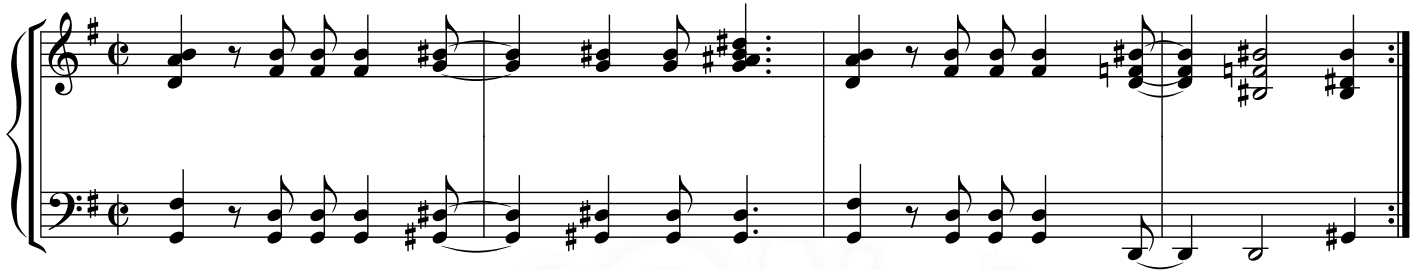


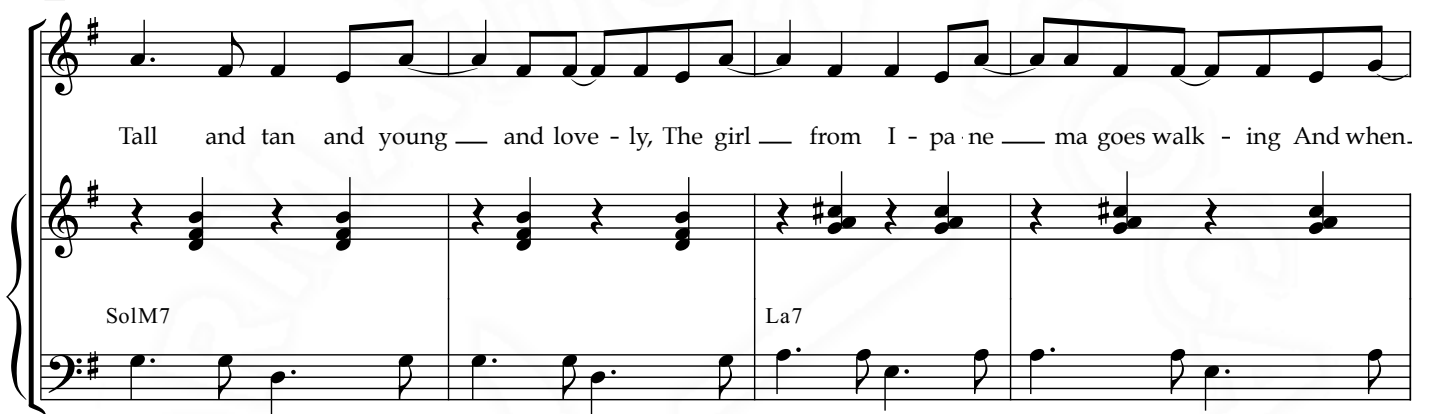
# The girl from Ipanema

ton original

Chanson écrite en 1962 par Antônio Carlos Jobim sur un texte en portugais de Vinícius de Moraes.  
Les paroles anglaises de Norman Gimbel ont été ajoutées en 1963.



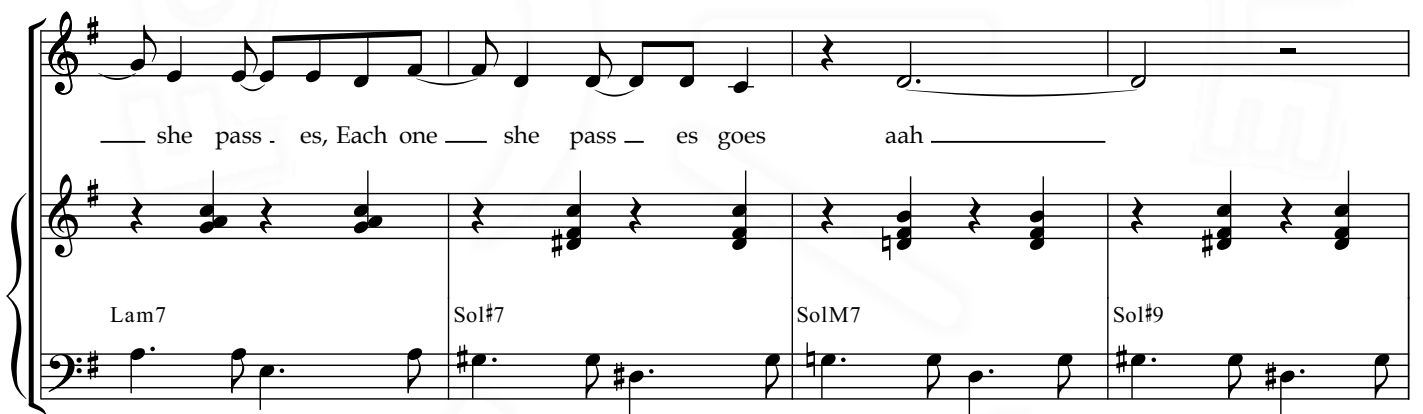
5



Tall and tan and young — and love - ly, The girl — from I - pa - ne — ma goes walk - ing And when.

SolM7 La7

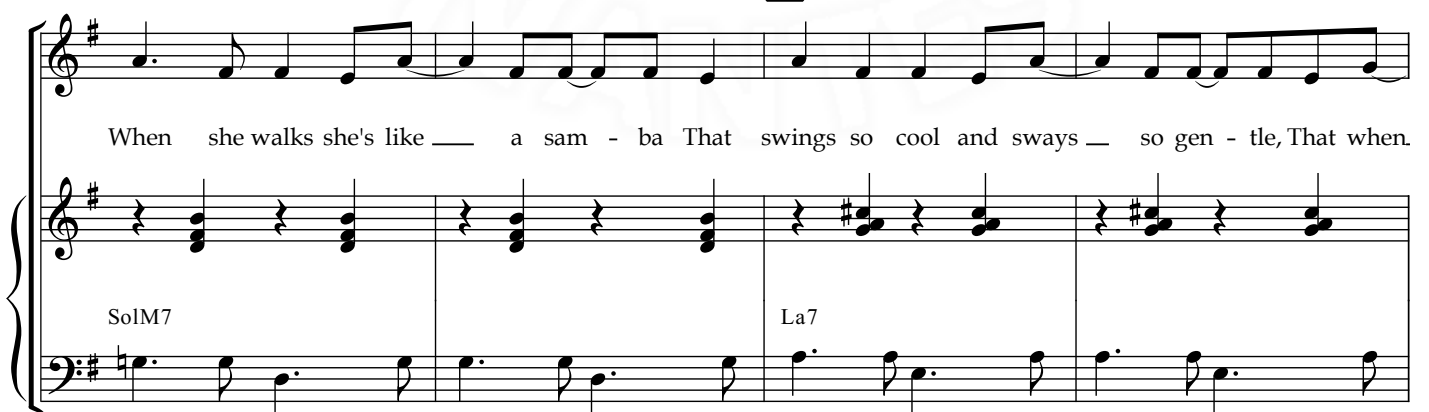
10



— she pass - es, Each one — she pass - es goes aah —

Lam7 Sol#7 SolM7 Sol#9

15



When she walks she's like — a sam - ba That swings so cool and sways — so gen - tle, That when.

SolM7 La7

20

— she pass - es, each one she pass - es goes aah \_\_\_\_\_

Lam7 Sol#9 SolM7

Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ but I watch her so sad - ly. \_\_\_\_\_ How .

La♭M7 Ré♭M7

25

\_\_\_\_\_ can I tell her I love her? \_\_\_\_\_ Yes

La♭m7 Mi9

30

\_\_\_\_\_ I would give my heart glad - ly \_\_\_\_\_ But each

Lam9 Fa9

3 3 35 3 3

day when she walks to the sea, She looks straight a head not at me

Sim7 Mi7<sup>b9</sup> Lam7 Ré7<sup>b9</sup>

40

Tall and tan and young — and love - ly, The girl — from I - pa - ne - magoes walk - ing, And when

SolM7 La7

— she pass - es I smile — But she does - n't see. She just does - n't

Lam7 La<sup>b</sup>7 SolM7 La<sup>b</sup>7

45 3

see. No, she does - n't see —

SolM7 La<sup>b</sup>7 SolM7 La<sup>b</sup>7 SolM7

Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, each one she passes goes - ah

When she walks, she's like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
That when she passes, each one she passes goes - ah

Oh But I watch her so sadly  
How can I tell her I love her  
Yes I would give my heart gladly  
But each day, when she walks to the sea  
She looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall, and tan, and young, and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, I smile  
But she doesn't see,  
She just doesn't see,  
No, she doesn't see.

Grande et bronzée et jeune et belle  
La fille d'Ipanema sort marcher  
Et quand elle passe, tous ceux qu'elle dépasse s'écrient - ah

Quand elle marche, elle est comme une samba  
Qui oscille si calmement avec des balancements si doux  
Que quand elle passe, tous ceux qu'elle dépasse s'écrient - ah

Ooh mais je la contemple tellement tristement  
Comment puis je lui dire que je l'aime  
Oui je (lui) donnerais mon coeur avec joie  
Mais chaque jour, quand elle marche vers la mer  
Elle regarde droit devant, pas moi

Grande, et bronzée, et jeune, et belle  
La fille d'Ipanema sort marcher  
Et quand elle passe, je souris -  
Mais elle ne le voit pas.  
Elle ne le voit simplement pas,  
Non, elle ne le voit pas.

