

# Alan Stivell, Gwriziad Difennet (Forbidden Roots)

Selaouet'ta ha selaouet  
Ka' pell eo ma mouezh kaset, pell eo ma mouezh kaset  
A-drugarez d'ar mass-mediao  
Ma 'wez ket stouwet ma beg  
Doh 'vro doh Europa, ya'hat, deoc'h 'maon 'hond da gaozeal

Na wez anaet hon droado  
Na wez an O.N.U., na wez an U.N.E.S.C.O.  
Hom bugwale n'int ket bet droad  
Da vout deskouet dehe o langaj  
Deoc'h toud me'lar, deoc'h toud e laran, n'eus 'vro 'else 'lec'h-all

Hom bugwal'-ni ne gallont ket  
Anew' Istor o sud-kozh, dioute eo diwriziet  
Ga' ministr eo bet laret  
'Dreu-se 'wefe kas 'Stad da goll  
Pesa' plijadur, 'widomp Bretoned, doh Bro-C'Hall boud staget

Listen to me, oh listen to what I'm singing to you, singing from far away.  
Listen to me, oh listen to what I'm singing to you, singing from far away.  
So I use the mass media, so that I can have my say,  
Tell you about my homeland, yes, do it while I may,  
Tell you about my homeland, yes, do it while I may.

We have our rights but no one, not even Unesco, not even U.N.O.,  
We have our rights but no one, not even Unesco, not even U.N.O.,  
Knows our children may not be taught in our own language.  
Listen, oh can you say another land like mine you know?  
Listen, oh can you say another land like mine you know?  
Our children must be kept ignorant of history and cut off from their roots,  
Our children must be kept ignorant of history and cut off from their roots.  
Or else, we are told, the mighty State would fall.  
Oh what a pleasure for Bretons to live 'neath the Frenchman's foot !  
Oh what a pleasure for Bretons to live 'neath the Frenchman's foot !  
You may think these words of mine are nothing like a poem  
But green outside the prison walls, spring is waiting for them.