

Laying up Silver

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I once was a young man, like these fellows here,
Cheered as we put out to sea;
I had youth, I had strength, I'd the world at my feet,
And a young woman waiting for me.

*And when I got to Cuba, I swore I'd work hard,
Lay up some silver one day,
Ah but laying up silver's like laying up sand,
On the bar at the mouth of the bay*

I surely worked hard, and I surely worked long,
For sweat more than silver, I'd say;
And to keep myself going, I needed a song,
And a rum at the end of the day

*And when I got to Cuba, I swore I'd work hard,
Lay up some silver one day,
Ah but laying up silver's like laying up sand,
On the bar at the mouth of the bay*

I watched young men arriving, saw old fellows go,
Watched as Yellow-Jack swept them away,
And the silver I laid up, it ran through my hands,
Like the sands on the shore of the bay.

*And when I got to Cuba, I swore I'd work hard,
Lay up some silver one day,
Ah but laying up silver's like laying up sand,
On the bar at the mouth of the bay*

Then a letter from home, I got only the one,
And that one was only to say,
That the woman who waited, had married a man
Who stood in a grocer's all day.

*And when I got to Cuba, I swore I'd work hard,
Lay up some silver one day,
Ah but laying up silver's like laying up sand,
On the bar at the mouth of the bay*

And I can't say I blame her, for even I know,
As I sit with the rum and the pain,
That laying up silver is laying me low,
I'll never sail homewards again.

*And when I got to Cuba, I swore I'd work hard,
Lay up some silver one day,
Ah but laying up silver's like laying up sand,
On the bar at the mouth of the bay*