

## Mignonne allons voir si la rose

My dear, let's go and see if the rose,  
Which this morning had opened  
Its purple robe to the sun,  
Has this evening lost  
The folds of its purple robe  
And its color like your own.

Alas, see how in such a short time  
My dear, she has lost her place,  
Her beauties lay fallen.  
Nature is truly a wicked stepmother,  
That such a flower only lasts  
From morning until evening.

Therefore, if you believe me, my dear,  
While your life blossoms  
In its most verdant freshness,  
Harvest, harvest your youth:  
Like this flower, old age  
Will wither your beauty.