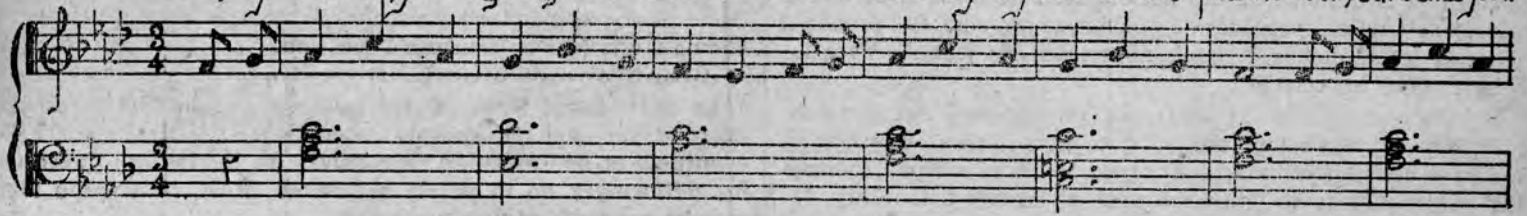
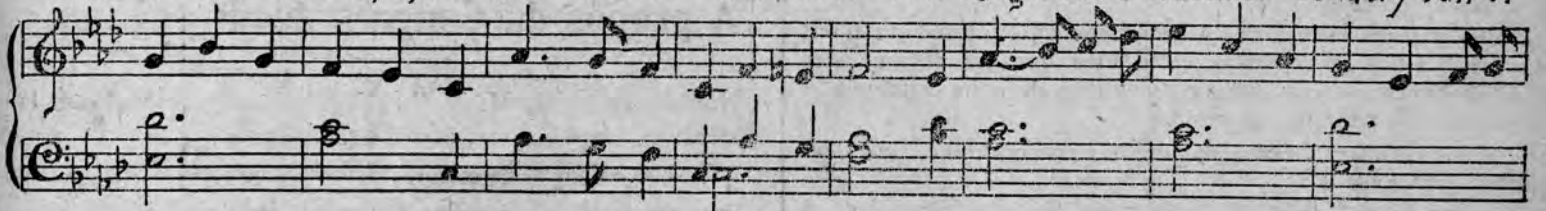


Terence's Farewell to Kathleen TT. (SON IWERZON)

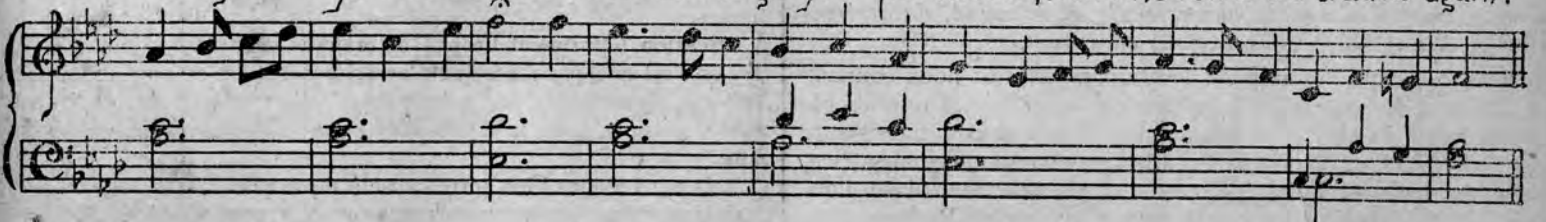
So, my Kathleen, you're going to lave me All a-lone by myself in this place! But I'm sure that you'll



never decave me; Oh no! if there's truth in this face! Tho' England's a beautiful country Full of



illi-gant boys-och! what then? You wouldn't forget your poor Terence, You'll come back to old Ireland again!



I
So, my Kathleen, you're going to lave me
All alone by myself in this place!
But I'm sure that you'll never decave me;
Oh no! is there's truth in that face!
Tho' England's a beautiful country,
Full of illigant boys — och! what then?
You wouldn't forget your pour Terence,
You'll come back to old Ireland again!

II
Och, those English deceivers by nature,
Tho' maybe you'll think them sincere,
They'll say you're a sweet charming creature,
But don't you believe them, my dear.
No, Kathleen, agraph, don't be minding
The flattering speeches they'll make;
Just tell them a poor lad -in Ireland
Is breaking his heart for your sake.

III
It's folly to keep you from going,
Tho, faith it's a mighty har case,
For, Kathleen, you know, there's no knowing
When next I shall see your sweet face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen,
None the better will I be off then,
You'll be speaking such beautiful English,
Sure I won't know my Kathleen again.

IV
Aye now, where's the need of this hurry?
Don't flustu me so in this way;
I forget, 'twixt the grief and the fleurry,
Every word I was meaning to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye;
Can I talk if you bother me so?
O, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye
Every inch of the way you go.

I
Evelse, va C'Hathleen ez it d'am lezel
Va unan tre el lec'h -man!
Hogen, sur oñ n'em fazifet biken,
Oh, nann, mar zo gwirionez war ho tremm !
Daoust m'eo Bro-Zaoz eur vro gaer
Leun a baotred faro, ha neuze ?
N'ankounac'hafet biken ho Terence paour,
Distrei a refet en-dro en Iwerzon goz.

II
Ar Zaozon-ze, tromplerien dre natur,
Petra bennak ma kredfet ez int gwirion,
A lavar d'eoc'h ez oc'h eur plac' hig dous ha koant.
Hogen, n'it ket d'o selaou, mignones,
Nann, Kathleen, na gredit ket
Ar c'homzou touellus a refont;
Livirit d'ezo hepken ez eus eur paotr yaouank en Iwerzon
A ran e galon abalamour d'eoc'h.

III
Follentez e vez harz ac'hanoc'h da vont,
Ha koulskoude ar garantez zo eun dra galloudus,
Gouzout a rit, Kathleenn, na oar den
Pegoulz ec'h adwelin ho tremm koant.
Ha pa zistrofet davedon, Kathleen,
E komzket ken kaer ar zaozneg
Ma n'anavezin mui va C'Hathleen.

IV
Ha breman, perak ez eus warnoc'h kement a brez ?
N'am strafuilhet ket er c'hiz-ze.
Ankounac'haat a ran, etre ar glac'har hag ar stourm,
An holl c'herion ez eus da lavaret.
Gortozit eur munut, mar plich,
N'hellin ket komz mar am nec'het kement all.
O, Kathleen, va bennoz hoc'h heulio
En pep kammed eus an hent a vafet.

Troet gant F. Gourvil.