



**THE BAY**  
OF  
**BISCAY, O!**

**WE MET.**

**L** OUD roar'd the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge showers,  
The clouds were rent asunder,  
By lightning's vivid powers.  
The night both drear and dark,  
Our poor devoted bark,  
Till next day,  
There she lay,  
In the bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,  
Our opening timbers creak;  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
None stops the dreadful leak.  
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay,  
Till the day  
In the day of Biscay, O!

At length the wished for morrow  
Broke through the hazy sky,  
Absorbed in silent sorrow,  
Each heav'd a bitter sigh;  
The dismal wreck to view,  
Struck horror to the crew,  
As she lay,  
On that day,  
In the bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,  
Her pitchy seams are rent,  
When Heaven, all bounteous, sends,  
Its boundless mercy sent;  
A sail in sight appears,  
We hail her with three cheers,  
Now we sail,  
With the gale,  
From the bay of Biscay, O!

**W** E met—'twas in a crowd,  
And I thought he would shun me,  
He came—I could not breathe  
For his eyes were upon me.  
He spoke—his words were cold,  
And his smile was unaltered;  
I knew now much he felt,  
For his deep-toned voice falter'd.

I wore my bridal robe,  
And I rivall'd its whiteness;  
Bright gems were in my hair,  
How I hated their brightness.  
He call'd me by my name—  
As the bride of another—  
Oh, thou hast been the cause  
Of this anguish, my mother.

And once again we met,—  
And a fair girl was near him,  
He smil'd and whispered low,  
As I once used to hear him:  
She leant upon his arm—  
Once 'twas mine, and mine only—  
I wept—for I deserved  
To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride!  
At the altar he'll give her  
The love that was too pure  
For a heartless deceiver:  
The world may think me gay,  
For my feelings I smother,—  
Oh, thou hast been the cause  
Of this anguish, my mother!

