

## Alan Stivell "Brian Boru In French"

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Mort Brian Boru, vers l'an mil en Irlande,  
Brillent encore cheveux roux, harpe d'or dans la lande,  
L'?tendard et l'?p'e debouts plant's en terre,  
Et la paix revenue en Ulster.

Des nerfs de la guerre ? l'air de la paix si un dieu enfin  
peut b'nir l'amour,  
Douzh nerzh ar c'hado? da nerzh an dihan ha bennozh  
doueek ar c-haroud. (bis)

Quand on sera au bord de la rivi're,  
Comme l'Eire libre et fi're,  
Mon ?me, mon amour, au del? de la mer.

Et cacher notre amour au milieu du chaos,  
Reproches et regards lourds comme ?tait le fardeau,  
Le temps comme le soleil, il nous fallut marcher,  
Pr's des falaises on s'est couch?.

Des nerfs de la guerre ? l'?re de la paix si un dieu enfin  
peut croire ? l'amour,  
Douzh nerzh ar c'hado? da nerzh an dihan ha bennozh  
doueek ar c'haroud.

Quand on sera au bord de la rivi're,  
Comme l'Eire libre et fi're,  
Mon ?me, mon amour, au del? de la mer.

Mort Brian Boru rend la vie ? l'Irlande,  
Et aux arbres de la paix allumez les guirlandes,  
Dans les yeux des enfants, oubli? cet enfer,  
Enfin venue la paix en Ulster.

Des nerfs de la guerre ? l'air de la paix si un dieu enfin  
peut b'nir l'amour,  
Douzh nerzh ar c'hado? da nerzh an dihan ha bennozh  
doueek ar c'haroud.

Quand on sera au bord de la rivi're,  
Comme l'Eire libre et fi're,  
Mon ?me, mon amour, au del? de la mer

Back in 1000. died Brian Boru, on the emerald Irish

isle,  
But his fiery locks and golden harp survive him for the  
while.  
The banner and the sword, remain driven in the  
ground,  
And peace is back in Ulster, how ever sweet the sound,

When war is a'brewin' or peace is afoot, may a god  
bless our love.

Down by the riverside,  
Like Erin, we've freedom and pride,  
My soul, my love, over the sea you lie !

To hide our love in the midst of upheaval,  
Burdened by judgment and disapproval,  
In a race against time and sunlight on we pressed,  
Near, the cliffs we lay to rest.

When war is a'brewin' or peace is afoot, may a god  
believe in love.

Dead Brian Boru gives life to Ireland,  
In a tree of peace, come light the garland,  
The children know the fear of hell no more.  
Peace has at last come to Ulster's door.

When war is a'brewin' or peace is afoot, may a god  
bless our love.

Down by the riverside,  
Like Erin, we've freedom and pride,  
My soul, my love, over the sea you lie!

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