

Christmas at Sea (At Anchor)

The kerosene lamp gently gimbals and sways
As tobacco smoke circles the saloon in a haze.
It rises in curls from the pipes all aglow
As Tom tunes up his fiddle and rosins the bow.

Outside on the deck there's a light snowy dust
As the port lights flicker with a glow through the frost.
The snow on the railing is a beautiful sight
As it sparkles and shimmers in the moon's pale light.

Then if by magic some bottles are found
And the glasses are filled as they're passed around.
The bow of the fiddle glides over the strings
With the songs of the seasons that old memories bring.

Of good Kings and shepherds and Wisemen of old
Of a babe in a manger That was brought gifts of gold.
Songs of good tidings and songs of good cheer
And songs that will wish you a happy new year.

Then they think back on the past days of yore
Of Christmas as children and friends now ashore.
Family that's missed, family that's gone
And the parlor piano they all gathered around.

Then the last toast is offered and the evening is done
To our wives and our sweethearts the toast is begun.
To our wives and our sweethearts, oh they are so sweet
To our wives and our sweethearts, may they never meet.

Then Tom puts the fiddle back in its case
And it's stowed in his sea chest, tenderly placed.
"Merry Christmas" I said. "Tom, may the season be true."
Tom looked up and smiled. "Merry Christmas to you."