

Alan Stivell "Kenavo Glenmor"

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En amzer-se 'oa ur bern tud aonig
Ne gredent sevel o mouezh kre?v
N'oa tost 'met ur barzh en Arvorig
E hanv kozh oa Milig Ar Ska?v

'Vel kalz a dud, karout anezha? a raen
'Vel kaner, 'vel Breizhad, 'vel den,
Fenoz ar glen hag ar mor a glemm
Mouezh hor barzh 'gana 'bar' 'n avel yen

Trugarez, trugarez deoc'h c'hwi Glenmor
Ho mhouezh hud war an hent dalc'hmat
Ne gollo biken den hoc'h e?vor
Ne varvo ken nerzh hon dispac'h

En ce temps-l? nombreux ?taient les timides
Qui n'osaient dire clair et fort leur matie endormie
Il n'y avait gu?re qu'un barde, guerrier sans arme, en
Armorique
Chez lui, on l'appelait Milig

Je l'aimais comme d?j? un h?ros de l'Histoire
Comme chanteur, comme Breton, comme personne,
Ce soir g?mit la terre de la vall?e et la mer autour
sonne
La voix de notre aigle-barde chante dans le vent froid

Merci, merci ? toi Glenmor
De tes mots des chemins s'impriment
Jamais ne s'?teindra leur magie
Nos r?voltes ignorent la mort

During this time many were the shy kind
And dared not more speak loud and clear of their
sleeping homeland
All that remained was one Bard in Armorica
They called him Milig where he came from

I loved him as he was already a hero,
A singer, a Breton, as a person,
Tonight the glenside and the see moans
Our bard's voice singing in the freezing wind

Many thanks to you Glenmor
For your enchanted words that mark out pathways
Their magic strength will never extinguish

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