Tud yaouank a Vreizh-Izel, didostait da glevet
An istor eus ma daerox | ha ma foanioù kalet.
Me 'zo ur c’holoereg yaouank eus eskopti Kemper,
O vont d’ober e studi | da skolaj Landreger.
E bord ar mor on ganet, ‘barzh bro sant Gwennole,
Ha biskoazh nemet glac’h bar | n’eus bet em buhez.
Glac’h har a wir garantez, setu ma flanedenn,
Planedenn rust ha kalet | da heuliañ penn-da-benn.
Pa oan em bugaleaj, ma mamm baour alies
A lavare din, "Ma mab, | kar ha ped ar Werc’hez!
Ped anezhi ma mabig, ped Gwerc’hez Remungol!
M’he fedez a wir galon, | ned i jamez da goll.”
He fedet am eus bepred, ha bremadi ‘raok mervel,
Me ‘gano he meuleudioù | da’m breudeur Breizh-Izel.
Pa gimiadis diouzh ma zud ‘vit mont pell diouzh ar gër,
Evit mont war ar studi | da skolaj Landreger.
Ne oan em ‘ket menez vloaz; me a ouele dourek,
Rak evidon ne ou ken, | siwazh, a eürusted.
O tostaat ouzh Landreger, me ‘gavas ur plac’h big
Koant evel un ael Doue; | hec’h anv ‘ou Metig.
D’ar gouent e ya iverz, ‘vel ma’a z an d’ar studi.
He c’halon a oa mantret | kement ha ma hani.
"Salud deoc’h, plac’hig yaouank!” a lavaris dezhi,
"Eveldon oc’h ankeniet, | o kuitaat tud ho ti.
Ho tornig flour em dornig, lakait gant karantez,
Hag e vezimp eürusoc’h | o ouelañ asambles.”
Ar plac’hig a lavaras, "O kloareg Gwennole,
Pedomp Doue alies | an eil ‘vit egile!
Er joa koulz hag an anken, dalc’hit soñj a Vetig,
Eus a-vremañ da viken | ez eo ho mestrizig.”
Erru e kêr Landreger, erru e penn hon hent,
Me ‘voe kaset d’ar skolaj, | ha Metig d’ar gouent.
An dispariti ‘oa kalet, c’hwerv hag ankenius;
An eürusted er bed-mañ | n’eo ket un dra badus.
Dre ma chomis er skolaj, skeudenn dous Metig kaezh
E-pad an noz dirazon | a zeeu alies.
Neuze e peden Doue ha sent kozh Breizh-Izel,
‘Vit ma vijemp ‘n hor buhez | laouen, eürus, santel.

**Notes:** This song involves a call and response. The kaner ‘singer’ sings the first line, which is then repeated by the diskanerien ‘counter-singers’, and so on. The diskanerien will usually come in a little early, so that they double the last few beats of the kaner’s part (and vice versa). The bar (|) that appears in the middle of the second line of each couplet represents a series of vocables, typically “la lo, la-la-la lo, la, la, la-la-la lo.”

**Metig**

Young people of Lower Brittany, come close to hear The story of my tears and my difficult hardships.

I am a yong cleric from the bishopric of Kemper, Going to do his studies at the seminary in Treger.

I was born by the sea, in the country of St. Gwennole, And I have never had anything but sorrow in my whole life.

Sorrow from true love, that is my destiny, A severe and hard destiny to follow from end to end.

In my childhood, my poor mother Would often tell me, "My son, love and pray to the Virgin!"

Pray to her, my little son, pray to the Virgin of Remungoll! If you pray to her with a true heart, you will never come to grief.”

I have always prayed to her, and now before I die, I will sing her praises to my brothers of Lower Brittany.

When I bid farewell to my family, to go far from home, In order to go and study in the seminary at Treger

I was only fifteen years old, I cried wet tears, Because for me there was no longer--alas!--any happiness.

Approaching Treger, I found a young girl Beautiful as an angel of God; her name was Metig.

She was going to the convent as well, as I was going to study. Her heart was afflicted as much as my own.

"Good day to you, young girl!” I said to her, "Like me, you are grieved to be leaving your family."

Put your delicate little hand in mine with love, And we shall be happier, weeping together.”

The little girl replied, "O cleric of Gwennole, Let us often pray to God for one another!"

In joy as much as in sorrow, remember Metig, Who is, now and forever, your little mistress.”

Arrived in the town of Treger, arrived at the end of our road, I was sent to the seminary, and Metig to the convent.

Our parting was hard, bitter and grievous; Happiness in this world is not a lasting thing.

While I remained in the seminary, the sweet image of poor Metig Would often come before me in the night.

Then I would pray to God and the old saints of Lower Brittany That we might be in our lives, joyous, happy, saintly.