

Elwick Bay

Words by Miss Williamson

Music by Allan

Bonnie Bay of Elwick, dear thou art to me
Dear the little village, nestling by the sea;
Dear both cot and castle, garden sweet and fair,
Filling with their fragrance all the summer air.

Salt breath of the ocean creeps up from the strand,
Mingling with the odours of the flow'ry land;
Larks and linnets warble, thrushes call and call,
And the ocean music sounds above it all.

Oh! That sea is singing, singing all day long,
Now a grand old anthem, now a tender song;
I can sometimes hear it chant of olden days,
When the old sea rovers anchored in our bays.

Names of ancient heroes linger 'mid our isles,
Now where war fleets gathered, peace serenely smiles;
Bonnie Bay of Elwick, fair thou art to me,
Smiling in the sunshine, peace abide with thee.