

**Bonjour, ma belle!** [bõ.ʒur ma bɛl] (Good Day, My Beauty)

Text by *Guy Eden* (1864–1954) [Au]

Set by *Arthur Henry Behrend* (1853-1935) [Br?]

**There**    **were**    **roses**    **in**    **the**    **garden,**  
[ðɛɹ    wɜ    'rɔ:ʊz.ɪz    ɪn    ðʌ    'gɑɹ.dən]

**There**    **was**    **laughter**    **in**    **the**    **sky,**  
[ðɛɹ    wɑz    'læf.te    ɪn    ðʌ    skɑ:ɪ]  
(RP) ['lɑf.te]

As I met that little maiden,  
And she shyly passed me by,  
And my heart went pit-a-patter  
On that golden summer day,  
As the sunlight played around her  
In her dainty robe of grey.  
She was French, and I was English,  
So what was a man to do?  
But I struggled to remember  
All the little French I knew?

"Bonjour, ma belle,  
We meet again, encore.  
Écoutez whilst I whisper  
C'est tu only que j'adore.  
Vos joues sont like the roses,  
Vos yeux, what shall I say?  
I don't know why I feel so shy  
Bonjour, ma belle, good day!"

Then I watched her as the blushes  
Dyed her cheeks with rosy red...

---

The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

