



## The Bay of BISCAY.

**L**OUD roar'd the dreadful thunder ;  
The rain a deluge show'rs,  
The clouds were rent asunder,  
By lightning's vivid pow'rs :  
The night both drear and dark,  
Our poor devoted bark,  
There she lay, till next day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

Now dash'd upon the billow,  
Her op'ning timbers creak ;  
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,  
None can stop the dreadful leak ;  
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay, on that day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

At length the wish'd for morrow,  
Broke through the hazy sky ;  
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,  
Each heav'd the bitter sigh :  
The dismal wreck to view,  
Struck horror to our 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 ever,  
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.

## Peggy Band.

AS I walk'd o'er the Highland hills,  
To a farmer's house I came,  
The night being wet and something cold,  
I entered in the same.  
There I became a courtier,  
And a bonny lass I espied,  
She asked me if I had a wife,  
But my marriage I deny'd.

I courted her the live-long night,  
And part of the next day,  
Till smiling she said to me,  
Along with you I'll go away.  
For Ireland is a bonny place,  
And bonny men therein,  
And I will go along with you,  
The world to begin.

The supper being over,  
And all things gone to rest,  
Says the gude man to the gude wife,  
Be kind to your guest.  
For the courtier is an Irishman,  
An Irishman so brave,  
And if he'll stay in our country,  
Our daughter he shall have.

The night being past and day being come,  
To the parlour I was ta'en,  
And the good man kindly asked me.  
Would I marry his daughter Jane,  
Full fifty marks he would give me,  
Besides a piece of land,  
No sooner had he spoke the word,  
Then I thought of Peggy Band.

I took off my hat, and kindly,  
Saluted them every one,  
Especially that pretty girl,  
Who was left to make her moan.  
And I cannot be your son-in-law,  
Till I see Irish ground,  
I took off my hat and came away,  
My mind still on her ran.  
How blythe and merry was the day,  
I spent with Peggy Band.

Peggy Band she is my jewel,  
My heart lies in her breast,  
Although we are at a distance,  
I still love her the best ;  
Although we are at a distance,  
And the seas between us roar,  
I'll be constant to my Peggy Band,  
And true for evermore.

*Walker, Printer, Durham.*

