

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
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