



GHOSTLING

FRANCES M.

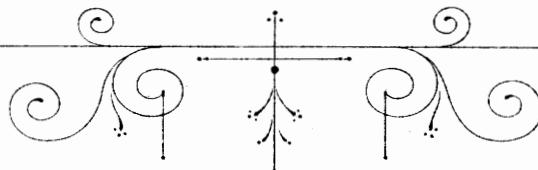
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BRETON FOLK-SONGS



THE LYRICS WRITTEN

(AND PARTLY FOUNDED ON THE ORIGINAL BRETON LEGENDS)

BY

FRANCES M. GOSTLING



SET TO MUSIC

(For Soprano, Contralto, Tenor and Bass.)

BY

LIZA LEHMANN

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I dedicate this work
to my "American Cousins"
on the occasion of my first visit
to their friendly shores.

Liza Lehmann

BRETON FOLK-SONGS.

I.

“Sir Fanch and the Fairy.”

QUARTET.

Sir Fanch, riding in a lonely part of the mountains, meets a fairy who lures him to dance beside her magic fountain, this being fatal. His young wife, from the chamber in the castle where she lies with her infant, hears the bells tolling as the Knight is borne home and has a premonition of sorrow although the truth is withheld from her. (Old legend adapted.)

Sir Fanch rides over the mountain
And dreams of his lady fair,—
(Oh, the ride, the ride o'er the mountain !)
The Korrigan sits by her fountain
Combing her golden hair—
(Oh, the cool, the cool of the fountain !)
And all around the grass is fine,
The Korrigan's golden ringlets twine,
Beware Sir Fanch, of the fountain !
Beware of the crystal fountain !

“Come join with me in the dancing
Beside my fairy pool !”
(Oh the spell, the spell of the dancing !)
The silver moon is glancing
On waters deep and cool—
(Oh the charm, the charm of the glancing !)

Sir Fanch's step is free and light,
The Korrigan's arms are soft and white,
Beware the spell of her dancing,
The spell of her magic dancing !

* * * * *

“Good mother, what are they singing,
The priests in their robes of white ?”
(Oh, the singing, oh, the sorrowful singing !)
“'Tis a man, dear heart, they are bringing,
Who died in the woods last night.”
“Hush the ringing ! Hush the sorrowful
ringing !
How gloomy the Heav'ns and overcast,
And raindrops are falling thick and fast ;
My heart will break with the singing,
The sorrowful, sorrowful singing !”

II.

“I dreamt my love was singing.”

SOLO. Contralto.

I dreamt my love was singing down by the sea,
His voice was sweeter far than the blackbird's on the tree ;
I wove a charm about him, but he came not at my spell,
His voice died away in the moaning of the swell.

And all day have I waited by the desolate sea-foam,
But the only voice I hear is the sea-gull's flying home,
As his lonely wings flap o'er me in the pearl grey height,
Till the waves sink to rest at the hushing of the night.

III.

“The Ruby Necklace.”

SOLO. Tenor.

Kerdual, a young soldier knight, is ordered to the wars, and bids farewell to his lady love, who seems passionately devoted to him. At the end of the war he returns to find that she is unfaithful; it is her wedding day and she is to be married to another. He controls his emotion, asks her to dance (in Brittany to this day all are welcomed to a wedding-feast), and, giving her a ruby necklace, he strangles her with it. (Old legend adapted.)

Kerdual, he spake to his little page,
“ We start for the war to-morrow ;
I must bid farewell to my own true love,
Or my heart will break with sorrow.”

Fair Jeanne lay asleep in her cupboard-bed*
When Kerdual entered the door ;
Her white arms gleamed on the coverlet,
Her tresses hung to the floor.

And all night long on his knee she wept,
“ Stay, my belovèd, stay ! ”
Kerdual's heart was heavy with tears
As he kissed her and rode away.

* * * *

Hark ! the steeds are neighing,
And loud the trumpets braying !
Beneath an alien sky

The torrid sun is beaming
On many a banner streaming,
On victory !

At last the war is ended,
And won the warrior's prize,
Bowed, and scarred, and weary,
Homeward Kerdual flies.

* * * *

“ Tell me, thou ancient man,
What music is this they play ? ”
“ 'Tis for the wedding of mistress Jeanne
The biniou plays to-day.”

“ Now dance with me, dance with me, mistress
bride,
A gift I bear for thee—
A soldier's gift from a distant land,
This ruby necklace—see ! ”

He clasped the gems round her neck so white,
“ Fair bride, they befit thy charms ! ”
Then led her out to the music's sound,
And strangled her in his arms.

* To-day only peasants sleep in cupboard-beds round the room, but in former days it was customary for all classes.

† Binion—a Breton musical instrument like a small bagpipe.

IV.

“The Nightingale.”

TRIO. Soprano, Tenor and Bass.

A young married lady of St. Malo loves a young man and is loved by him. Often in the night she rises to talk to him from the open window. But the husband, an old and churlish man, suspects and questions her. After various evasions she tells him that she rises to listen to the nightingale who sings each evening in the garden.

THE OLD MAN :

“Why art thou standing there in the moonlight?
Is there aught in the garden below?”

THE YOUNG WIFE :

“Nay, 'tis the summer breezes woke me,
The ships as they come and go.”

THE OLD MAN :

“Why art thou stealing there to the casement
With a step so swift and light?”

THE YOUNG WIFE :

“I thought I heard my baby crying
Alone in the silent night.”

THE OLD MAN :

“Hark!—a voice—what is it saying?”

THE YOUNG WIFE :

“'Tis but the nightingale.

Night after night I hear him singing,
Out in the moonlight pale ;
Night after night he sings in sorrow,
“Listen,” I hear him say,
“I love thee, I love thee, I love thee !
Fly with me—fly away !”

THE LOVER'S VOICE (*heard without*) :

“Night after night thou hear'st me singing
Out in the moonlight pale ;
Night after night I sing in sorrow,
“Listen,” thou hear'st me say,
“I love thee, I love thee, I love thee !
Fly with me—fly away !”

THE OLD MAN (*falling asleep again*) :

“'Tis but the nightingale . . .”

V.

“No Candle was there and no Fire.”

SOLO. Contralto.

No candle was there and no fire
In the stable where Jesus was born,
In the stall where our Saviour was laid
Till the rosy-red breaking of morn,
For the Christ-child and Saviour no light,
and never a candle to burn.

But the moon gave a radiance divine,
And the stars an effulgence bright ;
And the only sound to be heard
Was the lowing of kine through the night,
And the sighing of wind in the trees,
and the flapping of Angels' wings.

VI.

'The Spinning Wheel.'

QUARTET.

MEN :

" Lay aside the wheel, maids,
Put the wheel away !
Come into the field, maids,
Help us toss the hay !
For Spring is in the air, maids,
The blackbird's note is gay.
Then, maidens, leave your spinning,
Put the wheel away !
Deuz ama ! Deuz ama ! " *

GIRLS :

" Sweet is the month of June,
Sweet is the blackbird's tune,
Sweet the blackbird's tune !
Though the winter days are over
Yet above my wheel I hover,
Nin ket, Nin ket da ! " †

MEN :

" Lay aside the wheel, maids,
Come, oh, come away !
Evening shades are falling,
'Tis the close of day.
Other maids are dancing
With eyes so bright and gay,
Then, lasses, leave your spinning,
Put the wheel away !
Deuz ama ! Deuz ama ! "

GIRLS :

" Though 'tis the close of day,
Blithe at our work we'll stay,
At our work we'll stay !
Other eyes may shine more brightly,
Other feet may dance more lightly,
Nin ket, Nin ket da ! "

MEN :

" The sun has sunk beneath the waves,
Day has said good-bye,
The silver moon alone remains
Shining in the sky.
Birds and flowers sleep, love,
No one's there to see,
Then come into the hawthorn lane,
And plight your troth with me !
Deuz ama ! Deuz ama ! "

GIRLS :

" Stop wheel, the thread is broken,
For the magic word is spoken,
The word is spoken !
If for joy or if for sorrow,
Bide, oh wheel, until to-morrow
Me ia ! Me ia ! " ‡

MEN :

" Deuz ama ! Deuz ama ! "

* "Deuz ama"—Come away.

† "Nin ket da"—No, I will not.

‡ "Me ia"—I come.

VII.

“L’Ankou.”

(THE DEATH CART.)

SOLO. Soprano.

The Bretons believe in a personification of death which they call “L’Ankou.” He goes his rounds with a cart and it is fatal to meet him.

In the green lane dusk was falling,
Dusk was falling in the twilight,
And the birds had ceased their singing,
Which had filled my heart with music.

“ Little bird, why art thou silent ?
Now when all the world is silent,
At the fall of silver evening
Loud and clear should be thy singing.”

Then the bird did whisper softly :
“ Hush, oh maiden, hush and listen
To the sound of bitter sorrow
Coming from the road before thee.”

“ Nay, I hear no sound of sorrow,
Save the crystal dew-drops falling,
Heavy crystal tear-drops falling
From the branches overhead.

“ Tell me, bird, what dost thou see
From thy perch upon the tree ? ”

“ ’Tis a cart that comes toward thee,
And the horses stumble blindly,
With the burden of their sorrow,
Drawing nearer, ever nearer.”

Then I saw the ghastly driver,
As he sat there in the gloaming,
And his eyes were fixed upon me,
Glowing through the twilight.

* * * *

Bright and cold the moon was shining,
As he smiling stooped and took her ;
In her snow-white gown he took her,
In the silence and the moonlight.

VIII.

“King Gralon’s Daughter.”

SOLO. Bass.

The legend of “The Submerged City” tells how King Gralon had the custody of a key that locked a secret gate, which alone kept out the sea. He, however, fell into slothful, dissipated ways, and during a heavy sleep after a carousal, his daughter’s lover (impelled by curiosity) tempted her to steal the key and hand it to him. He then opened the secret gate and the sea rushed in: King Gralon escap’d, but his daughter, Ahès, was caught by the waves and for punishment turned into a mermaid.

Quoth Gralon, the king, “ I have drunk right
deep,
And feasted well this day ;
Methinks I will lay me down to sleep,
And dream the hours away ;
I will lay me down till cock-crowing,”
Quoth Gralon, the king.

“ The key, Ahès, the golden key,
That opens the secret gate !
Thy father lies there helplessly,
In his purple robes of state.”
And white hands slide the key from the ring
Of Gralon, the king.

Awake, oh Gralon, and hie thee hence,
For heavy the wage of sin ;
A traitor has opened the water-gate,
And the flood is rushing in,
And foaming billows are gathering
Round Gralon, the king !

“ Faster, faster, my good steed, fly,
Through the swirling water !
The land is far and the waves are high,
Cling closer, oh my daughter,
For my steed is failing and faltering,”
Cried Gralon, the king.

Is it the shriek of sea-mew wild
That landward the sea-wind bore ?
— “ Alas, my child,
I shall never see thee more !
No more shall I hear thy sweet voice sing,”
Wailed Gralon, the king.

* * * *

And on moonlit nights when the stars are set.
And the ocean slumbers fair,
You can see her under the billowy waves,
With eyes that upward stare.
And they call her “ Ahès Morganie,”
Cursed of the sea.

IX.

“St. Peter’s Night.”

(From a version of the poem given by Anatole le Braz in “Pâques D’Islande.”)

QUARTET.

On St. Peter’s night huge bonfires are lighted on the Breton hills and the religious ceremony which is performed is by some thought to be a remnant of the ancient sun-worship.

Holà there ! Holà there !
Neighbours, let us haste away !
Leave the spoon within the bowl,
Aside the distaff lay !
For the night of fire is here
And a great light shines on the mountain !

I behold the great fires shining,
Like giant towers they stand ;
The glory of Saint Peter
Is lighting all the land
The fire ! the fire !
The flames ! the flames !
See the splendour of the fire,
The dancing of the flames !

And the gate of Heaven is open,
The gate of Heaven is wide,
Saint Peter stands there blessing,
Crying on every side :
“ Scatter the ashes of the fire
And you shall see the harvest grow !
Hang the charr’d brand over the bed,
And you shall see the children grow ! ”

Holà there ! Holà there !
Neighbours, let us haste away !
Leave the spoon within the bowl,
Aside the distaff lay !
For the night of fire is here
And a great light shines on the mountain !

He that is last on the mountain
Shall be last in Paradise !

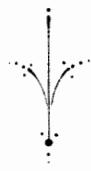
FRANCES M. GOSTLING.

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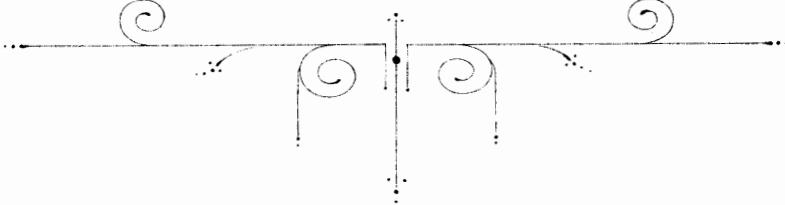
"The Breton believes and acts to-day very much as his ancestors did five thousand years ago "

"Still he uses a modification of the quaint language of long ago, believes in wandering spirits, in fairies, in demons. Still he lights his sacred fires, resorts to his miraculous fountains, carries charms and amulets about him. Still, in springtime, Nomad that he is, he takes to wandering off into the country to distant Christian festivals which have supplanted the old pagan rites that his fathers celebrated on the self same spots."

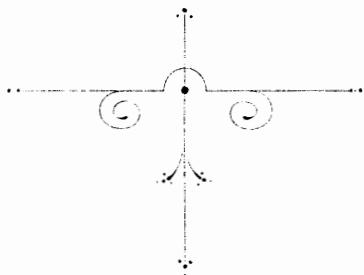
(*From "The Bretons at Home," by FRANCES M. GOSTLING.*)



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BRETON FOLK-SONGS.

I.

Sir Fanch and the Fairy.

QUARTET.

Words by
FRANCES M. GOSTLING.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

Sir Fanch, riding in a lonely part of the mountains, meets a fairy who lures him to dance beside her magic fountain, this being fatal. His young wife, from the chamber in the castle where she lies with her infant, hears the bells tolling as the knight is borne home and has a premonition of sorrow although the truth is withheld from her. (*Old legend adapted.*)

Moderato un poco mosso. $\text{♩} = 88$.

PIANO.

SOPRANO.

CONTRALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Sir Fanch rides ov - er the moun - tain And

Oh, the ride, the
Oh, the ride, the
Oh, the ride, the

dreams of his la - dy fair,- Oh, the ride, the

ride o'er the moun - - - tain!

ride o'er the moun - - - tain!

ride o'er the moun - - - tain! The Kor - ri - gan sits at her

ride o'er the moun - - - tain!

cresc.

Oh, the cool, the
cresc.
Oh, the cool, the
cresc.
foun - tain Comb - ing her gold - en hair- Oh, the cool, the
cresc.
Oh, the cool, the

cool - of the foun - tain!

cool - of the foun - tain!

cool - of the foun - tain! And all a - round the

cool - of the foun - tain!

poco rall. *fa tempo*

Be -

poco rall. *fa tempo*

Be -

poco rall. *fa tempo*

grass is fine, The Kor - ri - gan's gold - en ring - lets twine, Be -

poco rall. *fa tempo*

Be -

colla voce *fa tempo*

- ware, Sir Fanch, of the foun - tain! Be - ware of the crys - tal foun - -

- ware, Sir Fanch, of the foun - tain! Be - ware of the crys - tal foun - -

- ware, Sir Fanch, of the foun - tain! Be - ware of the crys - tal foun - -

- ware, Sir Fanch, of the foun - tain! Be - ware of the crys - tal foun - -

- tain!

- tain! "Come

- tain!

- tain!

join with me in the danc - ing Be - side my fair - y pool!"—

leggiero

Oh the spell, the spell of the danc - - - ing! _____

Oh the spell, the spell of the danc - - - ing! _____

Oh the spell, the spell of the danc - - - ing! _____ ,

Oh the spell, the spell of the danc - - - ing! _____ The

sil - ver moon is glanc - ing On wa - ters deep and cool-

cresc.

Oh the charm, the charm of the glanc - - -

cresc.

Oh the charm, the charm of the glanc - - -

cresc.

Oh the charm, the charm of the glanc - - -

cresc.

Oh the charm, the charm of the glanc - - -

cresc.

Oh the charm, the charm of the glanc - - -

- ing! -

- ing! -

- ing! - Sir Fanch - 's step is free and light, The

- ing! -

f a tempo

Be - ware the spell of her
a tempo
poco rall. Be - ware the spell of her
a tempo
 Kor - ri - gan's arms are soft and white. Be - ware the spell of her
a tempo
 Be - ware the spell of her

L.H.
colla voce

pp

danc - ing, The spell of her mag - ic danc - - ing!
 danc - ing, The spell of her mag - ic danc - - ing!
 danc - ing, The spell of her mag - ic danc - - ing!

pp

Musical score page 9, measures 1-4. The score consists of four staves. Measures 1-3 are mostly blank (rests). Measure 4 begins with a forte dynamic (F) on the treble staff, followed by eighth-note patterns on both staves. The bass staff has sustained notes. Measure 4 concludes with a dynamic instruction *molto cresc.*

Musical score page 9, measures 5-8. The score consists of four staves. Measures 5-7 are mostly blank (rests). Measure 8 begins with a dynamic ff and a sixteenth-note pattern on the treble staff, followed by eighth-note patterns on both staves. The bass staff has sustained notes. Measure 8 ends with a dynamic instruction $\gamma \gamma \gamma$.

mp ritenuto

"Good moth-er, what are they

mp R.H.

p ritenuto

sing - ing, The priests in their robes of white?"

R.H.

pesante

R.H.

pp

Oh, the sing - ing, Oh, the sor - row-ful sing - ing! —

pp

Oh, the sing - ing, Oh, the sor - row-ful sing - ing! — "Tis a

pp

Oh, the sing - ing, Oh, the sor - row-ful sing - ing! —

pp

Oh, the sing - ing, Oh, the sor - row-ful sing - ing! —

pp

man, dear heart, they are bring-ing Who died in the woods last night!"

tranquillo

R.H.

R.H.

poco cresc. , *più cresc.* *f* *p*

Hush the ring-ing, Hush the sor-row-ful ring - - - - ing! — “How

poco cresc. , *più cresc.* *f* *p*

Hush the ring-ing, Hush the sor-row-ful ring - - - - ing! —

poco cresc. , *più cresc.* *f* *p*

Hush the ring-ing, Hush the sor-row-ful ring - - - - ing! —

poco cresc. , *più cresc.* *f* *p*

Hush! Hush — the ring - - - - ing! —

gloo - my the heav’ns and ov - er - cast, And rain - drops are fall - ing

, *rall*

thick and fast! My heart will break with the sing - ing, The *pp dim*

The *pp dim*

The *pp dim*

The

f rall colla voce

dim

rall

sor-row-ful, sor-row-ful sing - ing."

rall

sor-row-ful, sor-row-ful sing - ing.

rall

sor-row-ful, sor-row-ful sing - ing.

rall

sor-row-ful, sor-row-ful sing - ing.

colla voci

RH pp

II.

I dreamt my love was singing.

SOLO. (Contralto.)

Andante tranquillo. $\text{♩} = 44$.

VOICE. *p mournfully*

I dreamt my love was sing - ing

PIANO. *con $\mathfrak{D}\mathfrak{o}$.*

down by the sea, — His voice was sweet-er far — than the

cresc.

black-bird's on the tree; — I wove a charm a -

cresc.

- bout him, but he came not at my spell, — His
 voice died a - way — in the moan - ing, moan - ing,
 moan - ing of the swell. — And all day have I
 wait - ed, by the des - o - late sea - - - foam — But the

più cresc.

on - ly voice I hear _____ is the sea-gull's fly - ing

più cresc.

home, — As his lone - ly wings flap o'er me in the

rall.

pearl grey height Till the waves sink to rest _____ at the

rall.

pp

hush - ing, hush - ing, hush - ing of _____ the night.

molto rall.

colla voce

pp *più rall.*

ppp

III.

The Ruby Necklace.

SOLO.(Tenor)

Kerdual, a young soldier knight, is ordered to the wars, and bids farewell to his lady-love, who seems passionately devoted to him. At the end of the war he returns to find that she is unfaithful; it is her wedding day and she is to be married to another. He controls his emotion, asks her to dance, (in Brittany to this day all are welcomed to a wedding feast,) and, giving her a ruby necklace, he strangles her with it.

(old legend adapted.)

Tempo di Marcia. ♩ = 116

VOICE. Ker - du-al, he spake to his

PIANO. *p* *mf*

lit - tle page, "We start for the war to - mor - row; I must

bid fare - well to my own true love, Or my

heart will break with sor - row."—

Fair Jeanne lay a-sleep in her cup-board-bed[#] When Ker-

- du - al en - ter'd the door; Her white arms gleam'd on the

cov - er - let, Her tress - es hung to the floor. And

[#] Note. To-day only peasants sleep in cupboard-beds round the room, but in former days it was customary for all classes.
24118

all night long on his knee she wept, "Stay, my be - lov - ed,

stay!" Ker - du - al's heart was hea - vy with tears As he

kissed her and rode a - way.

mp ma assai marziale

Hark! the steeds are neigh - ing, And loud the trumpets bray - ing! Be -

- neath an a - lien sky _____ The

sempre stacc.

tor - rid sun is beam - ing On ma - ry a ban-ner stream - ing, On

allargando *ff*

vic - to - ry! At

allargando

Triumphantly

last the war is end - ed, And won the war - rior's prize,

ff maestoso

mp rall. *a tempo* *(b)* *lunga*

Bow'd, and scarr'd, and wea - ry, Homeward Ker-du - al flies. _____

L.H. *mp rall. colla voce.* *a tempo* *lunga*

ten. col Ped.

pp *p*

V

mf ben sostenuto

"Tell me, thou an - cient man,

poco a poco cresc.

What mu - - sic is

this

they play?"

"For the wed- ding of mis - - tress

Jeanne the *bi - - niou plays to -
mf
 - day!"
p accel.
g've lower
lunga
rall.
 "Now

*Binioù - A Breton musical instrument like a small bagpipe.
24118.

Tempo I.

dance with me, dance with me, mistress bride, A gift I bear for
 thee- A sol - dier's gift from a dis - tant land, This
 ru - by neck - lace see!" He claspd the gems round her

*With veiled irony.
p poco rall.*

, *a tempo*

neck so white, "Fair bride, they be-fit thy charms!" Then

p

poco rall. colla voce

a tempo

L.H.

led her out to the mu-sic's sound, And strangled her in his

(*With the fierce exultation of revenge.*)

arms!

Con gves.

stretto

IV.

The Nightingale.

TRIO.(Soprano, Tenor and Bass.)

A young married lady of St Malo loves a young man and is loved by him. Often in the night she rises to talk to him from the open window. But the husband, an old and churlish man, suspects and questions her. After various evasions she tells him that she rises to listen to the nightingale who sings each evening in the garden.

Moderato. $\text{J.} = 88$

PIANO.

mf assai sostenuto.

Con $\ddot{\text{A}}$.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

THE OLD MAN.

mp (sternly)

"Why art thou standing there in the

moon-light? Is there aught in the gar-den be-low?"

*Poco calando
dolce (sadly)*

"Nay, 'tis the sum-mer breez-es woke me, _____ The

dolce
Poco calando

R.H.

L.H.

ships as they come and go."

Tempo I.

THE OLD MAN.

mp

Musical score for 'The Old Man.' The vocal line starts with eighth-note pairs followed by quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in the bass and harmonic support in the treble. The lyrics are:

"Why art thou steal-ing there to the case-ment With a

THE YOUNG WIFE.

poco cresc.

Musical score for 'The Young Wife.' The vocal line includes eighth-note pairs and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are:

"I
step so swift and light?"

thought I heard my ba-by cry - - - ing A -

Musical score for 'The Young Wife.' The vocal line continues with eighth-note pairs and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics are:

poco cresc.

- lone in the si - lent night."

Musical score for 'The Young Wife.' The vocal line concludes with eighth-note pairs and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The lyrics are:

f più marcato.

THE OLD MAN.

mp (suspiciously)

"Hark!- a voice- what is it say - - - ing?"

THE YOUNG WIFE. *p Poco più ritenuto*

"Tis but the night - in - gale.

Poco più ritenuto $\text{d} = 76$.

poco cresc.

molto sostenuto

Night af - ter

Ten col $\ddot{\text{e}}$

*

night I hear him sing - - ing — Out in the

moon - light pale; Night af - ter

night he sings in sor - - row, 'Lis - ten,' I

hear him say, 'I love thee, I

love thee, I love thee! Fly with me, fly a -
 TENOR. (Tenor rises.)

R.H.

- way! THE LOVER'S VOICE. *pp* (sadly) *molto sostenuto* Night af - ter
 "Night af - ter night thou hear'st me sing - -

R.H.

night I hear him Out in the moon - light pale. *cresc.*
 - ing Out in the moon-light!

cresc.

24118 83648

Night af - ter night he sings in sor - - - row, —

Night af - ter night, with sor-row,

cresc.

'Lis - ten,' I hear him say,

'Lis - ten,' thou hear'st me say, 'I

calando

'I love thee, I love thee!'

calando

love thee, I love thee, I love thee!

calando cresc.

a tempo

Fly with me- fly a - way!

Fly with me- fly a - way!

a tempo

8

Oppure *pp tr.*

Ah,

Ah,

rall.
THE OLD MAN. *Falling asleep again.*

"Tis but the night - in - gale."

rall.

mp

mf

pp

tr.

ah.

ah.

L.H.

R.H.

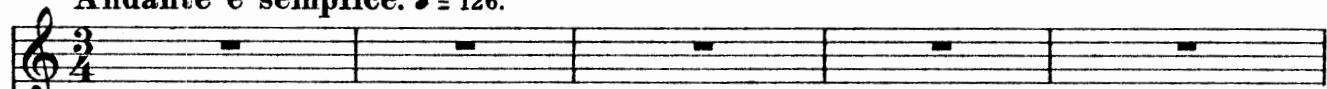
V.

No candle was there and no fire.

SOLO. (Contralto.)

Andante e semplice. $\text{♩} = 126$.

VOICE.



PIANO.

$\text{♩} = 108$ (*a little slower than the introduction*)

No can - dle was there and no

fire _____ In the sta - ble where Je - sus was

born, In the stall where our Sav - iour was
 laid Till the ro - sy - red break - ing of
 morn, For the Christ-child and Sav - iour no
 light, and nev - er a can - dle to

burn.

p dolce.

cresc.

But the

moon gave a rad - 'ance di - vine,'

And the

stars an ef - ful - gence bright,

And the

on - ly sound to be heard Was the
 low - ing of kine through the night, And the
 sigh - ing of wind in the trees, and the
 flap - ping of An - gels' wings.

Measures 1-4: Treble clef, common time. Key signature changes from C major to G major at the end of the first measure. Dynamics: *p*, *cresc.*, *f*, *colla voce.*, *L.H.*, *pp poco rall.*, *ppp poco rall.*

Measures 5-8: Bass clef, common time. Key signature changes back to C major. Dynamics: *pp poco rall.*

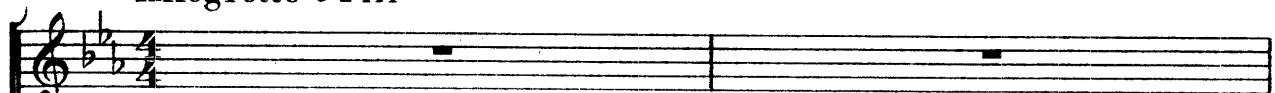
VI.

The Spinning-Wheel.

QUARTET.

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 144$

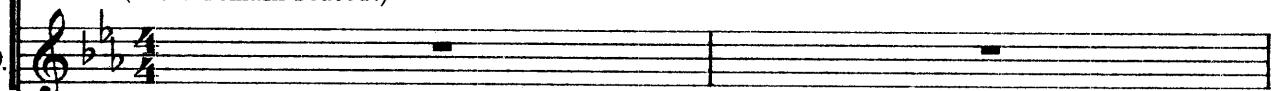
SOPRANO.



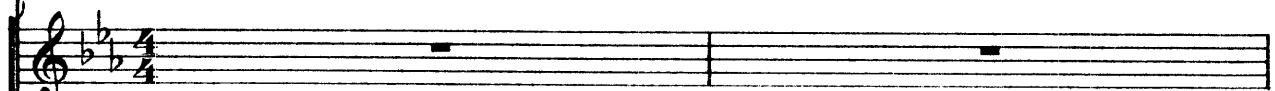
GIRLS.

(Girls remain seated.)

CONTRALTO.

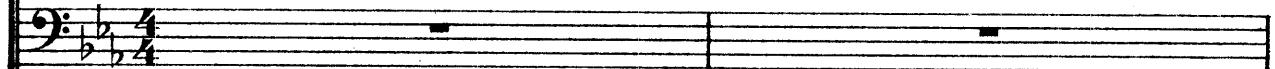


TENOR.



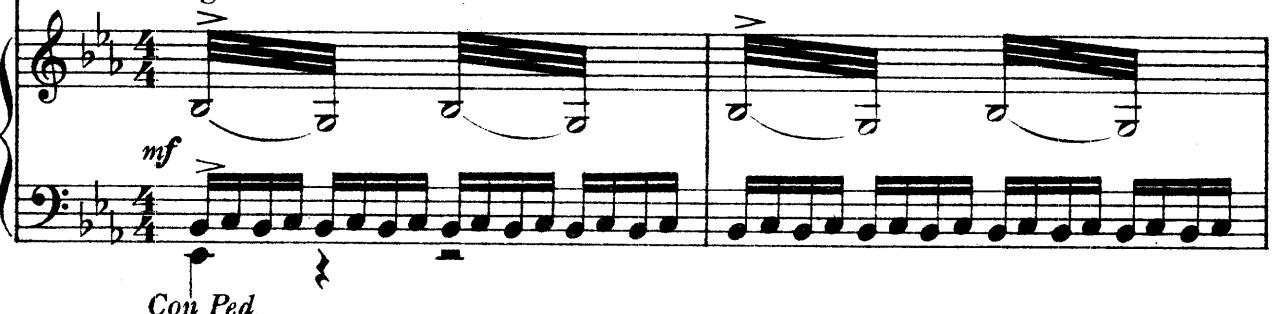
MEN.

BASS.



Allegretto

PIANO.

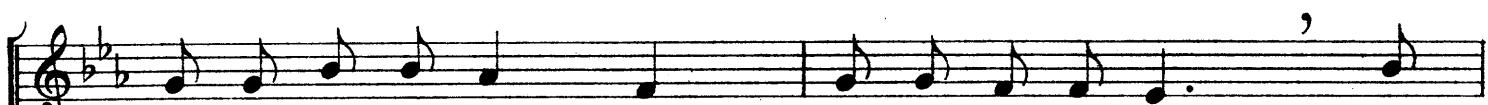


MEN.

Lay a - side the wheel, maids, Put the wheel a - way!

Lay a - side the wheel, maids, Put the wheel a - way!





Come in - to the field, maids, Help us toss the hay!



Spring is in the air, maids, Then,

The black-bird's note is gay. Then,



maid - ens, leave your spin - ning, Put the wheel a - way !

maid - ens, leave your spin - ning, Put the wheel a - way !



*“Deuz a - ma, Deuz a - ma, Deuz a - ma!”
 *“Deuz a - ma, Deuz a - ma, Deuz a - ma!”
 >
 f
 GIRLS.
 p leggiero.
 leggiero.
 Sweet is the black-bird's tune,
 Sweet is the month of June,
 p

* (“Deuz ama”— Come away) Pronounce “Dös ahma.”

Sweet the black - bird's tune!

Sweet the black - bird's tune!

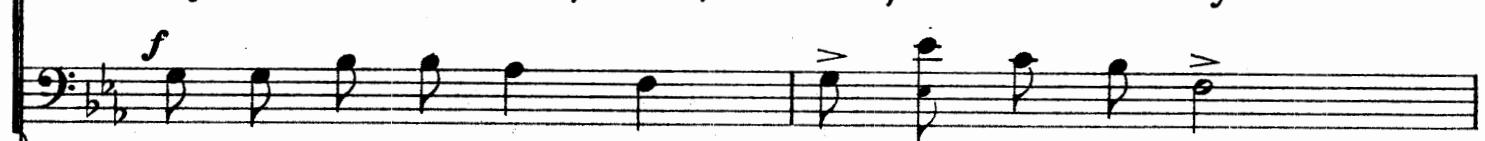
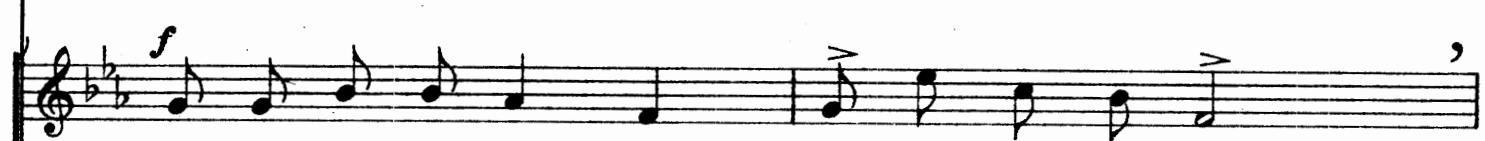
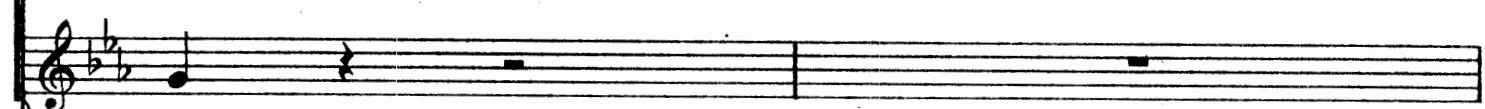
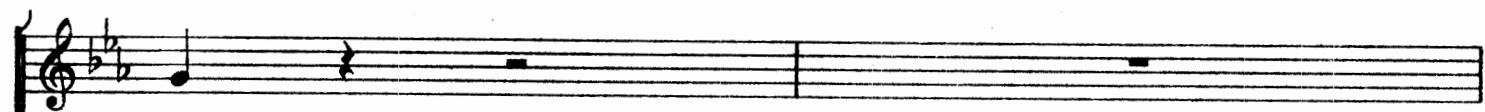
Though the win-ter days are o - ver Yet a - bove my wheel I hov - er,

Yet a - bove my wheel I hov - er,

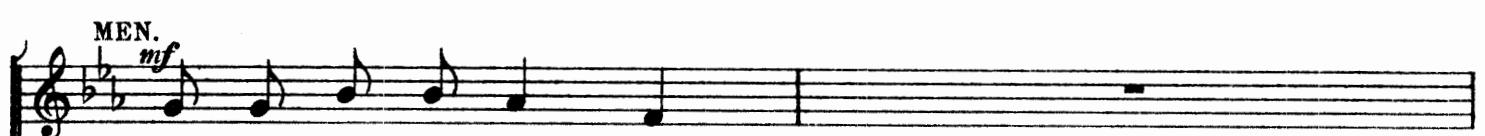
* "Nin ket, Nin ket, Nin ket

* "Nin ket, Nin ket, Nin ket

*(“Nin ket da”— No, I will not) Pronounce “Nin ket dah.”



f



Eve-ning shades are fall - ing,



'Tis the close of day.

mf

O - ther maids are danc - ing With eyes so bright and gay, Then,
 O - ther maids are danc - ing With eyes so bright and gay, Then,

cresc.

las - ses, leave your spin - ning, Put the wheel a - way!
cresc.

las - ses, leave your spin - ning, Put the wheel a - way!

pp (coaxingly)

Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_____ a - ma!
pp (coaxingly)

Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_____ a - ma!

pp

GIRLS.

mf

Blithe at our work we'll stay,

mf

Though 'tis the close of day,

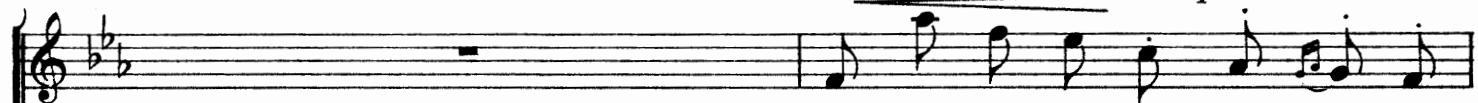
> > > >

At our work we'll stay!

> > > >

At our work we'll stay!

(likewise)

poco rall.

Oth - er feet may dance more light-ly,

(rather nettled.)

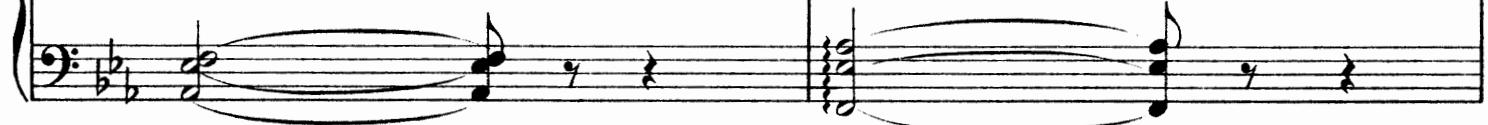


Oth - er eyes may shine more bright-ly,

>

colla voce.

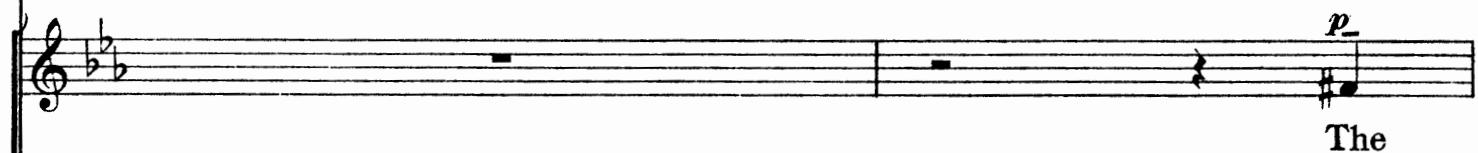
>

*a tempo*

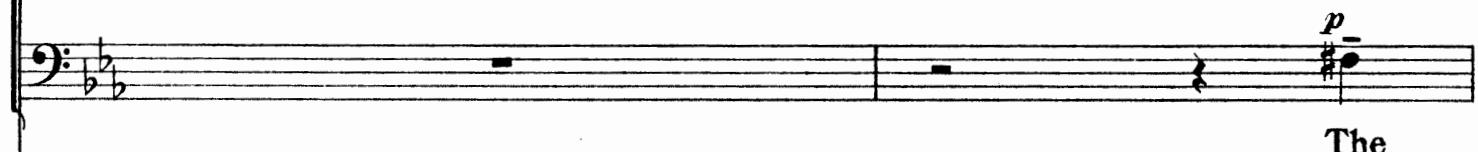
(determined)



“Nin ket, Nin ket, Nin ket



The



The



da!"

da!"

sun has sunk be -neath the waves, Day has said good-bye, The

sun has sunk be -neath the waves, Day has said good-bye, The

MEN.

pp

sil - ver moon a - lone re - mains Shin - ing in the sky.

pp

sil - ver moon a - lone re - mains Shin - ing in the sky.

pp

sempre pp

Birds and flow- ers sleep, love, No one's there to see, Then
sempre pp

Birds and flow- ers sleep, love, No one's there to see, Then

sempre pp

sempre pp

come in - to the haw-thorn lane, And plight your troth with me!
 come in - to the haw-thorn lane, And plight your troth with me!

ppp

ppp

sf

(The Girls rise.)

f

Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_

f

Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_ a - ma, Deuz_

f

a - - - - - ma!
 a - - - - - ma!

L.H.
 Ped. *

GIRLS. (*almost twice as slow*)
mf
 (almost twice as slow)
mf ritenuto
 Stop wheel, the thread is bro-ken-
 (*almost twice as slow*)

For the ma-gic word is spo-ken,
mf ritenuto

The word is spo-ken! If for joy or if for sor-row,
 The word is spo-ken! If for joy or if for sor-row,

Ped. * Ped. *

Bide, oh wheel, un - til to-mor-row, "Me ia, me ia,
 Bide, oh wheel, un - til to-mor-row, "Me ia, me ia,
 "Deuz a - ma
 "Deuz a - ma

L.H. a tempo

ff stretto
 me ia!

ff stretto
 me ia!

ff stretto
 a - - ma!

ff stretto
 a - - ma!

L.H. con brio
 ff * Leo. * Leo.8 * Leo.
 * Leo. *

*("Me ia"—I will come.) Pronounce "Mêh iaah."

VII. L'Ankou. (THE DEATH CART) SOLO (Soprano.)

The Bretons believe in a personification of death which they call "L'Ankou." He goes his rounds with a cart and it is fatal to meet him.

Moderato. ♩ = 100

VOICE.

In the green lane dusk was fall - ing,

PIANO.

p grave

Dusk was fall - ing in the twi - light. And the birds they ceas'd their sing - ing,

Which had filled my heart_ with mu - - - sic.

a tempo
cresc.

"Lit - tle bird, why art thou si - lent? Now when all the

world is si - lent, At the fall of sil - ver eve - ning

Loud and clear should be thy sing - - - ing."

Poco ritenuto.

p

Then the bird did whis - per soft - ly: "Hush, oh maid - en,

hush and lis - ten To the sound of bit - ter sor - row

Com - ing from the road be - fore thee."

Tempo I.

"Nay, I hear no sound of sor - row, Save the crys - tal

mf *Tempo I.*

dew - drops fall - ing, Hea - vy crys - tal tear - drops fall - ing

dolce



cresc.

Tell me, bird, what dost thou see, From thy perch up - on the tree?"

cresc.

mf ritenuto ominously

"Tis a cart that

mf pesante

mf ritenuto funeste

comes to-ward thee, And the hor - ses stum - ble blind - ly,

mf

mf

mf

With the bur - den of their sor - row, Draw - ing near - er,
 , *sempre cresc.* ,
 ,
 With the bur - den of their sor - row, Draw - ing near - er,
 , *sempre cresc.* ,

ev - er near - er." Then I saw the ghast - ly dri - ver,
colla voce
Broader.

As he sat there in the gloam - ing, And his eyes were
accel. (with more and more terror)

fix'd upon me, Glow - ing through the twi - light.
slurred

Più lento.

Poco più ritenuto dal Tempo I.

lunga Bright and cold the

moon was shin - ing, As he smil - ing stoop'd and took her;

In her snow - white gown he took her, In the si - lence

and the moon - light.

rall.

p rall. e dim.

rall.

p rall.

pp

ppp R.H.

pp

VIII.

King Gralon's Daughter.

SOLO (Bass).

The legend of "The Submerged City" tells how King Gralon had the custody of a key that locked a secret gate, which alone kept out the sea. He, however, fell into slothful, dissipated ways, and during a heavy sleep after a carousal, his daughter's lover (impelled by curiosity) tempted her to steal the key and hand it to him. He then opened the secret gate and the sea rushed in; King Gralon escaped, but his daughter, Ahès, was caught by the waves and for punishment turned into a mermaid.

Tempo commodo. $\text{♩} = 132$

VOICE. **PIANO.**

mf

Quoth

f (massively)

Gra-lon, the King, "I have drunk right deep, And feast-ed well this day; Me -

mf

-thinks I will lay me down to sleep, And dream the hours a - way; I will

cresc.

cresc.

lay me down till cock - crowing!" quoth Gra - lon, the King. —
colla voce
 con 8-

misterioso

"The key, Ah - ès, the

Poco più mosso.

L.H. agitato

gold - en key, That o - pens the se - cret gate! Thy

fa - ther lies there help-less - ly, In his pur - ple robes of state?" And

(ominously)
p ritenuto

white hands slide the key from the ring Of Gra - - lon the

ritenuto

a tempo

King.

A - wake, oh Gra-lon, and

hie thee hence, For hea-vy the wage of sin; A trai-tor has o-pened the

wa - ter - gate, And the flood is rush - ing in, And

foam-ing bil-lows are ga - ther-ing Round Gra - lon, the King!

f. poco accel. *con 8.* *L.H.* *

"Faster, faster, my good steed, fly, Through the swirling wa - - ter! The

semper cresc.

land is far and the waves are high, Cling clo-ser, oh my

daugh - ter, For my steed is fail - ing and fal - ter-ing," cried

L.H.

Gra - lon, the King

L.H. accel. *cresc.*

lunga *mf* *Ritenuto.* $\text{♩} = 108$

Is it the shriek of sea - mew wild That

lunga *sf* *un poco ritenuto*

landward the sea-wind bore?

"A - las, my child, I shall

sostenuto.

nev - er see thee more! No more shall I hear thy

con 8

sweet voice sing!" Wailed Gra - lon, the King.—

Rit.

Ritenuto. J = 96.

pp tranquillo

And on moon - lit nights when the stars are set, And the

*Misterioso**pp*

o - cean slum-bers fair,

You can see her un - der the

IX.

St. Peter's Night.

(From a Version of the Poem given by Anatole le Braz in "Pâques D'Islande.")
QUARTET.

On St. Peter's night huge bonfires are lighted on the Breton hills
and the religious ceremony which is performed is by some thought
to be a remnant of the ancient sun-worship.

Un poco mosso. Festoso. $\text{d}=96$.

SOPRANO.

CONTRALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Un poco mosso. Festoso. $\text{d}=96$.

PIANO.

Holà there! Neigh-bours, let us haste a-way!

Holà there! Neigh-bours, let us haste a-way!

Holà there! Haste a-way!

Holà there! Haste a-way!

Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis-taff lay! For the
 Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis-taff lay! For the
 Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis-taff lay! For the
 Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis-taff lay! For the

night of fire is here And a great light shines on the moun-tain, 'The
 night of fire is here And a great light shines on the moun-tain, 'The
 night of fire is here And a great light shines on the moun-tain, 'The
 night of fire is here And a great light shines on the moun-tain, 'The

sempre cresc.

night of fire is here And a great light shines on the

sempre cresc.

night of fire is here And a great light shines on the

sempre cresc.

night of fire is here And a great light shines on the

sempre cresc.

night of fire is here And a great light shines on the

sempre cresc.

moun - tain!

moun - tain!

moun - tain!

moun - tain! I be -

mf

mf

mf

mf

cresc.
 The
 - hold the great fires shin - ing, Like gi - ant tow - ers they stand;

legato
 The
 glo - ry of Saint Pe - ter Is light - ing all_ the land

fire! _____ ,
 fire! _____ ,
 The fire! _____ ,
 The fire! _____ ,

f

See the splendour of the fire, The danc - ing of the flames! And the
 See the splendour of the fire, The danc - ing of the flames! And the
 See the splendour of the fire, The danc - ing of the flames! And the
 See the splendour of the fire, The danc - ing of the flames! And the

rall.

rall.

rall.

rall.

(Twice as slow)

Allargato maestoso. (With exultation.)

gate of Hea-ven is o - - pen, The gate of Hea-ven is ,
 gate of Heaven is o - - pen, The gate of Hea-ven is ,
 gate of Heaven is o - - pen, The gate of Hea-ven is ,
 gate of Heaven is o - - pen, The gate of Hea-ven is ,

Allargato maestoso. (With exultation.)

(Twice as slow)

Con gves . . .

wide! Saint Pe - ter stands there bless - - ing,
 wide!— Saint Pe - ter stands there bless - - ing,
 wide! Saint Pe - ter stands there bless - - ing,
 wide!— Saint Pe - ter stands there bless - - ing,

24118.

Cry - ing on ev - 'ry side: _____

Cry - ing on ev - 'ry side: _____

Cry - ing on ev - 'ry side: _____

f assai sostenuto

Cry - ing on ev - 'ry side: _____ "Scat - ter the ash-es of the

f assai sostenuto

fire _____ And you shall see the har - vest grow! Hang the

, mf

#g *g* *#g*

charr'd brand o - ver the bed,— And you shall see the chil - dren grow!"

Tempo I.

Tempo I.

Holà there! Neighbours, let us haste a - way!

Holà there! Neighbours, let us haste a - way!

Holà there! Haste a - way!

Holà there! Haste a - way!

Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis - taff

Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis - taff

Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis - taff

Leave the spoon with - in the bowl, A - side the dis - taff

lay! For the night of fire is here And a great light shines on the
 lay! For the night of fire is here And a great light shines on the
 lay! For the night of fire is here And a great light shines on the
 lay! For the night of fire is here And a great light shines on the

, sempre cresc.
 moun - tain, The night of fire is here, And a
, sempre cresc.
 moun - tain, The night of fire is here, And a
, sempre cresc.
 moun - tain, The night of fire is here, And a
, sempre cresc.
 moun - tain, The night of fire is here, And a

great light shines on the moun - tain!

Lento. (More than twice as slow)

He that is last on the

Lento. (More than twice as slow.)

moun - tain Shall be last in Pa - ra -
 moun - tain Shall be last, shall be last in Pa - ra -
 moun - tain Shall be last, shall be last in Pa - ra -
 moun - tain Shall be last, shall be last in Pa - ra -

Tempo I.

- dise! *ff*
 - dise! *ff*
 - dise! *ff*
 - dise! *ff*

Tempo I.

f jubilante *ff*

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