

The Wind Of Keltia

Alan Stivell

You are a bark floating free in the harbour
you are a phantom ship in high sea
rolling and pitching your way through white water
while slowly dawns the day

great sea is rising whispering freedom
blown by the north wind its song is sure
great sea is rising whispering freedom
blown in The Wind Of Keltia

you are a forest of faces of children
born on the earth and weaned on the sea
faces of granit and faces of angels
hopes carved from wood and steel

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