

But for a roll of dice cast from the hand of God,
And it would be you or I, shipmate,
Who lies still and cold as the ocean we once sailed.
We live in their place and they lie dead in ours.

Every success and even each disappointment,
Every joy and even each moment of sorrow,
Is a precious gift from our shipmates who died so far from home.
We live in their place and they lie dead in ours.

Our duty to them is to live each moment fully,
To laugh, to cry, to swear like the sailors we once were,
And to remember them with grateful hearts.
We live in their place and they lie dead in ours.

Carl W. Cole
The Gulf of Tonkin
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