

# Alan Stivell, Back To Breizh!

Ar re 'n oad, ar re yaouank a ya war-raok war an hent  
An avel ne vank ket wa' 'n divjod, ba' skevent

Avel a-benn ha gouelio tenn  
Avel 'ar vor, gouelio digor  
Mat er c'horf mat er penn  
Dao mont war c'horr(e)  
Ha dalc'homp stag hag e vimp trec'h  
Dalc'homp ar vag, diwall douzh an traezh  
Erru et porzh 'raok pell 'vo levez

Krog an daouarn douzh hon douar  
Chomomp Bretoned, kaoc'h da bPariz  
Krog war 'garreg, krog an daoudroad  
Enor ha lorc'h d'ar Vreizhiz

Les jeunes et les plus mrs, on va de l'avant,  
Les joues fouettes, la poitrine gonfle de vent,

Vent du large, vent du nord,  
Vent debout, voiles tendues, vent sur mer, toutes voiles dehors,  
Bien dans la tte, bien dans le corps,  
Il faut y aller!  
Et croche dedans, nous la victoire,  
Tiens bon le bateau, gare aux bans de sable !  
Et, d'ici peu, chez nous, il y aura de la joie !

Accrochs au pays,  
Rester Bretons, merde Paris !  
Accrochs au roc, les mains, les pieds,  
Retrouvs respect, fiert.  
En route vers la Bretagne

Young and adults, we sail ahead relentless,

Cheeks stinging, wind north, nor'west,  
Lungs bursting wind to bowside,  
Sails taut from seawind, a hell of a ride  
What a bliss, what comfort,  
Onwad we strive !  
Don't give up, for victory's at hand,  
Steady as she goes, better watch that sand, There 'll be wild delight,  
Back home tonight,  
As we pour our vessel to this land,  
Where we have taken our proud stand  
And tell those damned Parisians,  
That from our purpose we won't sway,  
Brittany is back, and it's here to stay!