

Requiem for the " 29 "

She's headed for the barn, Her spirits so low
This is the ship that we learned to know.

From a gleaming war baby in the year ' 43
She's served all these years for the land of the free.

She's tired and battered in the year '69
The gallant old lady called AF-29.

As she steams to her graveyard, you detect a long sigh
She's earned her now haven, no one can deny.

She looks to her leaving that bright sunny day
When she departed that fabulous town by the bay.

She remembers the training which to her was old hat
She recalls the curses of some youthful brat.

She recalls taking stores by many a boom
When the champagne flowed freely to her innermost womb.

Yes, she clings to her memories of her last cruise to sea
Wondering why she'll retire and where she'll be.

Now her engines are throbbing, still a wonderful sight
As she slowly proceeds thru the still of the night.

As if full of nostalgia, she'll occasionally turn
To gaze back to Westpac, no more glory to earn.

Once her guns did blaze with angry defiance
She never would settle for unholy alliance.

She remembers the days of Nimitz and King
When she flirted with danger and had a lot of zing.

She'll recall an invasion, a burst on the shore
Then perk up hers ears, to hear it once more.

Of flak and of zeros she can spin quite a yarn
She recalls all the action as she heads for the barn.

No more lib in Yokosuka, no R & R in Hong Kong
For this is the 29's dismal swan song.

No more will she dash to the Western Pacific
Were her services remain nothing short of terrific.

She has served the Boston, Sacramento and O'Bannon
When she'd much rather fire one of her three inch cannon.

She recalls an evening when one of her crew
Skipped over the fantail in search of a brew.

Or the night in Subic when late to her quarters
Marched 59 sailors like professional borders.

She remembers her movies, her cookouts so dear
Not a damn thing was missing except for the beer.

She remembers the hours, when she was queen of the sea's
So proud and majestic as she knifes through the breeze

But she can't stay with it, her vibrations are many
She'll heave and she'll rattle with creaks, oh so many.

She has heard of the force called nuclear power
For this is the age of long hair and flower power.

Yes, three cheers to this lady with her withered look
She delivered so proudly now her name is in the book.

I'll remember you always, from your mast to your keel
The way that you swayed when a tingle you'd feel

Good night my sweet lady, farewell to your charms
Join proudly your sisters, your comrades in arms.

Your sailors will miss you, though they gripe and they moan
Remember this always, and you will not be alone.

There's not another like you, my "Jolly G"
There's a speck in my eye, I can't seem to see.

Whenever a sailor may travel and roam
His heart's always with you, someday he'll come home.