

LETTERS FROM BRITTANY

Words by Bob Watson

Music by Connie Asplét

Flowingly with feeling

Verse

1. Pa - ges tied in a fa - ded rib - bon, the rib - bon once red as the
rose. Let - ters tell of an old love sto - ry, from old times long - a -
go. — The ink grows faint & the pa - ges yel - low, the words composed in an
an - cient tongue, to a Cor - nish girl from a Bre - ton sai - lor, their
love lives on ev - er young. — Hands rea - ching a - cross the wa - ter, a
Bre - ton son and a Cor - nish daugh - ter; Ker - now cal - ling to Ar - mor - ique,
Ar - mor - ique cal - ling to Ker - now. —

1. Pages tied in a faded ribbon, the ribbon once red as the rose,
Letters tell of an old love story, from old times long -- ago.
The ink grows faint and the pages yellow, the words composed in an ancient tongue,
To a Cornish girl from a Breton sailor, their love lives on ever young.

Chorus: Hands reaching across the water, a Breton son and a Cornish daughter,
Kernow calling to Armorique, Armorique calling to Kernow.

2. My great aunt died, she was 'way past ninety, and sadly I looked round her home;
I'd often wondered why she'd not married, her life lived out all alone.
In a dusty corner the answers waiting, the letters from Brittany treasured and saved,
And the tale was there to be pieced together, of a secret she took to the grave.
3. To a cove one night came a Breton lugger, shelter to seek from the storm,
Where her skipper met with a Cornish maiden, from then their hearts beat as one.
Tho' scarce the time they could spend together, in times of trouble and times of war,
Their words of love they could write on paper, to hold them closely once more.
4. Pages tied in a faded ribbon, my great aunt's answer to me,
Ending with an old news cutting that told of a ship lost at sea.
Years pass by and the times keep changing, but love sings on in a constant strain,
And the Cornish girl and her Breton sailor are now together again.

LETTERS FROM BRITTANY

By Connie Asplét and Bob Watson

1. Pages tied in a faded ribbon, the ribbon once red as the rose,

Letters tell of an old love story, from old times long, (long) ago. *OR long ----*

The ink grows faint and the pages yellow, the words composed in an ancient tongue,

To a Cornish girl from a Breton sailor, their love lives on ever young.

Chorus: Hands reaching across the water, a Breton son and a Cornish daughter,

Kernow calling to Armorique, Armorique calling to Kernow.

2. My great aunt died, she was 'way past ninety, and sadly I looked round her home;
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Chorus

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Chorus

4. Pages tied in a faded ribbon, my great aunt's answer to me,
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Years pass by and the times keep changing, but love sings on in a constant strain,
And the Cornish girl and her Breton sailor are now together again.

Chorus

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Background Notes:

Armorique & Kernow are the ancient (and to many still the correct) names for Brittany & Cornwall respectively. The ties between these two Celtic nations have always been close, and their individual languages (**Armoric** and **Kernowek**) have sufficient similarities to enable speakers of each to understand each other. The war referred to was WWI, when the narrator's great aunt would have been in her early 'twenties.