

*Lincel ar Re Varo*

Eur wech a oa eur merer, eun intanv hanvet Job Kervran, ha n’hen doa ket paeet he aotro, seiz vloaz a oa. Seiz bugel hen doa ive, hac ho seiz re iaouanc evit galloud labourad douar na gonid eun dra bennac.

He aotro, o tremen a-biou berred he barrès, en noz, a wele aliès processionou hoc’h ober ann dro d’ann ilis, hac a grede a oant tud varo, hoc’h ober pinijenn; met aouennic a oa, ha na grede ket tostad da welet.

Hac hen o vont da gaout he verer hac o lâret d’ehan penaoz mar carrie mont da dremen eun nozvès penn-da-benn en ilis, e roje d’ehan quittancez euz ar seiz bloazvès a dlee d’ehan.

Ar merer a oa paour ha nec’het, hac a lâras mont.

Mont a reas eta d’ann ilis, pa ’c’h a ar sacrist da zôn ann *Angelus* noz. Pa oa hec’h unan en ilis, alc’hueet ann dorjo warn-han, e taoulinas dirac ann aoter, da bedi; hac hec’h eas neuze da gambr ann horolach, en tour, a belec’h a wele mad, dre eur pennestr, kement a oa en ilis, rac sclezer a oa al loar. En bolenté Doue! emehan; hac e c’hortoas.

Pa zonas ann hanter-nnoz, hac hen o clewet eun drouz vraz er verret, evel eur c’harronz o tont d’ann daou-lam, war ar meinn-bez. — Daoust, emehan, petra a ra ann drouz-ze, er verret?

Hac hen o welet neuze unan ha na anavee ket o tont euz ar sacristiri, hac eun alc’houez gant-han en he zorn; hac ann den-ze a zigoras ann nor-dal, hac eur c’harronz a antreas kerkent en ilis, ha tri a gezec diout-han. Pa oant deut en creiz ann ilis, a chomjont eno. Ha neuze ar postillon hac ann hini a oa deut euz ar sacristiri a digoras ar c’harronz, hac a tenjont eun arched e-maës. Job Kervran, o welet kement-ze, a rez sinn ar groaz, hac a save ar bleo war he benn, gant ann aoun.

Lacad a eurejont ann arched war bave ann ilis, ha a tigorjont anehan; hac a oa ebars, eur c’horf maro, corf eur plac’h. Tennan a eurejont anehan e-maës ann arched hac hen derc’hel en he sâ. Ar plac’h a lem neuze al lincel lienn gwenn a oa en-dro d’ezhi, hac hi zol war bave ann ilis. Kerkent daou vean braz a sav gant trouz euz ar pave, hac a dizolo eun toul dû ha doon. Ar plac’h a diskenn en toul, en noaz, hac he lincel a chom war bave ann ilis. Ann daou vean a gouez neuze war ann toul, hac a c’hôlô

*The Shroud of the Dead*

Once upon a time there was a tenant farmer, a widower called Joe Kervran, and he hadn’t paid his landlord for seven years. He had seven children, too, and the seven of them were too young to be able to work the land or earn a little something.

His landlord, passing by his parish cemetery, at night, often saw processions making a circuit of the church, and thought that they were dead people, doing penance; but he was cowardly, and didn’t dare approach to see.

And he went to get his tenant and told him how if he wanted to spend an entire night in the church, he would forgive him for the seven years he owed him.

The farmer was poor and anxious, and he said he would go.

He went, then, to the church, when the sexton went to sound the evening *Angelus* [6 p.m.]. When he was alone in the church, the doors locked on him, he knelt before the altar, to pray; and then he went to the clock room, in the tower, where he saw clearly, through a window, everything that was in the church, for the moon was bright. “By God’s will!” he said, and he waited.

When midnight sounded, he heard a great noise in the cemetery, like a carriage coming at a gallop, upon the gravestones. “I wonder,” he said, “what is making that noise in the cemetery?”

And then he saw someone he didn’t know coming from the vestry, with a key in his hand; and that man opened the great door, and at once a carriage entered into the church, with three horses in front of it. When they were inside the church, they stood there. And then the postilion and the one who had come from the vestry opened the carriage, and pulled out a coffin. Joe Kervran, seeing all of that, made the sign of the cross, and the hair rose on his head with fear.

They put the coffin on the church floor, and opened it, and inside was a dead body, the body of a woman. They pulled it out of the coffin and stood her up. The woman then removed the white cloth shroud she wore, and threw it onto the church floor. At once two great stones rose noisily from the paving, and uncovered a deep, black hole. The woman went down into the hole, naked, and her

anehan. Ar postillon hec’h a-cuit, gant he garronz, gant ann hevelep trouz evel ma oa deut, hac egile a serr ann nor, hac a distro d’ar sacristiri. Mès ann arched hac al lincel a oa chomet en creiz ann ilis.

Job Kervran a oa prest da vervel gant ar spont; derec’hel a ra da bedi Doue da rei d’ehan ar c’hraz da vont betec ann de, heb drouc a-bed.

Kerkent ha ma oe sonet ter heur, a clewas arre ar c’harronz o tont, d’ann daou-lam ruz, a-dreist beziou ar verred, ken a sonje gant-han a oa fraillet ha bruzunet ann holl meinn-bez. —Jesus! emez-han, n’eo ket finn eta? Daoust petra a zo c’hoaz, ma Doue!

Hac a welas arre unan, ann hevelep hini, o tont gant eun alc’houez deuz ar sacristiri, da digori ann nor-dal; hac ar c’harronz a deuas arre, gant ann tri a gezec, da greiz ann ilis. Eno a chom, en kichenn ann arched. Hac ann daou vean a sao a-darre, gant trouz, euz a bave ann ilis, ar plac’h maro a deu, en noaz, e-maës ann toul hac a gomer he lincel hac a laca anezhi en-dro d’he c’horf. Ann daou den a astenn anezhi neuze en arched, a laca ann arched er c’harronz, hac ar charronz hec’h a-cuit adarre, gant eun drouz spontus. Ann den a oa deut d’euz ar sacristiri a alc’huez ann nor, ha a distro arre d’ar sacristiri. Job a bede Doue bepred, hac a gave ann amzer hir, hac hen defoa mall da welet ann dez o tont.

Da c’huerc’h heur, a teu ar sacrist da zôn ann *Angelus* beure, ha Job a red buhan e-maës ann ilis, evurus da c’halloud em denn’ ac’hane, heb drouc, ha da vea quit euz ar seiz vloaz a dlee d’he aotro. Mont a ra da welet ar meinn-bez, er verred, o sonjal cavout anhê draillet ha bruzunet hol. Mes evel aroc a oant, ha na welas na roudou rod, na roudou treid kezec, ar pezh a souezas anehan. «Bolente Doue eo!» a lâras, hep-ken, hac a tistroas d’ar gêr. He aotro a oa eno, o c’hortoz anehan, hac a c’houlennas digant-han, kerkent ha m’hen gwelas:

—Ac’hanta! Job, arri out?

—Arri on, aotro.

—Ha hep drouc e-bed?

—Ia, dre c’hracz Doue, aotro.

—Lâr d’in petra a t’eus gwelet, en noz-man, en ilis.

—N’em eus gwelet netra, aotro.

—Ha gwir?

—Ia, gwir a-walc’h. (Na ioulle ket lâret.)

—Ma! Neuze a t’eus grêt eun nozvé vad, ha goneet ezet ar pezh a dlees d’in.

shroud stayed on the church floor. The two stones fell then onto the hold, and covered it. The postilion went away with his carriage, with the same noise as when he came in, and returned to the vestry. But the coffin and the shroud stayed inside the church.

Joe Kervran was ready to die from fear; he kept praying to God to give him the grace to make it until day, without any harm.

As soon as three o’clock was sounded, he once again heard the carriage coming, at a fast gallop, across the tombs of the cemetery, until he thought all of the gravestones were broken into pieces. “Jesus!” he said, “isn’t it over then? I wonder what is left, my God!”

And again he saw someone, the same one, coming with a key from the vestry, to open the great door; and the carriage came again, with the three horses, to the middle of the church. There it stayed, near the coffin. And the two stones rose again, noisily, from the floor of the church; the dead woman came, naked, out of the hole and took her shroud and then put it on. The two men then laid her in the coffin, put the coffin into the carriage, and the carriage went away again, with a terrible noise. The man who had come from the vestry locked the door, and returned again to the vestry. Joe kept praying to God, and found the time slow, and was in a hurry to see day come.

At six o’clock the sexton came to sound the morning *Angelus* [6 a.m.], and Joe quickly ran out of the church, happy to be able to get away from there, with no harm, and to be away from the seven years he owed his landlord. He went to see the gravestones, in the cemetery, thinking to find them all broken up. But they were light before, and he didn’t see any wheel ruts, nor the traces of horses’ hooves, which surprised him. “It’s God’s will!” he said, “nothing more,” and he returned home. His landlord was there, waiting for him, and asked him all that he had seen:

“Well! Joe, have you arrived?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And with no harm?”

“Yes, by the grace of God, Sir.”

“Tell me what you saw, tonight, in the church.”

“I saw nothing, Sir.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really and truly.” (He didn’t want to say.)

“Well! Then you have had a good evening, and you have earned what you owe me.”

—Ia sur, aotro, ha coulz-goude na ioulfenn ket tremen eno eun nozvé all.

—Ha perac eta? Aoun a t'eus bet?

—Eun tammic; na ioulfenn ket ober ar mêmes tra dre guriostité; mes pa oa evit gonid bara d'am bugale, Doue n'hen eus ket cavet fall ar pez am eus grêt.

—Ma! sell aze da guittanz evit ar seiz bloaz a dlees d'in.

—Trugaze, aotro.

Hac ann aotro hec'h es-cuit.

Epad ann dez, Kervran na eure nemet sonjan er pez hen defoa gwelet, en ilis. Ann dewarlerc'h ar beure, hec'h eas da goves gant unan ar c'hureed (tri bêlec a oa en he barrouz,) e-keit ha ma oa ar person o lâret he offerenn, hac a cont hol d'ehan. Ar c'hure, d'he dro, a lâr d'he berson. Ar person hec'h a da gavout Kervran, d'he di, hac a c'houlenn digant-han ha gwir eo ar pez a zo bet lâret dehan gant ar c'hure.

—Ia, aotro ar person, gwir eo.

Ar person a lâr neuze d'ar c'hure:

—En bezr-da-noz, c'hui a rinco mont ive da dremen ann noz en ilis, da welet ha gwir eo ar pez a lâr Kervran, pehini, marteze, n'hen eus grêt met hunvreal; ha mar d'è gwir, ha mar gwelet ive ar plac'h varo a lâr bea gwelet, goulennet di-gant-hi petra a fell d'êhi.

—Ma! Mont a rinn, aotro ar person, hac e comzinn out-hi, mar hi gwelan.

Mont a ra eta ar c'hure gant ar sacrist, pa 'c'h a heman da zôn ann *Angelus* noz; alc'hueet ê ann dorozo war-n-han, hac a em laca en pedenn dirac ann aoter vraz. Azean a ra neuze en eur gador, he geinn troët d'ann aoter, hac he visach etrezec traon ann ilis. Pa zonas ann hanter-noz, hac hen o clewet ive, er verred, ann drouz hen defoa clewet Kervran. Ha kerkent a wel ive unan o tont euz ar sacristiri da digori ann nor-dal. Ha pa 'z eo digoret, eur c'harronz, ha stag out-han tri a gezec du, a deu en ilis betec ar c'hreiz, lec'h ma chom. Ar postillon hac egile, ann hini a oa deut euz ar sacristiri, a denn eun arched e-maës ar c'harronz, hac a laca anehan war bave ann ilis. Digori a reont ann archet ha tennan e-maës anehan eur c'horf-marô, gant eul lincel wenn en-dro d'ehan. Daou vean deuz ar pave a sao, gant trouz, hac a dizolo eun toul dû ha dôn. Ar c'horf marô a dol he lincel war bave ann ilis hac a diskenn en toul, en noaz, ha kerkent ann daou vean a gouez adarre, gant trouz, hac a c'holo ann toul. Ar c'harronz hec'h a-cuit neuze, d'ann daou-lamm ruz,

“Yes indeed, Sir, and yet I'd like to spend another evening there.”

“Why, then? Were you afraid?”

“A little; I wouldn't want to do the same thing through curiosity; but in order to earn bread for my children, God didn't find what I did to be evil.”

“Well! There is the forgiveness for the seven years that you owe me.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

And the landlord went away.

During the day, Kervran could do nothing but think about what he had seen in the church. The next morning, he went to confess to one of the curates (there were three priests in his parish); while the parson was saying his mass, and told him everything. The curate, in his turn, told his parson. The parson went to find Kervran at his house and asked him whether what he had been told by the curate was true.

“Yes, Mr. Parson, it's true.”

The parson then told the curate:

“Tonight, you must also go to spend the night in the church, to see whether what Kervran says is true; who, perhaps, only dreamed; and if it's true, and if you also see the dead woman he says he saw, ask her what she wants.”

“Well! I'll go, Mr. Parson, and I'll talk to her, if I see her.”

The curate then went with the sexton, when he went to sing the evening *Angelus*; he locked the doors on him, and he started in prayer before the great altar. He sat in a chair then, his back turned to the altar, and his face towards the lower end of the church. When midnight sounded, and he heard it too, in the cemetery, the noise that Kervran had heard. And right away he saw someone coming out of the vestry to open the great door. And when it was opened, a carriage, and hitched to it three black horses, came into the church right up to the middle, where it stayed. The postilion and the other, the one who had come from the vestry, pulled the coffin out of the carriage, and put it on the floor of the church. They opened the coffin and pulled a dead body out of it, with a white shroud around it. Two stones rose up from the pavement, noisily, and uncovered a deep and black hole. The dead body threw her shroud onto the church floor and went down into the hole, naked, and at once the two stones fell again, noisily, and covered the hole. The carriage went away then, at a fast gallop, until fire came from the horses'

ken a deue ann tan euz treid ar c'hezec, hac ann hini a oa deut euz ar sacristiri a serr ann nor hac a return arre d'ar sacristiri; ha sioul mic, goude.

Ar c'hure na finvas ket eus he gador, lec'h a oa evel eur statu mean, ha na gredas lâret gir.

Ann dewarlerc'h ar beure, a contas d'he berson ar pez hen defoa gwelet ha clewet.

—Gwir a lâre eta Job Kervran, eme a person; mes me a sonje d'in penaoz eur bêlec a dlee bean hardioc'h en he ilis eget eur merer diskiant, pehini a dlee seiz vloaz d'he aotro. Ha n'och eus lâret gir? N'oc'h eus ket goulennet digant ar plac'h-ze petra a felle d'ezhi, evel em boa lâret d'ac'h ober?

—N'em eus ket credet, ha c'hui, aotro ar person, mar vizeac'h bet eno, n'ho pije ket grêt ive.

—Eo, grêt em bije; me n'on ket ken aounic-se.

Mont a ra ar person neuze da gavout he eil cure, conta a ra hol d'ehan, hac a c'houlenn digant-han a contant eo da vont ive da dremen eun noz en ilis.

—Ia, ia, emehan, me a ielo, en graz Doue, ha na vinn ket ken aounic-se. Me a gomzo ouz ar plac'h-se, hac a c'houlenno digant-hi petra a faot d'ezhi.

Mont a ra eta ann eil cure<sup>1</sup> da dremen ann noz ive d'ann ilis, hac a clew hac a wel ar pez ho doa clewet ha gwelet ann daou all. Mès, evell ann daou all, na gredas na flach deus ar gador lec'h a oa azeet na c'hueza gir.

Ann dewarlerc'h ar beure, pa deu er-maës ann ilis, da heur ann *Angelus*, a oa he berson o c'hortos anehan, er verred.

—Ac'hanta! a lâras ar person d'ehan, penaoz eo bet em dremenet ann treo? Gwelet hoc'h eus eun dra bennac?

—Ia, aotro ar person, clewet ha gwelet em eus evel ann daou all.

—Piou ê eta ar plac'h-se, neuze, ha petra a faot d'ezhi? Rac goulennet hoc'h eus digant-hi, me voar-vad?

—N'em eus ket credet goulenn digant-hi.

—Ma! na oc'h nemet poltroned, ken aouennic ha bugale. Me a ielo fenoz d'ann ilis, hac a ouvezo petra eo kement-se hol; marteze eun ine en poan, ha na c'houlenn nemet eun offerenn pe eur bedenn benac evit bea delivret.

Mes ar person, evit-hen da lâret na oa ket aouennic, na grede ket mont he-unan da dremenn ann noz en ilis, hac a c'houlennas digant he daou gure mont gant-han ive.

Mont a reont ho zri, hac hec'h int saouezet o

hooves, and the one who had come from the vestry closed the door and returned again to the vestry; and it was dead quiet, afterwards.

The curate didn't move from his chair, where he was like a stone statue, and didn't dare say a word.

The next morning, he told his parson what he had seen and heard.

“Joe Kervran spoke the truth, then,” said the parson, “but I thought that a priest should be bolder in his church than an ignorant peasant, who owed seven years to his landlord. And you didn't say a word? You didn't ask that woman what she wanted, as I told you to do?”

“I didn't dare, and you, Mr. Parson, if you had been there, you wouldn't have, either.”

“Yes, I would have; I'm not so cowardly.”

Then the parson went to find his second curate, told him everything, and asked him whether he was happy to go spend a night in the church, as well.

“Yes, yes,” he said, “I'll go, in God's grace, and I won't be so cowardly. I'll speak to that woman, and ask her what she needs.”

The second curate went to spend the night in the church, as well, and heard and saw what the other two had heard and seen. But, like the two others, he didn't dare budge from the chair where he had sat, nor breathe a word.

The next morning, when he came out of the church, at the time of the *Angelus*, his parson was waiting for him in the cemetery.

“Well!” said the parson to him, “how did things go? Did you see something?”

“Yes, Mr. Parson, I heard and saw like the two others.”

“Who is that woman, then, and what does she need? For you asked her, of course?”

“I didn't dare ask her.”

“Well! You're nothing but cowards, as craven as children. I'm going to the church tonight, and will know what all of this is about; perhaps a soul in trouble, who only wants a mass or some prayer to be delivered.

But the parson, although he said he wasn't cowardly, didn't dare go by himself to spend the night in the church, and asked his two curates to go with him, too.

The three of them went, and they were surprised to see the catafalque inside the church, arranged as if there were a rich funeral, or a memorial service.

“What,” said the parson, “who is dead, in the

welet ar varvscaon en creiz ann ilis, kempennet evel evit eun interrnamant pinvic, pe eun dez-ar-bloaz.

— Petra, a lâr ar person, piou a zo marv, er barrouz, ma zo eun interrnamant vraz, warc'hoas, pe eun dez-ar-bloaz?

—Na ouzomb ket, eme ar gureed, n'hon eus clewet netra.

— Na me ive; it da c'houlenn digant ar sacrist. Hac hec'h a unan ar gureed da c'houlenn digant ar sacrist. Met ar sacrist ive n'hen defoa kezlo a-bed a vize a-newez marwet unan-bennac er barrouz, nac ive a vize eun dez-ar-bloaz, ann dewarlerc'h. Souezet a oa ive o clewet a oa ar varvscaon en creiz ann ilis, rac n'hen defoa ket hi lakêt eno.

Setu eta ann tri bêlec en ilis, o pedi Doue, da c'hortoz ann hanter-noz da zôn.

Kerkent ha ma 'z eo scoët ann tol diveza, setu arre eun drouz vraz er verred, gant a c'harronz hac ar c'hezec o tont a-dreuz ar meinn-bez, hac eun den a deu deus ar sacristiri, a dremen a-biou d'ann tri bêlec, heb ober vâ da welet an-hê, hac hec'h a da digori ann nor-dal. Kerkent ar c'harronz a deu en ilis, gant ann tri a gezec du, hac a chom e-kichen ar varvscaon. Ar postillon hac egile a denn neuze eun arched e-maës ar c'harronz, a digor anezhan, hac e tennont e-maës corf eur plac'h varo, gant eul lincel endro d'ezhi. Ann daou vean a sao, gant trouz, hac a dizolo eun toul du ha dô, en pehini ar plac'h a diskenn, en noaz, goude bea tolet he lincel war have ann ilis. Ha neuze ann daou vean a gouez arre, gant trouz, war ann toul, ar c'harronz hec'h a-cuit, ann den a deue euz ar sacristiri a serr ann nor hac a distro d'ar sacristiri, — ha trouz a-bed goude.

Ar person, hardioc'h eun tammic eget he gureed, a deu neuze da gichenn ar varvscaon, a dap-crog el lincel, hac a distro gant-hi da droad ann aoter vraz.

—E tlezac'h bea grêt eveldon, — a lâr d'he gureed, — brema me na roïnn ket he lincel d'êhi, ken a defo lâret petra a faot d'êhi.

Dont a ra neuze unan deus ar sacristiri, evel eur bêlec, nemet hec'h ê gwisket hol en guenn, hac eur c'houlouenn coar gant-han, en peb dorn. Lacad a ra anhê unan a bep tu d'ar varvscaon, hac a tistro arre d'ar sacristiri. Da der heur, ar c'harronz a deu arre d'ann ilis, da gerc'had ar plac'h maro. Homan a deu e-maës ann douar, hac a em laca dâ c'hoarzinn, o welet ann diou c'houlouenn, en daou du d'ar varvscaon. Clasq a ra he lincel, ha pa na gav ket anêhi, a lâr, gant eul vouez huël: —«Pelec'h ema ma lincel? Ma lincel d'in!» Ann tri bêlec, o clewet ar

parish, that there is a great funeral tomorrow, or a memorial service?"

"We don't know," said the curates; "We haven't heard anything."

"Nor me, either; go ask the sexton." And one of the curates went to ask the sexton. But the sexton hadn't had any news at all whether someone could just have died in the parish, nor whether there was a memorial service, either, the next day. He was also surprised to hear that there was a catafalque inside the church, because he hadn't put it there.

So there the three priests are in the church, praying to God, to wait for midnight to sound.

As soon as the last stroke struck, there was once again a great noise in the cemetery, with the carriage and the horses coming across the gravestones, and a man coming from the vestry, passing by the three priests, seeming not to see them, and went to open the main door. At once the carriage came into the church, with the three black horses, and stopped near the catafalque. The postilion and the other then pulled a coffin out of the carriage, and opened it, and they pulled out the body of a dead woman, with a shroud around her. The two stones rose, noisily, and uncovered a deep, dark hole, into which the woman descended, naked, after having thrown her shroud onto the church floor. And then the two stones fell again, noisily, onto the hole, the carriage went away, the man came from the vestry, closed the door, and returned to the vestry—and there was no noise afterwards.

The parson, a little braver than his curates, approached the catafalque then, grabbed hold of the shroud, and took it back to the foot of the great altar.

"You ought to have done as I did," he said to the curates. "Now I won't give her shroud to her until she has told me what she needs."

Then someone came from the vestry, like a priest, but he was dressed all in white, and he had a wax candle in each hand. He put one of them on each side of the catafalque, and returned to the vestry. At three o'clock, the carriage came once again to the church, to get the dead woman. She came out of the ground, and started to laugh, to see the two candles on either side of the catafalque. She looked for her shroud, and when she didn't find it, said, in a loud voice, "Where is my shroud? My own shroud!" The three priests, hearing that voice, were terrified, and wanted to be far away. "Where is my shroud! My own shroud!" the woman cried again, in

vouez-ze, a zo spouronet hol, hac a garrie bea pell ac'hane. — «Pelec'h ema ma lincel! Ma lincel d'inn!» a gri ar plac'h, gant eur vouez crenvoc'h, hac a red en-dro d'ar varvscaon, evel eur c'hi counnaret. — «Pelec'h ema ma lincel? Ma lincel d'inn!» a gri, evit ann derved gwech. Ar person, gant ann aoun na deuze da welet anehan ha d'hen lacad a bezio, kement ha ma oa counnaret, a deu neuze da greiz ann ilis, hac a dol d'êhi he lincel; mès na gred lâret comz a-bed. Ar plac'h a dap-crog en he lincel hac a laca anêhi endro d'he c'horf. Tapout a ra neuze eun dornad douar euz ann toul a behini a oa deut, hac a tol anehan en bisach ar person; neuze a c'houez ann diou c'houlouenn, en daou du d'ar varvscaon, hac hec'h a-cuit en he c'harronz, gant eun drouz spontus, ken a sonje gant ar vèleienn a oa ann ilis o vont da goueza warnhê. Mes n'ho deus bet drouc a-bet.

Ann dewarlerc'h ar beure, hec'h a ar person, he-unan, da gavoud Job Kervran, en he di, hac a c'houlenn digant-han ha gwir a oa hen defoa bet digant he aotro quittance euz a seiz blawès feurm a dlee d'ehan, evit tremen eun nozvé pen-da-benn en ilis.

—Gwir eo, aotro ar person, — a lâras Job.

—Ma! me a baeo seiz blawès all en avanz d'és aotro, mar cares tremenn c'hoas eun nozvé all en ilis.

—N'on ket hardiz da vont evel-se, en noz, d'ann ilizo; coulz goude hec'h inn c'hoas, en hano Doue, hac evit gonid eun dra bennac d'am bugale.

—Mes rêd a vô did goulenn digant ar plac'h varv petra a faot d'êhi, ha lâret d'inn petra a defo respontet.

—Ma! Aotro ar person, ober a rinn.

Mont a ra eta adarre Job Kervran d'ann ilis, pa 'c'h a ar sacrist da zôn ann *Angelus*, hac hec'h ê saouezet o welet ar varvscaon en creiz ann ilis, hac hi kempennet evel evit eun interramant pinvic. Pigna a ra adarre en cambr ann horolac'h, hac a em laca da bedi Doue, da c'hortoz ann hanter-noz. Evit diverra, clewet ha gwelet a ra evel en noz kentan a dremenhas en ilis. Met pa oe diskennet ar plac'h, en noaz, en douar, a welas o tont euz ar sacristiri unan gwisket hol en gwenn, evel eun el, hac eur c'houlouenn goar gant-han en peb dorn. Lacad a eure unan anhê en peb tu dar varvscaon.

Kervran, o welet kement-ze, a sonch d'ehan a zo eun interramant da vean, en noz-ze, hac a diskenn euz cambr ann horolac'h, hac a deu da daoulina

a stronger voice, and ran around the catafalque like a rabid dog. “Where is my shroud? My own shroud!” she cried, for the third time. The parson, afraid lest she come to see him and take him to pieces, so enraged was she, then came into the centre of the church, and threw her her shroud, but he didn't dare say a word. The woman grabbed her shroud and put it around her body. Then she took a handful of earth from the hole from which she had come, and threw it into the parson's face; then she blew out the two candles, on either side of the catafalque, and she went away in her carriage, with a terrible noise, until the priests thought that the church was going to fall on them. But they experienced no harm.

The next morning, the parson went on his own to find Joe Kervran in his house, and asked him whether it was true that he had been forgiven by his landlord for the seven years' rent he owed him, for spending an entire night in the church.

“It's true, Parson,” said Joe.

“Well! I'll pay another seven years in advance to your landlord, if you'd be willing to spend another night in the church.”

“I'm not brave enough to go like that, at night, to the churches; however, I'll still go, in the name of God, and to earn something for my children.”

“But you'll have to ask the dead woman what she needs, and tell me what she answered.”

“Well! Parson, I will.”

Joe Kervran went to the church again, when the sexton went to sound the *Angelus*, and was surprised to see the catafalque inside the church, and arranged as if for a rich funeral. He climbed into the clock tower again, and began to pray to God, to wait for midnight. To make a long story short, he heard and saw just like the first night he spent in the church. But when the woman went down, naked, into the earth, he saw someone dressed all in white coming from the vestry, like an angel, with a wax candle in each hand. He put one of them on either side of the catafalque.

Kervran, seeing all of that, thought to himself that there was to be a funeral that night, and came down from the bell tower, and came to kneel by the catafalque, and to pray for the dead. He was surprised to see that only two of the candles around

e-kichenn ar varvscaon, ha da bedi evit ann anaoun. Saouezet o welet na oa enaouet nemet daou deuz ar goulaou a oa en-dro d'ar varvscaon, a em laca da enaoui ive ar re-all. Mes, 'vel na wel den o tont, na bêlec, na re-all, hec'h ê saouezet, hac a sonch: — Rêd ê a ve eun anaoun hoc'h ober pinizenn a zo en arched-man. Mar be bolente Doue hec'h allfenn hen delivra, ez on contant da verwel, ha pa ve doc'htu a ve.

Gwelet a ra al lincel chomet war bave ann ilis, hac a laca anêhi indan he gazel, hac hec'h a da bedi adarre, dirac ann aoter.

Da der heur, e teu, evel bep-tro, ann hini marw e-maës ann douar, ha pa na wel ket he lincel, a em laca da grial: — «Pelec'h eman ma lincel? Ma lincel d'in!» —

—Aman eman, ganen-me, a lâr Kervran, hac hec'h an da reï anêhi d'ac'h, doc'h-tu, ha zoken ma chupenn, mar caret, rac riou a dleet da gaout evel-se, en noaz.

Hac a ro he lincel d'êhi.

—Trugarez, ma den-mad, emehi, ha Doue d'ho paeo, rac c'hui hoc'h eus ma delivret. Seiz ugent vloaz a zo a-baoue ma 'c'h on aman oc'h ober pinijenn, hac a oann barnet da chom evel-se, ken em bije cavet unan da bedi evidon, ha da reï d'in ma lincel, evel m'oc'h eus-hu grêt. Calz a dud ho deus ma gwelet en ilis-man, a-baoue ma 'c'h on hoc'h ober pinijenn, hac hol a spontent hac hec'h eent-cuit, pa c'houlennenn digant-he ma lincel, dre na gredent ket cregi en-hi ewit hi reï d'inn. Darn a groge en-hi, hac hi zole d'inn, evel da eur c'hi. Beb-noz, a-baoue seiz ugent vloaz, a rinkenn tremen ter heur en creiz ann douar, en noaz, a-gichenn hanter-noz bete ter heur. Hec'h an da lâret d'ac'h ar pec'het evit pehinin a reen ken braz pinijenn. Me, pa oann en buhe, war ar bed, a laëre ar-re-varw, en ho bezio. Pa varwe eun den pinvic, er vro, war digare pedin ewit he ine, me 'c'h ee d'he di, da welet liennan anehan ha petra a vije laket gant-han en he arched.

Hac en noz goude ann interramant, me 'c'h ee d'ar verred, da didouari ann hini marw, hac e tigassenn ganen ar goalizer, ar c'hroajo aour hac arc'hant, hac al lincelliou, hac e lezenn ar c'horfo en noaz; hac evit se hec'h on bet condaonet da dremenn ter heur bemnoz indan ann douar, en noaz, abaoue seiz ugent vloas. Chui hoc'h eus ma delivret, ha bennos Doue d'ec'h. Breman, hec'h eet da gavoud ho person, hac a lârfet d'ehan ober ma interramant, warc'hoaz ar beure, da dec heur. Neuze hec'h inn da

the catafalque were lit, and started to light the others, too. But, as he didn't see any man or priest coming, or anyone else, he was surprised, and thought: "It must be that there is some soul doing penance in this coffin. If it be God's will that I can deliver her, I'll be happy to die, even though it happens right away."

He saw the shroud left on the floor of the church, and tucked it under his arm, and went to pray again, before the altar.

At three o'clock there came, as each time before, the dead woman out of the earth, and when she didn't see her shroud, she began to cry, "Where is my shroud? My own shroud!"

"Here it is; I have it," said Kervran, "and I'm going to give it to you, right now, and even my shirt, if you like, for you must be cold like that, naked."

And he gave her her shroud.

"Thank you, my good man," she said, "and God will repay you, for you have saved me. I have been here for a hundred and forty years doing penance, and I was judged to stay like that until I had found someone to pray for me, and to give me my shroud, as you have done. Many people have seen me in this church since I have been doing penance, and everyone was afraid and went away, when I asked for my shroud, as they didn't dare take it up to give it to me. Some took it, and threw it to me, as if to a dog. Every night, for a hundred and forty years, I have had to spend three hours in the earth, naked, from midnight to three a.m. I am going to tell you the sin for which I have been doing such great penance. When I was alive, on the earth, I robbed the dead, in their graves. When a rich man died in the area, on the pretext of praying for his soul, I went to his house, to see him prepared for burial and what he would have put into his coffin with him.

"And the night after the burial, I would go to the cemetery, to exhume the dead person, and I would take with me the rings (?), the gold and silver crosses, and the shrouds, and and I would leave the bodies naked; and for that I have been condemned to spend three hours each night under the earth, naked, for a hundred and forty years. You have delivered me, and God bless you. Now, go find your parson, and tell him to perform my burial, tomorrow morning, at ten o'clock. Then I will go to my God's paradise, and you will come, too, no matter when

baradoz ma Doue, ha c’hui a deui ive, n’eus fors pegoulz a varwfet.»

Em baca a ra en he lincel, neuze, hac ar postillon hac egile a astenn anezhi en he arched hac a laca ann arched war ar varvscaon. P’ho deus grêt kement-se, e tisparissont, hac ar c’harronz ive, heb trouz a-bed, ha na ouzer penaos.

Job Kervran hec’h a neuze da gavoud ar person.

—A c’hanta! a lâr d’ehan ar person, petra at eus-te gwelet en ilis?

—Gwelet em eus, aotro ar person, traou spontus; eur plac’h marw, hoc’h ober pinijenn, abaoue seiz ugent vloaz, a zo bet digasset en ilis, en eur c’harronz a oa stag out-han tri a gezec dû. Digoret eo bet ann arched en pehini a oa astennet, tennet eo bet e-maës, ha neuze a deus tolet war ar pave al lincel a oa en-dro d’êhi; ann douar a zo bet em digoret, hac hen eus lonket anêhi, en noaz. Ar varvscaon a oa en creiz ann ilis, kempennet evel evit eun interramant pinvic, hac a zo deut eun êl deus ar sacristiri, gwisket en gwenn, hac eur c’houlaouann goar gant-han en peb dorn; hac hen deus laket he diou c’houlaouenn unan a bep tu d’ar varvscaon, hac hec’h ê distroët neuze d’ar sacristiri. Me, p’em eus gwelet na oa enaouet nemet ann diou c’houlaouenn-ze, em eus enaouet ive ar re-all a oa endro d’ar varvscaon, ha bepred hec’h int bev eno. Eul lincel em eus gwelet neuze war bave ann ilis, e-kichenn ar varvscaon, hac em eus tapet anêhi ha casset ganen, indan ma c’hazel. Goude-ze, hec’h on bet daoulinet etal ar varvscaon, da bedi evit ann anaoun. Da der heur, a teu ann hini marw e-maës ann douar, ha pa na wel ket he lincel lec’h ma defoa tolet anêhi, a em laca da grial, gant eur vouez spontus: «Pelec’h eman ma lincel? Ma lincel d’inn! Ma lincel d’inn!» Me na em spontan ket, hac a lâr neuze: — «Setu aman ho lincel, comerret anêhi; ha mar caret, a roïnn d’ac’h îve ma chupenn, mar hoc’h eus riou.» Comer a ra he lincel, hac a lâr d’inn: — «Trugarez, ma den mad, ha Doue d’ho paëo: a-baoue seiz ugent vloaz ez oann aman hoc’h ober pinijenn galet, ha c’hui hoc’h eus ma delivret! Kenavô en baradoz Doué!» Hac hec’h es-cuit. Mes lâret adeus d’inn c’hoas pedi anoc’h d’ober he interramant, warc’hoas ar beure, da dec heur. — «Grêt a vô, eme ar person, ha deut ive. — Oh! mont a rinn. — N’oc’h eus ket gwelet goude ann êl a oa bet o tigass ann diou c’houlaouenn? — Nann, aotro ar person, n’em eus ket gwelet anehan goude. — Henès a oa, me oarvad, he èl mad.

you die.”

She wrapped herself in her shroud, then, and the postillion and the other laid her in her coffin and put the coffin on the catafalque. When they had done all that, they disappeared, and the carriage too, without any noise, and no one knows how.

Joe Kervran went to find the parson then.

“Well!” the parson said to him, “what did you see in the church?”

“I saw, Parson, frightening things; a dead woman, doing penance, for a hundred and forty years, has been brought into the church, in a carriage with three black horses harnessed to it. The coffin in which she was laid out was opened, she was pulled out, and then she threw the shroud which was wrapped around her onto the floor of the church; the earth opened, and swallowed her, naked. The catafalque was in the middle of the church, arranged as if for a rich burial, and an angel came from the vestry, dressed in white, with a wax candle in each hand, and he put his two candles on either side of the catafalque, and returned then to the vestry. I, when I had seen that only those two candles were lit, I lit the others that were around the catafalque, too, and they are still lit there. I saw a shroud then on the floor of the church, near the catafalque, and I took it and brought it away with me, under my arm. After that, I knelt near the catafalque, to pray for the souls of the dead. At three o’clock, the dead woman came out of the earth, and when she didn’t see her shroud where she had thrown it, she began to cry out, in a frightful voice: “Where is my shroud? My own shroud! My own shroud!” I wasn’t afraid, and then said: “Here is your shroud; take it, and if you like, I’ll also give you my shirt, if you are cold.” She took her shroud, and said to me: “Thank you, my good man, and God will repay you: I have been here for a hundred and forty years doing hard penance, and you have saved me! Au revoir, until in God’s paradise!” And she went away. But she told me further to ask you to perform her funeral, tomorrow morning, at ten o’clock.”

“It shall be done,” said the parson, “and you come, too.”

“Oh! I’ll come.”

“You haven’t seen the angel since who brought the two candles?”

“No, Parson, I haven’t seen him since.”

“It was him, certainly, her guardian angel.”

Grêt ê ann interramant gant solennité; laket ê bet en creiz ann ilis, el lec'h ma tiskenne beb-noz en douar. Epad ann offerenn, a oe gwelet adarre ann êl o tont deus ar sacristiri, eur c'houlaouenn goar gant-han en peb dorn, hac a roas anhê da Job Kervran. Job a gomeras anhê, hac ho dalc'has en he daou dorn, epad ann offern hac ann interramant.

Ar plac'h a saos neuze deus he bez, he lincel gwenn en-dro d'êhi, a gomeras digant Kervran he diou c'houlaouenn, ha dirac ann hol dud a oa eno, a pignas d'ann nef, en eur gana cantic ar Baradoz.

Contet gant Fanch Thépaut, baraër, euz parrouz Botsorhel, ann 22 a viz Guenveur 1890, dastumet ha troët en Gallet gant F.-M. Ann Uc'hel.

The funeral was held with solemnity; it was done in the church, where she went down into the earth every night. During the mass, the angel was seen again coming from the vestry, a wax candle in each hand, and gave them to Joe Kervran. Joe took them, and held them in his hands, during the mass and the funeral.

The woman stood up from her grave then, her white shroud around her, and took the two candles from Kervran, and before all the people who were there, climbed to heaven, singing the Paradise hymn.

Told by Fañch Thépaut, baker, from Botsorhel parish, 22 January 1890, collected and translated into French by F. M. An Uhel [Luzel].

