

~~1107~~
The grave by the sea -

There is a grave ^{by} ~~where~~ the cold cold sea
Almost ~~unseen~~ ^{yet}
~~Known to but few~~, but 'tis sacred to me.

Sitting the waves seem to break on that shore

Sitting ~~they~~ ^{it} tell of the bliss days of yore -

Sad is my heart and it yearns for a rest

From this cold world in the Isles of the Blest

Where dwell the forms once so dear lovely me

~~Where wanders now~~ ^{where I thought this}
~~One is now sleeping~~ ^{his} grave ^{is} by the sea.

He was my all and the tears will not cease

Sorrows must come and the world has no place

Break break ye cold waves a chimie to my soul

Time ~~can~~ ^{can} not linger his eyes must roll.

There is a grave by the cold cold sea

~~And the white winged ships sail swiftly~~

Time in his flight will soon make me for me

Then we will meet and he'll smile as I come

~~And ask me~~
Why must I linger so long from my home?

Once life was all and the glad hours danced by

Marked by a ~~sonnet~~ ^{near} - near & loved a sigh

Days that are ~~van~~ ^{near} ~~ished~~ ^{will} ~~neer~~ ^{come} to me?

- Yes when I sleep by ^{that} grave by the sea -

Hours of my childhood how much like a dream
To this poor heart you forever must seem,
Bright was ^{your} the vision I'd ask not for more
Heaven was thus on this cold mortal shore -
But soon you vanished and sorrow came fast
Full is the cup it must run o'er at last,
~~Soon soon you vanished your echoes were gone~~
— To life a dream that we waste from to find
Nothing but sorrow and anguish of mind?
Blest be that grave on the ^{bleak} cold barren shore
Nes o'er the river he's but gone before
And all I know
~~I have let me hope that he's thinking of me~~
Though he's a grave by the cold cruel sea.

Mosses River

Saturday Night -

Jan 17th 1862