

E2-Lovell

music: JEFFRY HAMILTON STEELE
text: CARL THOMSEN

Be patient my Grandchild. I'll tell you a story a story about your grandfather, Lovell the fisherman (Ah) We were young when we wed.

Lovell had a lug sail on an old dory. Even then, he was married to that boat — or lashed to it. If the mast needed straightening, Lovell's back ached

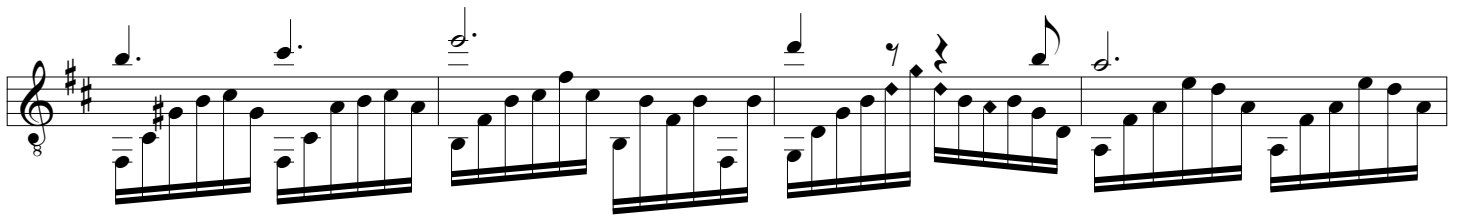
If the oarlocks were worn, his shoulder would stiffen up. A new sail meant a new set of clothes for Lovell; And he always cut his hair

when trimming the rigging. For years he crewed the finest of the Gloucestermen, trawling the banks. In fact, he fished so much it's a wonder your father

was ever born! (Daughter reacts with questioning). Oh, never mind, never mind. . . He sails off alone to the east one day.

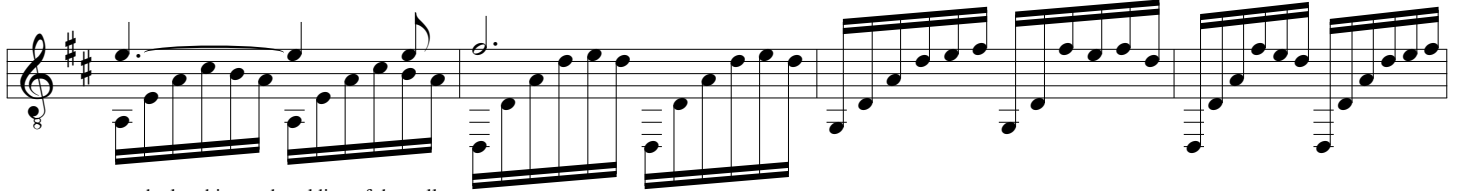
I watch until he's well away, sail full set in the clear morning light, the wind at his back.

For most of the day that old boat

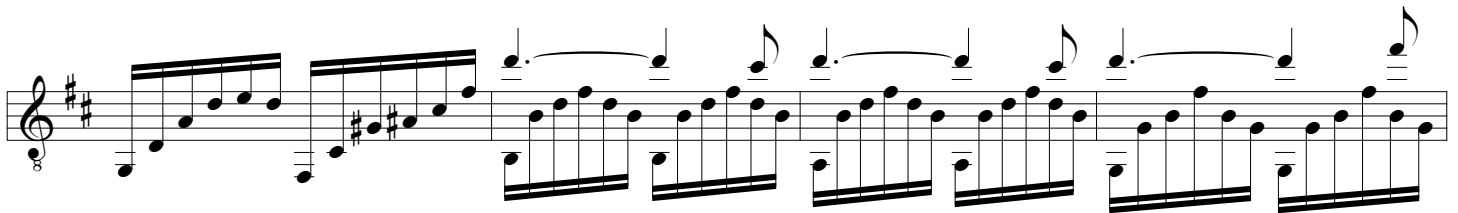


dances along the waves to the rush and hiss of the wind.

The roll and creak of her wooden hull,

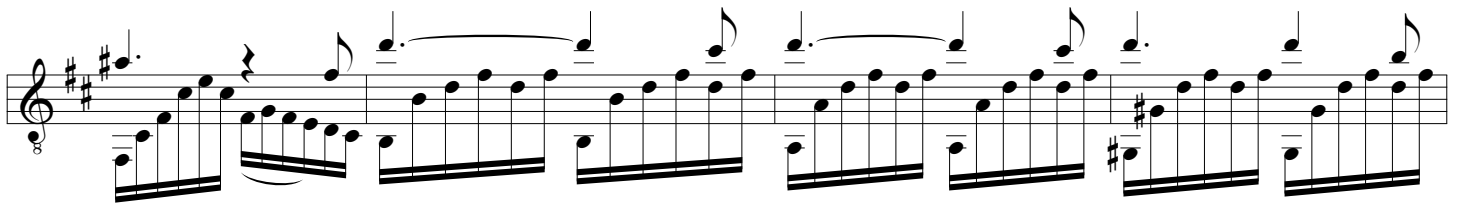


the laughing and scolding of the gulls.



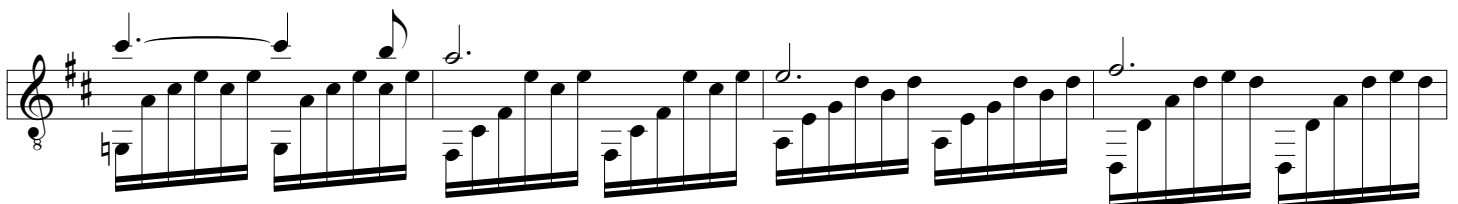
Then the wind backs around to the north-northeast

and a fog comes in around him.



Thinking he hears the gong buoy off Cape Cod, Lovell steers toward the sound.

Then the wind and the



sound drop away

And Lovell is drifting

... drifting

... drifting.



The silence swells around him.

And over the foggy mirror of the still water, a lone seagull sails through the air.