

Fitzgerald (DDG-62)

Tis' on this fine morning, the New Year approaches!
The watch team stands ready, as the next Sun encroaches.

From beyond the horizon, and over the sea,
the Sun rises and, with it, the year '23.'

As FITZGERALD waits, to receive it with cheer,
she remembers its presence throughout the last year.

How it chased them around the globe in a spin,
through deep foreign waters and back home again.

Above Her in India, it shone fierce and bright,
watching the sport's teams put up a good fight.

In Sri Lanka while resting on cresting white sand,
it broke through the darkness, incandescent and grand.

It was with Her in Oki, Japan, and Bahrain,
in Hawaii she watched it still shine in the rain.

On night watches so long, in sanguine embrace,
the crew waited and wished for the warmth of its face.

Which seemed somehow to make everything feel okay,
for they knew they had made it to another new day.

And on the final day out, when the ship was returning,
the California Sun stood smiling and burning.

This new Sun will rise, then leave in the night,
the blue sky will blacken, out like a light,
but FITZGERALD will forever stand ready to fight,
with the Sun at Her back, and horizon in sight.