




Songs of Brittany

arranged and harmonized
from
traditional Breton Melodies
by
G. W. CHADWICK.


With original Words by Arlo Bates.

- 
1. Loud trumpets blow
 2. Proudly Child Haslin
 3. How flowers fade
 4. The autumn winds
 5. As summer wind
 6. Love is fleeting

- 
7. My sweetheart gave.
 8. How youth with passion
 9. The lark that sang
 10. Proudly at morn
 11. The trumpet sounds
 12. The distaff whirled.

2704.

75 Cts.



BOSTON & LEIPZIG
ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT.
Copyright 1890. Arthur P. Schmidt

Songs of Brittany.

Text by Arlo Bates.

I.

Music arranged by
G. W. CHADWICK.

Vivace.

Loud Proud When trum-pets tramp our war is blow, steeds, done and the harsh is sa - bres clash to - - bit scarce o - - time for love and

geth - er; While bey - ing; When pleas - ure; Now gay war's on ban - ners trum - pets to the stream, call the fray, all what to in the he - ro then is sum - mer is fame and

weath - er. stay - ing? treas - ure! Fare - well to Dark Hearts to love, eyes may beat in time, since and when glo - ry now in - - y bo - soms lies be -

vites; swell; fore; The The The bu - gle's sol - dier bold - est wild to none loves call to none best now now when to his love may tell. war in - - cites! strife is o'er!

M
1621
117

II.

Allegretto.

p
Proud-ly Childe Has - lin went
Wist-ful - ly wait - ed his

gal - lop - ing, All with his knights in ar - ray, With his gay knights in ar - ray. A -
la - dy - love, Sighing to sink on his breast, Rapturous to sink on his breast. A -

p
las! Sor - row shall come in a night, Where is Childe Has - lin, Childe Has - lin at
las! Long shall she wait him in vain; Yearning all lone - ly, all lone - ly for

pp
day? Am - bush his band put to flight; Who did Childe Has - lin slay?
rest. Spearstwin have met in his heart; End ed Childe Has - lin's quest.

III.

Andantino.

How flow-ers fade, How day wastes
As snowflakes waste, As hoar frost

in - to the sad, lone-ly night Bit-ter of shade; How youth de - parts, And beau-ty
wastes in the bright, burning sun, So death makes haste. Love can - not stay, And joy how

flees like the light; What sor-row-ful pangs rend young hearts Whom mourn love be - trayed.
quick-ly is done! Life's cup from the lips dashed a - way That yearn for its taste!

IV.

Andante.

p

The au - tumn winds are
The au - tumn rains down -

mf

p

chill, Shrill - y call - ing; The leaves die on the hill, Red - ly
pour, Fiercely sting - ing; The waves beat on the shore, Mourn - ful

fall - ing; The maid - en leaves her wheel, Weep - ing
ring - ing. The maid - en weeps no more, Life - less

sad - ly. Spring's weal She wel - comed glad - ly.
ly - ing. Waves roar To none re - ply - ing.

V.

Con moto.

As sum - mer wind Will - ful in its
 As flowers that spring Bloom - ing in the
 As clouds of rain Weep - ing all the

way; As brooks un - con - fined, Witch - ing as they
 May; As birds that sing Tilt - ing on some
 day; As flowers in vain Woo - ing song - sters

stray; So will - ful, witch - ing in their mind
 spray; Like ever - y love - ly, joy - ous thing
 gay; So dole - ful, droop - ing in their pain

See we maid - ens when with love they play.
 See we maid - ens in love's bright hey day.
 See we maid - ens when love flies a - - way!

VI.

Semplice.

p Love is fleet-ing

p *pp*

as the wind, Fick-le as a woman's mind; Ah! that she should prove un-kind,

pp All her vows be bro-ken, Her deep vows be bro - ken! So fair was she and

p *p*

ten - der, Who could but hom-age ren - der; What power such guile could lend her?

p

All her vows were emp-ty air; She was e'en more false than fair; What shall com-fort

p

più lento

my de-spair, Now farewell is spo-ken, Sad farewell is spo-ken.

pp colla voce

Now I curse those fair-est days

pp *p*

Words were once too weak to praise, Now how bit-ter - ly I gaze On each treasured

p

p

pù lento *a tempo*

to-ken, Each fond treasured to-ken. Her sapphire eyes soft smil - ing Shown

but for my be - guil - ing; Now I'm their light re - vil - ing! Love is fleet - ing

p

as the wind, Fick - le as a woman's mind; Where shall I con - tentment find,

pp *ritard.*

Now farewell is spo-ken, Last farewell is spo-ken!

pp *colla voce* *pp*

VII.

Andante.

My sweetheart gave a crim-son blos - - som, It
 My sweetheart gave a kiss so burn - - ing That
 My sweetheart gave a crim-son blos - - som, It

with-ered soon up - on my bo - - som; Ah, sign of sor-row!
 all my breast was filled with yearn - ing; Ah, false the to - ken!
 with-ered soon up - on my bo - - som; Yet love remain-eth! Though

On the mor - row My love a - noth - er love had found.
 Vows soon bro - ken Are all that now is left to me!
 sore it pain - eth I would not from its smart be free!

pp

VIII.

Andante espressivo. *p*

How youth with passion plays, Nor dreams that love is

vain, That soon it goes its ways— And comes not back a -

gain; Then youth doth sigh and pray, When love no lon-ger

hears; For bliss of one bright day— It pays with woe-ful years!

IX.

Andantino.

p

The lark that sang when morn - ing broke My
Like swal - low flit - ting down the wind, So
The night - in - gale that greets the dark Sings

p *p*

true love's name still seemed to sing; As in the dreams from
fleet, so ea - - ger on the air, So fleet, so ea - - ger
out my joy that day is flown, The dark - ness hides that

which I woke That name through all my soul did ring.
in my mind My long - - ings fly to find my fair!
none may mark, How steal I to my love, my own!

X.

Andante.

Proud-ly at morn the hunt-er rode, Night calls him home in vain;
Deep in the wood the hunt-er lies, Slain by a trai - tor's blow;

Gal-lant the steed he then be-strode, Ride will he not a - gain.
Blind-ly a - far his fal-con flies, Nor tells what it might know.

Where is he now? Go ask of the leaves that fade as they fall.
Vain is its flight; For hate is as strong as love in its fire.

p
E - ven the maid who has his vow Vain - ly his name might call.
Done is he with all love's de - light, Done with all fond de - sire.

XI.

Vivace.

The trumpets sounds and calls a-way, The sol-dier marches with the morn; For
The sol-dier woos in ma-ny lands, To many a maid his vows he pays; And

love or joy he must not stay, All else save fame he holds in scorn.
yet not e - ven love with-stands The summons when the trum-pet brays.

Fair Li-sette is weep - -ing, For her lov - er lone - ly pines she;
Fair Li-sette for - gets him, Yet her faith is not more fleet - ing

Soon a - noth - er finds she, Not for long is she for - lorn!
Than is his; soon greet - ing Some new love wher - e'er he strays.

XII.

Allegretto.

p

The dis - - taff whirled, The flax so soft un - bind - ing as she spun; —
 The reap - er bold Has lost his heart in gaz - ing, as she spun; —

p

— The spin - dle twirled, The thread so e - ven wind - ing, in the sun; —
 — Like floods of gold The yel - low wheat fields blaz - ing in the sun. —

— Fair maid, spin blithely ev - er; Life's sor - rows blight thee nev - er; — And
 — "Fair maid," he cries, "spin ev - er; Life's sor - rows harm thee nev - er! — With

still the world Go smoothly to thy find - ing as these run. —
 love un - told, I love thee all are prais - ing, when day's done." —