

There's Nothing Like Pilchards

Words and Music Laura Featherstone, arranged by Craig McLeish

SOPRANOS (TBC)

Verse 1: My grandad, 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.

ALL (*harmony*)

CHORUS: (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 it's not coming back.

TENORS (TBC)

Verse 2: 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.

CHORUS: (*as before*)

ALTO (S + T + B - "*ooh*")

Verse 3: Demand for the pilchard's in steady decline,
Posh punters want mackerel that's caught on a line
But you can't beat a pilchard that's stored in a cask,
An industry waning, we must make it last.

CHORUS: (*as before*)

ALL - (*harmony*)

Verse 4: The only way round is to find a new name,
Now the Pilchard's 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!

CHORUS: (*as before*)