

The "Laughing Sally"

The wind blew up from Pernambuco ;
And in the breast of the blast
Came the King's black ship, like a hound let slip
On the trail of the "Sally" at last.

For a day and a night, a night and a day ;
Over the blue, blue round,
Went on the chase of the pirate quarry,
The hunt of the tireless hound.

"Land on the port bow !" came the cry ;
And the "Sally" raced for shore,
Till she reached the bar at the river-mouth
Where the shallow breakers roar.