

Burial of the Dead

Where shall the dead and beautiful sleep
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep
Where the wind of the W. breathes its softest sigh
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh
And the pure clear drops of the rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moons rays
Where the suns warm smile may never dispel
Aighs tears o'er the form we loved so well
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow
Where the fairest earliest violets grow
Where the sky and the earth were softly fair

Bury her there — bury her there

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest
In purity over the sleepers breast
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove
Meaning her about truant love
Where no column proud in the sun may glow
No mock the heart that is waiting below
Where pure hearts are sleeping forever blest
Where wandering "Dear" love to rest
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair
Bury her there — Bury her there

Far Far at sea

Star of peace to wanderers weary
Bright the beams that smile on me
O'er the pilots vision dreary
Far far at sea

Star of hope gleam on the billow
Bless the soul that sighs for thee
Bless the sailors lonely pillow
Far Far at sea

Star of faith when winds are mocking
All his toils he flies to thee
Save him on the billows rocking

Far Far at sea
Star divine oh safely guide him
Bring the wanderer home to thee
Sore temptations long have tried him
Far Far at sea