

# 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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