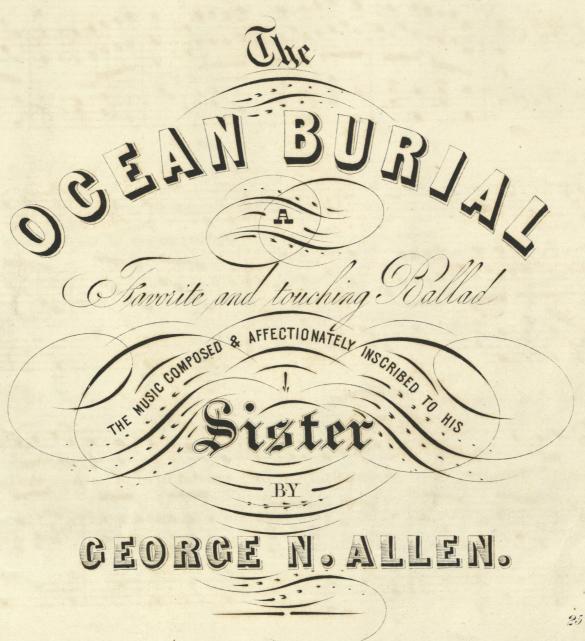
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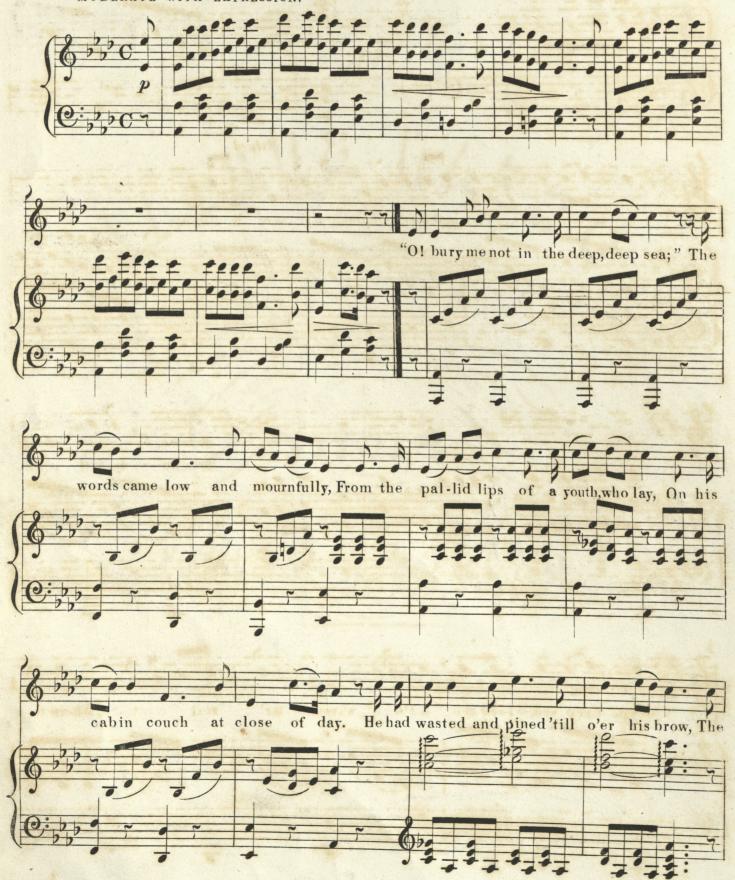


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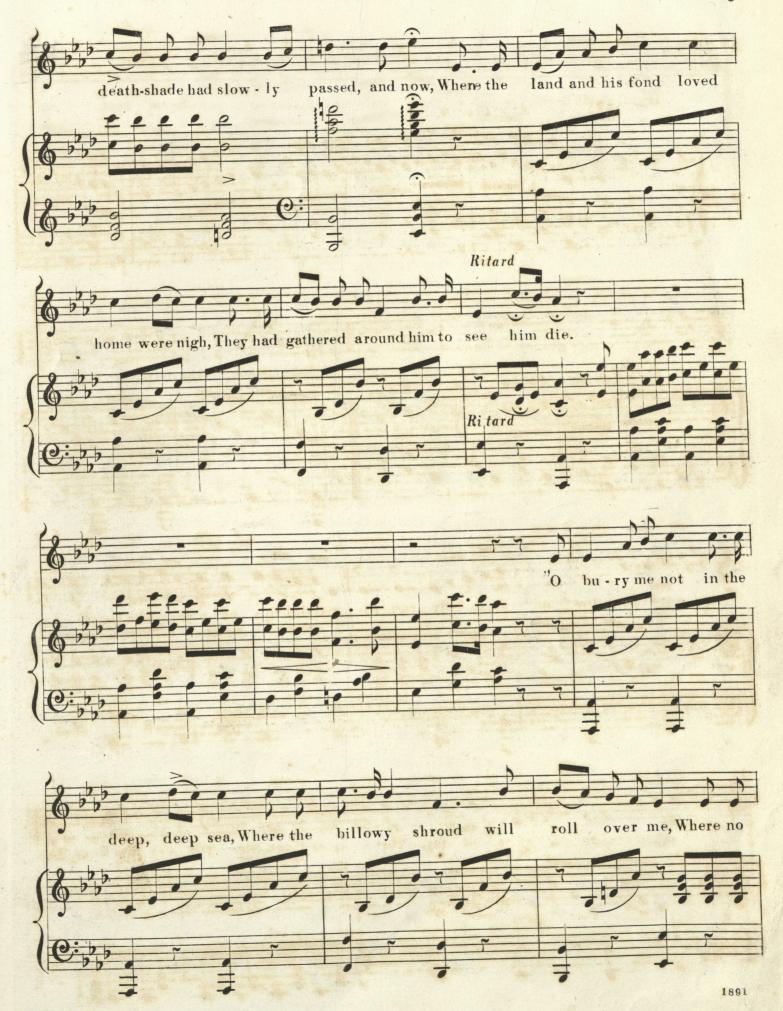
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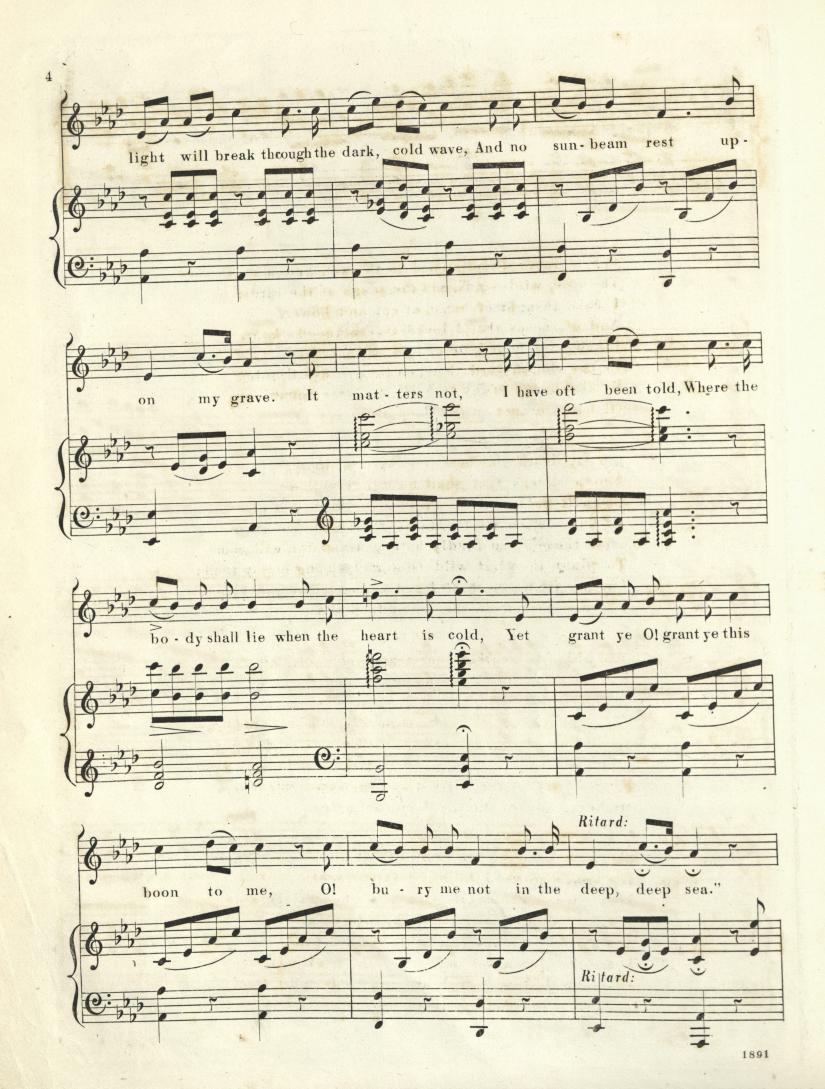
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MODERATE WITH EXPRESSION.



1891







3

"For in fancy I've listened to the well known words, The free, wild winds, and the songs of the birds; I have thought of home, of cot and bower, And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour. I had ever hoped to be laid when I died, In the church-yard there, on the green hill-side; By the bones of my fathers' my grave should be, O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

4

"Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer,
And a sister's tear shall be mingled there;
O! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,
To know when its fountains shall gush no more,
That those it so fondly hath yearned for will come
To plant the first wild flower of spring on my tomb;
Let me lie where those loved ones will weep over me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

5

"And there is another; her tears would be shed,
For him who lay far in an ocean bed;
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She hath twined these locks, and hath kissed this brow.
In the hair she hath wreathed, shall the sea snake hiss!
And the brow she hath pressed, shall the cold wave kiss!
For the sake of that bright one that waiteth for me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

6

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed there;
They gave no heed to his dying prayer;
They have lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,
Above him has closed the dark, cold tide;
Where to dip their light wings the sea-fowls rest
Where the blue waves dance o'er the ocean's crest;
Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free;
They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.