



THE MARINER'S GRAVE

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I REMEMBER the night was stormy and
wet,
And dismally dashed the dark wave,
While the rain and the sleet
Dark and heavily beat
On the mariner's new-dug grave.

I remember, 'twas down in a darksome dale,
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail
Round the wanderer pale,
That I saw the mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
And how sad was the look they gave,
As they rested their load,
Near its last abode,
And gazed on the mariner's grave.

I remember, no sound did the silence break,
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night-bird's shriek,
And the coffin's creak,
As it sunk in the mariner's grave.

I remember a tear that slowly slid
Down the cheek of a messmate brave,
It fell on the lid,
And soon was hid,
For closed was the mariner's grave.

And o'er his lone bed the brier creeps,
And the wild-flowers mournfully wave,
And the willow weeps,
And the moon-beam sleeps,
On the mariner's silent grave.

