

Alan Stivell, Rouantelezh Vreizh (The Breton King)

Met ar Franked oa krenvoc'h, aloubi hor bro 'benn ar fin
'Ziwar c'horr' 'reas kentoc'h Karl Der Grosse warlec'h Pepin
'Oa roue-veur ar Germaned, skoazellet ga' 'n Ilis roman

Warlec'h marw Carlus Magnus, kement trubuilh a oa mem'stra
E vab, a oa Loeiz, a galwas Nevenoe, prins breizhad
'Wid boud gouarner ar Vretoned dindan urzh ar Germaned

Ar paotr-se 'oa speredeg, asanti'reas o sojal
'Wefe 'n tu d'unani Breizh ha da renko 'n trao barzh 'vro-man

Ur mennozh en oa 'barzh e benn, 'drec'has ket Ludwig an Devod
Met pa varwas ar roue german, Nevenoe 'oa distaget
Breizh 'oa unanet hag aozet mat hag e youc'has : "Breizh dishual !"

Mab Ludwig, Karl Der Kahle, a zeuas gant un arme vras
Gouneit eo bet ar bresel ga'r Vretoned'barzh ker Ballon

E bloaz eizh kant pemp ha daou-ugent 'r maout'aet da Nevenoe
Ha' rhoet lans da Rouantelezh Vreizh gant e vab Erispoe
Kontinui'reas 'r Vikinged da drubuilhi an dud 'barzh Breizh
Met peoc'h 'walc'h 'oa d'ar mare-se 'wid aoza 'vuhez sokial reizh
Peoc'h a-walc'h 'oa 'wid sewel ur C'Hultur uhel 'wid 'n amser-sen

Rouantelezh Vreizh 'oa 'n tamm c'hoazh ur gevredigezh geltiek
Yezh ar Bobl ha yezh ar Stad a oa Brezhoneg

'Sevenadur-se oa staget c'hoazh doh 'poblo keltieg all
'Levezon don 'neus bet Keltia war hanter kenta 'Grennamser

Adousset un tamm 'n eus gwraet 'gizio kaled ar Germaned
Barzh 'n Europa tost peplec'h a oa he 'r mestred.

But the Franks were stronger still :
Karl der Grosse,
Emperor of Germany,
With the church's help victorious.

Trouble after Carlus died
And so they asked a Breton prince to
Be their man in Brittany
And his name war Nominoe.

He took the job, he realised here
Was a chance to unify us
For if the Breton folk were one no
Other country could defy us.

He was true to the German king
But when good Ludwig died
He gave the land his loyalty.
"Brittany be free" he cried.

With an army came the Franks
To the village called Ballon
And he vanquished Karl der Kahle
By the time that day was done.

And with his son we made him the king
Of our first Breton kingdom.
The year eight hundred and forty-five
And Erispo he followed after.
Sometimes Brittany war troubled
Still with Vikings from the North Sea

But when we could live in peace
We built a life the whole world envied.

We followed ancient Celtic customs,
United we were never conquered,
State and people spoke one language
And we ruled ourselves in concord.

With the Celts in other countries
We could see a common culture
And throughout the Middle Ages
Celtic influence was stronger.

Even the German hearts were softened
From their harsh rule over Europe.
Though they had a Holy Empire
The Celtic way was still enduring.