



# DUBLIN BAY, or ROY NEAL.

ARR. BY W. L. HAYDEN.

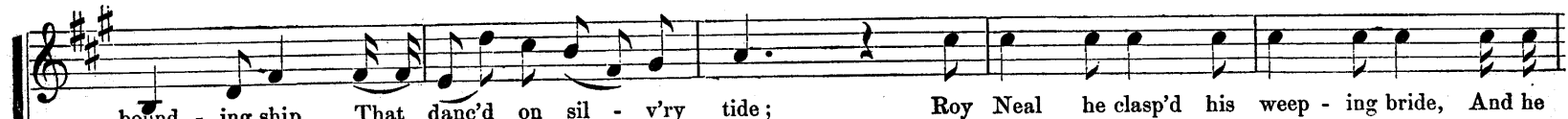
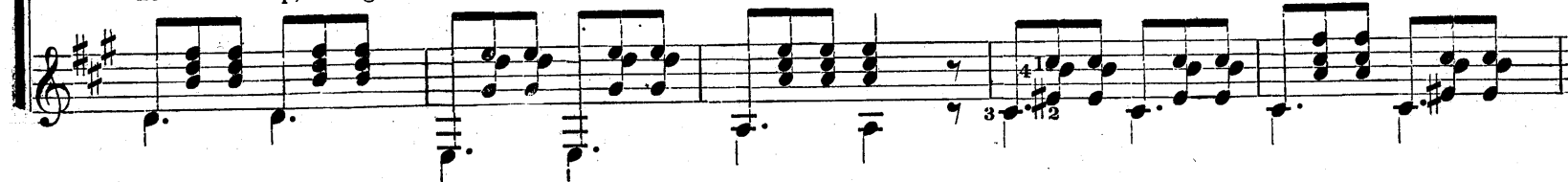
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1. They sail'd a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride, They had ven-tur'd all in that  
 2. Three days they sail'd, when a storm a-rose, And the light-'ning swept the deep; When the thun-der crash broke the  
 3. On the crowd-ed deck of that doom-ed ship Some fell in their meek des-pair, But some more calm with \*a



bound-ing ship, That danc'd on sil-v'ry tide; Roy Neal he clasp'd his weep-ing bride, And he  
 short re- pose Of the wea-ry sea boy's sleep; Roy Neal he clasp'd his weep-ing bride, And he  
 ho-lier lip, Sought the God of the storm in prayer; "She has struck on a rock!" the sea-men cried, In the

kiss'd the tears a-way, And he watch'd the shore re-cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dub-lin Bay."  
 kiss'd the tears a-way: "O love, 'twas a fear-ful hour," he cried, When we left sweet "Dub-lin Bay."  
 breath of their wild dis-may, And the ship went down with that fair young bride That sail'd from "Dub-lin Bay."

