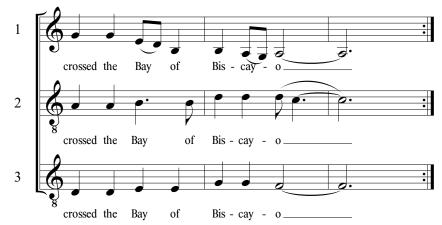
Bay of Biscay

Trad. Ireland Arr. Mae McAllister





- 2. One night as Mary lay a-sleeping, A knock came to her bedroom door, Saying, "Arise, arise, my dearest Mary, For to earn one glance of your William-o."
- 3. Young Mary rose, put on her clothing, And to the bedroom door did go And there she spied her William standing, His two pale cheeks as white as snow.
- 4. "Oh William dear, where are those blushes, Those blushes I knew long years ago?""Oh Mary dear, the cold clay has them I am the ghost of your William-o."

- 5. "Oh Mary dear, the dawn is breaking, The time has come for me to go. And I must leave you broken-hearted For to cross the Bay of Biscay-o."
- 6. "If I had all the gold and silver And all the money in Mexico, I would grant it all to the King of Erin To bring me back my William-o."