

Silly

"Sweet Dublin Bay"

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They sailed away on that gallant barque,
Roy Neal and his fair young bride
They had ventured all on that bounding ship
That danced on the silvery tide
And his heart was young, and his spirit light
As he kissed her tears away
And they watched the shore retreat from sight
Of their own sweet Dublin Bay
Three days they sailed when the storm arose
And the lightning swept the deep,
When the thunder crash broke the short repose
Of the weary sailors' sleep
Roy Neal, he clasped his weeping bride
And he kissed the tears away
"Oh, love, 'twas a fearful hour," he cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay!"
On the crowded deck of that doomed ship
Some fell in their deep despair
And some, o'ercome with a holier heart,
Sought the God of the storm in prayer
"She has struck a rock," the sailors cried
In their breath of wild dismay
And that ship went down with the fair young bride
That sailed from Dublin Bay
They sailed away in that gallant barque,
Roy Neal and his fair young bride
They had ventured all on that bounding ship
That danced on the silvery tide
But his heart was young, and his spirit light
As he kissed her tears away
And they watched the shore retreat from sight
Of their own sweet Dublin Bay

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