

The First Peoples have an expression...

When the Tide Goes Out, the Table is Set

Location: Georgia Strait

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Informant: British Columbia Folklore Society

Source: original words and music by Brian Robertson <http://cdbaby.com/cd/brianrobertson>

The following is a slight adaptation.

Along the shore is where life began,
Fed by sea and formed by land,
Under the sun and the moon's command,
Feeding the family of woman and man.

Oh when the tide goes out, the table is set,
And the sea serves up her bounty bless'd;
Come with me while the sand's still wet-
When the tide goes out, the table is set.

I know some people whose minds get stuck;
To them low tide means slime and muck.
But when I go there I'm prepared to ... shuck
The oyster, the clam and the geoduck.

Now go a little further, put your foot in the sea,
Then try wading out, say up to your knees:
There are crab and abalone, and special seaweed
Fix them up right, and they're bound to please

Now the driftwood fire is burning hot
Drop your catch in the cooking pot
Come on, everybody, find a place on the log
Share a steaming bowl and a grateful thought

Well, I was born and raised by Salish Sea
I share her fate 'cause she's a part of me.
She offers such beauty, provides such wealth
I promise to always take care of her health.
'Cause when the tide goes out, the table is set.*

*Original last stanza:

Well, I was born and raised by Georgia Strait
She's a part of me and I share her fate.
And all of these poisons, she just can't take
We've got to stop it now, before it's too late.