

Les cloches [lɛ klɔʃ] (The bells)

Text by *Paul Bourget* (1852-1935), *Romance*

Set by *Claude Debussy* (1862-1918), from *Deux Romances, #1*

Les	feuilles	s'ouvraient	sur	le	bord	des	branches
[lɛ	fœ.jə	su.vrɛ	syr	lə	bɔr	dɛ	brɑ̃.ʃə]
The	leaves	opened	along	the	length	of-the	branches

Délicatement.

[dɛ.li.ka.tɛ.mɑ̃]

delicately.

Les	cloches	tintaient,	légères	et	franches,
[lɛ	klɔ.ʃə	tɛ̃.te	le.ʒɛ.rə.	ze	frɑ̃.ʃə]
The	bells	chimed,	lightly	and	candidly/openly,

Dans le ciel clément.

[dɑ̃ lə sjɛl kle.mɑ̃]

in the sky mild.

(*in the mild sky.*)

Rythmique	et	fervent	comme	une	antienne,
[rit.mi.	ke	fɛr.vɑ̃	ko.	my.	nɑ̃.tjɛ.nə]
Rhythmic	and	fervent,	like	a	refrain,

Ce lointain appel

[sə lwɑ̃.tɛ̃. na.pɛl]

this distant call

Me	remémorait	la	blancheur	chrétienne
[mɛ	rə.mɛ.mɔ.rɛ	la	blɑ̃.ʃœr	krɛ.tjɛ.nə]
me	reminded	of-the	whiteness	Christian

(*reminded me of the Christian whiteness*)

Des fleurs de l'autel.

[dɛ flœr də lo.tɛl]

of-the flowers of the-altar.

(*of altar flowers.*)

Ces	cloches	parlaient	d'heureuses	années,
[sɛ	klɔ.ʃə	par.lɛ	dø.rø.zə.	za.nɛ.ə]
These	bells	spoke	of-happy	years,

Et,	dans	le	grand	bois,
[e	dɑ̃	lə	grɑ̃	bwa]
and,	in	the	great	forest,

Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées
[sɑ̃.blɛ rə.vɛr.dir lɛ fœ.jø fa.ne.ø]
they-seemed to-make-green-again the leaves withered
(they seemed to turn green again the withered leaves)

Des jours d'autrefois.
[dɛ ʒur do.trə.fwa]
of-the days of-another-time.
(of days long past.)

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