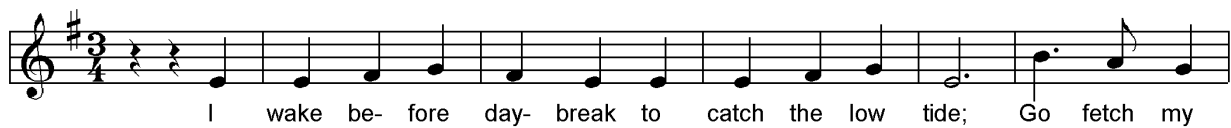


Out The Sands



I wake be- fore day- break to catch the low tide; Go fetch my



don- key, put sacks on her side With bas- ket and rake and a



sieve in my hand, I go sear- ching for fish out the sand. As the tide



turns, I go out the sands, gather- ing cold cock- les with my bare



hands, Out the sands. Last verse, from \oplus Cry- ing 'coc- os, hedd- iw coc- os' in the



mar- ket I stand, Come buy my fish 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 my hand
 I go searching for fish out the sands
 (Chorus)
*As the tide turns I go out the sands
 Gathering cold cockles with my bare hands
 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
 (Chorus)
 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
 (Chorus)

This hard life brings me danger, 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
 (Chorus)
 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
 (Chorus)
 Then barefoot to market I walk many miles
 Tub on my head and a song and a smile
 Crying 'cocos, heddwiw cocos' in the market I stand
 Come, buy my fish out the sands
*Crying 'cocos, heddwiw cocos' in the market I stand
 Come, buy my fish out the sands*

The cockle beds of Penclawdd were traditionally fished by women, giving them a degree of financial independence rare in Victorian times. In many cases, following industrial accidents to their menfolk, they were able to support their families unaided by going 'out the sands'. The cockles were boiled for market by the older women (*Mamgu* is Welsh for grandmother) and then carried into town, about 12 miles. To save wear on their shoe leather the women would walk barefoot for the first 10 miles, only putting on their shoes at the town boundary to appear decently shod in the market. Their cry of "*Heddiw cocos*" means 'cockles today'.