

NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION.

The  
**OCEAN BURIAL**

*Favorite and touching Ballad*

THE MUSIC COMPOSED & AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HIS

**Sister**

BY

**GEORGE N. ALLEN.**

25 cts well

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THE OCEAN BURIAL.

MODERATE WITH EXPRESSION.

*p*

"O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea;" The

words came low and mournfully, From the pal-lid lips of a youth, who lay, On his

cabin couch at close of day. He had wasted and pined 'till o'er his brow, The

death-shade had slow - ly passed, and now, Where the land and his fond loved

home were nigh, They had gathered around him to see him die.

*Ritard*

"O bu - ry me not in the

deep, deep sea, Where the billowy shroud will roll over me, Where no

light will break through the dark, cold wave, And no sun-beam rest up -

on my grave. It mat-ters not, I have oft been told, Where the

bo - dy shall lie when the heart is cold, Yet grant ye O! grant ye this

boon to me, O! bu - ry me not in the deep, deep sea."

*Ritard:*



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.