

## Fishing Grounds

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Phil Thomas writes: Marine historian Duncan Stacey and sometime fisher [politically correct for fishing person (ugh!) in place of fisherman] says "white" refers to a white Spring Salmon, as distinct from a red. I caught him in passing and didn't think to ask him how one determined the flesh was white rather than red. On a fish boat while fishing the fish are given their first preparation by "cleaning" or gutting before being packed in ice to preserve the fish till it is transferred to a packer or a packing plant. Certainly at that time the colour of the flesh can be seen. The red commands a higher price. I don't know whether

the taste of the fish is affected.

GWL responds: I got it. Now, as soon as I get the text back in my hands, I'll see if that's enough explanation—the singer seems disappointed to get whites, so I assume the flavour is affected.

Back to Phil: Not necessarily. People really respond to the colour. Sockeye commands the highest price. It is especially good tasting, but very importantly it is red. "Sockeye" actually means "red" in one of the coast languages.

E7

1. Well light comes ear-ly, it's ear-ly in the day It's four o'clock  
Hip pa, in a dirty lump And the pigs were bouncing, man

B7 A7 E7

and we're on our way Ah we're look-ing for smil-ey, but he can't be found  
and you could see them jump And a cold south-east-er, right in your face

B7 E7 1.

Bit-ter days, on the fish-ing grounds 2. And we tacked off  
and a three day skunk on, that's some dis-grace

2.1 A7 E7 B7

On the fish-ing grounds, on smil-ey's trail Down a-round Hip-pa,

E7 A7 E7

in a ris-ing gale On the fish-ing grounds, on smil-ey's trail Lord

B7 E7

we ain't quit-ting 'till we got fish for sale DC

Well, light comes early, it's early in the day  
It's four o'clock and we're on our way  
Ah we're looking for smiley,  
but he can't be found  
Bitter days, on the fishing grounds

And we tacked off hippa, in a dirty lump  
And the pigs were bouncing, man,  
And you could see them jump  
And a cold southeaster, right in your face  
And a three day skunk on, that's some disgrace.

### Chorus

On the fishing grounds, on smiley's trail,  
Down around Hippa, in a rising gale.  
On the fishing grounds, on smiley's trail,  
Lord, we ain't quitting 'till we got fish for sale.

And we fished it low, and we fished it deep,  
And a medium red, now, that's our only keep.  
I had a thirty-pounder, with a real good fight,  
But when we gaffed him aboard,  
Lord, it was just a white.

And we fished it low, and we fished it down.  
At twenty fathoms, Lord,  
That was the fishy ground.  
But there's nothing but shrimp here,  
There's no damn birds,  
Tell me where was smiley,  
Lord, that's all I heard.

### Chorus

No luck on the brass spoon,  
No luck on the chrome,  
We were thinking of the pleasures now,  
The pleasures of home.  
'Cause there's nothing but Coho here,  
Too early to sell.  
We're just staring at the linespring,  
Listening for the bell.

And the damned old Rock Cod,  
Twisting up on our lines,  
Shaking these Coho,  
Man, am I wasting my time.  
Gonna go hand logging,  
Build me up a raft,  
Take it all to Charlotte,  
And sell it quick for cash.