

The Sea the mighty deep
Oh had I my wish in my prize I would be
A wild careless rover upon the wide sea
Oh the glorious sea with the proud dashing foam
I should be to the wanderer his fearless ship's home

What though storm & tempest should sweep in their ^{wrath}
On the waves of the deep and along my wild path
The fierce hissing lightnings like serpents should shine
And the phosphoric billows should gloomily shine

Yet away get away over breaker and wave
I would heedlessly dash and their rude dangers brave
Each feeling of fear in my bosom should sleep
As proudly my ship cut her way through the deep

Ouzza for the sea the all glorious sea
Its might is so wondrous its spirit so free
And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul
Which impatient like them cannot yield to control

Oh let me when dying but know that the wave
Is rolling along from its deep coral cave
To bear my lone corpse to its bed in the deep
How calmly my spirit would hush it to sleep

Then down through the glassy the billowy sea
My corpse shall be borne - and the wild minstrel
Of dirgechanting billows around me should break ^{wake}
And from caves of old Ocean strange echoes should ^{wake}

Oh who would not live on the Ocean so wide ^{wide}
When its billows look bright as the smile of the
And who would not glory his vigils to keep
With the stars over his head and around him ^{all}

D. E. C. P.

It was my home in my boyhood that ocean so proud
And in death let me have its bright waves for my ^{shroud}
Let no sad tears be shed when I die or me
But bury me deep in the sea in the sea

The Sailors Grave

Our ship was out far far from land
When the faintest of our gallant band
Grew sadly pale and waned away
Like the twilight of an autumn day
We watched him through long hours of pain
But our cars were lost our hopes were vain
Death struck he gave no coward alarm
For he smiled as he died on his ^{arm} ^{mass}

He had no costly winding sheet
But we placed a round shot at his feet
And he slept in his hammock as safe & sound
As a king in his lawn shroud marble bound
We proudly decked his funeral rest
With his country's flag about his breast
We gave him that as the badge of the brave
And then he was fit for his sailors grave

Our voices broke our hearts turned weak
Hot tears were seen on the honest cheek
And a quiver played on the lips of pride
As we lowered him down the ships dark side
A plunge a splash and our task was o'er
The billows roll'd on as they roll'd before
But many a rude prayer hallowed the wave
That closed above the sailors grave