

## Alan Stivell "Ar Gelted Kozh"

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Tril mil bloaz zo sur'walc'h, n'oa ket ur baradoz 'wid 'r  
Gelted kozh  
Met tud aman oa 'heseo Demokrasiezh, araog an dud  
'barzh Bro-Gres  
'Wel barzh 'r'vro sen 'oa kentoc'h ur c'hlas o c'hoari 'n  
dra-se  
Met tri mil bloaz 'zo dija, n'oa roue 'bet war hon douar  
'Merc'hed oa par d'ar baotred, hag an douar 'oa d'an  
oll

Daou mil a pemp kant bloaz 'zo, Kultur ar Gelted kozh  
oa o fewañ  
War lod brasañ an Europa, lorc'h 'bet hon eus o lar an  
dra-se  
Met rheid eo gout 'oa ar Romaned tud gouez'n o  
c'hichen  
War 'n dachenn filozofel, arzhel a' sokiel.  
Hag 'wid 'lodenn diouzh 'skiantoñ ha diouzh an  
teknikoñ

Skupet eo bet bed kozh ar Gelted ga' hin' ar Romaned  
Kreñvoc'h oa he, ya'hat, 'wid rhec' ur stad a rhein  
un niverenn da bep den  
'Brezel etre ar Gelted hag ar Romaned  
'Zo bet ur brezel 'tre ar Stad o doue ha' gevredigezh  
tud  
'Tre 'r bed karrezeg ha kaled leun a karrezed vihan  
Hag ur bed ronn ha dourel leun a droellennoñ hunvre  
ha follentez  
Kollet eo bet ar brezel-se, 'wid ar mare

Life was no paradise three thousand years ago for the  
Celts of old  
But before they spoke in Greece of democracy we had  
tried it out in practice,  
Not just for those in the slave-owning class but for all  
men.  
Three thousand years ago we bowed the knee to no  
king,  
Women stood equal to their brothers and the land  
belonged to all.

Five hundred years went by,  
bloomed bright the free-sown flower of our culture  
Across the boundaries of Europe, this no idle boast in  
our mouths :  
When Romans ranged on the seven hills with packs of  
wolves  
The Celts were known as philosophers, their arts and  
society  
Blossomed around our ancient lore of science and  
craft.

Sweeping across the ancient Celtic world came the  
Romans,  
Building their State on our bones,  
numbering each man as slaveowner or slave.  
Not merely Roman and Celt were locked in struggle :  
It was a battle of ideas between the supremacy of the  
State and the liberty of the individual,  
On the one side a square cube of cube-shaped  
thoughts  
Imprisoning a liquid world full of spiralling dreams and  
fantasy,  
Which now has begun once more to break free.

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