



Ocean Burial

George N. Allen
(1812-1877)

George Nelson Allen (1812–1877) was born in Mansfield, Massachusetts, and studied with Lowell Mason in Boston. He went to Ohio and studied at Western Reserve College and Oberlin Collegiate Institute. While a student at Oberlin, he was appointed an instructor in music and became a professor of music after graduating and founded the Oberlin Musical Association. He also studied geology and, for a time, held an additional appointment at Oberlin as professor of Geology and Natural History. He was choir director at the First Congregational Church Choir in Oberlin. Poor health forced him to retire in 1871 and he moved to Cincinnati to be near his son. He died in Cincinnati. He wrote many hymns and songs and compiled a hymnal for Oberlin College.

“O bury me not in the deep, deep sea!”
The words came faint and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On the cabin couch, where day by day,
He had wasted and pined till o’er his brow,
The death-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.

“O bury me not in the deep, deep sea,
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me—
Where no light can break through the dark cold wave,
And no sunbeam rest upon my grave.
‘It matters not,’ I have oft been told,
‘Where the *body* shall lie when the heart is cold’—
Yet grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me,
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea!

“For in fancy I’ve listened to the well known words—
The free, wild wind, and the song of birds—
I have thought of *home*, of cot and bower,
And of scenes that I loved in childhood’s hour.
I have ever hoped to be laid, when I died,
In the church-yard there on the green hill side—
By the bones or my fathers *my* grave should be—
O! ury me not in the deep, deep sea!

“Let my death slumber be where a mother’s prayer
And a sister’s tears can be blended there.
Oh! ’twill be sweet, ere the heart’s throb is o’er,
To know when its fountain shall gush no more,
That those who have fondly hath yearned for will come
To plant the first wild-flowers of spring on my tomb.
Let me lie where the loved ones can weep over me,
Bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

“And there is *another*, her tears would be shed
For him who lay on an ocean bed.
In hours that it pains me to think of now,
She hath twined these locks and kissed his brow—
In the hair *she* hath wreathed shall the sea-snake hiss?
The brow *she* hath pressed shall the cold wave kiss?
For the sake of that bright one who waiteth for me,
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 slow o’er the vessel’s side—
Above him hath closed the solemn 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.

Rev. Edwin Hubbell Chapin (1814–1880)

Ocean Burial

Geo. N. Allen

S
"O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!" The words came faint and mourn - ful - ly, From the

A
"O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!" The words came faint and mourn - ful - ly, From the

T
"O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!" The words came faint and mourn - ful - ly, From the

B
"O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!" The words came faint and mourn - ful - ly, From the

5
S
pal - lid lips of a youth, who lay On the cab - in couch, where day by day, He had

A
pal - lid lips of a youth, who lay On the cab - in couch, where day by day, He had

T
pal - lid lips of a youth, who lay On the cab - in couch, where day by day, He had

B
pal - lid lips of a youth, who lay On the cab - in couch, where day by day, He had

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9

S wast-ed and pined till o'er his_ brow, The death - shade had slow - ly_ pass'd, and now, When the

A wast-ed and pined till o'er his_ brow, The death - shade had slow - ly pass'd, and now, When the

T wast-ed and pined till o'er his_ brow, The death - shade had slow - ly_ pass'd, and now, When the

B wast-ed and pined till o'er his brow, The death - shade had slow - ly pass'd, and now, When the

13

S land and his fond - lov'd home were nigh, They had gath - er'd a-round him to see him_ die.

A land and his fond - lov'd home were nigh, They had gath - er'd a-round him to see him die.

T land and his fond - lov'd home were nigh, They had gath - er'd a - round him to see him die.

B land and his fond - lov'd home were nigh, They had gath - er'd a-round him to see him die.

17

S "O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea, Where the bil - lowy shroud will roll_ o - ver me—Where no

A "O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea, Where the bil - lowy shroud will roll_ o - ver me—Where no

T "O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea, Where the bil - lowy shroud will roll_ o - ver me—Where no

B "O bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea, Where the bil - lowy shroud will roll o - ver me—Where no

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22

S light can break thro' the dark cold wave, And no sun - beam rest up - on my grave. 'It

A light can break thro' the dark cold wave, And no sun - beam rest up - on my grave. 'It

T light can break thro' the dark cold wave, And no sun - beam rest up - on my grave. 'It

B light can break thro' the dark cold wave, And no sun - beam rest up - on my grave. 'It

26

S mat-ters not,' I have oft been told, 'Where the bod - y shall lie when the heart is cold?— Yet

A mat-ters not,' I have oft been told, 'Where the bod - y shall lie when the heart is cold?— Yet

T mat-ters not,' I have oft been told, 'Where the bod - y shall lie when the heart is cold?— Yet

B mat-ters not,' I have oft been told, 'Where the bod - y shall lie when the heart is cold?— Yet

30

S grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me, O! Bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!

A grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!

T grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!

B grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!

Ocean Burial

34

S "For in fan - cy I've lis-ten'd to the well known words—The free, wild wind, and the song of birds— I have

A "For in fan - cy I've lis-ten'd to the well known words—The free, wild wind, and the song of birds— I have

T "For in fan - cy I've lis-ten'd to the well known words—The free, wild wind, and the song of birds— I have

B "For in fan - cy I've lis-ten'd to the well known words—The free, wild wind, and the song of birds— I have

39

S thought of home, of cot and bow'r, And of scenes that I lov'd in child - hood's hour. I have

A thought of home, of cot and bow'r, And of scenes that I lov'd in child - hood's hour. I have

T thought of home, of cot and bow'r, And of scenes that I lov'd in child - hood's hour. I have

B thought of home, of cot and bow'r, And of scenes that I lov'd in child - hood's hour. I have

43

S ev - er hoped to be laid, when I died, In the church - yard there on the green hill side— By the

A ev - er hoped to be laid, when I died, In the church - yard there on the green hill side— By the

T ev - er hoped to be laid, when I died, In the church - yard there on the green hill side— By the

B ev - er hoped to be laid, when I died, In the church - yard there on the green hill side— By the

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47

S hones or my fa - thers my grave should be— O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep— sea!

A hones or my fa - thers my grave should be— O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!

T hones or my fa - thers my grave should be— O! bur - y me not— in the deep, deep sea!

B hones or my fa - thers my grave should be— O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea!

51

S "Let my death slum-ber be where a moth - er's pray'r And a sis - ter's tears can be blend - ed— there. Oh!

A "Let my death slum-ber be where a moth - er's pray'r And a sis - ter's tears can be blend - ed— there. Oh!

T "Let my death slum-ber be where a moth - er's pray'r And a sis - ter's tears can be blend - ed— there. Oh!

B "Let my death slum-ber be where a moth - er's pray'r And a sis - ter's tears can be blend - ed there. Oh!

56

S 'twill be— sweet, ere the heart's thro' is o'er, To know when its foun - tain shall gush no— more, That

A 'twill be— sweet, ere the heart's thro' is o'er, To know when its foun - tain shall gush no more, That

T 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's thro' is o'er, To know when its foun - tain shall gush no more, That

B 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's thro' is o'er, To know when its foun - tain shall gush no more, That

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60

S those who have fond - ly hath yearn'd for will come To plant the first wild-flow'rs of spring on my tomb. Let me

A those who have fond - ly hath yearn'd for will come To plant the first wild-flow'rs of spring on my tomb. Let me

T those who have fond - ly hath yearn'd for will come To plant the first wild-flow'rs of spring on my tomb. Let me

B those who have fond - ly hath yearn'd for will come To plant the first wild-flow'rs of spring on my tomb. Let me

64

S lie — where the lov'd ones can weep o - ver me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep — sea.

A lie where the lov'd ones can weep o - ver me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea.

T lie where the lov'd ones can weep o - ver me, O! bur - y me not — in the deep, deep sea.

B lie where the lov'd ones can weep o - ver me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea.

68

S "And there is an-oth - er, her tears would be shed For him who lay on an o - cean bed. In

A "And there is an-oth - er, her tears would be shed For him who lay on an o - cean bed. In

T "And there is an-oth - er, her tears would be shed For him who lay on an o - cean bed. In

B "And there is an-oth - er, her tears would be shed For him who lay on an o - cean bed. In

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73

S hours that it pains me to think of now, She hath twined these locks and kiss'd this brow— In the

A hours that it pains me to think of now, She hath twined these locks and kiss'd this brow— In the

T hours that it pains me to think of now, She hath twined these locks and kiss'd this brow— In the

B hours that it pains me to think of now, She hath twined these locks and kiss'd this brow— In the

77

S hair she hath wreath'd shall the sea - snake hiss? The brow she hath press'd shall the cold wave kiss? For the

A hair she hath wreath'd shall the sea - snake hiss? The brow she hath press'd shall the cold wave kiss? For the

T hair she hath wreath'd shall the sea - snake hiss? The brow she hath press'd shall the cold wave kiss? For the

B hair she hath wreath'd shall the sea - snake hiss? The brow she hath press'd shall the cold wave kiss? For the

81

S sake of that bright one who wait - eth for me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea."

A sake of that bright one who wait - eth for me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea."

T sake of that bright one who wait - eth for me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea."

B sake of that bright one who wait - eth for me, O! bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea."

Ocean Burial

85

S "She hath been in my dreams." His voice failed there; They gave no heed to his dy - ing pray'r. They have

A "She hath been in my dreams." His voice failed there; They gave no heed to his dy - ing pray'r. They have

T "She hath been in my dreams." His voice failed there; They gave no heed to his dy - ing pray'r. They have

B "She hath been in my dreams." His voice failed there; They gave no heed to his dy - ing pray'r. They have

90

S lower'd him slow o'er the ves - sel's side— A - bove him hath closed the sol - emn tide. Where to

A lower'd him slow o'er the ves - sel's side— A - bove him hath closed the sol - emn tide. Where to

T lower'd him slow o'er the ves - sel's side— A - bove him hath closed the sol - emn tide. Where to

B lower'd him slow o'er the ves - sel's side— A - bove him hath closed the sol - emn tide. Where to

94

S dip their light wings the sea - fowls rest— Where the blue waves dance o'er the o - cean's crest— Where the

A dip their light wings the sea - fowls rest— Where the blue waves dance o'er the o - cean's crest— Where the

T dip their light wings the sea - fowls rest— Where the blue waves dance o'er the o - cean's crest— Where the

B dip their light wings the sea - fowls rest— Where the blue waves dance o'er the o - cean's crest— Where the

Ocean Burial

98

S
bil - lows bound and the winds sport free— They have bur - ied him there in the deep, deep sea.

A
bil - lows bound and the winds sport free— They have bur - ied him there in the deep, deep sea.

T
bil - lows bound and the winds sport free— They have bur - ied him there in the deep, deep sea.

B
bil - lows bound and the winds sport free— They have bur - ied him there in the deep, deep sea.

Oliver Ditson & Co.
(1885)

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