

Stan

My father holding head in hands , dear lad he said to me .
Don't make your mother weep and mourn, my son don't go to sea.
But I listened not to what he said , my heart it ruled my head.
And masts lay waiting in the dock , like dead and leafless trees.

Dog watches they ne're bothered me , to me it was not work .
Salt spray was thrown into my face , it caused me not to shirk.
For the starlit sky shone overhead on nights of calm and peace.
For the sight of the moon in a storm tossed sky, my love it would not cease.

I froze in focs'les cold and damp , round the horn in the ice and snow.
Baked on mizzen masts on high , in the place where winds don't blow.
Hauled till my hands were split and sore, salt boils all over my skin.
Nursed my friend until he past , the way of more like him.

In schooner and brig I sang my songs , to ease the work along.
Brought a smile to the face of the hardest mate ,made a weak back strong.
Sang of people and places now gone by, some for whom I wept.
Brought memories of loved ones far away, while at night our vigils kept.

Now at last my time has come , no Fiddlers Green for me .
I'll roam the oceans far and wide , and every inland sea.
On the outstretched wings of that big white bird I'll roam wherever I can.
When friends through the rigging see me fly, they'll say there goes Old Stan .

So do not mourn my passing bye , although my life was hard.
For my spirit lives in every song , sung by a seaman bard.
In every focsle , pub or bar your voices raised please be.
And with the last song of the night , dear friends remember me.



Joe Grundy

