

## LE RETOUR DU SOLDAT

The musical score consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first two staves are identical and feature a 2/4 time signature change at the beginning. The lyrics are: "Quand le sol-dat — ar-rive en vil — le,". The third and fourth staves are also identical and feature a 7/8 time signature change at the end. The lyrics are: "Bien mal chaus-sé — bien mal vê-tu — :  
" Pau-vre sol-dat — d'où re-viens - tu — ?"

Quand le sol-dat — ar-rive en vil — le,  
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 Bien mal chaus-sé — bien mal vê-tu — :  
 " Pau-vre sol-dat — d'où re-viens - tu — ?"

- 1 Quand le soldat arrive en ville, (*bis*)  
 Bien mal chaussé, bien mal vêtu:  
 —Pauvre soldat, d'où reviens-tu?
- 2 S'en fut loger à une auberge:  
 —Hôtesse, avez-vous du vin blanc?  
 —Voyageur, a'-vous de l'argent?
- 3 —Pour de l'argent, je n'en ai guère;  
 J'engagerai mon vieux chapeau,  
 Ma ceinture, aussi mon manteau.
- 4 Quand le voyageur fut à table,  
 Il se mit à boire, à chanter,  
 L'hôtess' ne fit plus que pleurer.
- 5 —Oh! qu'avez-vous, petite hôtesse?  
 Regrettez-vous votre vin blanc  
 Qu'un voyageur boit sans argent?

- 6 —N'est pas mon vin que je regrette;  
C'est la chanson que vous chantez:  
Mon défunt mari la savait.
- 7 —J'ai un mari dans les voyages;  
Voilà sept ans qu'il est parti.  
Je crois bien que vous êtes lui.
- 8 —Ah! taisez-vous, méchante femme.  
Je vous ai laissé deux enfants,  
En voilà quatre ici présents!
- 9 —J'ai tant reçu de fausses lettres,  
Que vous étiez mort, enterré.  
Et moi, je me suis r'marié,
- 10 —Dedans Paris, y a grand guerre,  
Grand guerre rempli' de tourments.  
Adieu, ma femme et mes enfants!

## TRANSLATION

- 1 Home from the war the soldier has come, (*bis*)  
His shoes are torn, his clothes out-worn.  
"Tell me, soldier, whence do you come?"
- 2 Down to the inn he made his way:  
"O hostess, a tankard of your wine!"  
"Soldier, have you a silver coin?"
- 3 "I cannot pay with silver coin,  
But keep this coat and hat of mine  
To pay for your goodly wine."
- 4 When at the table the soldier sat down  
He drank his wine and sang a song,  
But the hostess wept loud and long.
- 5 "What worries you, why do you weep?  
Is it the wine that you regret,  
Or that I shall be in your debt?"

6 “’Tis not the cup of wine that you drank,  
But ’tis the song you sang,” she said.  
“My husband sang it, who now is dead.”

7 “My husband went to fight in the war,  
He has been absent this many a year,  
To him a likeness you do bear.”

8 “O keep your peace, you wicked woman!  
When I went away, my children were two,  
But now I see four here with you.”

9 “There came to me many false reports,  
And told me that you had been slain.  
I wept and wedded once again.”

10 “They wage a war down there in Paris,  
A war that naught but blood can quell:  
My wife and children, fare you well!”