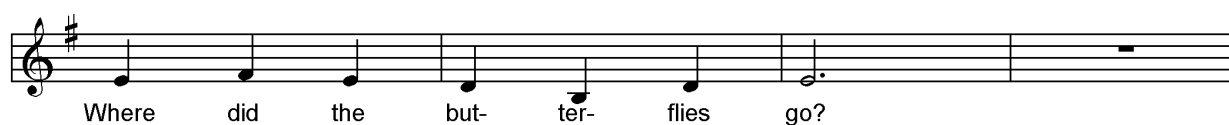
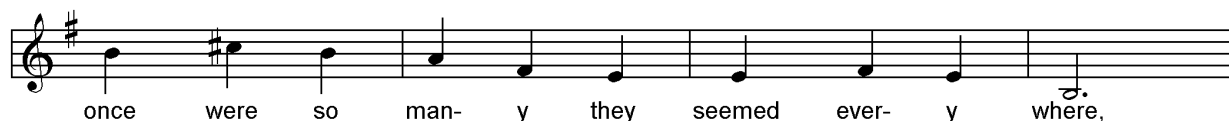
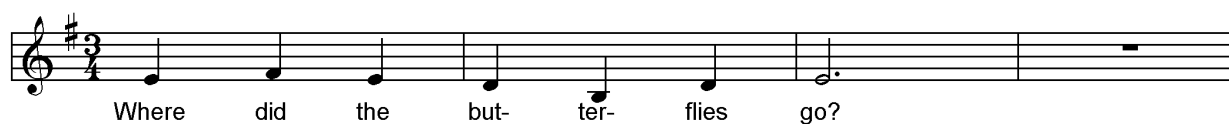


Butterflies



The men used to fish in the bay,
With their sails of red, yellow and green,
We called them the butterflies, dancing about,
Now there's scarcely a sail to be seen.

(chorus)

Where did the butterflies go?

Where did the butterflies go?

There once were so many

They seemed everywhere,

Where did the butterflies go?

The oysters grew thick in the bay,
You could dredge up a fortune each tide,
But the oysters they dwindled and faded away,
And the butterflies folded and died.

(chorus)

The men drifted back to the land,
For families still must be fed,
Back to grubbing for pennies where once they
plucked pounds,
Still the butterflies dance in their heads.

(chorus)

The oysters one day will return,
I know that's what some people say,
But the next time that butterflies dance out to sea,
'Twill be visitors coming to play.

(chorus)

The men used to fish in the bay,
With their sails of red, yellow and green,
We called them the butterflies, dancing about,
Now there's scarcely a sail to be seen.

(chorus)

Where did the butterflies go?

Where did the butterflies go?

There once were so many

They seemed everywhere

Where did the butterflies go?



The western end of Swansea Bay was famous for its oyster beds for centuries. Around 1800, there were 25 oyster boats in Mumbles, and oysters could be sold for one penny a dozen. By 1880, oysters cost one penny *each*, and the oyster fleet amounted to 200 boats, whose bright coloured sails earned them the nickname 'Butterflies'. Dredging for oysters was much easier work than ploughing the fields, and many men left the land to go fishing. By 1920, over-fishing and pollution had weakened the stocks, and a mystery illness wiped out the beds. Now, the bright coloured sails in Swansea bay are all pleasure boats.