BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 07800 635 8

№ 8657. 323

Bought with the income of
the Scholfield bequests.

TEN FOLK-SONGS
of
ALSACE, LORRAINE
and
CHAMPAGNE

HARMONIZED

By

GUSTAVE FERRARI

English Translations

By

DEEMS TAYLOR

Price, $1.25, net

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK · BOSTON

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/tenfolksongsofal00ferr

TEN FOLK-SONGS
of
ALSACE, LORRAINE
and
CHAMPAGNE

8057.323

HARMONIZED

By

GUSTAVE FERRARI

English Translations

By

DEEMS TAYLOR

Price, $1.25, net

3985

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK · BOSTON

Schot
Apr. 26. 1919
G

Circulation

Copyright, 1919, by G. Schirmer
28718

PREFACE

Nothing can give the true spirit of a nation as well as its folk-songs and legends. The rich treasure-house of the folk-songs of France affords abundant illustration of the typical character of each one of her former thirty-seven provinces, which have formed the present eighty-six Departments.

In these songs of the people, however poor the lines, there is always a sense of humour, of candour, of joy or sorrow, in which one sees clearly the soul of a district, whilst the melodies give the feeling of the scenery. For instance, the wonderful patience, gaiety and cheerfulness of the people of *green* Alsace is eloquently expressed in the rhythm of their folk-songs, which are almost always dancing-songs.

The sons of *blue* Lorraine, camped at the gates of France, had to be good warriors, so their folk-songs are, nearly all, marching-songs.

In *slate-coloured* Champagne, where the soil is hard to work, the folk-songs are longer, deeper, more realistic with a heavier rhythm, and the melodies are not as impressive as in other more picturesque provinces, or even as in Upper Champagne, which is hilly and woody.

Thus, to read, or, better still, to sing the old French folk-songs, is to travel through old and modern France and to understand the spirit of its people.

Adapted from a preface to "The Beautiful Folk-Songs of the Stricken Provinces of France," collected by AUSTIN DE CROZE. (London, 1917.)

P. S.—I am indebted to Mr. A. de Croze for his kind help in providing me with the material of these songs.

GUSTAVE FERRARI.

LE MOULIN — THE WATER-MILL

Dance-Song

Lower Alsace, Early Nineteenth Century

Lower Alsace, even more than Upper Alsace, is a country of springs, streams, rivulets and rivers. Watermills are, therefore, quite numerous there, and, consequently, many and lovely are the songs referring to mills and millers, and also to the little fairies, dwarfs, kobolds and goblins who are said to haunt all the Alsatian valleys, rivers, hills, dales, mountains, caves, ruins, mines and forests.

This song, like almost the whole of the Alsatian folk-songs, is a gay dancing song, a ronde, and was famous from Wissembourg to Colmar in the early decades of the nineteenth century.

It must be sung very quickly, the words very distinctly pronounced and in brisk waltz movement (a rhythm which came into Alsace from the musicians of the Black Forest).

I

Je sais au bord du Rhin
(*Faleri deri dira, la la la la!*)
Un tout petit moulin.
(*Faleri deri dira!*)

II

On dit qu'un diablotin
Habite le moulin.

III

Voilà qu'un beau matin
Je devins fantassin.

IV

Tout service a sa fin,
Je revins au moulin.

V

Voilà qu'en mon chemin
Trouvais le diablotin.

VI

J'épousai le lutin,
Avec lui le moulin!

I

There is a mill I know,
(*Faleree deree dera, la, la, la, la!*)
Down where the Rhine doth flow.
(*Faleree deree dera!*)

II

There, too, a goblin bold
Lives in the mill, I'm told.

III

One day, on glory bent,
Off to the wars I went.

IV

Then, all the fighting o'er,
Homeward I came once more.

V

Lo! as I reached the mill,
There sat the goblin still.

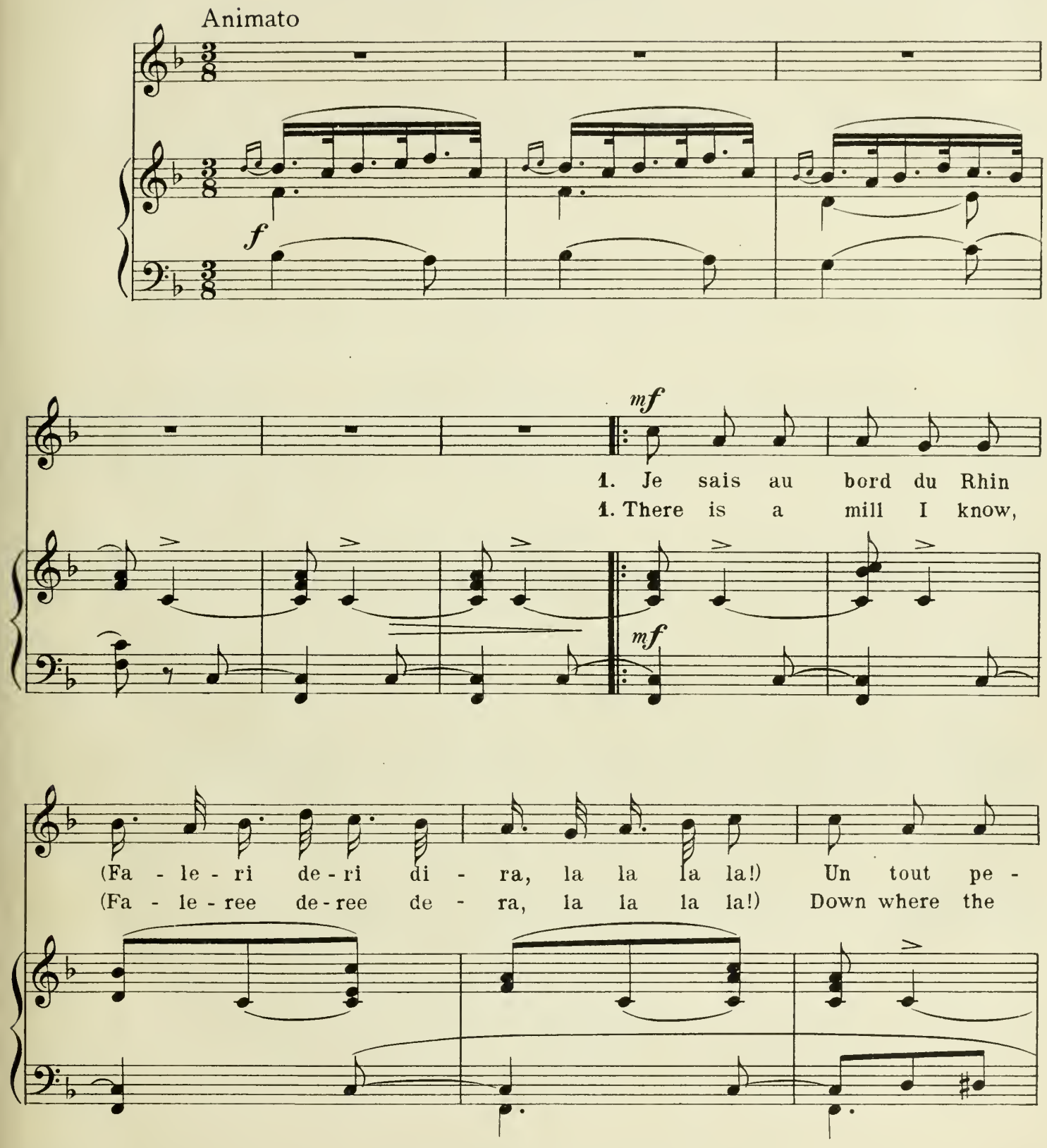
VI

Now with the imp I dwell,
Sharing the mill as well.

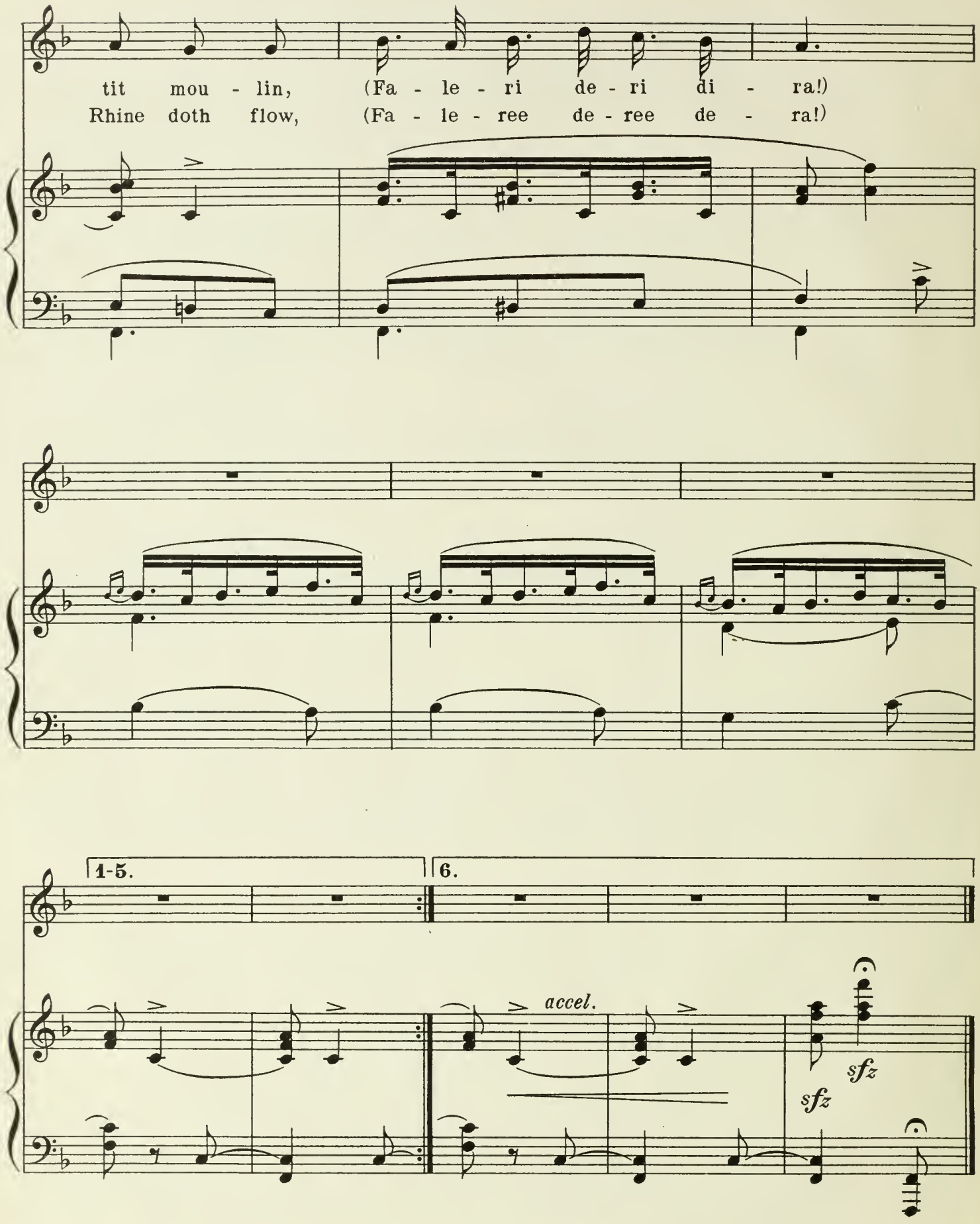
Le Moulin — The Water-Mill

Lower Alsace

Chanson à danser
Early 19th century



Copyright, 1919, by G. Schirmer


tit mou - lin, (Fa - le - ri de - ri di - ra!)
Rhine doth flow, (Fa - le - ree de - ree de - ra!)
1-5.
6.
accel.
sfz
sfz

MA BELLE MARIANNE

PRETTY MARIANNA

Strasbourg, Alsace

This song surely had its origin in Strasbourg, as it refers to the famous "canonniers" (gunners) of that city, who were known for their good looks and were breakers of hearts among the servant-maids of the town.

The rhythm is very marked, and must be strictly observed throughout the song.

I

Ma belle Marianne, où t'en vas-tu donc?
Ma belle Marianne, où t'en vas-tu donc?
«Je vais là-bas, à Strasbourg, voir les soldats jolis.»
No, nä, ni, la déri, déri!

II

||: Ma belle Marianne, que vas-tu fair' là?:||
«Je vais quérir un époux, un riche et beau mari.»

III

||: Ma belle Marianne, si tu n'en trouv' pas?:||
«Je me mettrai à pleurer de tout mon cœur marri!»

IV

||: Ma belle Marianne, voici ma chanson.:||
«Garde pour toi ta chanson, j'aurai l'amour joli.»

I

Hey, pretty Marianna, now whither dost fare?
Hey, pretty Marianna, now whither dost fare?
"I would see soldiers, and Strasbourg is a nest of them!"
No, na, nee, la deree deree!

II

||: Pray, pretty Marianna, and what do you there?:||
"I'll seek to marry the richest and the best of them!"

III

||: Nay, pretty Marianna, for you he won't care.:||
"Then shall I mourn him, unmindful of the rest of them!"

IV

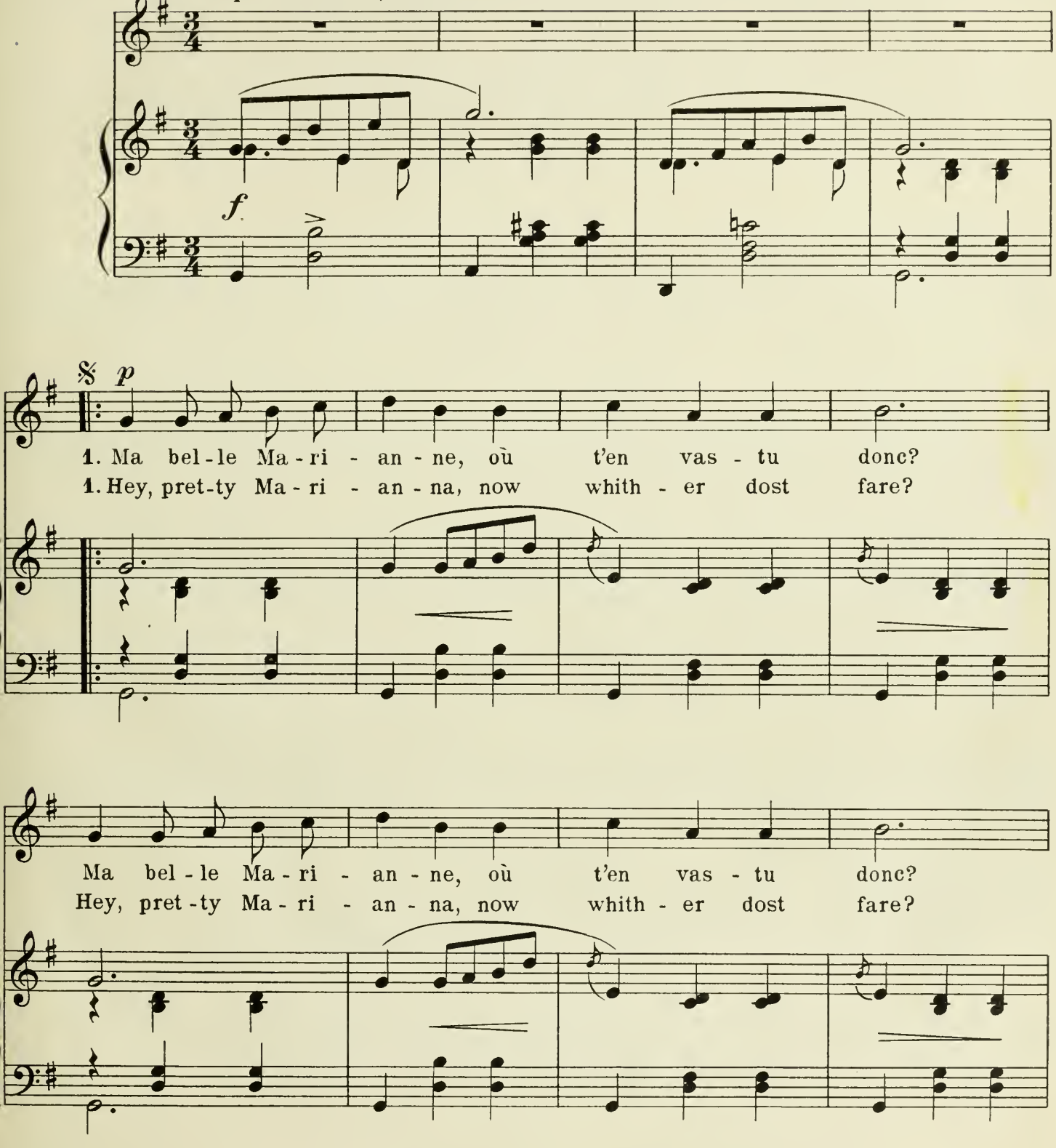
||: Stay, pretty Marianna, I'll sing you an air.:||
"Keep your sad songs, sir, for true love makes a jest of them!"

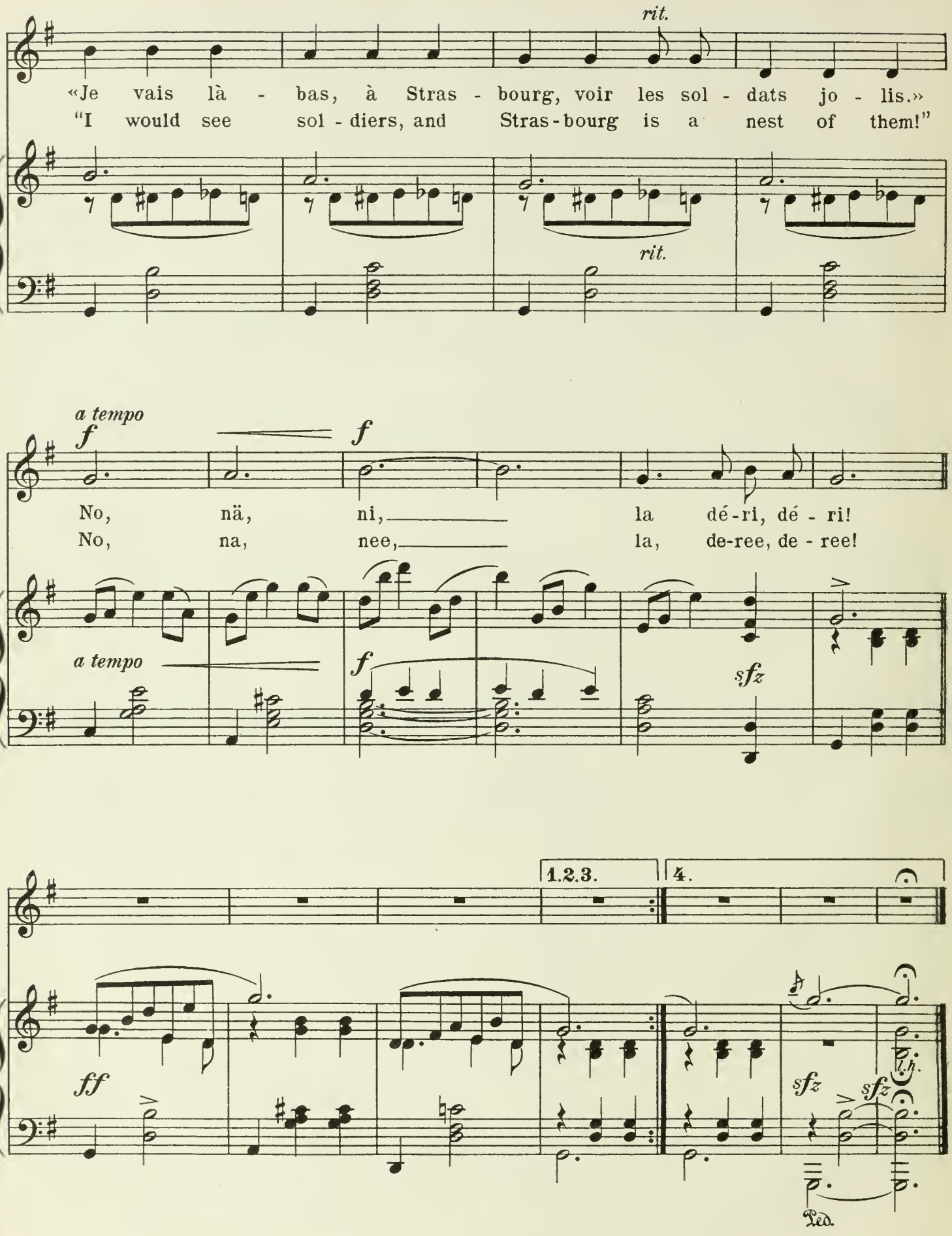
Ma belle Marianne — Pretty Marianna

Strasbourg (Alsace)

19th century

Tempo di Valzer, ben marcato




rit.
«Je vais là - bas, à Stras - bourg, voir les sol - dats jo - lis.»
"I would see sol - diers, and Stras-bourg is a nest of them!"
rit.
a tempo
f
f
No, nä, ni, la dé-ri, dé - ri!
No, na, nee, la, de-ree, de - ree!
a tempo
f
sfz
1.2.3.
4.
ff
sfz
sfz
l.h.
Ped.

LE JARDIN D'AMOUR — THE GARDEN OF LOVE

Lower Rhine, Alsace; Nineteenth Century

This song figures in the work "Chansons populaires des provinces de France," by Champfleury-Weckerlin, published in Paris in 1860. It is semi-popular in character, being evidently the work of a cultured and refined musician.
Though written in a genuinely Alsatian rhythm, that of the waltz, it should be sung as a love-song, with intense and poetic feeling.

I

Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour,
La tourterelle gémit,
En son langage me dit:
Voici la fin du jour,
Et le loup vous guette,
Ma jeune fillette,
En ce séjour...
Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour.

II

Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour,
Les fleurs se penchent vers moi,
Me disent : N'ayez pas d'effroi,
Voici la fin du jour...
Et celui qu'on aime
Va venir de même
En ce séjour,
Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour.

III

Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour,
Je crois entendre des pas,
Je veux fuir et n'ose pas,
Voici la fin du jour...
Je crains et j'hésite,
Mon cœur bat plus vite
En ce séjour,
Quand je vais au jardin, jardin d'amour.

I

When through love's garden at nightfall I glide,
Sadly the blue turtle-dove
Speaks in his soft voice of love:
"Falls now the eventide.—
Maiden, flee, I pray thee,
Lest the wolf should slay thee
Where flow'rs abide."
When through love's garden at nightfall I glide.

II

When through love's garden at nightfall I glide,
Low bend the flow'rs here to me,
Saying: "Let naught trouble thee,
Falls now the eventide.—
Now thine own true lover
Near to thee doth hover
Where flow'rs abide."
When through love's garden at nightfall I glide.

III

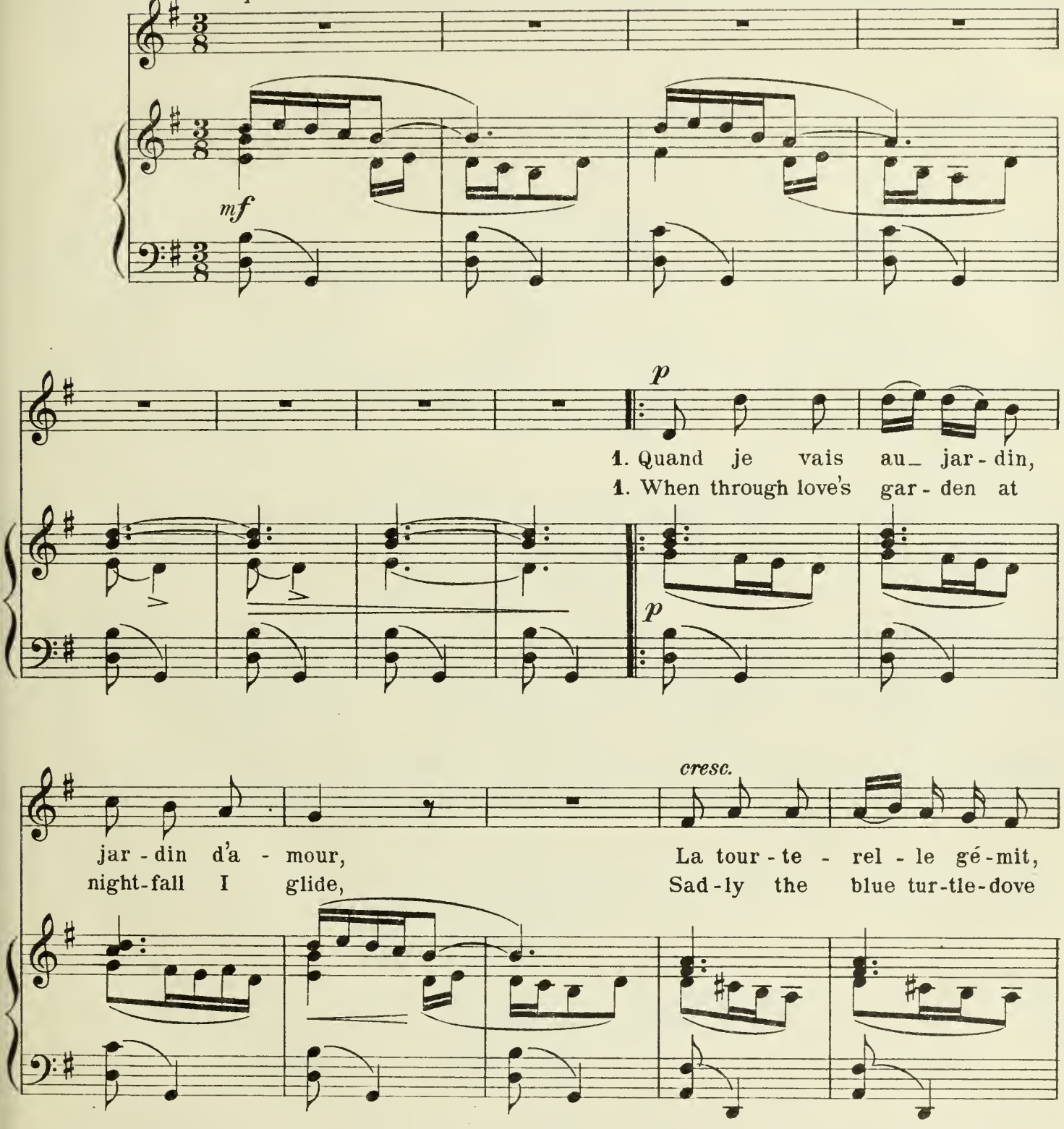
When through love's garden at nightfall I glide,
Thinking a footfall to hear,
Yet am I bound by my fear;
Falls now the eventide.—
'Tis the hour of meeting,
Timid hearts are beating
Where flow'rs abide.
When through love's garden at nightfall I glide.

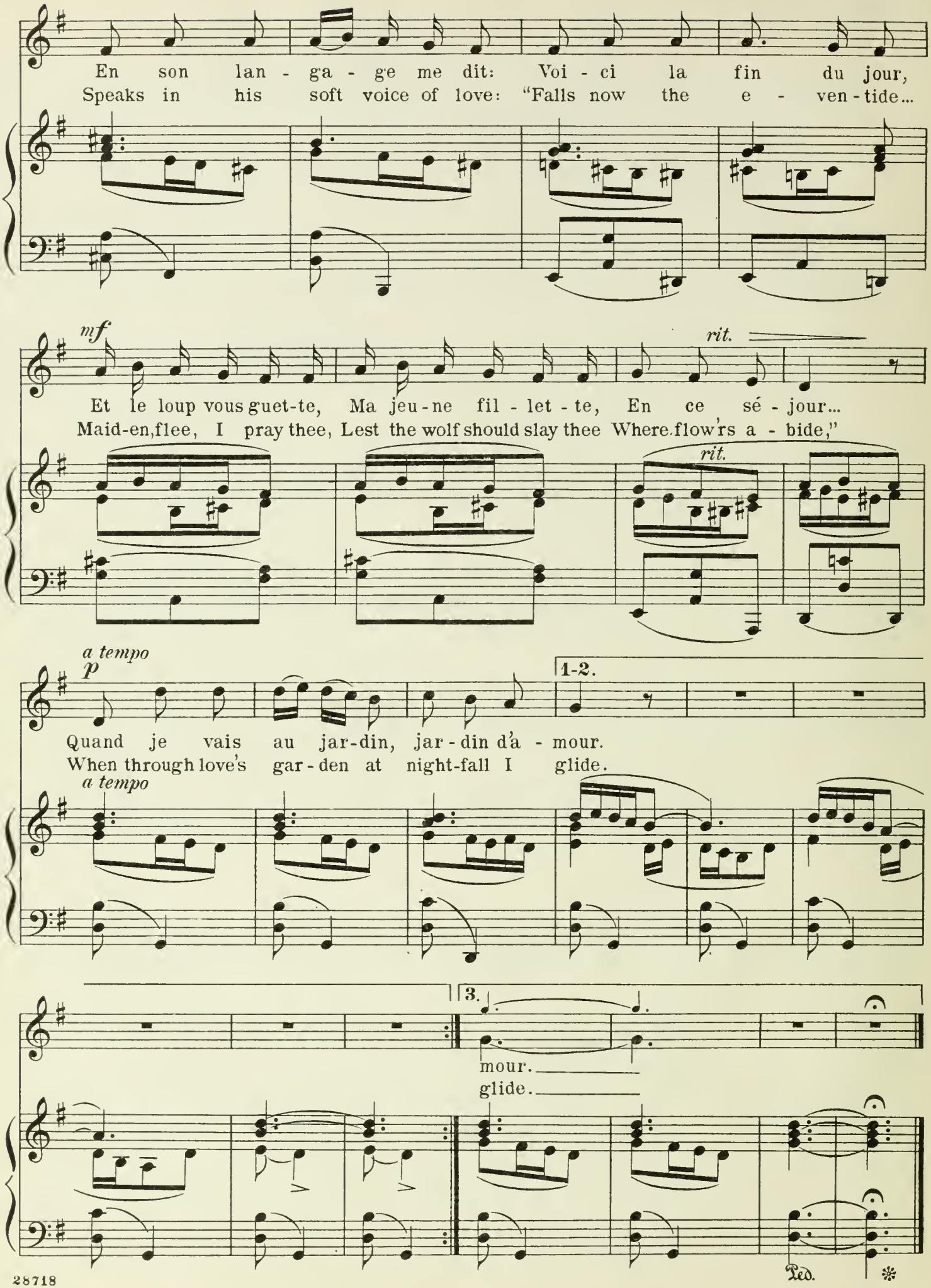
Le Jardin d'Amour — The Garden of Love

Lower Rhine (Alsace)

19th century

Tempo di Valzer, ma ben moderato




En son lan - ga - ge me dit: Voi - ci la fin du jour,
Speaks in his soft voice of love: "Falls now the e - ven - tide...
mf
rit.
Et le loup vous guet-te, Ma jeu - ne fil - let - te, En ce sé - jour...
Maid-en, flee, I pray thee, Lest the wolf should slay thee Where flow'rs a - bide,"
rit.
a tempo
p
1-2.
Quand je vais au jar-din, jar - din d'a - mour.
When through love's gar - den at night-fall I glide.
a tempo
3.
mour.
glide.
Ped.

HOPSA, LISELLA

TRIP IT, LISELLA

Round

Central Alsace, Eighteenth Century

The Alsatians have splendid appetites, and their national "potée" is a most substantial dish. As they are as fond of dancing as they are of food, their folk-songs are dancing-songs, and the theme is usually food and drink. In this song, they sing of the *Kiachle*, the French "beignet" (the English fritters).

We note also in these songs the desire to share what they have with others, for besides patient heroism, generosity is the great quality of the Alsatians.

In Alsace, the custom of singing at the end of the meals is still preserved as when, in the past centuries, the Mayors of the important towns, like Strasbourg, used to have their own band and singers playing and singing during the meals wherever the Mayor went.

This song should be sung slowly at first, then quicker and quicker, the last lines of each strophe being in a whirlwind movement.

I

Hopsa, Lisella,
Hopsa, Lisella,
Lipft dar Fuas zum dânsa!
Saute, Lisette,
Saute, Lisette,
Lèv' le pied pour danser!
Nous irons dimanche
A la maison blanche,
Toi z'en nankin,
Moi z'en bazin,
Tous deux en escarpins.
Hopsa, Lisella,
Hopsa, Lisella,
Lipft dar Fuas zum dânsa!
Saute, Lisette,
Saute, Lisette,
Lèv' le pied pour danser!

II

Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain dans la sauce;
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain dans le vin.
Nous ferons des crêpes,
Puisque c'est la fête;
J'en mangerais,
T'en mangeras,
Tout le monde y en aura!
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain dans la sauce;
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain, Mari',
Tremp' ton pain dans le vin.

I

Trip it! Lisella,
Trip it! Lisella,
Trip you lightly a measure.
Shake it! Lisella,
Shake it! Lisella,
Shake a foot, and we'll dance!
Sunday we shall wander
To the cottage yonder;
Cheeks a-glowing,
Ribbons blowing,
And restless feet a-prance!
Trip it! Lisella,
Trip it! Lisella,
Trip you lightly a measure.
Shake it! Lisella,
Shake it! Lisella,
Shake a foot, and we'll dance!

II

Dip it! Marian,
Dip it! Marian,
Dip your bread in the gravy.
Break it! Marian,
Break it! Marian,
Break your bread in the wine.
All the cakes are done, now;
Let us have some fun, now.
I shall fry them,
You shall try them,
And well we all shall dine!
Dip it! Marian,
Dip it! Marian,
Dip your bread in the gravy.
Break it! Marian,
Break it! Marian,
Break your bread in the wine.

Hopsa! Lisella

Trip it! Lisella

Central Alsace

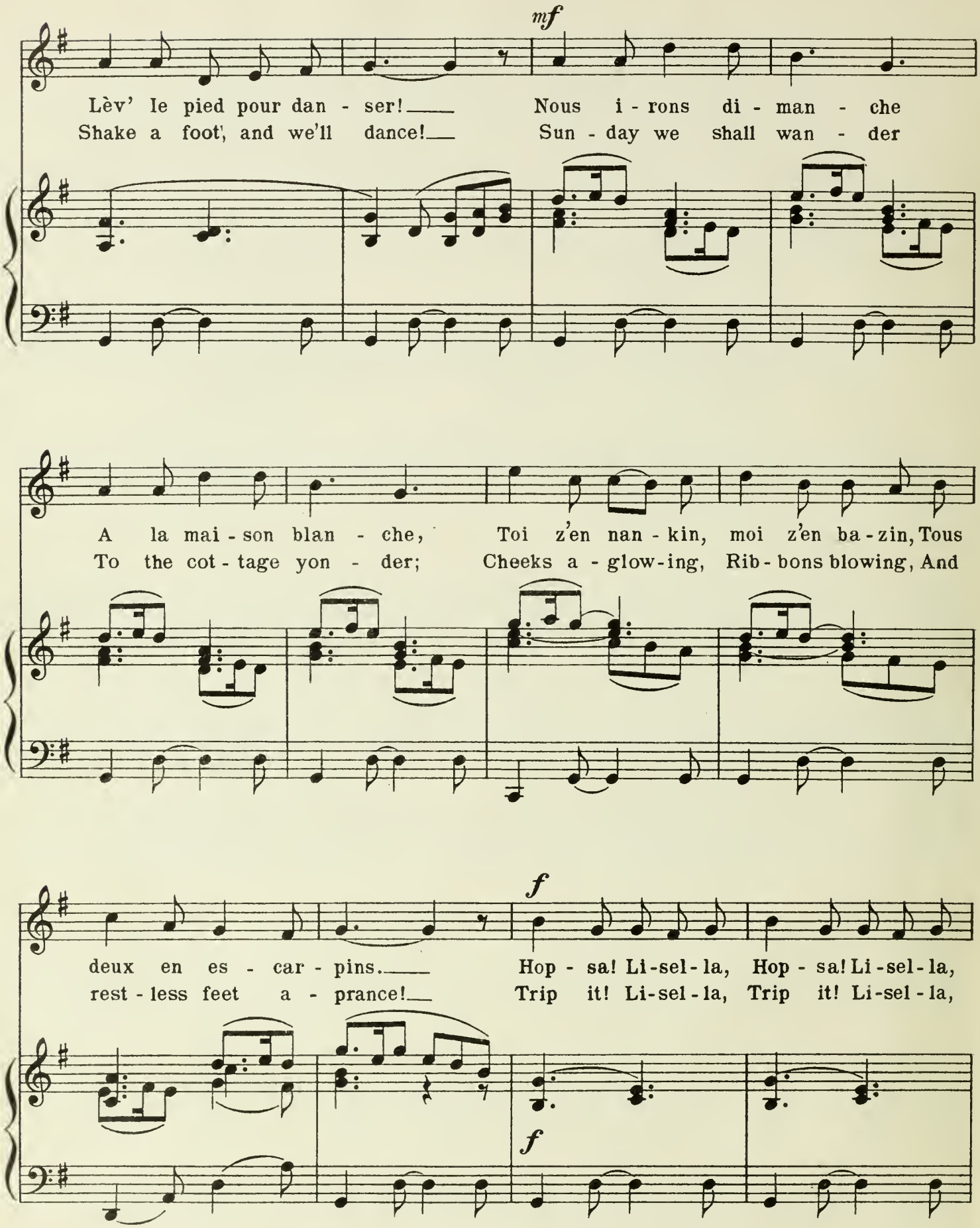
18th century

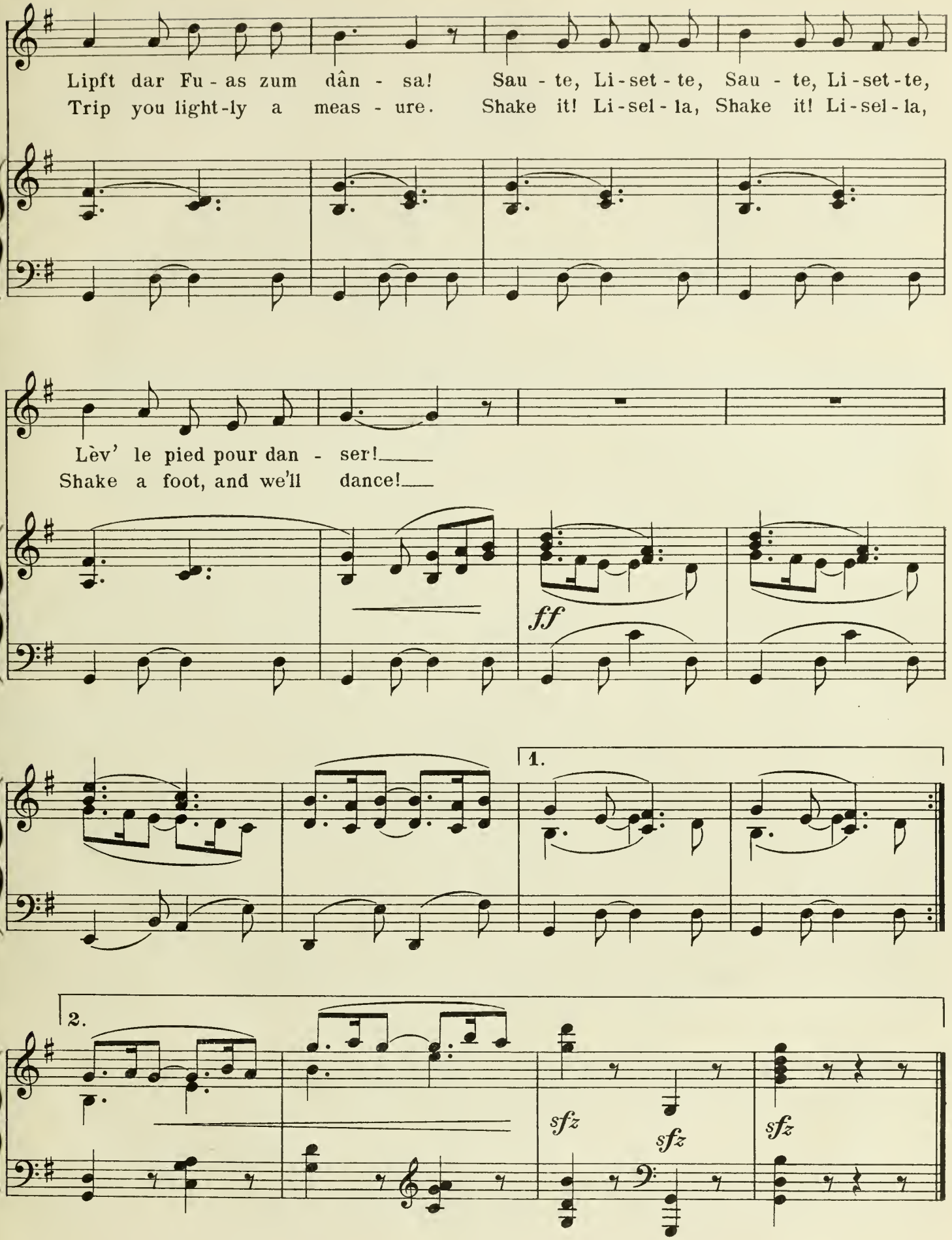
Andantino

mf

1. Hop - sa! Li - sel - la, Hop - sa! Li - sel - la,
1. Trip it! Li - sel - la, Trip it! Li - sel - la,

Lipft dar Fu - as zum dân - sa! Sau - te, Li - set - te, Sau - te, Li - set - te,
Trip you light-ly a meas - ure! Shake it! Li - sel - la, Shake it! Li - sel - la,


mf
Lèv' le pied pour dan - ser!
Shake a foot, and we'll dance!
Nous i - rons di - man - che
Sun - day we shall wan - der
A la mai - son blan - che,
To the cot - tage yon - der;
Toi z'en nan - kin, moi z'en ba - zin, Tous
Cheeks a - glow - ing, Rib - bons blowing, And
f
deux en es - car - pins.
rest - less feet a - prance!
Hop - sa! Li - sel - la, Hop - sa! Li - sel - la,
Trip it! Li - sel - la, Trip it! Li - sel - la,
f


Lipft dar Fu - as zum dân - sa! Sau - te, Li - set - te, Sau - te, Li - set - te,
Trip you light-ly a meas - ure. Shake it! Li - sel - la, Shake it! Li - sel - la,
Lèv' le pied pour dan - ser!
Shake a foot, and we'll dance!
ff
1.
2.
sfz
sfz
sfz

LE ROSIER D'ARGENT — THE SILVER ROSEBUSH

Pantoum

Lorraine

As there is an exception to every rule, this song and the following one ("Mon pèr' m'envoi-t-à l'herbe") differ sensibly from the usual marching-songs of Lorraine.

Wit, clearness of construction, and tenderness, mingle happily in their conception, thus making them typical examples of the recognized qualities of the French race.

I

Où est mon amant, à l'heure de maintenant?
Il est à Paris, ou bien à Orléans.
Où est-il, ce rosier blanc,
Qui fleurit en boutons d'argent?

II

Il est à Paris, ou bien à Orléans;
Il apprend à faire des anneaux d'argent.

III

Il apprend à faire des anneaux d'argent;
Le premier qu'il fit, il m'en a fait présent.

IV

Le premier qu'il fit, il m'en a fait présent;
Il me l'a mis au doigt, il y resta sept ans.

V

Il me l'a mis au doigt, il y resta sept ans.
Au bout des sept ans, voilà l'anneau qui fend.

VI

L'anneau est fendu, nos amours sont perdus;
L'anneau est r'soudé, nos amours sont r'trouvés.

I

Where to find my lover can you tell me, pray?
He has gone to Orléans or Paris gay.
Where shall I a rosebush find
That beareth silver buds entwined?

II

He has gone to Orléans or Paris gay;
There he fashions rings of silver soft and gray.

III

There he fashions rings of silver soft and gray.
Lo! the first he made he gave to me one day.

IV

Lo! the first he made he gave to me one day,
On my finger placed it, seven years to stay.

V

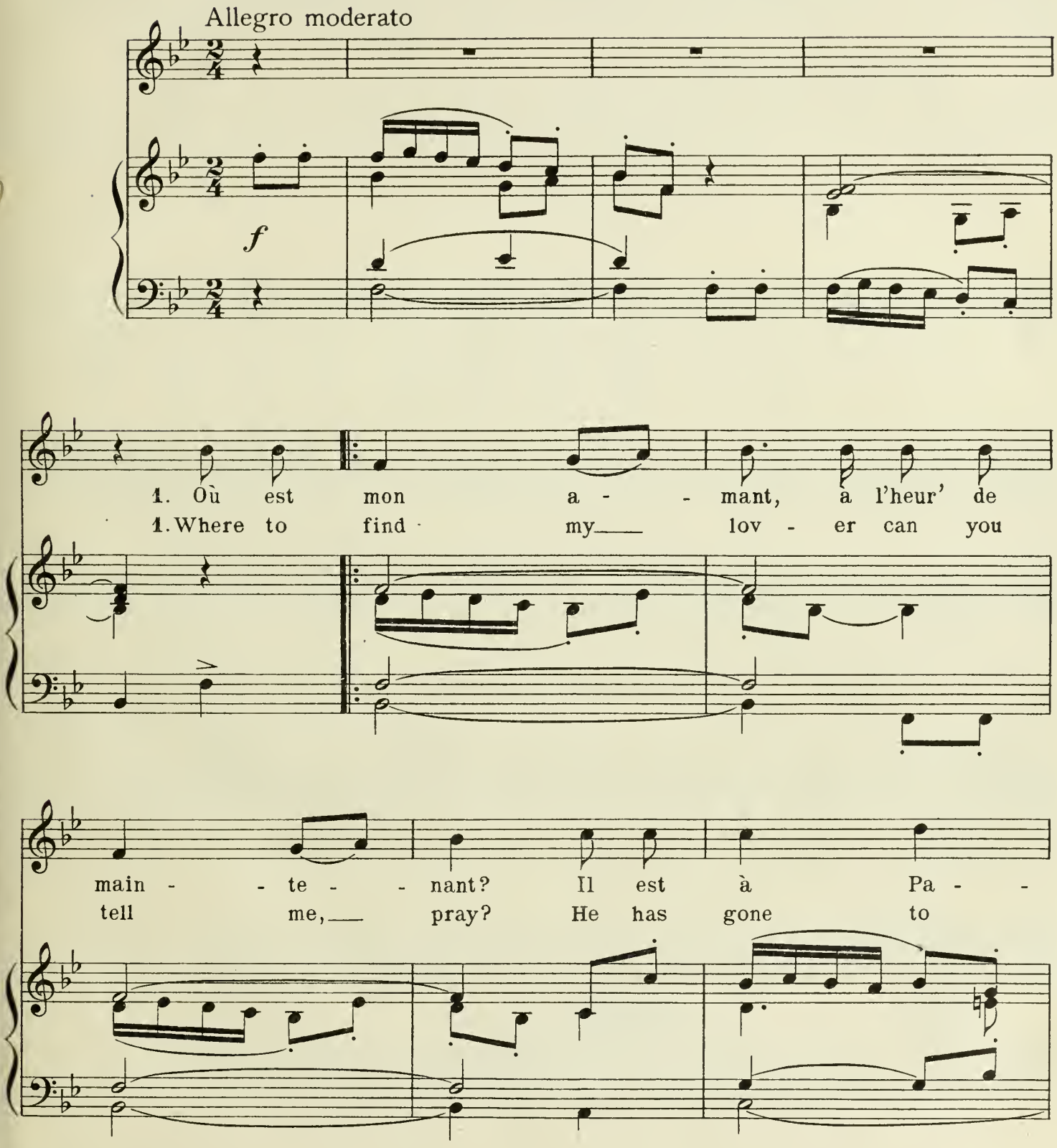
On my finger placed it, seven years to stay;
After seven years, behold! it wore away.

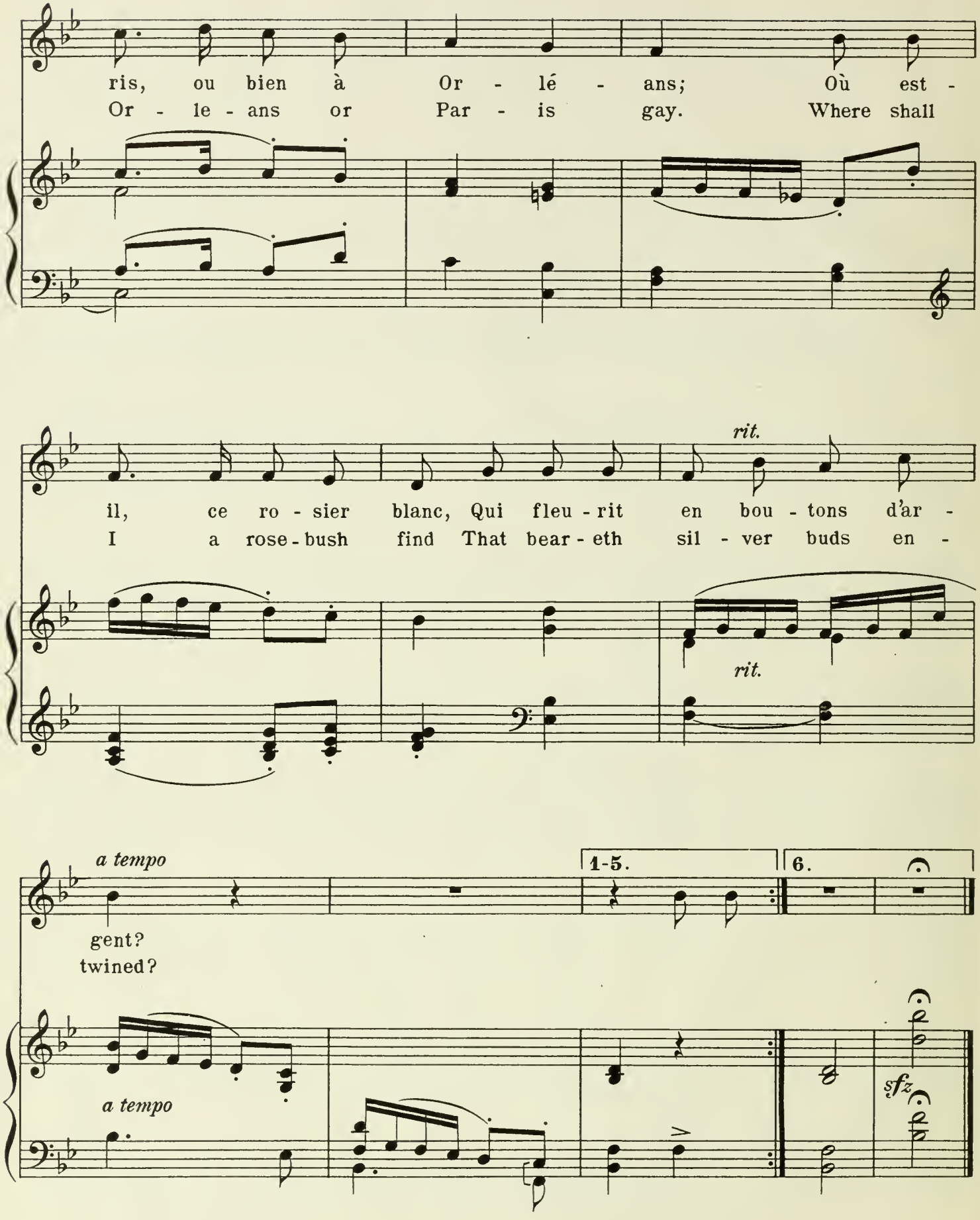
VI

When the ring wore through, alas! my heart broke, too.
Now the ring I mend, and lo! I find my friend.

Le Rosier d'Argent — The Silver Rosebush

Lorraine




ris, ou bien à Or - lé - ans; Où est -
Or - le - ans or Par - is gay. Where shall
rit.
il, ce ro - sier blanc, Qui fleu - rit en bou - tons d'ar -
I a rose - bush find That bear - eth sil - ver buds en -
rit.
a tempo
1-5.
6.
gent?
twined?
a tempo
sfz

MON PÈR' M'ENVOI-T-À L'HERBE

Lorraine

I
Mon pèr' m'envoi-t-à l'herbe,
||:Au bois joli;:||
Je ne cueille point d'herbe,
Je cherche un nid.
Le serviteur que j'aime
N'est point ici.

II
Mettant le pied dans l'herbe
||:J'écrase un nid.:||
«Tout beau, tout beau, mam'zelle,
Tu bris' mon nid.»

III
Je ne suis point mam'zelle,
||:J'ai z'un mari,:||
Et trois enfants sur terre
Qui sont de lui.

IV
Et trois enfants sur terre
||:Qui sont de lui.:||
L'un est en Angleterre,
L'autre à Paris.

V
L'un est en Angleterre,
||:L'autre à Paris.:||
L'troisième va bientôt naître,
Qui n'est qu'à lui.

THROUGH FIELDS MY FATHER SENDS ME

I
Through fields my father sends me,
||:O'er wood and lea,:||
And there amid the grasses
A nest I see.
My servitor belovèd
Is far from me.

II
My careless feet have crushed it
||:Beneath a tree.:||
"Nay, spare my nest, O maiden,
'Tis not for thee."

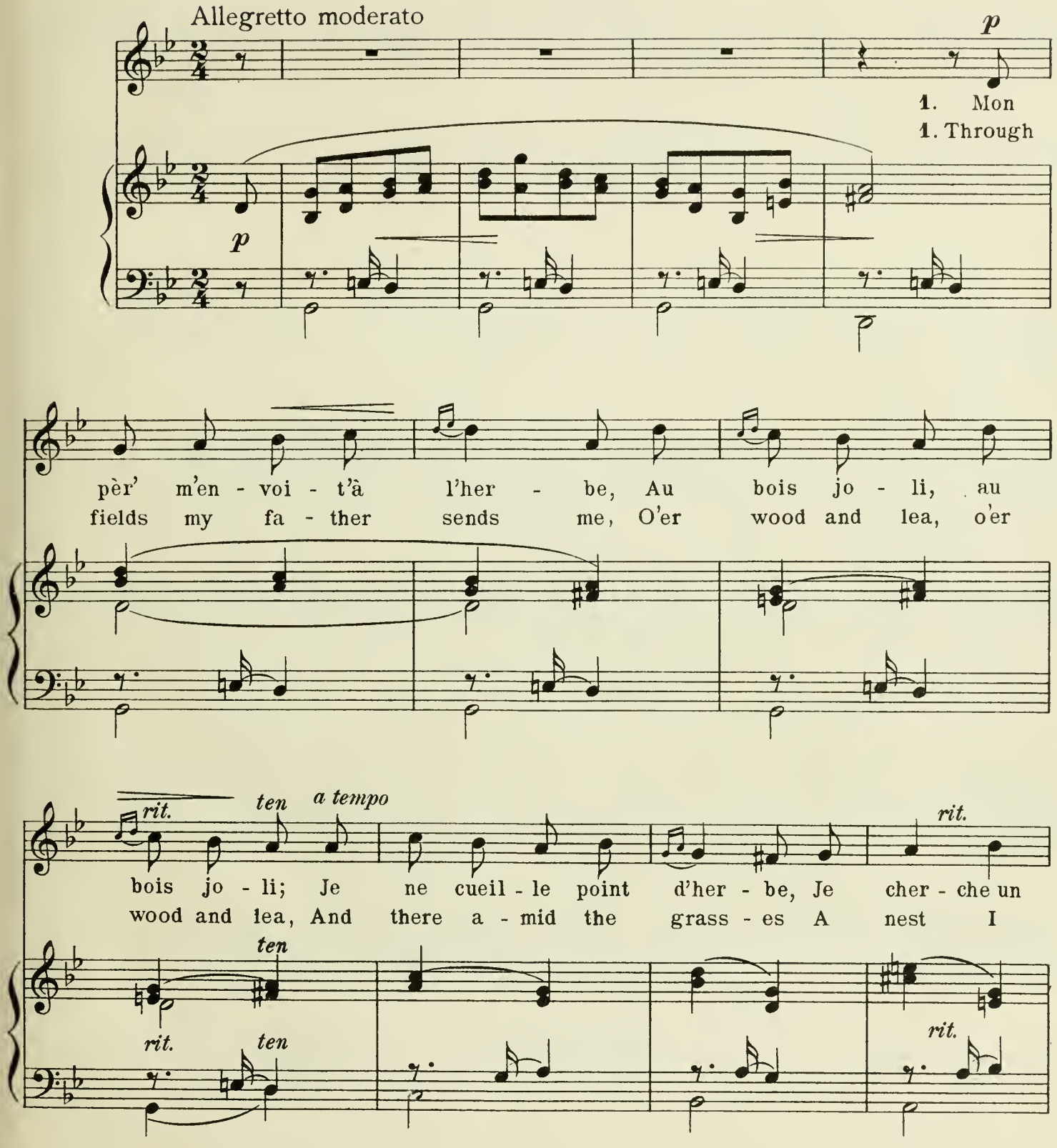
III
Nay, call me not a maiden;
||:No more I'm free!:||
Behold, I have a husband
And children three.

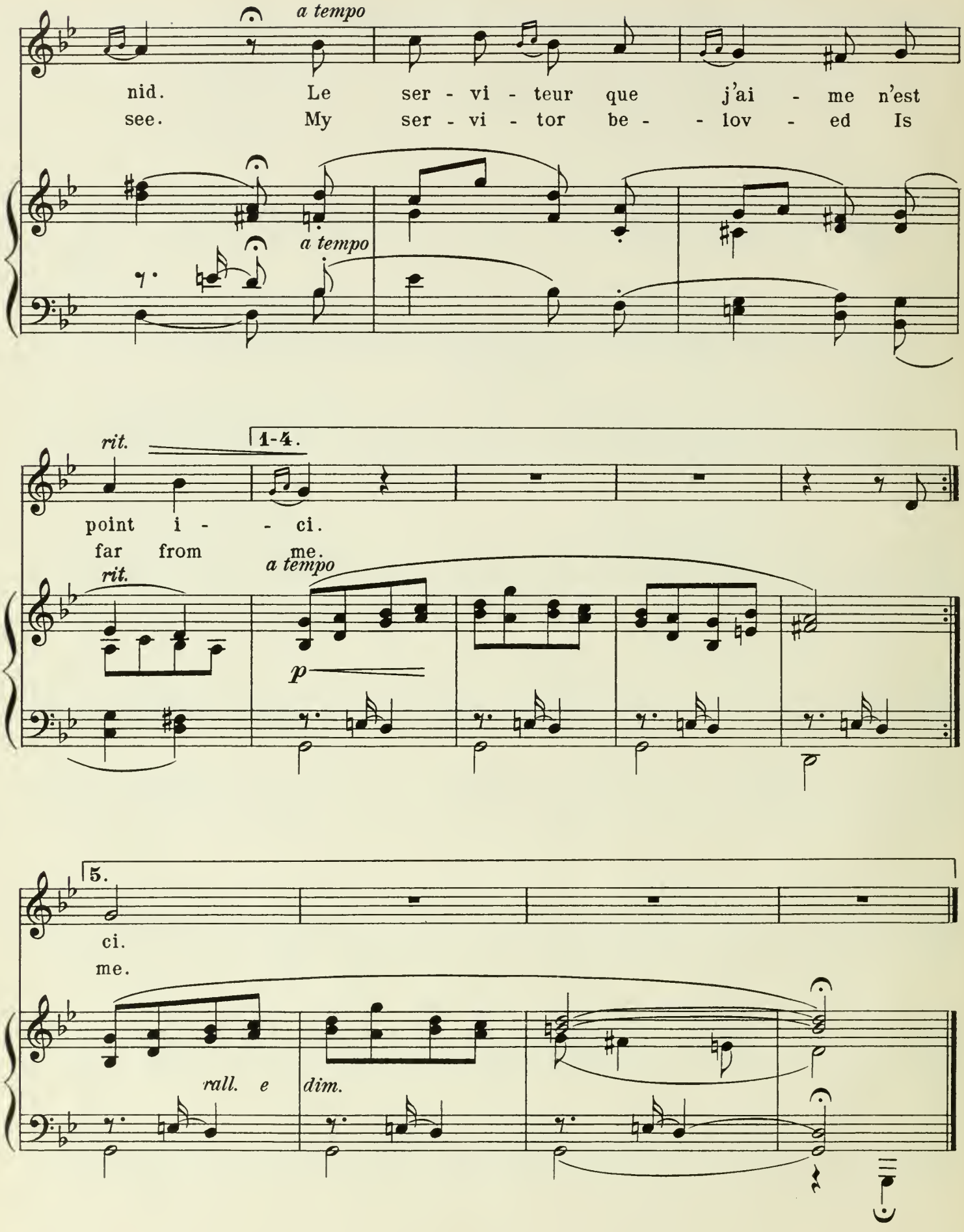
IV
Behold, I have a husband
||:And children three,:||
In Paris and in England
Across the sea.

V
In Paris and in England
||:Across the sea,:||
And soon there'll be another
Upon my knee.

Mon per' m'envoi-t'à l'herbe Through fields my father sends me

Lorraine




a tempo
nid. Le ser - vi - teur que j'ai - me n'est
see. My ser - vi - tor be - - lov - ed Is
a tempo
rit.
1-4.
point i - - ci.
far from me.
rit.
a tempo
p
5.
ci.
me.
rall. e
dim.

LE BEAU GALANT — THE GALLANT SOLDIER

Marching-Song

Metz District (Lorraine), Early Seventeenth Century

There have been many soldier marching-songs in Lorraine from the earliest times, and we remember the long-famous song of the inhabitants of Metz celebrating the defeat of the "Impériaux" (the Austro-Germans of the Thirty Years' War).

This song is a very fine example, both of the old soldierly marching-songs and of the indomitable coolness and spirit of the Lorrainers. It is a spirit clever in war, in diplomacy, in arts, in science, as well as in business or in the hard tasks of agriculture, industry, or mining. It is shrewdly observant, and full of wit under all circumstances. "Pu qu'lo lou e, pu qu'il vu evou," as the Lorrainers say (The more the wolf has, the more he wants). For instance, in the Poilus' slang, *dragées* (sugar almonds) also means "bullets"—and the *dragées* were invented at Verdun in the year 1254.

It is very impressive to hear this song sung *a piena voce*, sharply and simply. Simply, because all the folk-songs are simple, the melodies being the expression of feelings, not of a science.

I

Le beau galant s'en va
Trouver son capitaine,
Le beau galant s'en va
Trouver son capitaine:
«Bonjour, mon capitaine,
Donnez-moi mon congé,
Pour aller voir ma belle
Qui n'fait que d'y pleurer.»

II

||:Capitain' lui répond
Comme un brave homme de guerre::||
«Prends ta joli' giberne.
Et ton joli pass'port,
Et t'en va voir la belle
Et ti reviens d'abord.»

III

||:Le beau galant s'en va
Au logis de son père::||
«Bonjour pèr', bonjour mère,
Bonjour tous mes parents,
Sans oublier la belle
Que mon cœur aime tant.»

IV

||:Son pèr' qui lui répond:
«Ta chère amie est morte,:||
Est morte et enterrée;
Elle est morte d'ennui,
Son corps repose en terre,
Son âme en Paradis.»

V

||:La beau galant s'en va
Trouver son capitaine: :||
«Bonjour mon capitaine,
Me voici de retour.
Puisque ma belle est morte
Je servirai toujours.»

I

The gallant soldier boy
Went forth to seek his captain.
The gallant soldier boy
Went forth to seek his captain.
"Good morrow, gallant captain,
I fain would go away
To see my own belovèd
Who weepeth night and day."

II

||:The captain made reply
As well becomes a soldier:||
"Oh, take you now your passport,
Put on your trusty pack;
Then go and see your fair one,
But come you quickly back."

III

||:The soldier reached at last
His father's humble dwelling.:||
"My parents and my cousins,
A greeting to you all,
And also to the fair one
Who holds my heart in thrall."

IV

||:His father made reply:
"Thy bride is gone forever.:||
For she is dead and buried,
For sorrow now at rest;
Her body in the churchyard,
Her soul among the blest."

V

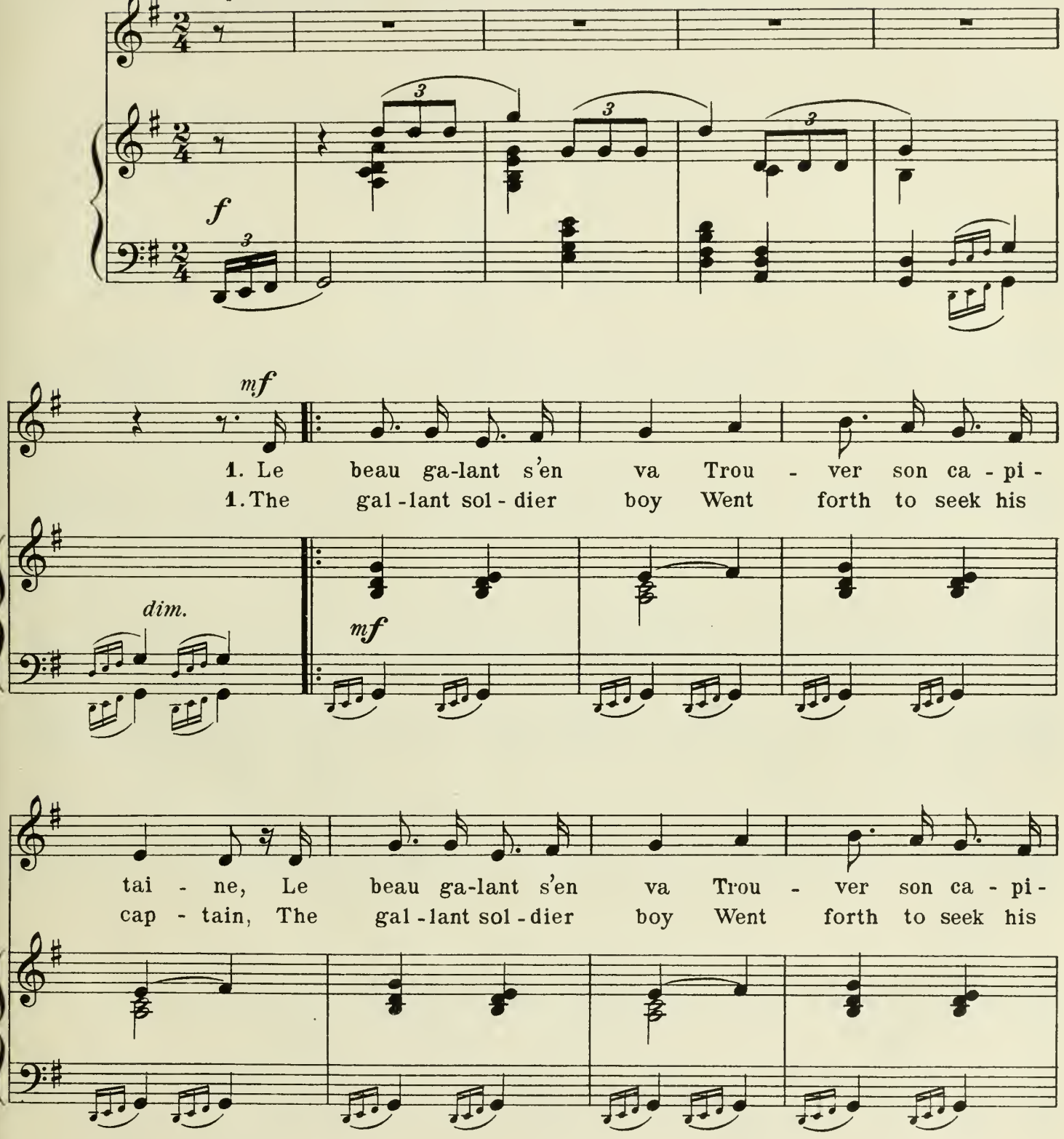
||:The gallant soldier boy
Came back to seek his captain: :||
"Good morrow, gallant captain,
Oh, back again am I.
Since I have lost my fair one,
I'll serve you till I die."

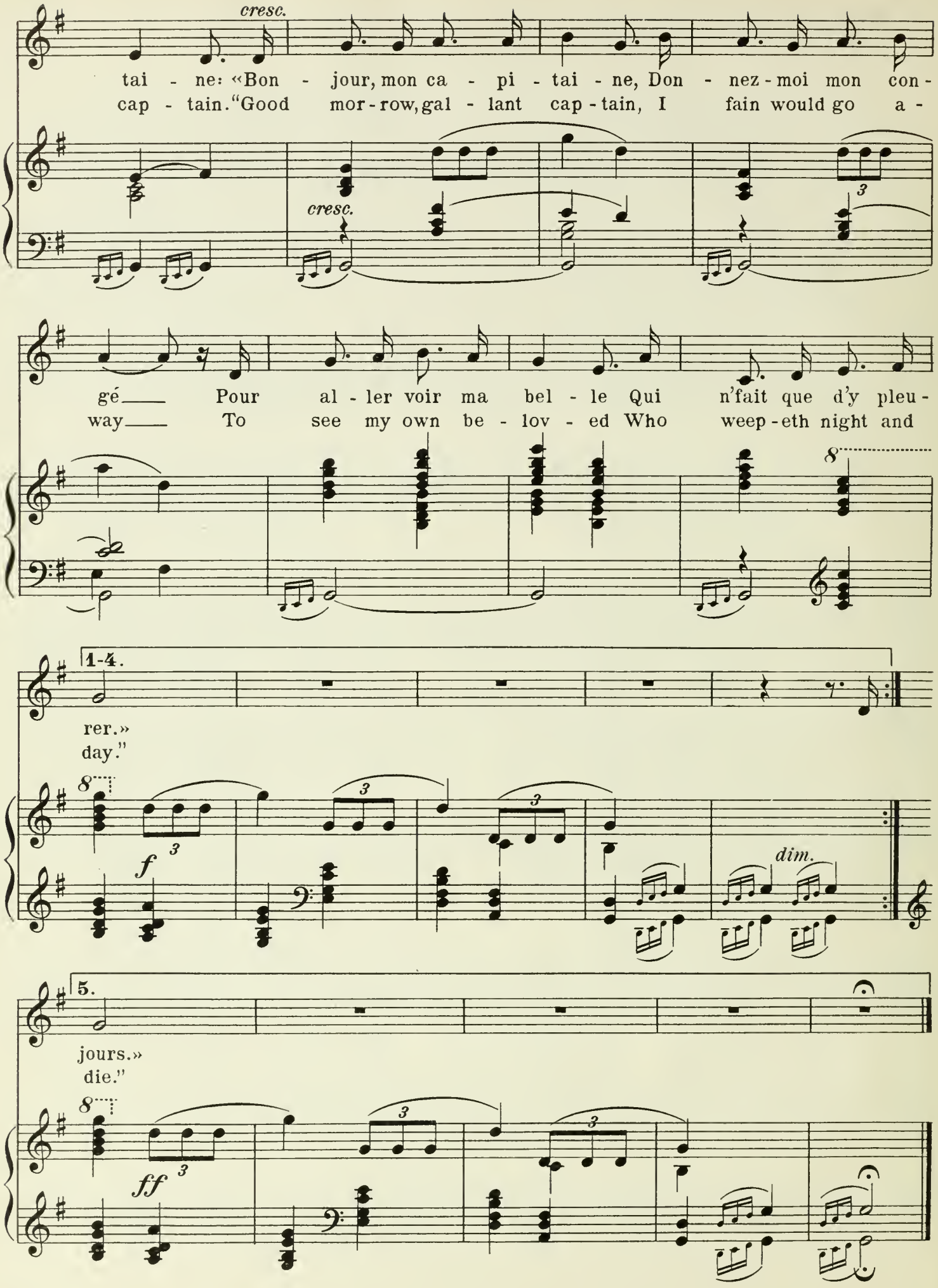
Le beau Galant — The Gallant Soldier

Lorraine, Metz District

Early 17th century

Tempo di Marcia




cresc.
tai - ne: «Bon - jour, mon ca - pi - tai - ne, Don - nez - moi mon con -
cap - tain."Good mor - row, gal - lant cap - tain, I fain would go a -
cresc.
gé — Pour al - ler voir ma bel - le Qui n'fait que d'y pleu -
way — To see my own be - lov - ed Who weep - eth night and
1-4.
rer.»
day."
f
dim.
5.
jours.»
die."
ff

LA RONDE DU ROSIER

ROUND OF THE ROSETREE

Round

Lorraine (Vosges), End of Seventeenth Century

Of the many ancient French dances, the folk of Lorraine have preserved two, the "*ronde*" and the "*farandole.*" The former is danced in the districts of the Vosges, the latter in Northern and Lower Lorraine. These dances are always accompanied by love-songs, and the rosetree or the sweet marjoram is the principal theme.

Perhaps, through its Scottish alliance, Lorraine has many folk-songs similar to those of Britain, as, for instance, carols. Or, again, "*Petite Rosalie,*" sung in the district of Retonfey, can be compared with the old English "*Suzy's Pie.*" The betrothal in Lorraine is called "*Valentinage,*" and many of the customs connected with it are the same as those on St. Valentine's Day in England.

The Lorraine pronunciation is clean and well accentuated, and the melodies rather animated and brisk; so this song should be sung simply, with good articulation.

I

J'y ai planté rosier,
L'rosier qui m'a donné,
Je l'ai planté le soir,
Le matin l'a, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Le matin l'a repris.

II

Je l'ai planté le soir,
Le matin l'a repris;
Je lui ai dit: Rosier.
Tu as bientôt, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Tu a bientôt repris.

III

Je lui ai dit: Rosier,
Tu as bientôt repris.
Ah! que n'attendais-tu
Le joli mois, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Le joli mois d'avril.

IV

Ah! que n'attendais-tu
Le joli mois d'avril?
Que tout y pousse en herb'?
Et que tout bois, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Que tout bois reverdit.

V

Que tout y pousse en herb',
Que tout bois reverdit;
Que toutes ces fillett's
Aient de nouveaux, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Aient de nouveaux amis.

VI

Que toutes ces fillett's
Aient de nouveaux amis;
Je garderai le mien,
Car j'en ai un, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Car j'en ai un joli.

VII

Je garderai le mien,
Car j'en ai un joli;
Il n'est pas dans la Franc'
Ni dans c'pays, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Ni dans ce pays-ci.

VIII

Il n'est pas dans la Franc',
Ni dans ce pays-ci;
Il est en Angleterr'!
Son noble roi, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Son noble roi servi!

IX

Il est en Angleterr',
Son noble roi servi;
S'i n'revient pas bientôt,
Je l'enverrai, *déra, déra, la, la,*
Je l'enverrai quéri.

X

S'i n'revient pas bientôt,
Je l'eneverrai quéri
En chaise ou en charrett',
En carillon, *déra, déra, la, la,*
En carillon joli.

I

A rose-tree I did plant
Beneath the garden mould;
And in the early morn
A blossom there, dera, dera, la la,
A blossom there, behold!

II

And in the early morn
A blossom there, behold!
I said: O rose-tree mine,
Too soon dost thou, dera, dera, la la,
Too soon dost thou unfold.

III

I said: O rose-tree mine,
Too soon dost thou unfold;
'Twere better far to wait
For April's skies, dera, dera, la la,
For April's skies of gold.

IV

'Twere better far to wait
For April's skies of gold,
When woods and fields are free
Of winter's ice, dera, dera, la la,
Of winter's ice and cold.

V

When woods and fields are free
Of winter's ice and cold,
When every maiden seeks
A lover young, dera, dera, la la,
A lover young and bold.

VI

When every maiden seeks
A lover young and bold.
Still, I shall keep mine own,
For he is not, dera, dera, la la,
For he is not grown old.

VII

Still, I shall keep mine own,
For he is not grown old;
But he is not in France.
To England he, dera, dera, la la,
To England he hath strolled.

VIII

But he is not in France,
To England he hath strolled;
For he doth serve the King,
Among his men, dera, dera, la la,
Among his men enrolled.

IX

For he doth serve the King,
Among his men enrolled.
But I shall bring him back—
A lover well, dera, dera, la la,
A lover well controlled!

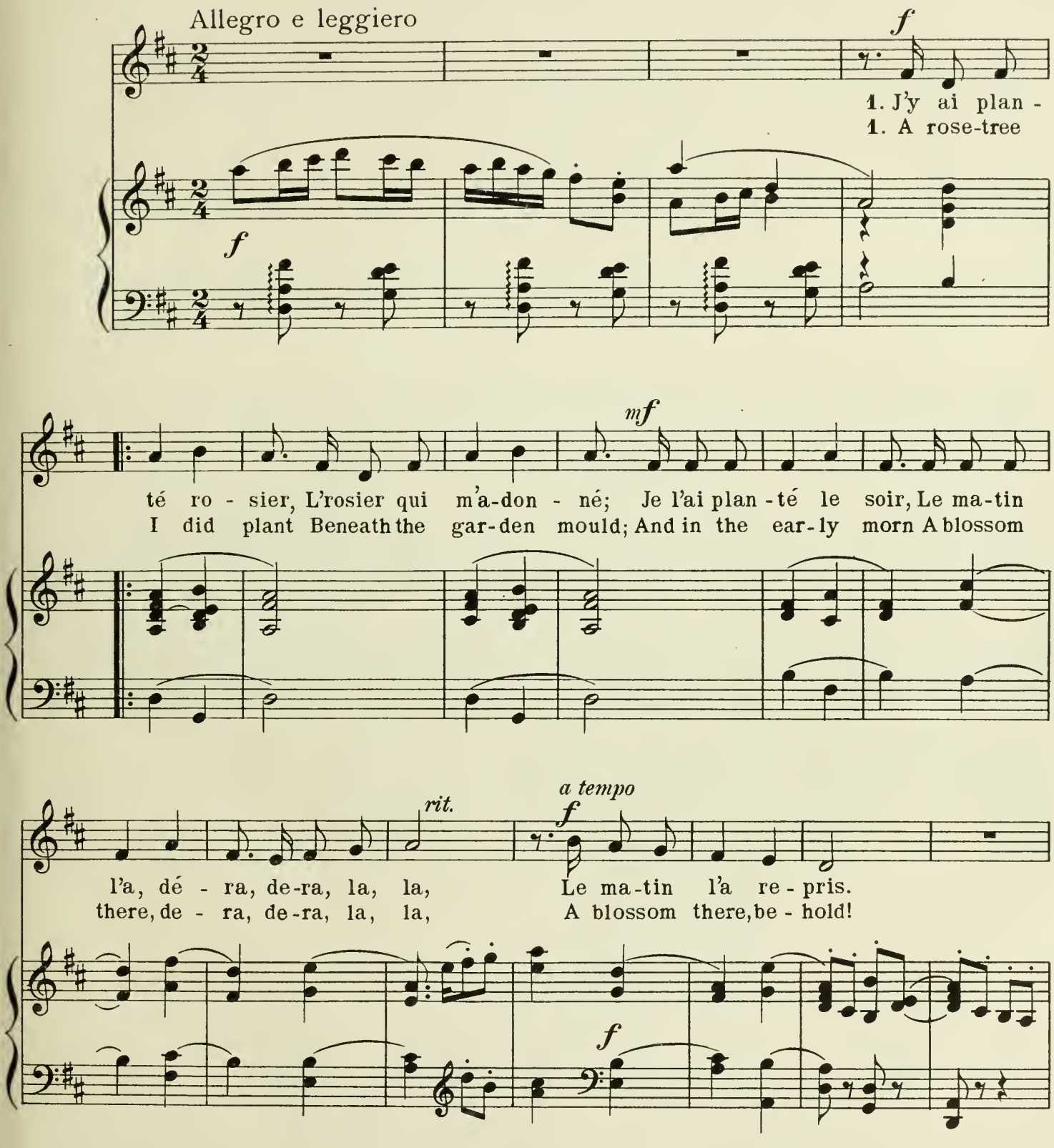
X

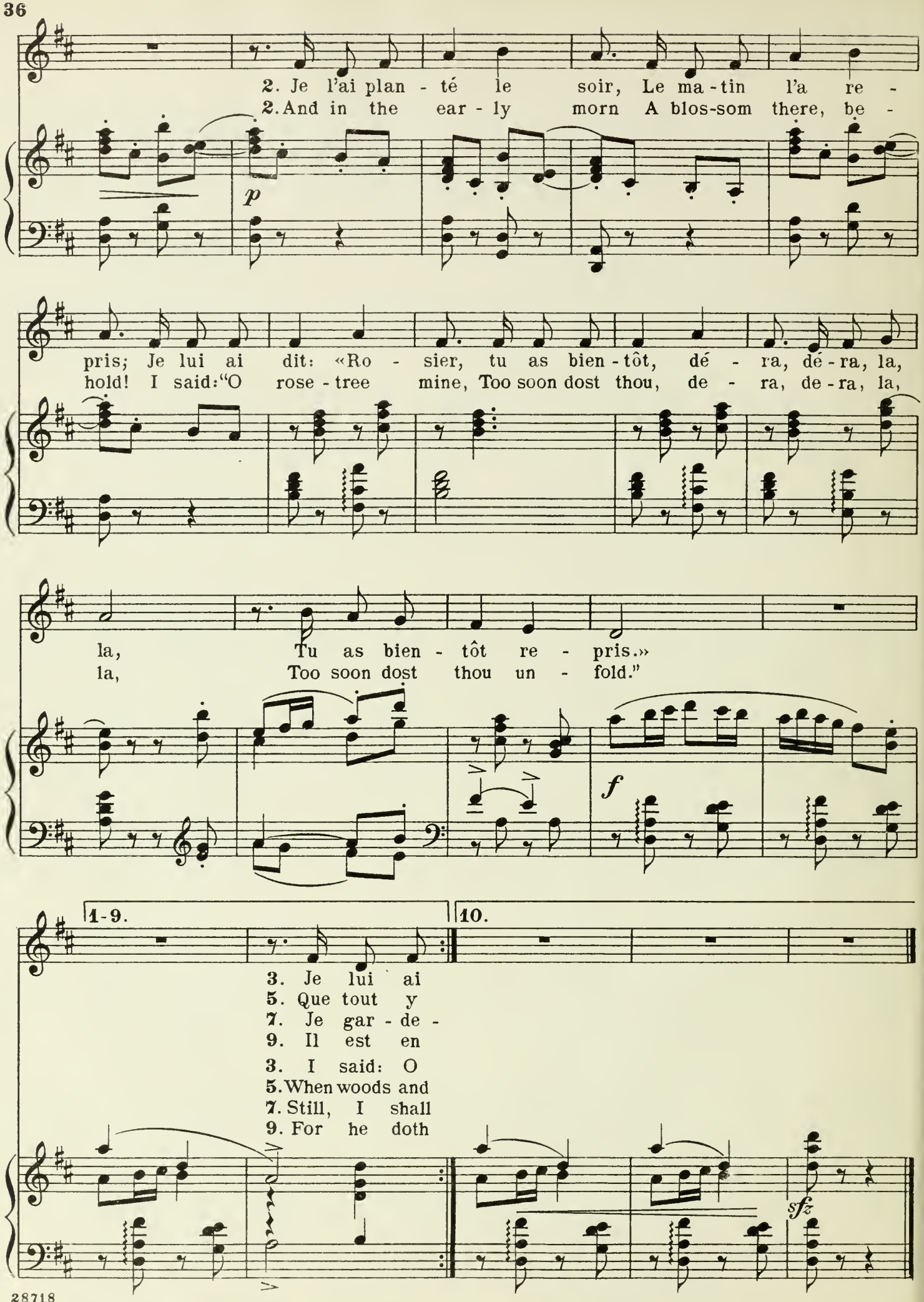
But I shall bring him back
A lover well controlled!
And when his coach draws nigh
Let every bell, dera, dera, la la,
Let every bell be tolled.

La Ronde du Rosier — Round of the Rosetree

Lorraine (Vosges)

End of 17th century




2. Je l'ai plan - té le soir, Le ma - tin l'a re -
2. And in the ear - ly morn A blos-som there, be -
p
pris; Je lui ai dit: «Ro - sier, tu as bien - tôt, dé - ra, dé - ra, la,
hold! I said: "O rose - tree mine, Too soon dost thou, de - ra, de - ra, la,
la, Tu as bien - tôt re - pris.»
la, Too soon dost thou un - fold."
f
1-9.
10.
3. Je lui ai
5. Que tout y
7. Je gar - de -
9. Il est en
3. I said: O
5. When woods and
7. Still, I shall
9. For he doth
sfz

LE PREMIER JOUR DE MAI — MAY-DAY

Champagne (Ardennes), Eighteenth Century

This is a typical song, showing the Champenois laughing, enjoying his old customs and, also, his wine, and there are many different wines in Champagne—white, rosy, red, lightish, sparkling. It is clear, also, that he is a "bit near," and thrifty; he knows what to earn one's money means, hence his motto: "En Brie comme en Champagne—Nul n'a de pain s'il ne le gagne" (in Brie as in Champagne one must be worth his salt).

But all the same they like their old and noisy festivities, and in the villages of Upper Champagne especially they would never miss planting the May-Tree on the first of May and dancing around it (a slower and heavier dance than in Lorraine), and they still dance "aux Buires" around a bonfire on St. John's Day.

I

Le premier jour de mai,
Et lon lan la lire lire,
Le premier jour de mai,
Que donn'rai-je à ma mie?
||:Que donn'rai-je à ma mie?:||

II

Un mai je lui plant'rai
Et lon lan la lire lire,
Un mai je lui plant'rai,
Le mai et la racine,
||:Le mai et la racine.:||

III

Quand le mai fut planté,
Il alla boir' chopine.

IV

Quand la chopine fut vide,
Il demanda la cruche.

V

Quand la cruche y fut vide,
Il demanda la pinte.

VI

Quand la pinte y fut vide,
Il demanda la fille.

VII

Laquelle voulez-vous,
La grande ou la petite?

VIII

La grande est fiancée,
La petite est promise

IX

A un plus beau que vous,
Mais il n'est pas si riche.

X

Il n'a que six cents francs,
Mais vous en avez mille.

XI

Vous pouvez donc choisir
D'la grande ou la petite.

I

Now on the first of May
Eh, loo lo la, leera leera,
Now on the first of May
What shall I give my fair one?
||:What shall I give my fair one?:||

II

I'll plant a Maypole fine,
Eh, loo lo la, leera leera,
I'll plant a Maypole fine,
A May-tree bright with flowers.
||:A May-tree bright with flowers.:||

III

Lo, when the tree was grown
A flask of wine they brought him.

IV

Soon he had drunk it up;
A jug he then demanded.

V

Soon empty was the jug;
He wanted then a flagon.

VI

Soon was the flagon gone;
He wanted then the daughter.

VII

Which daughter would you like?
The tall one or the short one?

VIII

Soon shall the tall one wed,
The short one has a suitor.

IX

He is a handsome lad,
But not so rich as you are.

X

Six hundred francs are his,
But you possess a thousand.

XI

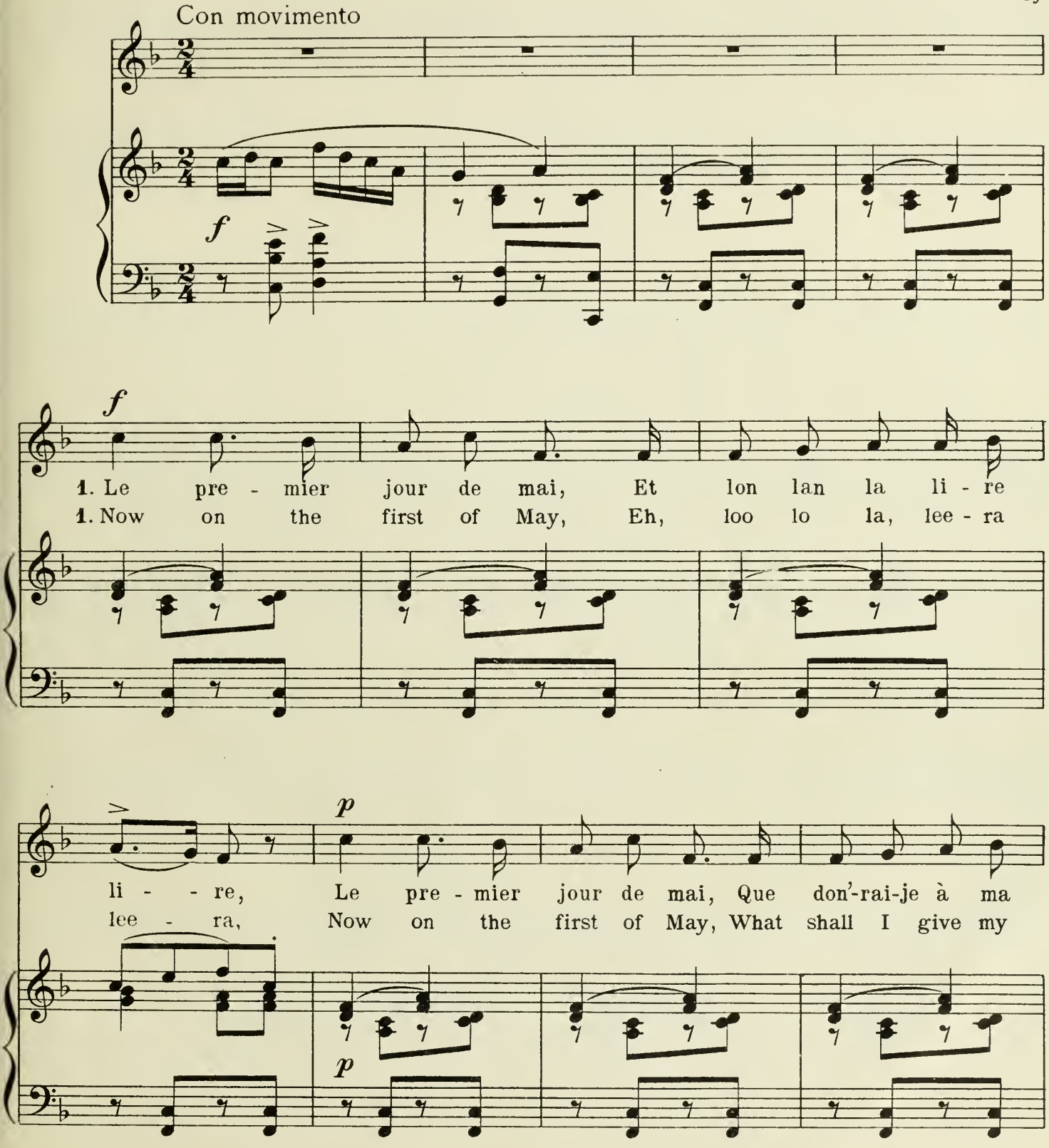
Therefore I bid you choose
Between the tall or short one.

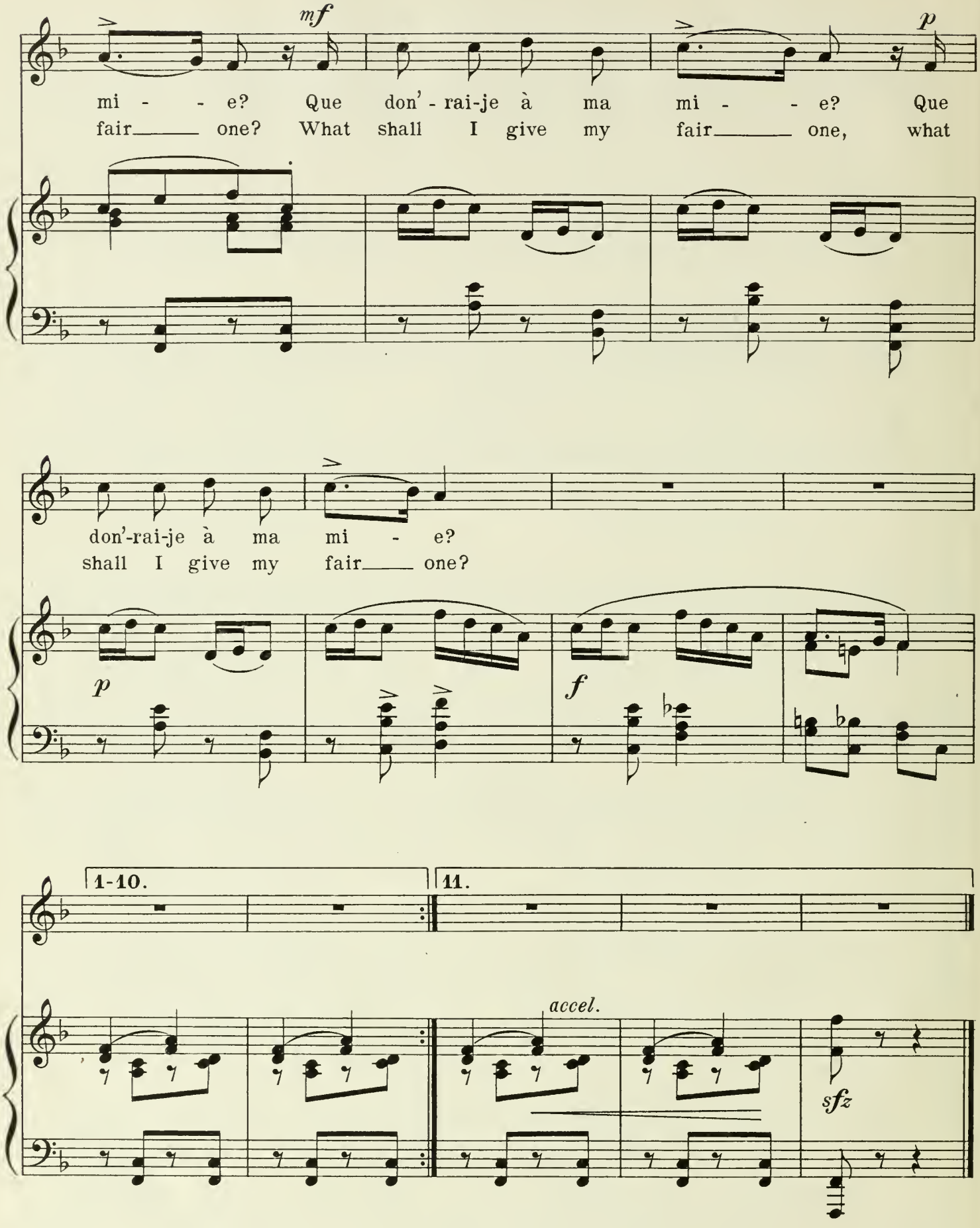
Le premier jour de mai — May-Day

Champagne (Ardennes)

18th century

Con movimento




mf
p
mi - - e? Que don'-rai-je à ma mi - - e? Que
fair_____ one? What shall I give my fair_____ one, what
don'-rai-je à ma mi - e?
shall I give my fair_____ one?
p
f
1-10.
11.
accel.
sfz

QUI VEUT OUÏR CHANSON?

WHO NOW WOULD HEAR A SONG?

Champagne (Ardennes)

This is rather a round than a song, and one can picture in one's mind the lads and lasses playing it on the village green on a fine summer evening.

The idea of the "trois bateaux sur mer chargés en argenterie" occurs in many other French folk-songs, notably in the "Petit Tambour," thus showing a similarity of inspiration as it traveled from province to province and adapted itself to the spirit of every part of that fair country.

I

Qui veut ouïr chanson,
Chansonnette jolie?
C'est d'un jeune garçon
Et d'une jeune fill' : Holà!
Oh! je le vois, le voici, le voilà;
Oh! je le vois, le moulin qu'il va!

II

Qui s'avont fait l'amour,
C'est en jouant aux quilles.
La mèr' à la fenêtre
Qui les écoutait dire : Holà!

III

Qui est ce galant-là,
Qui caresse ma fille?
Je ne suis pas galant,
Je suis marchand de filles : Holà!

IV

J'ai trois bateaux sur mer
Chargés en marchandises;
L'un est chargé en or,
L'autre en argenterie : Holà!

V

L'autre, il n'y a rien dedans,
C'est pour mener ma mie,
Mener et ramener
A Givry la jolie : Holà!

I

Who now would hear a song?
A jolly song, I ween—oh!
A lover unafraid
Who loved a pretty maid, Hola!
Oh! now I see, there he is, it is he!
Oh! now I know, 'tis the mill-wheel slow!

II

Behold them making love
While bowling on the green—oh!
Behind the window small
Her mother hears them call: Hola!

III

Who is this lover bold?
Whatever does he mean—oh!
"No tender swain am I,
The maid I've come to buy, Hola!

IV

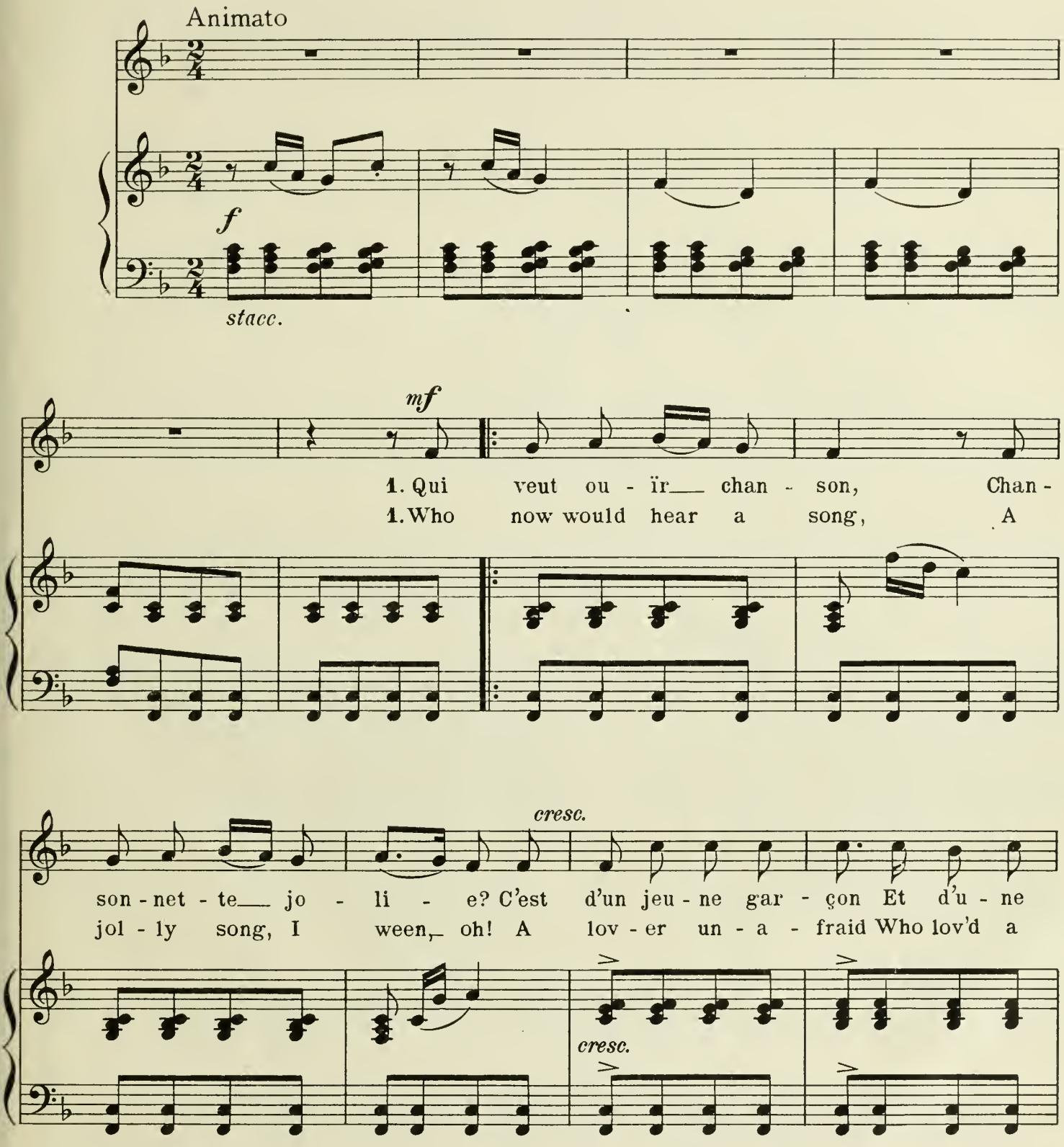
"Three mighty ships are mine,
The richest ever seen—oh!
And one is filled with gold,
And one doth silver hold, Hola!

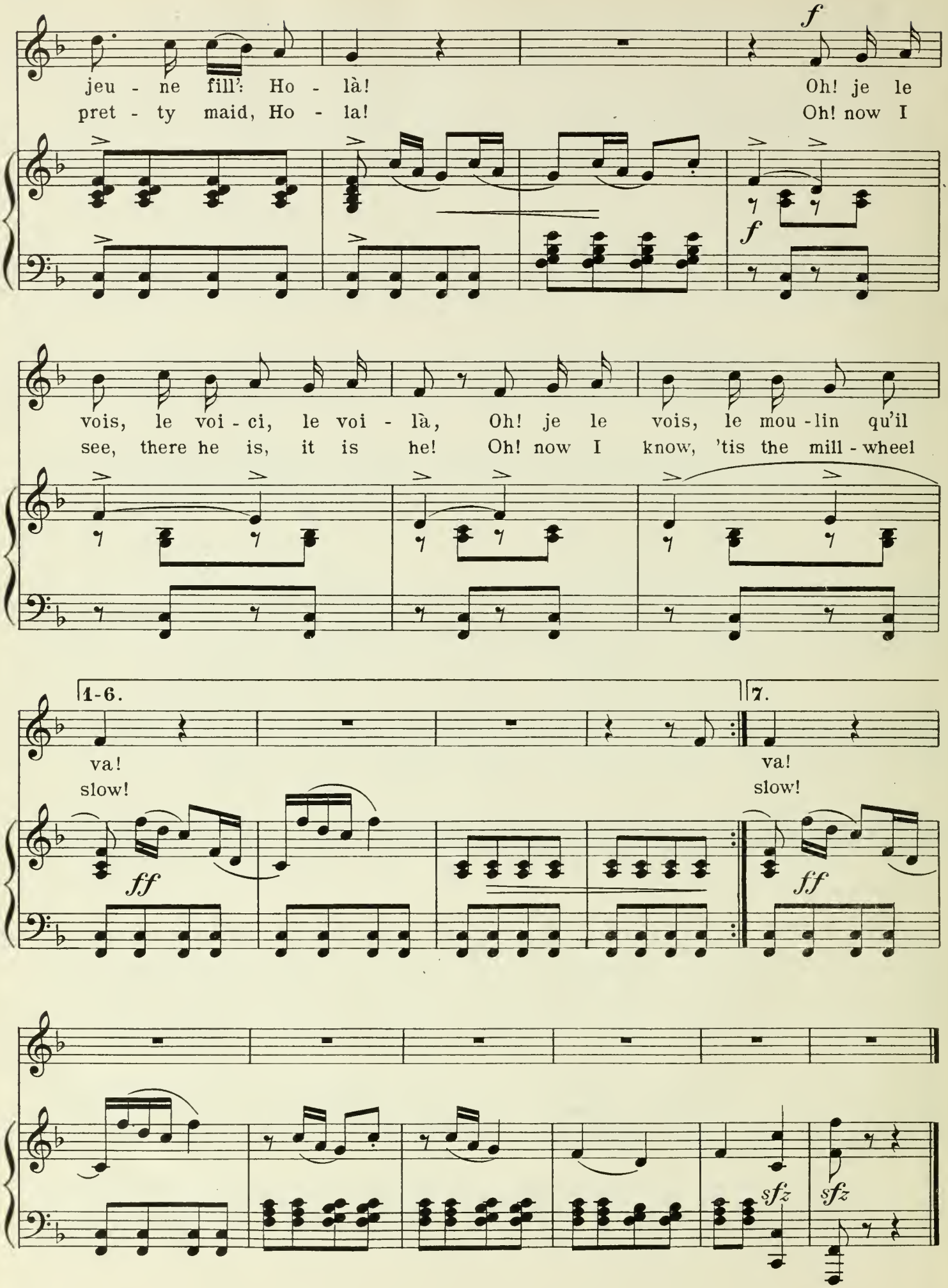
V

"There's nothing in the third,
'Tis but to bear my queen—oh!
To waft her to and fro
To every land I know, Hola!"

Qui veut ouïr chanson? Who now would hear a song?

Champagne (Ardennes)




jeu - ne fill': Ho - là!
pret - ty maid, Ho - la!
Oh! je le
Oh! now I
f
vois, le voi - ci, le voi - là, Oh! je le vois, le mou - lin qu'il
see, there he is, it is he! Oh! now I know, 'tis the mill - wheel
1-6.
7.
va!
slow!
ff
sfz

LABORUM
DULCE
LENIMEN
G. SCHIRMER

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

Music Department

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

JUL 7 1919