

SEATON VALLEY (song by Mike Hartland)

Where Seaton Valley runs down to the shoreline,  
a carpet of blue on the doorstep of time;  
that's where the river flows under the bridges  
and carries the dream of a time that was mine.

*Dragonflies, foxgloves, a moth in the bulrushes,  
lily-pads, daisies, a hawk in the sky;  
holding her (his) hand in the magic of summer,  
the blue of the sky and the clouds floating by.*

That's when my love and I walked thro' the snowdrops;  
we gathered up primroses, violets and ferns;  
our kiss was so gentle, I loved her (him) so tenderly,  
asked for her (his) hand where the wooden bridge turns.

When summer came, we still walked in the sunshine,  
loving this valley, its trees and its flowers,  
vowed that we'd stay till the long day was over,  
we'd always be true in this Eden of ours.

Translation into Cornish by Ken George

Le may Nanz Seythyn a rez tu ha'n arvor,  
war dreuthow an termyn 'ma leurlenn a las;  
ena an avon a rez 'dann an ponzow  
ha degi an hunroez ow fryzweyth mar vaz.

*Nadrez-margh, lilis, y'n porvennow tykki-nos,  
kajow, manegow rudh, falghun a-vann;  
synsi hy dorn (y dhorn) der an havaz barthusek,  
an kommel ha'n glasneth pan viryn yn-bann.*

Kuntell brialli ha mellyon ha reden  
yth ezen ow kerdhez an bleujyow may monz;  
hwar o 'gan amm, my a's (a'n) kara mar medhel,  
y pyzis hy leuv hy (y leuv ev) yn kornell an ponz.

Pan dheuth an havaz, y'n howlsplann y kerdhyn,  
ow kara an nanz, y vleujennow, y wydh;  
amboz dhe driga byz diwedh an dhydhweyth  
hag y'gan Edenva boz gwiryon byth.