

## **Song for Gale**

Blue skies, south wind  
Fish jumping into your hand  
What a time to be working old Nantucket Sound  
From the island into the mainland

*Get me my fiddle, we'll sing all the old songs  
You take the high notes, and I'll sing the low  
Good times and hard times, they're worth all the tellin'  
Don't matter to me if you sing 'em that well*

Worn out, smelling of bait  
You come home at the end of the day  
And the sun over West Chop, those warm summer breezes  
Make you think that it never could change

I remember days when you worked for your living  
Pulling hard just to get back to shore  
And you busted your back and you never got dinner  
They don't talk much of that anymore

Well you sat with the old folks, fell asleep to their stories  
Stayed awake in the hollering wind  
Sang your songs till the children were all tucked away warm  
And the night tide come rolling back in

by Larry Kaplan  
©1976 Winter Harbor Music, BMI  
Recorded on *Angels in Daring*  
Kallet, Epstein and Cicone  
Overall Music OM-1  
[www.cindykallet.com](http://www.cindykallet.com)