

## Out The Sands

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*As the tide turns I go out the sands  
Gathering cold cockles with my bare hands  
Out the sands*

I wake before daybreak, to catch the low tide  
Go fetch my donkey put sacks on her side  
With basket and rake and a sieve in m'hand  
I go searching for fish out the sands  
My da was a collier worked under the Graig  
'Til a stone broke his back and ended his pride  
Where once he stood tall now he can't even stand  
So we're living on fish out the sands

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We're proud cockle women, born of Penclawdd  
Wrapped in red flannel to keep out the cold  
Singing arias and hymns as we go from the land  
In search of the fish out the sands  
This hard life brings me danger and hands numb with cold  
But my rake will uncover a harvest of gold  
Then my donkey will lead me safe back to the land  
With our harvest of fish out the sands

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Mamgu is waiting, with fire well alight  
The old gypsy boiler is bubbling so bright  
As sacks of fresh cockles are steeped in the pans  
We give thanks for the fish out the sands  
Then barefoot to market I walk many miles  
Tub on my head and a song and a smile  
Crying COCOS, HEDDIW COCOS in the market I stand  
Come, buy my fish out the sands

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Come, buy my fish out the sands*