

1855

## The Sailor Boy's Prayer

Charles Crozat Converse

T.W. Upshur

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.



To Ossian C. Dodge Esq.

Reply to "The Ocean Burial."

THE

# Sailor Boy's Prayer

OR

## I WOULD DIE UPON THE SEA

WORDS BY

### T. W. UPSHUR

Music by

### CH. C. CONVERSE.

25¢ net

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# THE SAILOR BOY'S PRAYER.

C. C. CONVERSE.

*Moderato con molto sentimento.*

Lay me beneath the

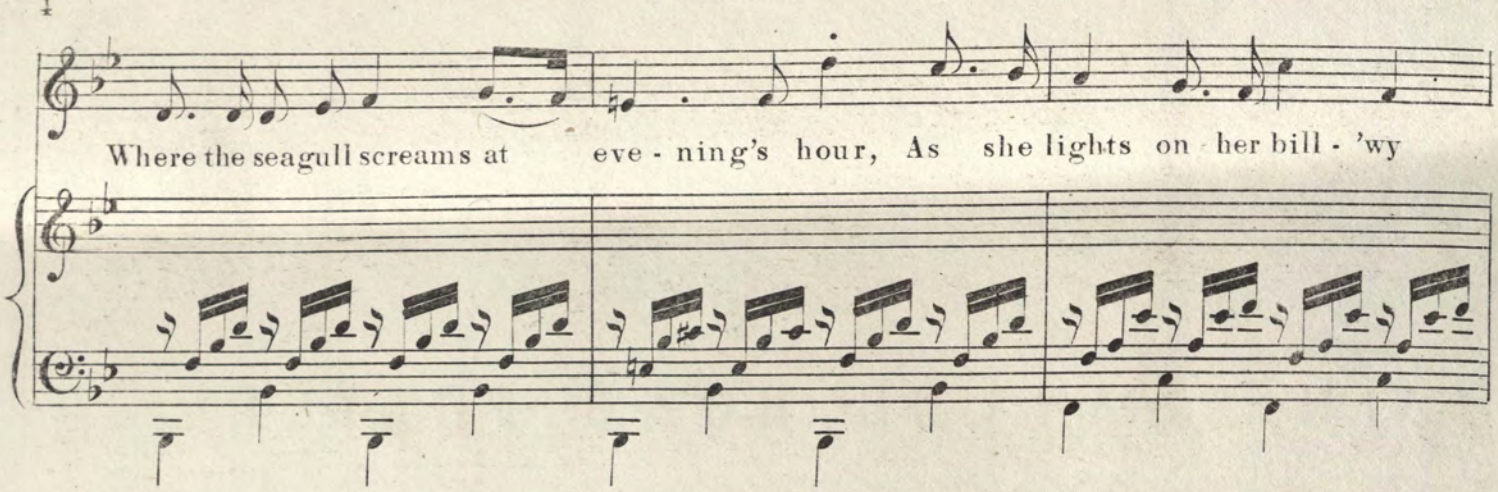
*pp* Both Pedals.

bri - - ny wave In a shroud of o - cean's foam;

7598



Where the seagull screams at eve - ning's hour, As she lights on her bill - 'wy

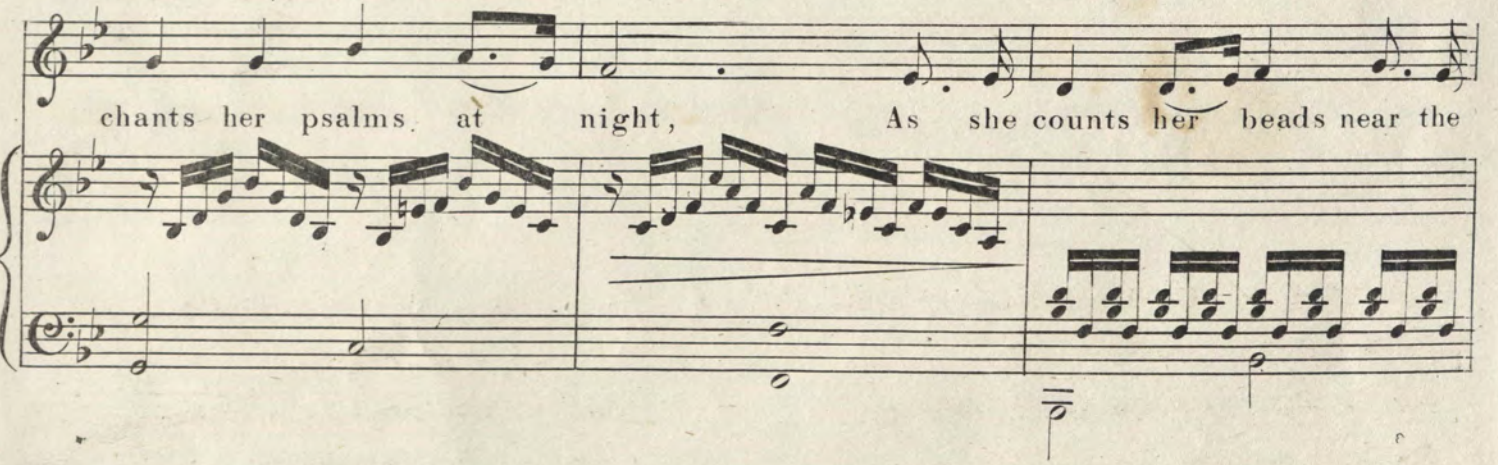


home. Make me a bed near the mer - maid's cave, Where she

*Delicato.*



chants her psalms. at night, As she counts her beads near the



sail or's grave, By the co - ral's rud - dy light, As she





5

*Rall - - - en - - - tan -*

counts her heads near the sail-or's grave, By the co - ral's rud - dy

*Rall - - - en - - - tan -*

do.

light.

*8va*.....

*loco*

do.

*pp*

Both Pedals.

*ppp*

2

Yes make me a bed 'neath the sparkling deep  
 Which oft I've wandered o'er  
 And dream'd, aye happy dreams in sleep,  
 Of loved ones on the shore;  
 Oh! make me a bed 'neath the ocean's foam,  
 My dreams have ceased to be;  
 No loved one lives to greet me home,  
 I would die upon the sea.

3

Then lay me 'neath the rolling surge,  
 Where the sea-gull screams at Eve.  
 Let old Ocean chant my funeral dirge,  
 My Tomb with his billows lave.  
 And let the Sailor orphan's head,  
 On its pearly pillow rest,  
 Till Gabriel summons the sleeping dead,  
 To the mansions of the blest.



