

***Constellation (CVA-64) 1 January 1962***

00-04

By the Shore Abreast The Brew'ry,  
Aye, The Shining Sign of Schaefer,  
Nestled In Among The Tall Cranes,  
And The Piers, Pier "K" To Starboard,  
There Within The Naval Shipyard,  
Mighty New York Naval Shipyard,  
CONSTELLATION Lauds The New Year.

CONSTELLATION Fears Not Winter  
Nor The North-Wind, Wild And Cruel.  
Much She Prospers With Her Brothers.  
Strong The Hands Vowed To Enhance Her.  
Strong Those Hands, As Strong Her Lines –  
Stout Manila, Thirteen Numbered,  
Plus Her Bow And Stern Wires Guard Her  
From The West-Wind Off Manhattan.

Sing, O Song of CONSTELLATION  
Of the Wondrous Days And Plenty  
In This Camp Of Knickerbocker.  
You In Shadow Of The Giants  
Drink Of Freshness From The Quay Wall,  
Draw Of Power, Pulsing Power,  
Chant Afar Through Talking Wires,  
Live In Peace But Taste Of Triumph.

From The Four Winds, From The Oceans  
Gather Warriors Called To Council.  
Each Entreats His Special Spirit –  
FRAM For Strength And CINC For Succor.  
WARE And HARWOOD, COMPASS ISLAND,  
Rest With Us In Snowflake Softness,  
Know Full Well The Bond We Cherish –  
Useless Each Without The Other.

All The Sea Frontier To Eastward  
Lies Beneath Our SOPA Chieftain.  
You To Him Are Bound In Duty,  
Proud Defender Of These Waters;  
But The Time, The Time Approaches  
For A Long And Distant Journey  
To The Portals Of The Sunset,  
Such As All Must Come To Follow;  
Such As All Must Come To Follow.

J.W. Shay  
LTJG, USNR