

Even As You and I

Anonymous, as given to Michael Orofino, 1382-PA, by a shipmate

A fool there was, and he went to sea
Even as you and I.
But a fool he was, and a fool he'll be
For only a fool will follow the sea
Even as you and I.

Oh, the years we waste have a bitter taste
When we turn again to the land.
But the land rejects us derelicts
With our withered minds as mental wrecks
With a cold disdainful hand.

A fool there was and his life he spent
In a vile halo that never was meant
For a thing whom God his image lent
But he goes to sea of his own consent
For only a fool knows a fool's content
Even as you and I.

Oh, the loves he has lost, and the joys that are most
And the lights of the home he has planned
Have been won by the men who stayed ashore
Who had brains and sense and a whole lot more
Of things he don't understand.

All he owns is his miserable hide.
Even that is fleeced and flung aside
To sink or swim in the deep sea tide
Where some of him lives but most of him died.
But still he would go, whither or no,
Even as you and I.