

## 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.