

An Alarc'h (The other verses)

Source: From the "Barzaz Breizh" French lyrics, footnotes, and commentary; collected by Théodore Hersart de la Villemarqué, *Barzaz Breiz*. Franck, 1846, p. 377-380. https://fr.wikisource.org/wiki/Barzaz_Breiz/1846

Lyrics: Arrangement and new lyrics^ by Dorothea de Beckham (Dee Becker) (© 2020)

Music: Sound Off (The Duckworth Chant), Quickstep variation by Pt. Willie Lee Duckworth

* The flag of Brittany, ** The Sea

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

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| 1. ^Jean of Monfort, he's our man! | If he can't win this, no one can! |
| 2. A ship arrives from overseas | White sails unfurled catch the breeze |
| 3. The Swan of Montfort has returned | He will not take the field alone! |
| 4. The tower of Armor stands empty | But soon the Swan will set it free! |
| 5. Defend ourselves against the French | Bretons won't give the French an inch! |
| 6. Honor to the White and Black* | And to the traitors a red curse |

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

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| 7. Shout for joy, tremble the shores; | the white horse** neighs, and leaps with glee |
| 8. The Laz mountains resonate; | The city bells sing happily. |
| 9. Summer's here, the sun shines high; | Lord Jean is back! We're gonna fight! |

Chorus: Onward! - Onward! : Battle! - Battle!

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| 10. Lord Jean is good company; | His eye is sharp, his feet are fleet. |
| 11. His mother was a good Breton | Her milk was better than old wine. |
| 12. His lance when swung throws such a light | It blinds and dazzles all the eyes. |
| 13. He wields his sword, and strikes such blows | It splits through two men and two horse. |
| 14. Always strike! Hold on! Lord Duke; | Knock it! Courage! Wash their blood! |
| 15. When you chop and as you chop, | There is no overlord but God! |
| 16. Hold on, Good Bretons! Hold on! | No thanks nor truce! Just Blood for blood! |

Chorus: Onward! - Onward! : Battle! - Battle!

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| 17. Our Blessed Lady of Brittany! | Come to the rescue of your country! |
| 18. We will found a new service | A memorial service in your honor! |

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

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| 19. Too many should have new masters! | Defend hard their freedom until death; |
| 20. Because freedom is de-lic-ious, | Fine and good, and re-pu-table. |
| 21. Servitude the hated bonds, | Enclosed we see how France it reigns: |
| 22. Foulx was someone who had none | ^Now see what it is we have won |
| 23. And better to die in war | Than put wife and land and heirs in bonds. |

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

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| 24. The hay is ripe: so who will mow? | Wheat is ripe: who will harvest? |
| 25. Who takes away the hay and wheat? | The king claims it will be him; |
| 26. He'll come and mow in Brittany, | With a sharp scythe of money; |

27. He's going to come mow our meadows With a silver scythe, and golden sickle.

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

28. Would they like to know, these French, If the Breton swan is wingless?

29. Would he like to learn, our King, Whether he is a man, or a God?

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

30. The wolves of Lower Brittany Cringe, at hearing the call to war;

31. On hearing the joyful cries, They howl with battle in their blood

32. At the smell of the French, They howl for combat and for joy.

33. We will soon see on the roads, Red blood flowing like a stream;

34. So that the plumage of the ducks Will turn red like embers.

Chorus: We Go! - We Go! : To Fight! - To Fight!

35. We'll see more spears scattered there Than twigs after a hurricane.

36. The skulls will pile up to the skies More than are in the oss-uaries.

37. Where the French will fall. They will stay Remain in bed until 'til Judgment Day;

38. Until the day that they are judged Punish the Traitor who dares charge.

39. The sewer of the trees will be The water that will wet their tombs!

Chorus: Dinn! Dinn! - Dinn! Dinn! : Down! Down! - Down! Down!

40. ^The splinter in the rowing bench Will poke the behinds of the French

41. Charles de Blois is dead and gone His wife will kneel down before e're long

42. Sing like mermaids do the French Their forked beards stink of rank scents

43. Bretons boast of many scars On their fronts and not their arse

An Alarc'h (The other verses - SHORT)

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