

# No Drums No Trumpets

The sun was just rising o'er the sea of blue,  
In his cabin was the Captain, still at slumber was the crew,  
When I heard the faithful bosun, his trusty pipe in hand,  
Play an early morning concert, "Now reveille every man!"

I jumped out of my sack, t'was at no slothful gait,  
"What's the commotion," I gruffly asked the mate.  
"Man, can't you feel it, can't you smell it in the air,  
We've sighted Point Loma and we're almost there!"

I grabbed up my kit and made it for the head,  
"Out of my way boot, or shake out the lead!"  
"Can't find my hat! Where are those blues?  
My neckerchief is missing. Hey, watch those shoes!"

When I finally got dressed and up on the deck,  
My hands were shaking, my nerves a wreck.  
And around the rail stood our mighty crew,  
Some wearing khaki, and some wearing blue.

It started me to thinking as I looked from man to man,  
'Tis the last time we will gather, for soon we will disband.  
I was sadly discontented, as the thought within me grew,  
'Tis the last time you will muster with this gallant Navy crew.

Together we had sweated 'neath the heat of tropic sun,  
One and all had braved the chill as we made that northern run.  
Now, we'll no longer be together at the climax of this cruise,  
But in our hearts, we'll muster when our memoirs we do muse.

And when my hair has turned to gray, and before my fire I sit,  
In thought I'll travel back to then, remembering people that I've met.  
And I'll hear again the noise of some foreign distant shore,  
Sounds I heard when we were there twenty years ago or more.

And again we'll go a sailing to Hong Kong and old Japan,  
Past Mandalay and Subic Bay then home again once more.  
I could feel the tension mounting, but was startled by the cry,  
And in answer to the shout, to port I cast an eye.

There gently blanketed in the early morning haze,  
Were the hills of San Diego, the recipient of our gaze.  
And all the men were happy, from the Captain through the ranks,  
And we paused with bowed heads, as the Chaplain offered thanks.

By Peter Stout