

Cobre Days

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The Hecla is a good old barque on the Swansea-Cuba run,
She brings copper ore from Cobre, every trip 400 tons,
For the cargo on our latest trip, there's a bitter price to pay,
Oh don't let us have to face more Cobre days.

*Cobre days, oh Cobre days,
Cobre days, oh Cobre days,
Oh don't let us have to face more Cobre days.*

She anchored off the Mumbles, and we knew that it was bad,
She'd lost three men in the tropics, and a fourth was raving mad,
But the Cobre men said "Bring her in, we've shareholders to pay"
And the scene was set for deadly Cobre days.

Chorus

We tied up at the Cobre wharf under hot blue sunny skies,
The men swarmed all around her, so did all the flies.
But working hot and thirsty seemed to sap our strength away,
As we staggered through those weary Cobre days.

Chorus

And soon the folk were shivering, despite the sticky heat,
The sorters and the grinders, the patrolman on his beat,
They sickened and they perished, turning yellow where they lay,
Oh don't let us have to face more Cobre days.

Chorus

And you who give the orders, you who count up all the costs,
Can you enter in your ledgers all the lives that have been lost?
When you make your next decision, when you've had your final say,
Will we have to face another Cobre day?

*Cobre days, oh Cobre days,
Cobre days, oh Cobre days,
Oh don't let us have to face more Cobre days.*