

It is a flash Bark a Bark of great fame
Commaned by Sagget Bound over the main
To cruise for Sp Whales it was our intent
and take them and Boil them where ever we went
But its hard times

There is our capt a very fine man
For Skipping of ginger Bread Dead him who can
For grumbling and growling he is the Devil all over
But take good care he dont go no further
And it is hard times

There is our 1st mate I must not pass by
he is short & bow legged with a gray rolling eye
For Boasting and Bragging he never had his match
And he takes dam good care not to come to the track
For it is hard times

JACK Worthington

When the year of 1841 the Good Little Bark
Jenny left the anchorage of Clark Point Light
We had not long left our home before
we wished ourself back on the shore we
had left behind for we experienced
a long course of gales from the Eastward
with course we wanted to steer and was
delayed many day before we saw the
coast