By Mike Kennedy, ©2011

**Angelina**

Three times round the capstan the cable takes the strain

As we pulled her from the pier side and out into the lane,

And she rose up, oh, so gently with the rising morning tide

As slowly down the channel, *Angelina* she did glide.

They said we had to move her, oh, we had to move her soon

As the frost of late October laid its rings around the moon

So we took her through the Tickle then we let the cable play

Then turned her to the south-south-west and out across the bay.

We headed down the channel then out upon the grounds

As the wind died to a whisper, we girded her around

We were on a painted ocean, underneath a painted sky

In the gray light of the morning, we came to say good-bye.

She was old when we met her, she was old when we were young

Our lives were all before us and hers was all but run

But we were all enchanted by her lines and shear

And if fortune stood against us, well, we really didn’t care.

We caulked her and we scrubbed her, we mended every line

And we learned to sail her smartly, though it took a bit of time

We were masters of the world, of wind and sea and sky

And for six good years we sailed her and then we said good-bye.

They took her to the back bay, tied her up at Gale’s pier;

Now Gale, he looked after her for more than twenty years

And then we got the letter saying Gale had passed away

And they’d sold the land for condos and they said she couldn’t stay.

Now Lee he’s out in Illinois, Gordon’s up in Maine

Nor, me, and Charlie are all that here remain;

How we’d sit there in her cabin and we’d sing until the dawn;

Larry’s now a doctor, Stan and Bill are gone.

I opened up her sea cocks and then cast off the line,

And I thought just for a moment of when we were in our prime;

Then I felt the deck rock gently with the movement of the tide

As I climbed down to the tow boat and we pushed off from her side.

We circled once around her as the water ebbed and flowed

As the sea commenced to fill her, she began to settle low,

And when it reached the timber ports she gave a quiet sigh

As the bow sank ever lower and the stern rose to the sky.

And Nor cut the engine and we drifted with the swell

As the sea birds circled over head with the calling of the gulls,

And Charlie he flaked out the line the last of the tow

As she leaned her port rail under, Nor said, “There she goes.”

And we stood there for a moment caught as in a trance

As she curtsied like a lady at a spring cotillion dance,

And now she’s on the bottom with the fishes of the sea;

May she be as good a home to them as she’s been a home to me.