

“Hier Encore” (“Only Yesterday”)

“Yesterday When I Was Young”

Aznavour

Translation

Kretzmer

<p><i>Verse</i> Hier encore, J'avais vingt ans, Je caressais le temps Et jouais de la vie Comme on joue de l'amour Et je vivais la nuit Sans compter sur mes jours Qui fuyaient dans le temps J'ai fait tant de projets Qui sont restés en l'air J'ai fondé tant d'espoirs Qui se sont envolés Que je reste perdu, Ne sachant où aller Les yeux cherchant le ciel Mais le cœur mis en terre</p> <p><i>Verse</i> Hier encore, J'avais vingt ans, Je gaspillais le temps En croyant l'arrêter Et pour le retenir, Même le devancer Je n'ai fait que courir Et me suis essoufflé Ignorant le passé Conjuguant au futur Je précédais de moi Toute conversation Et donnais mon avis Que je voulais le bon Pour critiquer le monde Avec désinvolture</p> <p><i>Verse</i> Hier encore, J'avais vingt ans Mais j'ai perdu mon temps À faire des folies Qui ne me laissent au fond Rien de vraiment précis Que quelques rides au front Et la peur de l'ennui Car mes amours sont mortes Avant que d'exister Mes amis sont partis Et ne reviendront pas Par ma faute, j'ai fait le vide</p>	<p><i>Verse</i> Only yesterday, I was twenty I enjoyed time And played with life Like we play with love And I lived nights Without counting my days That faded in time I made so many plans That remained in the air I had so many hopes That flew away So I remain lost Not knowing where to go Eyes scanning the sky But heart fallen to earth</p> <p><i>Verse</i> Only yesterday, I was twenty I wasted time Thinking to stop it And to hold it back Even get ahead of it I did nothing but run And ran out of breath Ignoring the past Thinking about the future I jumped ahead in Every conversation And I spoke my mind How I wanted to do good By criticizing the world Casually</p> <p><i>Verse</i> Only yesterday, I was twenty But I wasted my time Doing foolish things That basically left me Nothing really specific Except wrinkles on my brow And fear of boredom Because my romances died Before even existing My friends have gone And will never return It's my fault, I've created a void Around myself</p>	<p><i>Verse</i> Yesterday, when I was young The taste of life was sweet Like rain upon my tongue I teased at life as if it were A foolish game The way an evening breeze Would tease a candle flame</p> <p><i>Verse</i> The thousand dreams I dreamed, The splendid things I planned I always built to last On weak and shifting sand I lived by night and shunned, The naked light of day And only now, I see How the years have run away</p> <p><i>Chorus</i> Yesterday, when I was young There were so many songs That waited to be sung So many wild pleasures That lay in store for me And so much pain My dazzled eyes refused to see</p> <p><i>Verse</i> I ran so fast that time, And youth at last ran out And I never stopped to think What life was all about And every conversation That I can recall Concerned itself with me, And nothing else at all</p> <p><i>Verse</i> Yesterday, the moon was blue And every crazy day Brought something new to do And I used my magic age As if it were a wand I never saw the waste And emptiness beyond</p> <p><i>Verse</i></p>
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<p>Autour de moi Et j'ai gâché ma vie Et mes jeunes années</p> <p><i>Outro</i> Du meilleur et du pire En rejetant le meilleur J'ai figé mes sourires Et j'ai glacé mes pleurs Où sont-ils à présent? À présent Mes vingt ans</p>	<p>I've wasted my life And my youthful years.</p> <p><i>Outro</i> From the best and the worst While throwing away the best I fixed my smiles And I froze my tears. Where are they now? Now, My twenty years?</p>	<p>The game of love I played With arrogance and pride And every flame I lit, Too quickly, quickly died The friends I made all seemed Somehow to drift away And only I am left on stage To end the play</p> <p><i>Chorus</i> Yesterday, when I was young There are so many songs In me to be sung So many wild pleasures That lay in store for me And so much pain My dazzled eyes refused to see</p> <p><i>Verse</i> There are so many songs In me that won't be sung 'Cause I feel the bitter taste Of tears upon my tongue And the time has come for me To pay for yesterday When I was young</p>
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Que je voulais le bon: “*Que*” at the beginning of a sentence can be exclamatory, increasing the intensity of the sentence that follows: “*Que tu es beau!*” In other cases, it can express a wish (“*Je veux*” is implied before the “*que*”) when it requires the subjunctive: “*Que je devienne riche!*” Or, it can mean “what:” “*Que faites vous?*”