Bury Me Not in the Deep, Deep Sea

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"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea."
These words came slow and faintly
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
In his cabin bunk at the close of day.

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea
Where the cold dark waves will swallow me,
Where no light shall break through the darkening waves,
And no sunbeam find my silent grave.

He mourned and pined till o'er his brow,
Death's shades had slowly crept there now.
He wished his home and his loved ones nigh
As the sailors gathered to see him die.

"Oh, bury me not" -- his voice failed there.
They paid no heed to his dying prayer.
They lowered him down o'er the ships dark side,
And above him closed the dismal tide.

He bore no costly winding sheet
To wrap around his head or feet.
They lowered him down where the billows roar,
In the deep, deep sea far from the shore.

A girl on shore, many tears will shed
For the one who lies on the ocean bed.
Above his heart the whale will hiss,
And his pallid lips the fish will kiss.

As sung by the band Nightingale (singer - Keith Murphy). Adapted from the Peacoc
k Collection.
Compare "The Dying Cowboy" and "The Ocean Burial."
JD