apportait des roses blanches  
Au lieu d'acheter des joujoux  
La calinant bien tendrement  
Il disait en les lui donnant

(She loved flowers, especially roses  
And the beloved child, on Sundays  
Was bringing her some white roses  
Instead of buy toys for himself  
Caressing her tenderly  
He was saying while giving them to her)

("Today it's Sunday  
Here my beautiful mom  
Here are some white roses  
You who love them so much  
Go when I'll grow old  
I will buy from the store  
All of his white roses  
For you beautiful mommy")

Au dernier printemps le destin brutal  
Vint frapper la blonde ouvriere  
Elle tomba malade et pour l'hopital  
Le gamin vit partir sa mere  
Un matin d'avril parmi les promeneurs  
N'ayant plus un sous dans sa poche  
Sur un marche le pauvre gosse  
Furtivement vola quelques fleurs  
La fleuriste l'ayant surpris, en baissant la tete il lui dit

(On last spring brutal destiny  
Came hitting the blond worker  
She became ill and for the hospital  
The boy saw his mother leave  
A morning of april among the walkers  
Not having anymore a single penny in his pocket  
On the market the poor boy  
Furtively stole some flowers  
The florist (woman) having caught him, lowering his eyes he told her)

("Today it's Sunday  
And I was going to visit mommy  
I took those white roses

She love them so much  
On her little white bed  
In there she's waiting for me  
I took those white roses  
For my beautiful mommy")

La marchande emue doucement lui dit

Elle l'embrassa et l'enfant partit  
Tout rayonnant qu'on le pardonne  
Puis a l'hospital il vint en courant  
Pour offrir les fleurs a sa mere  
Mais en le voyant une infirmiere  
Lui dit:  
Et le gamin s'agenouillant, dit devant le petit lit blanc

(The touched merchant told him softly  
"Have them I give them to you"  
She kissed him and he left  
All shinning that he was forgiven  
Then to the hospital he came running  
To offer the flowers to his mother  
But seeing him a nurse  
Told him: "You no longer have a mommy"  
And the boy kneeling down told in front of the little white bed)

("Today it's Sunday  
Here my beautiful mom  
Here are some white roses  
You who loved them so much  
And when you'll leave  
To the great garden up there  
Those beautiful white roses  
You'll bring them along")