

III

Behold Lez-Breiz arriving ; he is followed
no doubt by an army barded with iron.

He mounts a little white ass whose bridle is a
hempen halter.

His sole escort is a small esquire ; but they say that
he is a terrible man !

The young esquire of Lez-Breiz, on seeing them, came
closer and closer to his master.

Behold ye ! it is Lorgnez that is coming ; a troop of
warriors before him ;

Troop of warriors behind him ; they are ten and ten,
and ten again.

Ne oann ked ugent vloaz achuet,
Hag e ugent stourmad e oann bet ;

Hag ho holl hon euz ho gonezet,
Dro ho kennerz, itron benniget.

Mar dann me o'hoaz war va o'hiz d'ar vro,
Mamm santez Anna, me ho kopro.

Me a raio d'hoc'h eur gouriz koer
A rai teir gro endro d'ho moger.

Ha teir d'ho'e'h iliz, teir d'ho pered ;
Ha teir d'ho touar ; pa venn digouet ;

Hag eur banniel voulouz-satin-gwenn,
Eunn troad olifant flour d'he dougen.

Ha seiz kloc'h arc'hant a roinn ouspenn
A gano ge, noz-dez, war ho penn.

Ha teir gwech ez inn war va daoulin
Da gerc'hat dour evit ho pinsin.

—Ke d'Ann emgann, ke, mare'hek Leiz-Breiz.
Mont a rann-me gen-oudde ivez.