

How beautiful is my Brittany

Oh ! how beautiful my Brittany is!
Under its gray sky, you have to see it.
She is more beautiful than Spain
Who wakes up only in the evening;
She is more beautiful than Venice,
Who sees his forehead in the waters.
Ah! how sweet it is to feel the breeze,
Who comes from the sea with the waves ...
The breeze, which comes from the sea with the waves.

If beautiful Venice has immense lagoons,
Velvet masks, daggers, palaces,

Brittany don't you have your brown peasants
What about your hairy sons and your broom fields?

Have you walked through its arid mountain,
Where are we so happy with our hair in the wind at night?

Did you breathe in its perfumes, its countryside
What about its gorse branches and buckwheat fields?

Have you admired its rumbling ocean?
Its cliffs, its woods, its flowering heather,
Her long golden brooms in her deep throat,
When the damp morning bathes them in its tears?