

Nothing Like Pilchards for Saving the Soul

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My grand-dad a fisherman worked on the boats
Got offers from oilmen to leave cliff and coast
The promise of wealth didn't turn his sound head
Remained with his casks and his pilchards instead
*And there's nothing like Pilchards for saving the soul
A mainstay of Cornwall from centuries old
The tradition of salting and pressing and pack
A livelihood gone, now its not coming back*

Captured by seine nets and hoisted ashore
Then baulked for a month with three thousand or more
They'll keep for a year if you leave 'em alone
Yield gallons of oil for the lamps in your home
And there's nothing like Pilchards...

Demand for the pilchard's in steady decline
Posh punters want mack'rel that's caught on the line
But you can't beat a pilchard that's stored in a cask
An industry waning, we must make it last
And there's nothing like Pilchards...

The only way round is to find a new name
Now the Pilchards a Cornish Sardine, what a game
No pressing or salting - slush ice keeps 'em fresh
I still think the old way Salt Pilchards are best
And there's nothing like Pilchards...