

## The Sea-Man

Words by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes  
To the tune of "Táladh ar Slánair" (Christ Child Lullaby)  
by Ranald Rankin, c. 1855

Young Huw and Cerys walked beside  
The seashore just at eventide.  
Said Huw, "I love you more than life;  
Pray say that you will be my wife."

Fair Cerys shook her lovely head,  
"I am not ready for to wed."  
She scorned his offer for her hand  
And ran away along the sand.

The full moon rose, it shone so bright:  
Along the waves a path of light.  
As Cerys looked it seemed that she  
Could see a man come from the sea.

He walked along the path to reach  
A place quite near her on the beach.  
She caught her breath--she'd never seen  
A man so handsome, strong and lean.

Chorus:

Oh, many a fine young lad has sought  
To be my love, but I would not,  
For never one appealed to me.  
Then I saw the man from out the sea.

Like one bespelled she went to meet  
The man, though waves lapped at her feet.  
He took her hands and spoke her name.  
"I'm Morien; for you I came."

She lay with him the waves beside  
Until the turning of the tide.  
Then as the sun rose mistily  
He disappeared into the sea.

And every time the moon shone bright  
Fair Cerys went out in the night  
To walk upon the salt sea shore  
And meet her lover one time more.

Then she with child was seen to be.  
Young Huw still said, "Pray marry me."  
Her father wished it to be so,  
But Cerys answered only, "No."

Chorus:

For many a fine young lad has sought  
To be my love, but I would not.  
For never one appealed to me  
'Til I met the man from out the sea.

That evening she did leave her home  
And by the seaside she did roam.  
Huw followed her with anxious feet  
That he might see whom she did meet.

The moon rose bright and Morien came.  
Forth Cerys ran and called his name.  
"Dear love, my father bids me wed,  
But I'll have none save you," she said.

When Huw did see the two embrace  
He left his stony hiding place,  
"Oh Cerys, say it cannot be  
You love a man from out the sea."

Fair Cerys started with alarm.  
Then Morien took her by the arm  
And led her 'neath the sea's bright foam  
To share with him his watery home.

Though long Huw walked the salt sea shore  
He did not see her ever more.  
But often when the moon rose clear  
It seemed his true love's voice he'd hear:

Chorus:

For many a fine young lad has sought  
To be my love, but I would not.  
For never one appealed to me  
'Til I met the man from out the sea.

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