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Bro Gozh ma Zadoù or the tribulations of a national anthem from the Brittonic Westlands to Patagonia and Northeast India

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Summary

The text traces the creation and evolution of the Breton national anthem, its adaptations and changes from one country to the other, raising key questions about what tradition is, how much historical depth it can have, how this tradition changes and is often parodied by later generations. In the case of the Breton national anthem, nationalism and so-called national pride are parodied.

Keywords: Breton national anthem, Welsh, folk tradition, invention of tradition, nationalism, Brittany

Bro Gozh ma Zadoù ή οι ταλαιπωρίες ενός εθνικού ύμνου από τη δυτική Βρετάνη μέχρι την Παταγονία και τη Νοτιοανατολική Ινδία

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Περίληψη

Το κείμενο παρακολουθεί τη δημιουργία και την εξέλιξη του εθνικού ύμνου των Βρετόνων, τον τρόπο που υιοθετείται και αλλάζει από τη μια χώρα στην άλλη, θέτοντας καιρια ερωτήματα σχετικά με το τι είναι παράδοση, πόσο ιστορικό βάθος μπορεί να έχει, πώς η παράδοση αυτή αλλάζει και συχνά παρωδείται από μεταγενέστερες γενεές. Με αφορμή τον βρετονικό εθνικό ύμνο παρωδούνται ο εθνικισμός και η λεγόμενη εθνική υπερηφάνεια.

Λέξεις-Κλειδιά: Βρετονικός εθνικός ύμνος, Ουαλικά, λαϊκή παράδοση, επινόηση της παράδοσης, εθνικισμός, Βρετάνη

Introduction

It is necessary to start with some preliminary remarks regarding the difference of contexts between singing in Breton and singing in the various minority languages of Greece. First of all, as there is no linguistic hinterland, west of the peninsula of Brittany – just the Atlantic Ocean – there is no irredentism attached to Breton, unlike there may have been historically for Albanian, Aroumanian, Macedonian, Pomak or Turkish in Greece for example; a relatively small percentage of the population profess Breton nationalist or autonomist ideas, but in any case, there is no external territorial issue at

stake. Secondly, Breton music and songs were most often neglected, rather than suppressed, by the central French authorities. Folklore in France actually is and has often been tolerated, if not encouraged and sometimes even supported by the French authorities, as long as things were kept to benine folklore, never to linguistic civil rights which are still to this day a no-go area in France for any language other than French. In other words: heritage is fine, official public use of Breton is not, and language transmission, although not forbidden within the families, has never been promoted, and was suppressed rather severely in formal education up until the 1950s (An Du 2000).

There was a strong movement of collection and conservation of Breton folk tradition in the 19th century and early 20th centuries (lament songs, folk tales, dances...), then a great revival movement from the 1960s and especially in the 1970s: recordings of traditional dances, instrumental music, singing, etc. This is why the Breton musical heritage can today be considered to be quite rich, organized, and accessible in databanks, at school, on stage, on radio, television, the internet, etc. Moreover, it is not a just a fixed tradition, but a living one, as Breton singing is heard at popular dance events, called *fest noz*, open to everyone, and new lyrics as well as new tunes are permanently being composed for this purpose. In the larger audience all over France, the acquaintance with – and appreciation of – Breton music and songs is certainly one of the most widespread among non-French musical traditions, together with the Creole traditions of French overseas territories.

However, why on earth should one show here any interest in a Breton anthem, *Bro Goz'h ma Zadoù* (*Old Land of My Fathers*) that: (i) is not particularly ancient (end of the 19th century), (ii) has more to do with the « invention of tradition » than with « authentic » Breton traditional songs, (iii) is meant for choral singing, which is a relatively recent acquired taste in Brittany, unlike Wales. *Bro Goz'h ma Zadoù* is sung to a melody that has nothing traditionally Breton about it: the tune is definitely that of a Welsh Protestant hymn, neither a Breton Catholic canticle nor a *gwerz*¹.

Like most national anthems, it carries rather dated patriarchal lyrics, full of clichés about land, forefathers, bloodshed, etc. But then again, what *is* tradition, and how old is tradition supposed to be? Many of the Breton songs that are most popular in the general population are not so old either: for example, *Tri Martolod* (*Three Sailors*), composed by fishermen in the 19th century; *Son ar chistr* (*Cider Song*), composed in 1929 by two teenage farmers; even the lyrics of the famous *gwerz* about King Gradlon and the legendary submerged city of Kêr-Is were composed in 1851.

It is in fact the story of the dissemination of the originally Welsh anthem *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* (*Old Land of My Fathers*) that is fascinating. The Breton version, *Bro Goz'h ma Zadoù*, has recently enjoyed an upsurge of popular success and a renewed development of its use in Brittany, after crossing the whole

¹ Ballad or lament, type of folk song of Brittany that tells a story which can be epic, historical, or mythological, usually of a tragic nature. A *gwerz* has many couplets, all in the Breton language, and its melody is often monotonous.

20th century somewhat discretely, or at least in low key mode, and has been declared the official anthem of Brittany by the elected Regional Council itself in 2021.

Welsh origins

According to the popular version of its origins, James James came up with the tune in 1846 while walking along the Rhondda river, hence the first name of the song: *Glan Rhondda* (*The Banks of the Rhondda*), before becoming *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* later on. When he sang the tune to his father Evan James, a weaver and poet from Pontypridd, the latter wrote the lyrics. The first known sound recording of *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* dates back to 1899, which also makes it one of the first Welsh language songs recorded, as part of the first recording in that language when carried out for the Gramophone Company. *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* was sung at rugby games, as early as 1905, although the official anthem at the time was *God Bless the Prince of Wales*. Since 1975, it has been sung alone at sporting events, even though, like other anthems in the four nations of the United Kingdom, it has not been established as a national anthem by law.

Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau

Old land of our fathers (translated from Welsh)

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri;
Ei gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra mad,
Tros ryddid collasant eu gwaed
Gwlad! Gwlad! pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau,
O bydded i'r hen iaith barhau.

The old land of my fathers is dear to me,
Land of bards and singers, famous men of
renown;
Her brave warriors, very splendid patriots,
For freedom shed their blood.
Country, Country, I am faithful to my Country,
While the sea is a wall to the pure, loved land,
O may the old language endure.

Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd
hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd i mi.

Old mountainous Wales, paradise of the bard,
Every valley, every cliff, to my look is beautiful.
Through patriotic feeling, so charming is the
murmur
Of her brooks, rivers, to me.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae hen iaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

If the enemy oppresses my land under his foot,
The old language of the Welsh is as alive as ever.
The muse is not hindered by the hideous hand of
treason,
Nor is the melodious harp of my country.

Cornish adaptation

The Cornish song *Bro goth agan tasow* (*Old Land of Our Fathers*) is one of two anthems in Cornwall, together with the more widely known English language *Song of the Western Men*, also known as *Trelanmy*. The melody of *Bro goth agan tasow* is from the Welsh national anthem *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau*. Cornish words were originally written to this tune by Henry Jenner circa 1920s and adapted by Robert Morton Nance for the inaugural Cornish *Gorsedh* in 1928, and has been used ever since in Cornwall by this assembly of neo-druids and bards, a parent of the neo-druidic organizations and ceremonies in Cornwall and Brittany.

Bro goth agan tasow

Gwlas ker an howlsedhes, pan vro yw dha bar?
War oll an norvys 'th on ni skollys a-les,
A gows yn Kernewek dhyn ni.

Kernow! Kernow, y keryn Kernow;
An mor hedre vo yn fos dhis a-dro
'Th on onan hag oll rag Kernow!

Mes agan kerensa yw dhis.
Gwlaskor Myghtern Arthur, an Sens kens, ha'n
Gral
Bro goth agan tasow, dha fleghes a'th kar,
Moy kerys genen nyns yw tiredh aral,
Ynnos jy pub karn, nans, menydh ha chi

Yn tewlder an bal ha war donnow an mor,
Pan esen ow kwandra dre diryow tramor
Yn pub le pynag, hag yn keniver bro
Y trely'n kolonnow dhiso.

Old land of our fathers (translated from Cornish)

Old Land of thy fathers thy children love thee,
Dear Realm of the sunset, what land is thy peer?
Over all the world we are scattered abroad
But all our love is to thee.

Cornwall, Cornwall, we love Cornwall,
As long as the fair sea shall be like a wall around
thee

We are one and all for Cornwall!

Country of King Arthur the saints and the Grail,
More loved by us is no other land.
In thee, every rock, valley, hill and house
Bear memory of our old tongue.

In the darkness of the mine and on the waves of the
sea,
When we are wandering through the lands beyond
the sea
In every place whatever and in every country
May we turn our hearts to thee.

Since the same tune and similar wording are used as the Breton national anthem *Bro Gozh ma Zadoù* (read further), this makes it not a pan-Celtic but at least a pan-Brittonic anthem for Wales, Cornwall and Brittany.

An anthem adapted – or plagiarized? – in Breton

In 1895 William Jenkyn Jones, a Welsh Baptist missionary sent to Kemper (Lower-Brittany) in 1882, brought the song to a Breton audience by publishing it in a hymnbook, *Telen ar C'hristen* (*The Christian's Harp*). Hymn 77, the last in the collection, is entitled *Doùe ha va Bro* (*God and my Country*) and is sung to the tune of the Welsh anthem *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau*. At the end of the 19th century, Brittany experienced a development of the pan-Celtic idea, and cultural exchanges with other countries which have a Celtic language, namely Ireland, Scotland and Wales, increased. While Welsh protestant proselytism did not achieve any significant success among the Catholic population of Brittany, Wales became an example to follow in terms of language maintenance for many Breton regionalists of the time. François Jaffrennou, then a high school student in Saint-Brieuc (Northern Brittany) under the supervision of his Breton teacher François Vallée, both future members of the *Gorsedd* of Brittany, adapted the words of the Welsh anthem in Breton and his lyrics were first published in 1898.

Jones, however, considered that François Jaffrennou had plagiarised his own composition, and he protested in a letter written in 1904. Without denying the Welsh origin, Jaffrennou later declared: “I did not invent the tune of *Bro goz ma zadou*. I transplanted it and popularised it in Brittany” (Jaffrennou 1935). A second controversy concerns François Jaffrennou (also known as Taldir, his druidic name): during World War II, he was accused of serving the enemy on the side of head of state Marshal Pétain, wanting to make Brittany an independent country in a Hitlerian Europe, but also of having denounced a leader of the Gaullist resistance in the Finistère area. He was sentenced after the Liberation of France to five years in jail and also to national indignity.

The anthem did survive throughout the 20th century, albeit in rather low-key mode. It was sung at regionalist or nationalist events, of course, but also at banquets, fetes and feasts, sometimes at weddings too, and occasionally even during visits of French political figures. One famous occasion was when *Bro Gozh ma Zadoù* was sung in the streets of Chicago by around 150 Breton mayors and elected council members, at the opening of the court case against Amoco Oil Corporation, after the terrible black tide of 1978 when the Liberian supertanker *Torrey Canyon* got wrecked and spread its 227,000 tons of crude oil on hundreds of miles of coastline, along the western seaboard of Brittany.

One particular line, common to the Welsh, Cornish and Breton versions, sounds rather inappropriate, as it describes the sea as “a wall” protecting the land. This is for the most part a historical misinterpretation, especially from an inter-Celtic point of view: rather than a rampart, the sea has always

been an easy route and link between Celtic countries, and most of the time an agent of prosperity through international trade. Conversely, the sea did not prevent enemies – or pollution as a matter of fact! – from entering the Breton territory. The most famous of all Breton singers, Alan Stivell, decided to modify at a stage performance in 2020: “*Tra ma vo ar mor digor tro-dro*”, that is “as long as the sea around will remain open”.

Bro Gozh ma Zadoù

Ni, Breizhiz a galon, karomp hon gwir vro!
Brudet eo an Arvor dre ar bed tro-do
Dispont ’kreiz ar brezel, hon tadoù ken mat
A skuilhas eviti o gwad

O Breizh, ma bro, me ’gar ma bro
Tra ma vo mor ’vel mur ’n he zro
Ra vezo digabestr ma bro!

Breizh, douar ar sent kozh, douar ar varzhed
N’eus bro all a garan kement ’barzh ar bed
Pep menez, pep traoñienn, d’am c’halon zo
kaer
Enne kousk meur a Vreizhad taer !

Ar Vretoned zo tud kalet ha kreñv
N’eus pobl ken kalonek a-zindan an neñv
Gwerz trist, son dudius a ziwan eno
O ! pegen kaer ec’h out, ma Bro !

Mar d’eo bet trec’het Breizh er brezelioù bras
He yezh a zo bepred ken bev ha bizkoazh
He c’halon birvidik a lamm c’hoazh ’n he
c’hreiz
Dihunet out bremañ, ma Breizh !

Old country of my fathers (translated from Breton)

We, Bretons by heart, love our true country,
Armorica, famous worldwide.
Any fear in battle without, our such good
fathers,
For thee shed their blood.

Brittany, my country, I love my country,
So long as the sea, like a wall surrounding thee,
My country shall be free!

Brittany, land of old Saints, land of bards,
There is no other country I love as much.
Every mountain, every glen to my heart
dearest,
There rest many heroic Bretons.

The Bretons, a people strong and valiant,
No people under the skies are as brave as
them,
Whether they may sing a sad *gwerz* or a nice
song.

O my very beautiful country!
If in past Brittany may have been in battle
defeated,
Her language shall always remain well alive.
Her flaming heart still in her chest beats,
Thou art now awakened, my dear Brittany!

A recent promotion campaign carefully planned in Brittany

Whereas the lyrics of the Welsh anthem are widely known in Wales and currently sung before sporting events by thousands of people – most of them not Welsh speakers –, in Brittany very few people are actually able, still today, to sing along when the Breton anthem is played before football, rugby, Breton wrestling, etc, competitions. One particularly marking event occurred on May 9th, 2009, when two Breton football teams, namely Gwengamp / Guingamp and Roazhon / Rennes, made it to the finals of the Cup of France: *Bro Gozh ma Zadoù* was sung for the occasion, thus reminding Bretons – or revealing to some – that they did have their own anthem indeed. A documentary recalling the story of the song, *Kan ar Galon* (Song of the Heart) was produced by Mikael Baudu and released on DVD in 2010.

In order to further popularize the song among Bretons, a *Bro Gozh ma Zadoù* Committee was set up the same year to promote the anthem in a number of fashions. For instance, a prize is awarded annually to reward the person, artist, association or institution that has best promoted the Breton national anthem in the previous year. The lyrics, as they appear on the official CD edited by the Regional Council of Brittany, widely distributed since the beginning of the 2020s, are printed in the united orthographic system that has been in use since 1941. It is as if many Bretons were rediscovering today an anthem composed more than 100 years ago. Paradoxically, it is sung in Breton at a time in modern history when there have never been so few speakers, probably under 200,000 nowadays, out of nearly 5 million inhabitants in Brittany.

There have been various French translations of the anthem, as early as the 1930s, although the song is never actually sung in French. On the official 2020 booklet, a French translation of the anthem appears, but the sole purpose of these French lyrics is most probably to convey the meaning of the Breton words to the vast – and growing – majority of Bretons who do not speak or understand the Celtic language of Brittany. Likewise, in Wales and Cornwall, *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* and *Bro goth agan tasow* are never heard sung in English.

The forgotten anthem of the Welsh settlement in Patagonia

Y Wladfa is a region of Argentina settled by Welsh immigrants in the 19th century. In the 19th and early 20th century, the Argentine government encouraged emigration from Europe to populate Patagonia. It was the Welsh nationalist nonconformist preacher Michael D. Jones who first had the idea of a new "little Wales beyond Wales" where Welsh settlers, their language and their culture would be free from foreign domination, away in particular from the influence of the English language. He recruited settlers, provided financing, a Welsh immigration committee published a handbook distributed throughout Wales to publicize the colonizing scheme. The Welsh-Argentine community is centered

around Gaiman, Trelew, and Trevelin in the Chubut province. Today there are 70,000 Welsh-Patagonians, although the number of Patagonian Welsh speakers is estimated between 1,500 and 5,000, all bilingual with Spanish.

Their anthem *Gwlad Newydd Y Cymry* (*The New Colony of the Welsh*) was rediscovered recently. The lyrics were found in the back of a pamphlet dated 1875, entitled *Adroddiad y Parch. D. S. Davies am Sefyllfa y Wladfa Gymreig* (*A report by the Rev. D.S. Davies on the situation in the Welsh Colony*). The author reports on the state of agriculture, the local wildlife, animals, religion, and all aspects of life in the colony. The lyrics of *Gwlad Newydd Y Cymry* had been written by Lewis Evans, Lewis Evans, a poet, harpist, and one of the first Welsh settlers to emigrate to Patagonia, as an adaptation of the Welsh national anthem, *Hen Wlad fy Nhadau*, the tune of which it was sung to.

Gwlad Newydd Y Cymry

The New Country of the Welsh (translated from Welsh)

Y mae Patagonia yn anwyl i mi,
Gwlad newydd y Cymry mwyneddlon yw hi;
Anadlu gwir ryddid a gawn yn y wlad,
o gyrhaedd gormesiaeth a brad:

Patagonia is dear to me,
The new land of the noble Welsh people;
True freedom we breathe in our new country,
Far from the reach of oppression and betrayal:

Gwlad, gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra haul y nen uwchben ein pau,
O! bydded i'r Wladfa barhau.

Country, Country, I am faithful to my Country.
While the sun rises above the land,
Oh! may the Settlement continue.

Bu'r Cymry yn gorwedd dan ddirmyg yn drwch,
Wel, diolch am Wladfa i'n codi o'r llwch;
Ein heniath a gadwn mewn urddas a bri,
Tra'r Gamwy'n ddysgleiriol ei lli:

The Welsh have been lying broken in scorn,
Well, thanks to the Wladfa from dust we're reborn;
Our language of old we laud and esteem
While Camwy flows with shining stream:

'Chaiff Cymro byth mwyach ymostwng i Sais,
Terfynodd ei orthrwm – dystawyd ei lais;
Y Wladfa fawrygwm tra'r Andes wen fawr
A'i chorryn yn 'stafell y wawr:

Let Welshman submit to the English no more,
Their oppression is ended, and silenced their roar;
Y Wladfa we praise while the great white Andes,
With its peak in the chamber of daw

These lyrics clearly constitute a piece of propaganda encouraging other Welsh speakers to emigrate. *Gwlad Newydd Y Cymry* is presented as a song for a new Welsh nation, so to speak a kind of « national » anthem for Y Wladfa. However, it seems to have been lost to history for 150 years, and

apparently never really caught on in Patagonia: the Welsh community, down under, still sings *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* today.

The anthem of the Khasi people in Northeast India

Probably one of the most surprising outcomes in this series of anthems derived from the original Welsh one, is the way the Khasi people of Northeast India ended up singing an anthem on the same melody as the Welsh one. This is a story of colonial influence: in the Anglo-Khasi war between the Khasi people and the British Empire (1829-1833), the Khasis were defeated and the British gained supremacy over these hills. Between 1833 and 1969, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists created and maintained the first Welsh Overseas Mission, ministering to the indigenous peoples of Meghalaya state in Northeast India, then becoming a part of the British Empire (Ben Rees 2003). In the Khasi Hills, the Welsh mission focused on literacy, education, and healthcare, but they also had a deep impact on traditional Khasi culture. The creation in 1899 of the Seng Khasi movement to preserve traditional Khasi culture was a reaction to this. However, the missionaries achieved their main goal of evangelization: 85% of Khasis are Christian today – mostly Presbyterian, but also Catholic. Presbyterianism is still thriving in the Khasi Hills, and expresses itself in old Welsh hymns. *Ri Khasi, Ri Khasi*, the anthem of the Khasi people, is also an adaptation of *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau*, written by Welsh missionary John Roberts in 1884. It is quite colonial in tone, and not all verses are sung for that reason². Nowadays there is an academic initiative going on, called Welsh and Khasi Cultural Dialogues, an interdisciplinary project in creative arts, investigating the cultural exchange between the people of Wales and the Khasi people. The Khasi anthem is unofficial but it is commonly sung at various political rallies and protests. In an unprecedented move, it was sung perhaps for the first time in the history of the Khasi Hills Autonomous District Council, on the first day of its budget session in June 2020. Here are the lyrics of the two verses that are sung, and the chorus:³

Ri Khasi Ri Khasi

Ri Khasi Ri Khasi, nga ieit ia pha,
Ka Ri kaba ieit uba rim uba jah;
Ki tymmen mynhyndai la ngam iohi shuh,
Jingkynmaw ia ki kan ym duh.

Khasi Land Khasi Land

Khasi Land, Khasi Land, I love thee so,
The loving, pristine land of elders gone by;
Oh, mighty ancestors, we see you no more,
Our heart your remembrance enfolds.

² Lisa Lewis, professor of Theatre and Performance, Prifysgol De Cymru - University of South Wales. Personal communication, July 7, 2023.

³ I am grateful to Ronald Kharshiing providing these lyrics and to Banlam Lyngdoh for their English translation.

Ri, Ri, Nga ieit thoiñ-thoiñ la ka Ri;	Land, land, I love thee with all my breath,
Ngin kiew sha khlich, shaphrang ngin mih,	We'll strive ahead, the peak to reach,
Umpohlieu jingstad ngin ia dih.	The fountains of wisdom to drink.

Lum Khasi Lum Khasi, kat pha ym ju don,	Khasi Hills, Khasi Hills of matchless glory,
Ka lyer kaba pyngngad ngi bam katba mon;	Your breezes so serene we take aplenty;
Ki um kiba shngiam, ki tuid sha ki wah,	The sweetest of waters frolic in your rills,
Kim rngat myntlang ruh ki sah	Even in winter they have their fill

Anthems of different nations sharing the same melody are a phenomenon that is not so uncommon. For example, *Oben am jungen Rhein (High on the young Rhine)*, the national anthem of Liechtenstein, is set to the melody of the British anthem *God Save the King / Queen*. During various periods in the 19th century, this tune was used by a number of other nations: Bavaria, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Saxony, Sweden, Switzerland, even Greece under the reign of Otto the First. Nowadays however, Liechtenstein's anthem is the only one still sharing the melody of the British anthem, since the Swiss replaced their own anthem in 1961.

Nevertheless, in the case of the Welsh anthem, the geographic and cultural span of the dissemination is extremely large, ranging from the Welsh, Cornish and Breton peninsulas to the most remote parts of Patagonia on the one hand, and Northeast India on the other hand. Another remarkable feature is the fact that all of these communities are linguistic minorities within the state they belong to.

Conclusion (back in Brittany)

National anthems often end up being the objects of pastiche, parody and mockery, they get spoofed, diverted, even perverted. Well-known examples are Jimi Hendrix's rendition of *Stars-Spangled Banner* in Woodstock, Serge Gainsbourg's reggae performance of the *Marseillaise*, or The Sex Pistols' very own version of *God Save the Queen* ("and her fascist regime", they add). In 1978, Welsh singer Geraint Jarman and his band a'r Cynganeddwyr recorded a version of *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* using electric guitars, inspired by Jimi Hendrix.

In Brittany, Alan Stivell, in his afore mentioned 2020 performance of *Bro Gozh Ma Zadoù*, added to the old song a newly composed "politically correct" verse: "*An Naoned ha Roazhon 'tal harzoù dizor / D'avelioù ar reter, d'an amezeg gall / Ha Brest 'sell gant enor ouz'h enezeg Keltia / Breur ha c'hoar gant 'n holl bobloù all*", which translates as "*Nantes and Rennes next to an open border / Open to Eastern winds, to the French neighbour / And Brest looking out honourously at the archipelago of Celtia / Brother and sister with all other peoples*".

Before Stivell, however, a young Breton singer, Perynn, had released in 2017 a Youtube video of her own personal version of *Bro Gozh Ma Zadoù*, featuring musicians of the band TekMao. Both the lyrics and the music are completely revisited by the talented performer. The soundtrack is a rap flow, alternating with TekMao musicians playing on the bombard and Scottish bagpipes a slightly distorted rendition of the original melody. Here are Perynn's lyrics:

Bro Gozh ma Zadoù (Peryn ft. TekMao)

Ni Breizhiz a galon
Karomp hon gwir vro
Karomp ar broioù all
A liamm kenetrezo
Va sevenadur din
A zo ganet amañ
Diwanet eo 'lec'h all
Pinvidikoc'h bremañ

Petra eo bezañ Breton?
Gwad glan, yezh-vamm, gwriziennoù don
Bezañ anvet Malo ha ganet e Roazhon
Pegsunioù war ar c'harr
Ur banniel gwenn-ha-du
Kendirvi e Lambaol
Chouchenn ha pik echu

An neb a gar a zo er gêr e Breizh
Un harzh war an douar
Ur vevenn en da benn
N'eus ket deus ur gwir vro
Nag eus unan gaou
Ma c'hallfes kompren an dra-se e vefe
Nebeutoc'h a c'hlav

Breizh, douar ar sent kozh
Douar ar varzhed

Old country of my fathers (translated from Breton)

We Bretons at heart
Love our country,
Also love others,
The link that unites them
My own culture
Was born here
It has grown up somewhere else
And is all the richer for it

What does it mean to be Breton?
Pure blood, mother tongue, deep roots
To be called Malo and born in Rennes?
Stickers on your car
A black-and-white flag
Cousins in Lambaol
Cider-mead, and that's it?

Whoever wants it is at home in Brittany
A border on the ground,
A limit in your head
There is no country that is
More real than another
If you could understand
It would probably rain less

Brittany, land of old saints,
Land of bards

Douar ar moc'h, douar saotret	Land of pigs, polluted land
Amoko, Erika, Torey Canyon chepakwa	Amoco, Erika, Torrey Canyon, whatever
Douar dister, mat da netra	Land of misery, good for nothing
Douar dizolo, distrujet, goloet, dismantret	Land laid bare, destroyed, covered,
Simant war an traezh	In ruins, concrete on the sand
Douar disec'h, dour beuz	Land of misery, flooded
Ha tizh war an hentoù-treuz	Crossed at full speed
Disrannet dre ar c'hoant	Torn between the desire
War un dro enoriñ	To pay tribute
Tonioù, sonioù, kanoù hon hendadoù	To the songs, sounds and tunes of our
Ha war un dro all ne vije ket fall	forefathers
Distaliañ an daol	And at the same time, it would not be bad
Ha tañva d'ur pladad all	To clear the table
	And try another dish
Ar Vretoned a zo tud kalet ha kreñv	
Met n'eus ket peadra da vezañ fier eus an dra-	The Bretons are hardy and strong people
se	But there is nothing to be proud of
Ar pezh zo graet zo graet	What is done is done
N'eus ket tu mont war an tu all	You can't change the past
Na sell ket en a-dreñv	Don't look back
Na chom ket da dortal	Don't stay and play
Poaniañ evit padout	Endure to last
Gounit da vuhez	Earn your living
Sevel mintin abred	Get up early
Kregiñ 'barzh ha setu tout	Work hard and that's it
Gerioù-stur ar re gozh	The mottos of the ancients
A dro em fenn e-pad an noz	Run through my head all night long
Ha ma tibaban paouez	And if I decide to stop
Nac'hañ dont da vezañ kozh	And refuse to grow up
Ma tibaban un hent all	If I choose another road
Ha pa vefe evit faziañ	Even if it means mistaking,
En en gavout war un hent fall	Going the wrong way
Ha redek betek kouezhañ	And run until I fall

Dilezet talvoud al labour	No more work value
Ha nac'hañ da vezañ den-gour	I refuse to grow up
Bugel laosk, fleb e lost	Indolent child, impotent
Hanter-gousket, krapet war e bost	Sleepy, clinging to his post
O vagon soñjou du, o hunvreal	The child broods and dreams
En ur c'hortoz	While waiting.

Perynn's words obviously express open criticism of the sentimentalism and nationalism contained in the original lyrics of the anthem. Multiculturalism, social and environmental issues are put forward instead, as well as a rejection of values seen by Perynn as conservative or even reactionary, like work ethic, passive acceptance of one's fate, identity seen as essentialism or a superficial badge, etc. Ironically, though, one can consider that treating *Bro Gozh Ma Zadoù* in such fashion actually does contribute to consecrate the song as the true Breton national anthem.

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