

# Alan Stivell, Kenavo Glenmor

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

'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 evor  
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 gure qu'un barde, guerrier sans arme, en Armorique  
Chez lui, on l'appelait Milig

Je l'aimais comme dj un hros de l'Histoire  
Comme chanteur, comme Breton, comme personne,  
Ce soir gmit la terre de la valle 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 rvoltes 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