

SONGS and DANCES of BRITTANY

Recorded by Sam Gesser

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Songs and Dances of Brittany



ROUND DANCE
MOUNTAIN DANCE
SHEPHERD'S SONG
GAVOTTE
REAPERS' SONG
THE PORK SAUSAGE
FRONTAL DANCE
THE DRINKER'S WIFE
BANNERS OF LAMPAUL
STICK DANCE
THE LITTLE ROOSTER

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Recorded by Sam Gesser

NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS BY FRANCIS COLEMAN

The land of Brittany is an old one - far older than the residence of its present inhabitants. The earlier residents left mysterious traces behind them, called variously menhirs, dolmens, or cromlechs. Usually regarded as tombs, but of still undetermined significance, the dolmens are two or more large upright stones set with a space in between and capped by a horizontal stone on top. These "megaliths," to use still another name for the primitive monumental remains, are often in great "alinements," in long parallel or converging lines. They date from the Bronze Age of four thousand years ago, and at Carnac they stretch for several miles.

Little trace is left of the ancient Druids, but the modern Breton race is very much alive, with well over a million people using the Breton Celtic tongue as a living language. They arrived in the 5th century from the British Isles, hence Brittany, or "Little Britain." They remain a hardy race, and a deeply religious people, the great majority of Catholic faith. Bretons consider themselves closely related to the Cornish people of southern England and the Welsh, the latter having a strong language affinity.

Brittany is the most distinctive district of France, a country noted for its regional differences. The Bretons are the least French of all metropolitan France, and have stressed their individualism by various separatist movements, which persist on a minor scale to this day and which have been the cause of violence in the not too distant past. Even the Church in Brittany recognizes inherent Breton traits, with special festivals such as the "par-

dons" and the tolerance of a number of unofficial Breton saints, prominent figures of early religious developments.

Bretons divide their country into two main parts, Upper Brittany to the east, and Lower Brittany to the west. The natural rocks on its extensive coasts almost seem to imitate the dolmens of the interior, or is it vice-versa? The "prow" of France has a rocky exterior, sharp cliffs contrasted by limpid estuaries in deep valleys, that in some cases may be called fjords. It is wrong to think of Brittany as exclusively a land of sea, for its farms make agriculture the primary industry, but the ocean is ever present and does have an influence on virtually all aspects of Breton life, including the rather mild climate, a result of the gulf stream.

The Conan Family, whose voices are heard on this record, comes from Perros Guirec, in Lower, or Western, Brittany. This small community is located on the English Channel, west of the "Emerald Coast" of St. Malo, and is one of the most northern points of the country. One of the best preserved Celtic regions of Brittany, neighbouring towns are Tréguier and its cloisters, Ploumanac'h, Trégastel Kergrist and such resounding Gaelic names as Tonquédec, and Lézardrieux. Jacques Conan, the head of the family, has been active for over twenty years in the conservation and extension of Breton folklore, and is a member of the Breton society of poets writers and musicians known as the "Gorsedd."

SIDE I, Band 1: SHEPHERD'S SONG
(Kanaouenn ar Maesaer). This comes from the very heart of Brittany, the district of "monts" or small hills. They never rise

above a few hundred feet in all of Brittany, but are nonetheless extensive enough for sheep herding and the call of shepherds across the shallow valleys. The song describes a shepherd boy bringing his sheep, and cows, to the pastures of Lanngarvez early in the morning, with a setting of flowers in the valley and the green hills marked with flashing streams.

- a. Mintin, mintin a vên savet,
D'ont gant va saout ha va denved
Da vont da vaez
Da Lanngarvez.

CHORUS:

Deit 'ta, Deit 'ta, Deit timat!
Ar menez bras,
A zo kaer, a zo splann, a zo glas,
Ha bokidi 'zo 'leiz ar prad.

- b. Da darzh an heol 'dreuz ar vorenn
Ha pa lugern glizh au flourenn
C'halvan diouzhtu
Va c'hi Mindu
- c. War ar maout bras, Mindu a harzh;
An evned a gan war ar c'harzh
A gan laouen,
O c'haouenn.
- d. Bodoù haleg war ribl ar wazh
Ha bodoù mae, bodoù all c'hoazh
Glas o delioù
'N o zouez neizioù.

- a. I get up early in the morning
And bring my cows and sheep
To the pasture
Of Lanngarvez.

CHORUS:

Come, do come, come quickly
To the great hill
Shining in its green splendour
With the valley alive in flowers.

- b. Through the early mists of dawn
With dew shining on the fields
I quickly call
My dog "Blackface"
- c. "Blackface" barks behind the big ram
And the birds sing in the hedges.
They gaily sing
Their song.
- d. The willows on the side of the stream
Hawthorne and many other bushes
In their green leaves
Hide many nests.

SIDE I, Band 2: DANCES. This first group of dances are played, as the others will be later, by a Biniou, which is a bagpipe, and the Bombarde, an early double reed instrument which may be described as a primitive form of oboe. The first "bal" is a dance for two or four people after the gavotte, from Pont-Aven a seacoast town in southern Brittany. The second section is a ballad tune, while the closing section is a gavotte from the center of Brittany.

1. TWO STEP, dance from Lower Brittany
2. MARGUERITE, ballad air
3. NEAR THE WOODS, dance melody

SIDE I, Band 3: MOUNTAIN DANCE. This dance-song from the central hilly region of Brittany is an example of a vocal accompaniment for dancing. The song is therefore naturally strongly rhythmic in character. In Brittany dances are accompanied by voices as well as by instruments such as the traditional Biniou and Bombarde.

CHORUS:

O me 'm eus keuz d'am zad,
O me 'm keuz dezhañ,
Ken n'on ket 'vit gouelañ.

- a. Abalamour d'ar botoù-koad
A oa gantañ en e droad.
O me 'm eus keuz dezhañ.
- b. Abalamour d'ar roched brein
A oa gantañ war e gein.
O me 'm eus keuz dezhañ.
- c. Abalamour d'ar bragoù-lêr
A oa gantañ war e rêr.
O me 'm eus keuz dezhañ.

CHORUS:

Oh! How I miss my father,
Oh! How I miss him,
So much I cannot cry!

- a. Because of the wooden shoes
That he wore on his feet.
Oh! How I miss him!
- b. Because of the old worn shirt
That he wore on his back.
Oh! How I miss him!
- c. Because of the leather pants
That hid him from the breeze!
Oh! How I miss him!

SIDE I, Band 4: THREE DANCES. The first two dance airs of this group are very rare, and come from a small village which is really more of a country parish named Trégor. This is in north-west Brittany, near the English Channel, and close to Morlaix, a town of some 15,000. The third dance is more widely known, and is usually performed by a group of eight. It is of Cornish derivation.

1. Koroll-plaen (simple dance)
2. Koroll-ar-bizhier (stick dance)
3. Jabadao (eight figure dance)

SIDE I, Band 5: FRANCOIS IS AT HIS MILL. (Mañ Fransez er Vilin-Avel). Here is a song typical of southern Brittany, from the district of Vannes and Auray, the latter being a charming little port off the Bay of Quiberon, where Benjamin Franklin landed in 1776. Pardons are pilgrimages celebrated throughout Brittany.

- a. Mañ Fransez er villin-avel,
Hag eñ a gav hir e amzer, gê!
War vord an enezenn
Hag ên a gav hir e amzer
War vord al lenn.
- b. Eñ a c'halvas ar vugulion
Da zont d'ar vilin davetañ.
- c. "Bugulion, d'in-me lavaret,
Pelec'h amañ Mari Pilet."
- d. "Emañ en he gwele kousket
Ha hi a lâr na savo ket,"
- e. "Ken na sono kloc'h an Drinded
Ar c'hloc 'had d'an oferenn-bred."
- f. "Ken n' skoy an heol war an treuzoù
Ma welo bloukañ he botoù,"
- g. "Ha displegañ he seizhennoù
'Vit mont ganeoc'h ar pardonioù."
- a. Francois was in his windmill,
And he finds that time goes slowly by.
On the side of the island
And he finds that time goes slowly by
By the side of the lake.
- b. He then called all the herdsmen
To see him at the mill

- c. "Shepherds tell me true
Where is Marie Pilet?"
- d. "She is still asleep in bed
And says she will not get up,"
- e. "Until the bells of Trinity
Ring forth for the High Mass,"
- f. "Until the sun touches her doorstep
So she can button up her shoes,"
- g. "And show off her silken ribbons
To go with you to the 'pardon.'"

SIDE I, Band 6: SONG OF THE REAPERS. (Son ar Falc'herien). This is an example of a popular song from the northwestern area of St. Léon. Like the preceding one from the south, it is widely sung at gatherings and parties of all kinds. The dish, fars, mentioned in the last verse is a sort of meat pie without crust, cooked in a soup.

- a. Va zelennig, chenchomp a don
Lezomp hor gouelvan hag hor c'haon.
- CHORUS:
O fa da
Kanomp gant joa
Ur ganaouenn
D'ar falc 'herien.
- b. Ar falc'her paour a sav mintin
Abred ez a gant e ribin.
 - c. Mont a ra en hent drant ha seder
Rak ur paotr kreñv eo ar falc'her.
 - d. "Asa, paotred, holl 'maomp amañ
Piw 'vo hirio an diwezhañ?"
 - e. Er foenneg ne nez mui klevet
'Met trouz ar filc'hier o redet,
 - f. An dour a red 'teid an elgez
Met chom a-dreñv, biken, "jamez!"
 - g. Evelse 'tremen an dervezh
E kreiz al labour hag ar prez.
 - h. Ankounac'hast a ra e boan
O trebin kig ha fars d'e goan.
 - a. My little harp, let's change the tune
Leaving our mourning and our sorrows.

CHORUS:

O yes! That's right
Let's gaily sing
A song
For the reapers.

- b. The poor reaper rises so early
To start on his long day's work.
- c. He takes to the road vigorous and gay
For he is a strong man is the reaper.
- d. "Come on, boys, since we're all here
Let's see who is the last today."
- e. In the fields all that is heard
Is the squeaking of the scythes.
- f. Sweat runs down along his chin
But, to stop - not him!
- g. And so his day goes by
In earnestness and toil
- h. But he soon forgets his trouble
Eating meat and "fars" for supper.

SIDE I, Band 7: THREE DANCE AIRS
Another group of three airs for biniou and bombarde. First, a charming early piece of program music. This naive folk air attempts to imitate the walk of horses. A gavotte from the district of Rostrenen in Upper Brittany follows, and the concluding bal, has a slower section to enable the dancers of the preceding gavotte to catch their breath.

1. Ton ar c'hezeg, march of the horses
2. Koroll-Fisel, gavotte of Upper Brittany
3. Bal ar Menez, dance air

SIDE I, Band 8: THE BANNERS OF LAMPAUL (Bannielou Lambaol). Another dance-song from the north-west region of Brittany. Lampaul is a small locality near some of the small hills previously mentioned. The song describes the semi-competitive nature of a religious feast where large heavy banners are carried by the strongest of the village around the church. As the men pass in front of the church they must dip the banners to salute the presence of the host in the church. All this requires considerable stamina, and the girls look on with considerable interest to see just who are the strongest!

- a. Me 'm eus bet plijadur e Lambaol
awechoù
Oc'h ober tro an iliz gant an holl
vannieloù.
- b. Hag o stouiñ ganto dirak an aoter vras
Hag ouzh o sevel kerkent er vann ken
dres all c'hoazh.
- c. Plijadur am beze, pa veze ar pardon,
Oc'h ober tro ar vered gant an dud a
galon.
- d. Eno 'vêze gwelet pa groge an avel
Piw oa ar baotred wellañ da zougen
ar banniel.
- e. Ha dre ma tremened a bep tu d'ar
vali,
Gant o zeod flour ar merc'hed a roe
o ali.
- f. Hag a rae o dibab e-touez ar baotred
vrao
A welent en o c'haerañ o tremen dirazo.
- a. I used to have so much fun at Lampaul
once,
Going around the church with all the
banners.
- b. And dip them before the great altar
Then left them back again straight
in the air.
- c. I had so much pleasure the day of
the pilgrimage
Going around the cemetery with men
of good faith
- d. It was there we saw, when the wind
was up,
Who were the best to carry the banners.
- e. As we passed on both sides of the
"Grande Allée,"
The girls gave their opinions in
voices sweet.
- f. They made their choice of the
proud boys,
Who passed before them in their
finest array.

SIDE I, Band 9: MARCH AND TWO DANCES.
The march comes from the region of Pontivy, in southern Brittany, near Lorient. Its rhythm is slower than that of the gavottes we have heard earlier. This is a traditional march. The "Laride," or in old French, "La Ridee," which

follows, is a form of round from the city of Vannes. In exception to most Breton dances, it has arm movements which match that of the feet. The final dance is another Upper Brittany, or "Koroll," quick in tempo and the delight of nimble Breton dancers. More properly it can be styled as a "Passepiéd."

1. Ton Bale Pondivi, Pontivy March
2. Laride, round dance
3. Koroll Fañch, passepiéd

SIDE II, Band 1: THREE DANCES. The final group of three dances, like the others, are danced at weddings, at the pilgrimages or "Pardons," and in fact at almost any gathering where good spirits prevail. The first of this group is also used sometimes for the practical purpose of stamping down a rough gorse that is fed to cattle. It is the dance portion of the song "The Banners of Lampaul," described previously. The remaining two dances are from southern Brittany.

1. Piler-lann, frontal dance
2. Gavotennou, gavotte
3. Toniou Koroll, dance-song gavotte

SIDE II, Band 2: THE YOUNG SAILOR'S SONG (Son ar Martolod Yaouank). This song is a reminder of the sea that surrounds a good part of Brittany, and which is so important to it. It is a dance-song, with alternate singing and dancing. Another peculiarity is the vocal line which is a good example of still another form of Breton song. In this case there are two voices, but not used as a duet. The function of the two singers here is merely to alternate and to make the rendition of the song and dance (the former in a high register) less tiring. The idea of alternating singers is also to keep the rhythm going without flagging. The story of the song mirrors a local situation.

- a. 'N deiz warlerc'h m' can dimezet em
boa bet ar c'hemenn
Da servijiñ ar Roue, mont a galon
laouen.

- b. Da servijiñ ar Roue, dao e oa din
plegañ
Ha va dousig Fransoazig ne rae
nemet gouelañ.
- c. "N'ouelit ket ta, Fransoazig, c'hwi
va muia-karet,
'Benn un daou pe un tri bloaz 'teuin
c'hoazh d'ho Kwelet.
- d. Pasêt an daou ha 'n tri bloaz, ar
bevare boulc'het
Hag ar martolod yaouank n'oa ket
c'hoazh degouezet.
- e. Hag homañ 'oa ur plac'h fin, 'n em
lakas da soñjal,
Da zimezin adarre, p'he doa kavet un all.
- f. Dimezet hag eurenujet, ouz an daol o
koaniañ,
'Teu (a) s ur martolod yaouank da
c'houlenn da lojañ.
- g. "Salud deoc'h 'ta, gwreg yaouank, ha
c'hwi a barlanteffe,
Gant ur martolod yaouank distro eus
an arme?"
- h. "Pelec'h 'mañ ho kwalenn aour hag ho
tilhamanto
Hag an boa me roet deoc'h bremañ
pevar bloaz 'zo?"
- i. Ha ki kroaziet he daouarn, o sellet ouzh
an nec'h,
"Doue, Doue, va Doue, betek hen 'oan
dinec'h."
- j. "Dec'h d'an noz oan intañvez, hirio 'm
eus daou bried
Ha n'ouzon gant pehini 'rankin mont da
gousket!"
- a. The day after my marriage I was ordered
to leave
To serve the King with a frank and open
heart.
- b. I had no choice but to serve the King,
And my darling Françoise could not
stop crying.
- c. Don't cry, Françoise, my darling my dear,
I'll be back to see you, in two or three
years.
- d. Two and three years passed, and almost
the third,

And the young sailor had still not
returned

- e. The pretty young girl then began to think
It was time to remarry for she had another
suitor.
- f. The night of the wedding, when still at
the feast,
A young sailor came up to ask for
lodging.
- g. "Hello young bride, would you like
to speak
With a young sailor back from his
service?"
- h. "Where is the gold ring and the finery
That I gave you now four years past?"
- i. She clasped her hands, her eyes raised
to heaven
"My God, my God," said she, "I have
always lived quietly."
- j. "But now yesterday I was widowed and
today I have two husbands,
And I don't know to which I should give
my heart!"

SIDE II, Band 3: THE LOST BRIDE

The Departure:

Kenavo va zad, va mamm, Kenavo mignoned,
Kenavo deoc'h tud yaouank a barrez Langoned.

Kaset 'oan d'an Oriant hag eno voen gwisket,
Roet din'r gwiskamant glas 'vel d'ar vartoloded!

N'oa ket roet din da choaz, dav voe din mont
a-bell,

Kaset voen war ar mor bras, kuitaet va
Breiz-Izel.

Ma 'oan-me holl c'hilac 'haret 'vont d'ober
va servij:

Lezet 'm boa e Langoned fleurenn va yaouankiz!

Lezet 'm boa e ti he mamm va mestrezig karet
Ar boan, an dristidigezh a oa 'barzh va spered.

Triwec'h miz 'tre 'n nenv ha 'n dour hep gwelet
ur c'hristen

D'vont da laret eus va ferzh demat d'am
femeleenn.

The Return:

Deuit ma zad, deuit 'ta va mamm, 'maoun o
vonet d'ar gêr.

E servij ar c'houarnamant em eus graet va
dever.

Kentañ hini 'm boa kavet oa 'r vatezhig vihan
Ha ganti 'm boa goulennet pelech' 'or 'r verc'h
yaouank?

"Mañdu-se 'barzh ar sal vras e-touesk ar
yaouankiz,
Sonerion 'maint o c'hortoz 'vit monet d'an iliz!"

Eno 'klevout kement-all e oan chomet souezet
O c'haloupat d'ar penn-kêr all ha du-se 'm bo
gwelet.

Va dremm 'vel un tamm lian e welis va
mestrez
'Vont ouzh taol ar Sakramant 'vit ar
briedelezh.

Setu petra 'zegouezhas gant 'r martolod
yaouank
O soñjal 'barzh ar merc'hed araok ar
rujumant.

The Departure:

Goodbye Father, Goodbye Mother, Goodbye my
friends,
Goodbye to the youth of the Parish of Langonnet.

I am sent to Lorient where I am dressed
In the uniform I received of sailor blue.

I had no choice - I had to leave
And be sent on the ocean far from my Brittany.

I left my Mother, I left my loved one
With pain and sorrow filling my heart.

And I stayed eighteen months between heaven
and earth
Without seeing a Christian soul

Who could have carried a message
To my darling.

The Return:

Come Father, Come Mother, I'm home again!
I've finished my duty for the government!

On my return I meet a little servant girl
Whom I ask where is the young girl that I love.

"She is over there in the large hall with the
young girls.
Waiting for the musicians to accompany her
to church!"

SIDE II, Band 4: THE LITTLE ROOSTER
(Ar C'hogig).

Bez ' oa ur c'hogig bihañ, 'kêr du-
mañganeomp-ni,
A oa kroget da ganañ met bremañ ne
ra mui.
Hag ur sulvezh goude koan, sevel ur
soñj d'e benn:
Me ' rank monet en noz-mañ war
zigarez pourmen,
Evit ober ur bale, un droig war ar maez,
Da c'houl he merc'h Pêrina digant an
intañvez,
Pêrina, merc'h 'n intañvez, honnezh a
zo d'am grad,
Kanerez ha dañserez, ken lemm he
daoulagad!
Noz vat deoc'h 'ta, intañvez, setu va
digarez,
Roit din ho merc'h Perina da hanter-
diegezh.
O ya, mamm, 'me Berina, sur bras ez
on kontant
Hag a greisig va c'halon da gaout ar
paotr yaouank.
Ma 'z eo kaner ha dañser, nerzhus,
nerzhus da labourat
Neuze am eus ar fiziañs d'ober tiegezh
mat.
Demat deoc'h, Aotrou Person, me 'zo
deuet gant pres
Da c'hout ha c'hwi ' eureujfe ur c'hog
ur bolez?
Ar person a sell ouzhin hag a grog da
c'hoarzhin:
Deus ganin 'barzh ar sal vras d'evañ
ur banne gwin,
Un tammig out bet atao troet gant ar
gevier
Biskoazh n'em eus bet klevet 'vez
dimezet ar yer!
Ar re 'komzañ anedeoc'h a zo daou zen
yaouank
A c'houl bezañ unanet o daou seder ha
drant.
Unan a zo triwec'h vloaz, egile a zo c'hwezek
Pell 'zo 'maint o hirvoudiñ c'hortoz bout
unanet.
Kaer o c'havout, va mignon, ra zeufont d'an
iliz,

Ha me o goulennato diwar ar c'hatekiz.
Pa oant bet goulennataet, n'anavazent netra
Eus ar Sakramantoù bras, ar re dalvoudusañ
It d'ar gêr 'ta bugale evit ur bloaz pe z'ao
Da c'hortoz m'ho desket lenn ho
Sakramantaoù.

There was a young cock in our village,
Who used to sing merrily, but now he sings no
more,
For one night after supper he came to a
decision:
Tonight I must go out for a walk,
To stroll out into the countryside
To ask the widow for her daughter's hand
Perrine, the widow's daughter, is just
right for me,
With bright blue eyes that sing and dance.
Good evening, Widow, this is why I've
come:
Give me your daughter Perrine as my
wife!
Oh yes, said Perrine, I'm certainly glad
From the bottom of my heart to have this
young man,
If he sings and dances and works hard
Then I have every hope to be happy.
On learning this I was all upset,
And ran to the next door house and that is
where I saw:
That with cheeks white like a sheet, my
fiancee was standing
Getting ready to go to the altar to get
married.
That is what happens to a young sailor
Who thinks of women before doing his
military service.
Good day Father, I have come quickly
To ask you if you would marry a young
rooster and a little chicken?
The priest looked at me and laughed;
Come with me and drink a little wine,
You always had the reputation of liking a
joke,
Bit I've never heard of marrying off
chickens!
The chickens I mean are young people
Whose only wish is to be together.
One is eighteen, the other sixteen,
And they have long been sighing to be
united.
Go find them, my friend, let them come
to church
So I can question them on their catechism.
When they were examined they were very
ignorant
Of the main sacraments of the Church.
Go back home, my children, for a year or
two more,
Until you have learned your catechism.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE DRINKER'S WIFE
(Gwreg al Lonker).

Me 'gave din, ur wech dimezet,
Julig ar Vervêro
N'em, bije graet netra ebet,
Juliver tonti,
Juliver tonton,
Julig ar Vervêro,
Daoulagad da skuilh daerou.

Setu ma rankan ober toud,
Aozañ krampouezh ha fritañ youd.

Ar pezh a gavan gwashoc'h c'hoazh
Eo pilat lann gant va zreid hoaz.

Dimezet on d'un ever gwin
A ya d'an davarn bep mintin.

Ar gwin a ev leiz ar werenn
N'eo ket gwin ruz met gwin melen

D'an davarn ez a mintin mat,
D'ar gêr e teu gwall ziwezhat.

Neuze e krog al langachoù,
Ar mallozhiou, ar bazhadoù.

Ne glevan ken nemet "kae kuit",
"An ti zo din, ar maez zo dit!"

An dud yaouank pa zimezont,
Nen ouzont ket petra 'reont.

C'hwi, tud yaouank dizimez c'hoazh
'Raok dimeziñ, grit mat ho choaz.

I thought that when I was married
I would no longer have anything to do.
Julig ar vervêro
Juliver tonti
Juliver tonton
Julig ar vervêro
My eyes are full of tears.

And here I have everything to do
Prepare the crêpes and prepare the stew.

But what I find the hardest
Is to crush thorns with my bare feet.

I am married to a wine drinker
Who goes every day to the tavern.

He drinks wine by the glassful
Not red wine, but white wine.

He goes to the tavern early in the morning
And does not come back to the house until
very late.

Then begins all sorts of insults,
Swearing and clouts with a stick.

I hear nothing more than: "Go away"
"The house is mine and your place is outside!"

Young people when they get married
Don't know what they're doing.

You young people who are still single
Before getting married - make a good choice!

SIDE II, Band 6: I'LL BUILD A HOUSE
(Me'savo Va Zi)

Me 'savo va zi war ribl an aod
Lec'h 'welin ma dous koant martolod.
Lizeta lizoñ, dondeno, lizeta Lizoñ, Dondeno
doñdoñ

Lec'h 'welin va dous o tont en-dro
Pa zeuio eus ar brezel d'ar vro.

Ur gwiskamant nevez en deus bet
O chom 'barzh ar gêf n'en dije ket,

Un togig bihan en du livet
Hañval ouzh tog al Leonarded.

War lestr ar Roue eo aet a-bell,
Aet eo da Vro-Saoz d'ar brezel.

Petore steredenn a welan
War aodig ar mor bras o luc'hañ?

Steredenn ar paour kaezh martolod
O Skediñ du-hont war ribl an aod,

Steredenn gaer ar Verdeidi
O c'houlouin en bourzh al listri.

I'll build a house on the side of the river,
Where I can see my sailor fiancé return.
Lizeta lizon, dondeno, lizeta lizon, dondeno
dondon.

Where I can see my friend return
When he comes back from the war.

He got some nice new clothes
That he wouldn't have got at home.

And a small hat colored black
Like those that are worn by the Leonards.

But he has gone far away on the King's ship,
To go and fight in England.

What star do I see
Shining on the sea shore ?

It's the star of the poor sailor
That glitters on the shore.

The star of the navigators
That lights on board ship.

SIDE II, Band 7: LOUISETTE AND
PIERROT (Loeisaig Ha Perig).

Pierrot:

Uzet em eus va botoù
Ha toullet va loeroù
Ha toullet va loerou
O vont d'hoc'h heul, pennherez
Ge ge ge fin la dindenik
O vont d'hoc'h heul, pennherez
A glaskan da vestrez.
Loeizaig, pa 'z in-me d'ho ti,
D'ho klask da zimeziñ
D'ho klask da zimeziñ
Roit din ur respont vat
Roit din ur respont vat
Evel ho mamm d'ho tad

Louissette:

Respont a rin, den yaouank,
D'ur goulenn 'zo ker koant,
D'ur goulenn 'zo ker koant,
Ne livirin gaou ebet:
Dimeurzh 'vin eureujet.
Dimeurzh evin eureujet;
Diwezhat oc'h deuet,
Diwezhat oc'h deuet,
Rak un all en deus hadet
Rak un all en deus hadet
Em liorz ar bleuñv-eured.

Pierrot:

Hadet ganen e oant bet,
C'hwi hoc'h eus o zennet,
C'hwi hoc'h eus o zennet,
Bremañp'o gwelan gweñvet,
Bremañp'o gwelan gweñvet,
Va c'halon 'zo rannet.

Pierrot:

I have worn out my shoes
I have put holes in my socks
To follow you, beautiful heiress.
Gê, gê, gê, finla didenik.
To follow you, beautiful heiress
Whom I want to marry.
Louissette, when I come to you

To ask for your hand in marriage
Give me a favourable answer
As did your Mother to your Father.

Louissette:

I will answer you, young man,
To your kind request.
Without telling any lies
I will be married Tuesday.
You have arrived too late
For another has planted
The flowers of marriage in my garden.

Pierrot:

It was I who had sown them
But you ripped them out!
Now that I see them faded
My heart is broken.

SIDE II, Band 8: THE PORK SAUSAGE
(An Anduilhenn).

'N aotruo person en deus c'hoantaet
Un anduilhenn bet er moked

CHORUS:

Hop! Hop! Hop! Neo ket gwir an dra-se
O yeo da! Gwir 'walc'h e oa!

Kaset ar vatezh "prontamant"
Da c'houl' anduilhenn vit arc'hant.

Pa oa poazhet mat,
E oa degaset war ar plad.

Pa oa rannet dre an hanter
Ne bade den, nann, gant ar flêr

Pa oa deut Pask, an amzer vat
Annaig ar Rouz da gofesaat

"C'hwi n'ho po ket an absolvenn
Abalamour d'hoc'h anduilhenn!"

"Aotrou Person, c'hwi a sonj deoc'h,
Din-me 'koust arc'hant ma fenn-moc'h!"

"Din-me koust arc'hant ma fenn-moc'h
'Renkañ gwerzhañd stripou ha kaoc'h!"

Father O Father I beg of you
Eat some of my smoked pork sausage!

CHORUS:

Hop! Hop! This is not true.
But, oh my, oh my, it is all too true.

He promptly sent out his servant
To buy some sausage with cold hard cash.

When the sausage was well cooked
It was served to him on a plate.

But when it was cut in two
No one could stand the odor.

When Easter came with its fine weather
Annette Ar Rouz went to confession.

The priest said; "You will not get absolution
Because of your smoked pork sausage!"

"But Father, you know full well
My pigs cost me very dear."

"My pigs they cost so dear,
I must sell my tripe with all the insides!"

SIDE II, Band 9: THE PLUCKING OF THE
WREN. (Displuan al Laouenig).

Na piw a zisplufe beg al laouenanig,
Ul labousig Ken bihanik e veg,
Beg ul laouenanig holl a-hed a-hed?

.....
Ul labousig ken bihanik e benn, e veg,

.....
Ul labousig ken bihanik e c'houzoug, e benn,
e veg,

.....
Ul labousig ken bihanik e vruched, e c'houzoug,
e benn, e veg,

.....
Ul labousig ken buhanik e gein, e vruched, e
c'houzoug, e benn, e veg, H. a.

Who will pluck the beak of the little wren?
A bird with a beak so small,
The beak of a wren to the other end?

.....
A bird with a head, with a beak, so small

.....
A bird with a neck, with a head, with a beak,
so small

.....
A bird with a breast, with a neck, with a head,
with a beak, so small

A bird with a back, with a breast, with a neck,
with a head, with a beak - so
small

Kandouenn ar Maesaer

min tin - mintin e ven savet D'ont gant ra saout ha
va denved, Da vont da raez da kanngarvez.
Deuit 'ta Deuit 'ta, deuit ti mat. Ar menez bras a zo kaer,
a zo splann, a zo glas, ha loki di 'zo leiz ar prad!

Bal "Fanch"
(Bal des Montagnes)

Lento
O me' meus keuz d'am zad, O me' meus keuz dezhañ, Ken n'on ket 'vit goueloñ

Presto
A ba la mous d'e votou-kord A oa gantañ en e droad, O me' meus keuz dezhañ!

'mañ Fransez er vilin-avel

'mañ Fransez er vilin-avel -...- o!

'mañ Fransez er vilin-avel. Hag eñ a
gav hir e amzer, gē!, war vord an ene-
zenn Hag eñ a gav hir e amzer, gē!, war
vord al lenn.

Son ar Falc'herien

va zelen-nig, chen chomp a dou, va zelen-
nig, chen chomp a dou. hezomp hor gouelvan hag hor
c'haon - o i.a da karnomp gant jou eur gana-
ouann war falc'herien

Bannielou, Lambaol

me' meus bet plijadur e lambaol awechoñ, o'h ober tro an ilij
gant an holl vannielou: Jo po po po lan di bi di bi
Jo po po po lan di bi do manturta ri don denik
Jo pi rel pi ra la.

Son ar mortolod yaouank
(Gavotta des Montagnes)

Presto

'n deiz war-lerc'h n'andi'mezet em boe bet ar c'hemenn (bis)
Da servijiñ ar roue Tra lu la la la la la la la lu la lu la lu la, mont a galon laouen. (bis)