

Silver and Sand

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When you stand here on a summer's day, the sea is calm and bright
But it's a different matter in the winter and at night
When the gale howls up the channel, gripping shipping in its hand
And maybe casting silver on the sand.

*Silver on the sand
And maybe casting silver on the sand.*

They say she was a Spanish ship driven northwards by the gales
But no-one saw her come to grief on the wild coast of Wales
When folk came out next morning they were not surprised to find
Wreckage that the storm had left behind

*Storm had left behind
Wreckage that the storm had left behind*

But where the ship had foundered, be it one mile out or ten
I couldn't say for certain now, and no-one could guess then
'Til rumours started of a man who'd left his native land
Some say he carried silver from the sand

*Silver from the sand
Some say he carried silver from the sand*

Then darker rumours started of false lights on the head
And shipwrecked sailors murdered as shore folk lay in bed
And fights between the wreckers as the sea roared in to land
And an oath to leave no silver in the sand

*Silver in the sand
And an oath to leave no silver in the sand*

If you stand here on a winter's night when the sea is at low tide
And bitter gales have lashed the coast and cast the sands aside
Some say you'll see a coach and pair come racing out to stand
Still searching for the silver in the sand

*Silver in the sand
Still searching for the silver in the sand*