

# Alan Stivell, Da Ewan

Sawet em eus ur ganenn da salud Ewan ma mab  
'Wid lar'dezha laouen omp degemer 'nezha war ar blanedenn Douar  
Deit mat oc'h ba'mesk ar Gelted hag ar poblo all iwez  
En o hanw chas vad deoc'h a-hed ho puhez

'C'harantez'm eus 'wid 'plac'h han eus 'n he vlew skedo maen-teuz  
Ha' daoulagad glas a donvor surwalc'h ho tifenno doh ar reuz  
Met'gallimp ket ho tiwall d'en emganno 'wid un aer c'hlan  
A'wid bewo hem malis an dud a vo 'a bord hoc'h hent splann

Nebet e barzh sklaerderio a liw c'huzh-heol newamser  
A reio deoc'h o domnder keit ha doute po efer  
Ganet oc'h dindan 'sell loued ur feunteun gwareezet  
Lec'h gallec'h torr ho sec'hed 'wid hunvre 'n erusted

'C'harantez 'm eus 'wid 'plac'h han eus 'n he vlew skedo maen-teuz  
Ha daoulagad glas a donvor surwalc'h ho tifenno doh ar reuz  
Met hem trubuilh 'laran ket 'wieg'h 'wid kaojal ho hyezh  
Ka 'ma ket sur 'vewec'h ba'vro a frankiz en diwezh

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'Wid lar'dezha laouen omp degemer nezha war ar blanedenn Douar  
Deit mad oc'h ba'mesk ar Gelted hag ar poblo all iwez  
En ho hanw chas vad deoc'h a-hed ho puhez

'C'harantez 'm eus 'wid 'plac'h han eus 'n he vlew skedo maen-teuz  
Ha daoulagad glas a donvor surwalc'h ho tifenno doh ar reuz  
A' ma gouezve hor bed-ni en distuj 'benn ar fin  
Hon tri en em gawimp, me'gred, war ur blanedenn-vih'n

This song I sing is made in honour of my baby son,  
We're happy, Ewan, that to Planet Earth at last you've come.  
You're welcome here among the Celts and into every land  
And may good fortune follow you as you become a man.

The love I bear for the girl whose hair is like volcano flame  
And sea blue eyes, will keep you safe and free from any harm.  
No power on earth can hold you down or keep you from the air  
Or let the small and petty minds divert you from your way.  
I see your small face bathed in radiance from the setting sun,  
Its warmth will keep away the chill long after spring has gone.  
The fountain sign where you were born and under which you're nursed  
Is gushing forth its dreams of joy and you shall never thirst.

The love I bear for the girl whose hair is like volcano flame  
And sea blue eyes, will keep you safe and free from any harm.  
An easy life that's free from strife is more than I can give  
For you must fight to win the right to speak as you would live.

This song I sing is made in honour of my baby son,  
We're happy, Ewan, that to Planet Earth at last you've come.  
You're welcome here among the Celts and into every land  
And may good fortune follow you as you become a man.

The love I bear for the girl whose hair is like volcano flame  
And sea blue eyes, will keep you safe and free from any harm.  
And if the worst should come to pass and this round world should end,  
I know another Earth we'll find and start the song again.