

The Ocean Burial - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
The words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cabin couch at the close of day;
He had wasted And pined, till o'er his brow
Death's shade had slowly passed, and now
When the land and his fond loved home were nigh,
They had gathered around him to see him die.

Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
"Where the billowing shroud will swell o'er me,
"Where no light will break through the dark cold wave,
And no sunbeam rest upon my grave;
It matters not, I have often been told,
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold;
Yet grant, oh! grant this boon to me,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

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 of bower.
And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour;
I had even hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the church-yard there on the green hillside;
By the homes of my father my grave should be,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer
And a sister's tear shall be mingled there;
It will be sweet, ere the heart's gentle throb is o'er,
To know when its fountain 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,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

And there is another whose 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 those locks and hath kissed this brow;
In the hair she hath wreathed, shall the sea-serpent hiss?
And the brow she hath pressed, shall the cold wave kiss?
For the sake of that bright one that waiteth for me,
Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

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