

THREE POLISH WAR SONGS
arr. Myler

TTBB, accompanied

WW1626

THREE POLISH WAR SONGS

TTBB with Four-Hand Piano



Traditional Polish War Songs

1. **My Pierwsza Brygada**
2. **Modlitwa Obozowa**
3. **Rozszumiały Się Wierzby Płaczące**

Arranged by
Derek J. Myler



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About the Work

Three Polish War Songs is a set of three traditional military songs arranged for men's voices by Derek J. Myler. The three songs were collected by Derek personally while he lived for two years in Poland amongst families affected still by the tragedies of war. All three songs were popular among Polish military personnel throughout the Second World War, and survive today as musical mementos of a bright heritage of hope. The pieces were written especially for the Brigham Young University Men's Chorus; Rosalind Hall, conductor.

1. My Pierwsza Brygada

Legiony to żołnierska nuta, / Legiony to ofiarne stos,
Legiony to żołnierska buta, / Legiony to straceńców los.

My Pierwsza Brygada, / Strzelecka gromada,
Na stos rzuciliśmy swój życia los, / na stos, na stos!

O ile mąk, ile cierpienia, / O ile krwi, wylanych łez.
Pomimo to nie ma zwątpienia, / Dodawał sił wędrowni kres.

Potrafić dziś dla potomności, / Ostatki swych
poświęcić dni,
Wśród fałszów siać siew szlachetności, / Miazgą swych ciał,
żarem swej krwi.

2. Modlitwa Obozowa

O Panie, któryś jest na niebie, / Wyciągnij sprawiedliwą dłoń.
Wołamy z cudzych stron do Ciebie / O Polski dach i polską broń.

O Boże, skrusz ten miecz, co siekł nasz kraj, / Do wolnej Polski
nam powrócić daj,
By stał się twierdzą nowej siły, / nasz Dom, nasz Dom.

W poszumie drzew, błogosław, Panie, / Przysięgę naszą we
dniach prób.
Cokolwiek zdarzy się i stanie, / Nie damy Polski,
to nasz ślub.

3. Rozszumiały Się Wierzby Płaczące

Rozszumiały się wierzby płaczące,
Rozpląkała się dziewczyna w głos,
Od łez oczy podniosła błyszczące,
Na żołnierski, na twardego życia los.

Nie szumcie, wierzby, nam, / Żalu, co serce rwie,
Nie płacz, dziewczyno ma, / Bo w partyzance nie jest źle.
Do tańca grają nam / Granaty, wisów szczęk,
Śmierć kosi niby łan, / Lecz my nie wiemy, co to lęk.

I choć droga się nasza nie kończy,
Choć nie wiemy, gdzie wędrowni kres,
Ale pewni jesteśmy zwycięstwa,
Bo przelano już tyle krwi i łez.

Visit waltonmusic.com for pronunciation guides.

The March of the First Brigade

*The Legions are the marching footsteps, / The Legions are the altar gate,
The Legions are the sound of singing, / The Legions are the soldier's fate.*

*In the First Brigade, / this fighting barricade,
Our fate to chance we've thrown; / our very lives are not our own!*

*Through all the tears and all the suffering, / The broken hearts beyond mend;
In spite of these, forever faithful, / We march until our journey's end.*

*Today and for our children's children, / We'll carry truth
as far we may,
And in the end, we'll lay our lives down, / Our flesh and blood,
and all our days.*

Camp Prayer

*Our Father, Thou which art in heaven, / Stretch forth to us Thy righteous hand,
'Cross foreign lines we call upon Thee, / For Polish homes and Polish lands.*

*O take away the sword which on us lies, / On Poland let the dawn
of freedom rise,
Bring strength to our beloved nation; / our Home, our Home.*

*O Father, in the wind we hear Thee, / Bless Thou our oath in
days of strife:
Oh, come what may and come what must be, / for Home we'll gladly
give our lives.*

From the Willows There Came Up a Whispering

*From the willows there came up a whispering,
Through the crowd cut a cry like a knife,
From a girl, sore at heart, weeping bitterly,
For we soldiers and for our lot in life.*

*O willows, don't you weep, / O ladies, don't you cry,
Waste not your sorrows for / One in the army such as I.
Though death mows down the field, / And guns fire in the ear,
To us 'tis but a dance, / One in the army knows no fear.*

*And although our road seems without end,
Though we know not whither we're led,
Yet still are we sure of victory,
For the blood and the tears which have been shed.*

About the Composer

Derek J. Myler (b. 1990) is a music theorist and composer native to Utah. His work has been premiered in the United States and Europe, and in 2009 he was named winner of the ACDA's Raymond W. Brock Student Composition Competition. In addition to his frequent writing for choral forces, he has provided music for the theatre, for wind ensemble and symphonic groups, and for experimental chamber instrumentations. Derek identifies mainly as a theorist and is currently pursuing graduate studies in music theory.

Duration: Approx. 12:00

Three Polish War Songs

1. My Pierwsza Brygada

The March of the First Brigade

TTBB with Four-Hand Piano *

Traditional

Arranged by

DEREK J. MYLER (b. 1990)

Lento (♩ = ca. 60-66)

Primo

mp *molto rubato, espress.*

Secondo

(8^{va})

4

molto rit. **Marcia moderato** (♩ = ca. 80-90)

7

mf

mf marcato

* For a four-hand piano only score, email info@waltonmusic.com

T1 *mf* **A**
 Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska nu - ta, Le - gio - ny
 The Le - gions are the march-ing foot - steps, The Le - gions

T2 *mf*
 Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska nu - ta, Le - gio - ny
 The Le - gions are the march-ing foot - steps, The Le - gions

B *mf*
 Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska nu - ta, Le - gio - ny
 The Le - gions are the march-ing foot - steps, The Le - gions

B *mf*
 Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska nu - ta, Le - gio - ny
 The Le - gions are the march-ing foot - steps, The Le - gions

12
 to o - fiar - ny stos, Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska
 are the al - tar gate, The Le - gions are the sound of

to o - fiar - ny stos, Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska
 are the al - tar gate, The Le - gions are the sound of

to o - fiar - ny stos, Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska
 are the al - tar gate, The Le - gions are the sound of

to o - fiar - ny stos, Le - gio - ny to zoł - nier - ska
 are the al - tar gate, The Le - gions are the sound of

bu - ta, Le - gio - ny to stra - ceń - ców los.
sing - ing, The Le - gions are the sol - dier's fate.

bu - ta, Le - gio - ny to stra - ceń - ców los.
sing - ing, The Le - gions are the sol - dier's fate.

bu - ta, Le - gio - ny to stra - ceń - ców los.
sing - ing, The Le - gions are the sol - dier's fate.

bu - ta, Le - gio - ny to stra - ceń - ców los.
sing - ing, The Le - gions are the sol - dier's fate.

Violon

Violon

Violon

Violon

B
18

a tempo

f My _____ Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da, Strze - le - cka gro -
In _____ the First Bri - gade, this fight - ing bar - ri -

f My _____ Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da, Strze - le - cka gro -
In _____ the First Bri - gade, this fight - ing bar - ri -

f My _____ Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da, Strze - le - cka gro -
In _____ the First Bri - gade, this fight - ing bar - ri -

f My _____ Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da, Strze - le - cka gro -
In _____ the First Bri - gade, this fight - ing bar - ri -

mp

f *legato*

Violon

Violon

Violon

Violon

21

8

ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
cade, - da, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
cade, - da, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
cade, - da, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
cade, - da, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

(8^{va})

24

8

los, na stos, na stos! O i - le
lives are not our own. Through all the

los, na stos, na stos! O i - le
lives are not our own. Through all the

los, na stos, na stos! O i - le
lives are not our own. Through all the

los, na stos, na stos! O i - le
lives are not our own. Through all the

(8^{va})

loco

poco rit.

p

p

27

mał, i - le cier - pie - nia, O i - le krwi, wy - la - nych łez. Po - mi - mo to nie ma zwał -
 tears and all the suff - 'ring, The bro - ken hearts be - yond mend; In spite of these, for - ev - er

mał, i - le cier - pie - nia, O i - le krwi, wy - la - nych łez. Po - mi - mo to nie ma zwał -
 tears and all the suff - 'ring, The bro - ken hearts be - yond mend; In spite of these, for - ev - er

mał, i - le cier - pie - nia, O i - le krwi, wy - la - nych łez. to nie ma zwał -
 tears and all the suff - 'ring, The bro - ken hearts be - yond mend; these, for - ev - er

mał, i - le cier - pie - nia, O i - le krwi, wy - la - nych łez. to nie ma zwał -
 tears and all the suff - 'ring, The bro - ken hearts be - yond mend; these, for - ev - er

32

pie - nia, Do - da - wał sił wę - drów - ki kres. O My Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da,
 faith - ful, We march un - til our jour - ney's end. O In the First Bri - gade, this

pie - nia, Do - da - wał sił wę - drów - ki kres. My Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da,
 faith - ful, We march un - til our jour - ney's end. In the First Bri - gade, this

pie - nia, Do - da - wał sił wę - drów - ki kres. My Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da,
 faith - ful, We march un - til our jour - ney's end. In the First Bri - gade, this

pie - nia, Do - da - wał sił wę - drów - ki kres. My Pierw - sza Bry - ga - da,
 faith - ful, We march un - til our jour - ney's end. In the First Bri - gade, this

37

Strze - le - cka gro - ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
 fight - ing bar - ri - cade, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

Strze - le - cka gro - ma - da, Na stos, na stos, rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
 fight - ing bar - ri - cade, Our fate to chance, to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

Strze - le - cka gro - ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
 fight - ing bar - ri - cade, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

Strze - le - cka gro - ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my swój ży - cia
 fight - ing bar - ri - cade, Our fate to chance we've thrown; our ve - ry

molto rit.

41

f

los, na stos, na stos! Po - tra - fim
lives are not our own. To - day and

f

los, na stos, na stos! Po - tra - fim
lives are not our own. To - day and

los, na stos, na stos!
lives are not our own.

los, na stos, na stos!
lives are not our own.

f

f

D

45

a tempo

dziś dla po - tom - noś - ci O - stat - ki swych po - świę - cić dni, Wśród fał - szów
for our chil-dren's chil - dren, We'll car - ry truth as far we may, And in the

dziś dla po - tom - noś - ci O - stat - ki swych po - świę - cić dni, Wśród fał - szów
for our chil-dren's chil - dren, We'll car - ry truth as far we may, And in the

f Po - tra - fim dziś dla po - tom - noś - ci O - stat - ki swych po - świę - cić dni,
f To - day and for our chil-dren's chil - dren, We'll car - ry truth as far we may,

f Po - tra - fim dziś dla po - tom - noś - ci O - stat - ki swych po - świę - cić dni,
f To - day and for our chil-dren's chil - dren, We'll car - ry truth as far we may,

loco
ff pesante *sfz*

ff pesante *sfz*

49

Molto allargando

siać, _____ siew szla-chet - noś - ci, Miaz - gą swych ciał, za-rem swej krwi. O
 end, _____ we'll lay our lives down, Our flesh and blood, and all our days. O

siać, _____ siew szla-chet - noś - ci, Miaz - gą swych ciał, za-rem swej krwi. O
 end, _____ we'll lay our lives down, Our flesh and blood, and all our days. O

Wśród fał - szów siać, _____ szla - chet - noś - ci, Miaz - gą swych ciał, za-rem swej krwi. O
 And in the end, _____ we'll lay our lives, Our flesh and blood, and all our days. O

Wśród fał - szów siać, _____ szla - chet - noś - ci, Miaz - gą swych ciał, za-rem swej krwi. O
 And in the end, _____ we'll lay our lives, Our flesh and blood, and all our days. O

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in a standard Western staff format. It features a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, while the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score includes a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and the piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

More broadly

53 *More broadly*

Ah
Ah

Ah
Ah

Ah
Ah

My Pierw-sza Bry - ga - da, Strze - le - cka gro -
In the First Bri - gade, this fight ing bar - ri -

Oh
Oh

Oh
Oh

Oh
Oh

ma - da, Na stos rzu - ci - liś - my, swój ży - cia
cade, Our fate to chance we've thrown, our du - ty

(8^{ma})

Na stos rzu - ci - liś -
Our fate to chance we've

Na stos rzu - ci - liś -
Our fate to chance we've

Na stos rzu - ci - liś -
Our fate to chance we've

los, Ah Na stos rzu - ci - liś -
shown; Ah Our fate to chance we've

(8^{ma})

62

my _____
thrown; _____

swój ży - cia los, na stos, na stos!
our ve - ry lives are not our own.

rall. *a tempo* ***ff***

my _____
thrown; _____

swój ży - cia los, na stos, na stos!
our ve - ry lives are not our own.

ff

my _____
thrown; _____

swój ży - cia los, na stos, na stos!
our ve - ry lives are not our own.

ff

my _____
thrown; _____

swój ży - cia los, na stos, na stos!
our ve - ry lives are not our own.

ff

(8^{va})

loco ***fff***

tr ***fff*** *pesante*

66

molto accel. *molto rit.*

pp

2. Modlitwa Obozowa

Camp Prayer

TTBB

ADAM KOWALSKI (1896-1947)

Arranged by

DEREK J. MYLER (b. 1990)

Adagio (♩ = ca. 70)

T1
T2

1. O Pa - nie, któ - ryś jest na nie - bie, Wy - cią - gnij spra - wie - dli - wą dłoń. Wo -
 2. W po - szu - mie drzew, bło - go - sław, Pa - nie, Przy - się - gę na - szą we dniach prób. Co -
 1. Our Fa - ther; Thou which art in hea - ven, Stretch forth to us Thy righ - teous hand. 'Cross
 2. O Fa - ther; in the wind we hear Thee, Bless Thou our oath in days of strife: Oh,

B
B

6

ła - my z cu - dzych stron do Cie - bie O Pol - ski dach i pol - ską broń. O
 kol - wiek zda - rzy się i sta - nie, Nie da - my Pol - ski, to nasz ślub. O
 fo - reign lines we call u - pon Thee, for Po - lish homes and Po - lish lands.
 come what may and come what must be, for Home we'll glad - ly give our lives.

10 *f*

Bo - że, skrusz ten miecz, co siekł nasz kraj, Do wol - nej Pol - ski nam po - wró - cić daj, By
 take a - way the sword which on us lies, On Po - land let the dawn of free - dom rise, Bring

14 *p*

stał się twier - dzą no - wej si - ły, nasz Dom, _____ nasz Dom.
 strength to our be - lo - ved nat - tion; our Home, _____ our Home.

18 *rit.*

Dom. _____ A - men.
 Home. _____ A - men.

ARRANGEMENT DIRECTIONS

VERSE ONE and REFRAIN:

First phrase (m.1-5): tenor solo or entire first tenor section unison

Second phrase (m.6-9): add second tenor solo or all second tenors

Refrain (m.10-17): add baritone solo or all baritones

VERSE TWO and REFRAIN:

(m.1-16, 18-20): full chorus, all parts (add basses)

3. Rozszumiały Się Wierzby Płaczące

13

From the Willows There Came Up a Whispering

TTBB with Four-Hand Piano,*
Body Percussion and Tambourine

From an adaption of lyrics by
ROMAN ŚLĘZAK (1909-1969)

VASILY AGAPKIN (1884-1964)

Arranged by
DEREK J. MYLER (b. 1990)

(♩ = ca. 90-108) **molto rit.** **mf** freely **Andante moderato** (♩ = ca. 72)

Baritone Solo

Primo

Secondo

f agitato l.h. *decresc.* *mp* lunga // *mf* colla voce

f agitato *mp* lunga *mf* colla voce

5

cza - ce, Roz - pla - ka - ła się dziew - czy - na w gło - s, Od łez o - czy pod - nio - sła blysz -
whis - per - ing, Through the crowd cut a cry like a knife, From a girl, sore at heart, weep - ing

9

cza - ce, Na żoł - nier - ski, na twar - dy ży - cia los. **poco rit.**
bitt - er - ly, For we sol - diers and for our lot in life.

f l.h. *l.h.* *l.h.* *loco*

f

via

* For a four-hand piano only score, email info@waltonmusic.com

accel.

Allegro (♩ = ca. 125-140)

14

T1

T2

B

B

f **A**

Nie szum - cie, wierz - by,
O will - ows, don't you

f

Nie szum - cie, wierz - by,
O will - ows, don't you

f

Nie szum - cie, wierz - by,
O will - ows, don't you

f

Nie szum - cie, wierz - by,
O will - ows, don't you

mp

f

p

f

20

nam, Za - lu, co ser - ce rwie, Nie płacz, dziew - czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty -
weep, O la - dies, don't you cry, Waste not your sor - rows for One in the

nam, Za - lu, co ser - ce rwie, Nie płacz, dziew - czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty -
weep, O la - dies, don't you cry, Waste not your sor - rows for One in the

nam, Za - lu, co ser - ce rwie, Nie płacz, dziew - czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty -
weep, O la - dies, don't you cry, Waste not your sor - rows for One in the

nam, Za - lu, co ser - ce rwie, Nie płacz, dziew - czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty -
weep, O la - dies, don't you cry, Waste not your sor - rows for One in the

802

30

 (g^{va})

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for four staves: Treble 1, Treble 2, Bass 1, and Bass 2. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the Treble 1 staff, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The Treble 2 staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The Bass 1 staff features a steady eighth-note bass line, and the Bass 2 staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'sfz' (sforzando).

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in a two-staff format. The top staff is for the Treble Clef and the bottom staff is for the Bass Clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score begins with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) in both staves. The melody in the treble staff features a series of chords and a melodic line that includes a trill. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern. The score concludes with a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano) in the bass staff.

B

41

mp

Oo Oo

f

mp

Oo Oo

Choć nie wie - my, gdzie wę-drów - ki kres,
Though we know not — whi-ther we're led,

f

A - le pew - ni jes-teś - zy wy-
Yet — still are we sure of —

mp

Oo Oo

dro - ga się na - sza nie koń - czy,
though our — road seems with - out end,

mf

8va

mf

l.h.

mf

46

C

mp

cię - stwa, Oo
vic - to - ry, Oo

f

sub. mp

Bo prze - la - no już ty - le krwi i łez. Nie szum - cie, wierz-by, nam,
For the blood and the tears which have been shed. O will - ows, don't you weep,

(8^{va})

sf *sub. mp*

sf *sub. mp*

51

T1

T2

B

mf

Nie płacz, — dziewcz-y - no ma, Bo w par - ty -
Waste not — your sor - rows for One in the

B

mf

Ża - lu, — co ser - ce rwie, Nie płacz, — dziewcz-y - no ma, Bo w par - ty -
O la - dies, don't you cry, Waste not — your sor - rows for One in the

(8^{va})

mf

mf

18

73

Clap Stomp

T1

T2

B

B

Tamb.

Lecz my nie wie - my, co to lek.
One in the ar - my knows no fear.

(8va)

loco

f

ff

80

Clap Stomp

Tamb.

(8va)

85

Senza rit.

85

Senza rit.

90

E Very Slowly (♩ = ca. 65) **accel. poco a poco**

Clap
Stomp

T1

T2

B

B

Tamb.

(8^{va})

loco

8^{va}

Nie szum - cie, wierz - by, nam, Za - lu, co ser - ce rwie, Nie
O will - ows, don't you weep, O la - dies, don't you cry, Waste

95

molto accel.**F Allegro** (♩ = ca. 125-140)

The musical score is for page 95, marked 'molto accel.' and 'F Allegro' with a tempo of approximately 125-140 beats per minute. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are in Polish and English. The piano part includes a 'loco' section and a 'cresc.' section.

Vocal Parts:

cresc.

placz, _____ dziew-czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty - zant - ce nie jest źle. Do tań - ca gra - ją
 not _____ your sor - rows for One in the ar - my such as I. Though death _____ mows down the

cresc.

placz, _____ dziew-czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty - zant - ce nie jest źle. Do tań - ca gra - ją
 not _____ your sor - rows for One in the ar - my such as I. Though death _____ mows down the

cresc.

placz, _____ dziew-czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty - zant - ce nie jest źle. Do tań - ca gra - ją
 not _____ your sor - rows for One in the ar - my such as I. Though death _____ mows down the

cresc.

placz, _____ dziew-czy - no ma, Bo w par - ty - zant - ce nie jest źle. Do tań - ca gra - ją
 not _____ your sor - rows for One in the ar - my such as I. Though death _____ mows down the

Piano Part:

loco

cresc.

sfz

cresc.

100

nam Gra - na ty, wi-sów szczęk, śmierć ko - si ni-by łąn, Lecz my nie
field, And guns fire in the ear, to us 'tis but a dance, One in the

nam Gra - na ty, wi-sów szczęk, śmierć ko - si ni-by łąn, Lecz my nie
field, And guns fire in the ear, to us 'tis but a dance, One in the

nam Gra - na ty, wi-sów szczęk, śmierć ko - si ni-by łąn, Lecz my nie
field, And guns fire in the ear, to us 'tis but a dance, One in the

nam Gra - na ty, wi-sów szczęk, śmierć ko - si ni-by łąn, Lecz my nie
field, And guns fire in the ear, to us 'tis but a dance, One in the

(8va) -----

tr *tr*

105

wie - my, co to
 ar - my knows no

wie - my, co to
 ar - my knows no

wie - my, co to
 ar - my knows no

wie - my, co to
 ar - my knows no

p

(8^{va}) *tr* *loco*

mp

mp

112 *senza rit.* *molto accel.*

ff *lęk.* *fear.* Hej! Hey!

ff *lęk.* *fear.* Hej! Hey!

ff *lęk.* *fear.* Hej! Hey!

ff *lęk.* *fear.* Hej! Hey!

ff pesante *mp* *sfz* *8va*

ff pesante *ff* *sfz*

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Ogden, Utah

