

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER

May 29, 1942

The following poem, "The Sailor's Prayer," was sent the Press by John William Babbs, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Babbs of Falmouth vicinity, who is in the United States Navy at the Naval Training Station at San Diego, California.

The Sailor's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Grant that before I wake,
No other sailor my shoes and socks
will take.

Lord watch over me in my slumber,
And see that my hammock stays on
its number;

See that no clews or lashings break,
To let me fall before I wake.

Keep me safe within Thy sight,
And let's have no fire drill tonight;
In the morning let me wake,
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.

God protect me in my dreams,
And make this better than it seems;

Grant the time may swiftly fly,
When I shall rest on high

In a soft and snowy bed,

Where I long to rest my head,

Far away from all these scenes,

From the odors of half done beans.

Take me back into the land,

Where they don't scrub down with
sand,

Where no Demon Typhoon blows,
And the women wash the clothes.
Lord, you know all of my woes,
Feed me in my dying throes,
Take me back, I'll promise then,
Never to leave home again.

(Four Years Later—)

Our Father who art in heaven,
Please, dear Father, let me stay,
Do not drive me now away.
Wipe away my scalding tears,
And let me stay my thirty years,
Please forgive me all my past,
And things that happened at the
mast,
Do not my request refuse,
Let me stay another cruise.