



**OLD SAILORS**  
By Charles Noble

**Old sailors sit and chew the fat about things that used to be.  
Of the things they've seen, the places they've been, when they ventured out to sea.**

**They remembered friends from long ago, the times they had back then,  
the money they spent, the beer they drank, in their days as sailing men.**

**Their lives are lived in days gone by, with thoughts that forever last,  
of bell bottom blues, winged white hats, and good times in their past.**

**They recall long nights with a moon so bright far out on a lonely sea.  
The thoughts they had as youthful lads, when their lives were wild and free.**

**They knew so well how their hearts would swell when old glory fluttered proud and free.  
The underway pennant such a beautiful sight as they plowed through an angry sea.**

**They talked of the chow Ol' Cookie would make and the shrill of the bosun's pipe.  
How salt spray would fall like sparks from hell when a storm struck in the night.**

**They remember old shipmates already gone who forever hold a spot in their heart,  
When sailors were bold, and friendships would hold, until death ripped them apart.**

**They speak of nights spent in bawdy houses on many a foreign shore  
Of the beer they'd down as gathering around, telling jokes with a busty whore.**

**Their sailing days are gone away, never again will they cross the brow,  
They have no regrets, they know they are blessed, for honoring a sacred vow.**

**Their number grow less with each passing day as the final muster begins,  
There's nothing to lose, all have paid dues, and they'll sail with shipmates again.**

**I've heard them say before getting underway that there's still some sailing to do,  
They'll say with a grin that their ship has come in and the Lord is commanding the crew.**