



CALL OF THE SEA

Dedicated to Submarine Sailors of the US Navy, past and present.

“Come down to the sea, young man,
Come down to the sea.”
Softly at first, then a shout.
The sea kept calling and calling.
I tried and I tried to ignore it,
“Come down to the sea, young man,
Come down to the sea.”
So little did I know of the sea,
at least a thousand miles from me.
Yet still, I heard the persistent call.
“Come down to the sea, young man,
Come down to the sea.”
I answered the call, how could I resist?
As seductive as the sirens of old.
The sea had me for twenty plus years.
“Come down to the sea, young man,
Come down to the sea.”
A dry lander now and not nearly so young,
I can still hear the call come to me.
Though not as loud or nearly as often.
“Come down to the sea, old man,
Come down to the sea.”

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