

To the Memory
Of Prince See Boo

A Native of the Pilew or Cilas Islands
And son to Alla Shulla Ruyack or King
Of the Island Coorocra; 1784
Who departed this Life on the 25th of December
Aged 20 years

This stone is inscribed,
By the honourable united East India Company
As a testimony of Esteem
For the humane and kind treatment
Afforded by his father to the crew of their ship
The Antelope Capt Wilson
Which was wrecked off that island
In the night of the 9th of August 1783

Stop, Reader, Stop, let Nature claim a tear
A Prince of Mine See Boos Buried here

The Orphan

Paul gracious stranger pause awhile
And hear an orphan's tale
An orphan's piteous tale will make
The mildest cheek turn pale

Ah once I did not need your ear
To listen to my woe
No cause had I to make complaint
No sorrow did I know

Continued

But as the lark that mounts the sky
To ~~the~~ and sings from morn till night
So did my little heart rebound
With undisturbed delight

I did with my father play
And prattle on his knee
And at those times I used to think
No child was gladder than me

But ere I well could speak his name
He died on foreign shore
And then I often sighed and thought
I should be glad no more

My mother—oh how long ago
Since I could call him so—
I have no mother no she, I fled
From this sad world of woe

My father's death quite broke her heart
And withered all her joys
She'd look at me and weep and say
Poor little orphan boy

What mother is an orphan boy
I sometimes did reply
And then she'd sob and weep so much,
I feared lest she should die

Full many a month she mouned away
By every sorrow trial
Till quite worn out she gently groaned
And my poor boy and died

Ah how I kept upon her face
And told her name in vain
My childish heart could scarce believe
She would not speak again