

Eau vive, source d'amour

Jacques Mauduit

Eau vi- ve, sour- ce d'a- mour,

de mon ar- deur, nim- fe, ra- fre-

chis la vi- o- lan- te cha- leur.

Nin- fe, je brú- le d'é- mer. Fine

La fon- te- ne sourd net' é- clai- re tou- jours
 La frai- sche li- queur bel- et clai- re coul- ant,
 Quand l'her- be se meurt bel- des- sé- clai- re du so- leil,
 Un sour- jon a- val des- de la ro- che cour- ant,

a a b b a a

Et la vù- ë la pers' et dé- cou- vre le fons;
 se- cour- ab- le gué- rit et sou- la- ge la soif
 quel- que plu- ë du rit et sur- el- le ven- ant,
 de son on- de qui flü et ja- mais ne tar- ist,

a a b a a a

Rien de ca- ché n'y ver- ras. Eau vi- ve,
 au pé- le- rin tra- vail- lé; Eau vi- ve,
 gay- e, la fait ver- dir; Eau vi- ve,
 mein- ne le cours pér- an- nel; Eau vi- ve,

a a a a a a

mais je ne voy le fons de ton coeur.
 mais tu ne veux ma soif é- tan- cher.
 rends sa vi- gueur au coeur a- lan- gui.
 nos- tr'a- mour ain- si soit é- ter- nel.

a a a a a a

D.C al Fine for each verse.

Translation (my best attempt, not knowing old French):

Living water, source of love, of my ardor,
nymph, cool off my ravishing heat.
Nymph, I burn from ?emotion?.[émer].

The silent, clear fountain always sparkles
and viewing it, one sees its depths;
there you will see nothing hidden,
Living water, but I don't see the depths in your heart.

Living water, source of love...

The cool, beautiful, helpful running liquid
cures and assuages the thirst
of the tired pilgrim,
Living water, but you don't want to quench my thirst.

Living water, source of love...

When, dried out by the sun, the grass is dying,
it longs for some rain from the sky;
when happily it comes, it makes it green again.
Living water, give your strength to this languishing heart.

Living water, source of love...

A-ways downstream, running on the rocks,
from its waters which flow and never dry up,
it wends its perennial way;
Living water, may our love likewise be eternal.

Living water, source of love...