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The Mariner's Grave

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THE MANIAC.



THE MARINER'S GRAVE

Hush, 'tis the night watch
He guards my lonely cell ;
He comes, he comes this way,
Yes 'tis the night watch,
His glimmering lamp I see ;
Softly he comes.

No, by heaven, no, by heaven, I am not mad !

Oh, release me —oh, release me—

I lov'd her sincerely—

I lov'd her too dearly ;

I lov'd her in sorrow, in joy and in pain ;
But my heart's forsaken, yet ever will waken
The mem'ry of bliss which will ne'er come again.

Oh, this poor heart is broken—

I see her dancing in the hall ;

She heeds me not,

No, by heaven, no, by heaven, I am not mad !

Oh, release me—oh, release me.

He quits the gate—he turns the key—

He quits the gate—I kneel in vain ;

His glimmering lamp still—still I see,

And all—and all is gloom again.

Cold, bitter cold—no life, no light,

Life, all thy comforts once I had ;

But here I am chain'd this freezing night

No, by heaven, no, by heaven, I am not mad !

Oh, release me, oh, release me.

I see her dancing in the hall,

She heeds me not, she heeds me not,

Come, come—she heeds me not ;

For, lo you, when I speak, mark how yon demon's
eyeballs glare,

He sees me now, with dreadful shriek, he whirls, he
whirls me in the air,

Horror, the reptile strikes his tooth deep in my heart,
so crushed and sad ;—

Ay, laugh —ye fiends—laugh—laugh, ye fiends,

Yes, by heavens, the've driven me mad !

I remember the night was stormy and wet
And dismally dashed the dark wave,
While the rain and sleet
Cold 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 birds shriek
And the coffins creak,
As it sank 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.

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

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