

On either side the wavering flags
In wild profusion grow
Through these stem murmuring will
In unfading doth flow

And here upon the fertile banks
With ease and plenty crowned
The farmer with his springs lives
And tills the peaceful ground
His rustic boat composed of reeds
Which is neither fine nor gay
Shelters him from the nightly dews
And scorching sun by day

For here no drenching rain descends
Nor furious gales appear
But gently Zephyrs greet the plains
The whole revolving year

Here Cocoa nuts and orange trees
Do raise their lofty heads
And throw the pure delightful air
The balmy incense spreads

The plantain and bananas too
Upon the banks is seen
In stately rows they all do stand
With grassy walks between

And here beneath the spreading leaves
Upon the ground reclined
The grassy one when tired of toil
A shady place may find
The vegetation here we get
And likewise get sum fruits
And others flags we saw
Made up a good recruit

And after we got all on board
We waited and stood to see
With a fine breeze at NNE
The brothers in company
And now 'twas time to leave the coast
The season had come round
That we must to the westward steer
And go on the offshore ground
Accordingly we steered West
Left the adjacent shore
Cape Blanco (distance thirty leagues)
And SSE it bore
When we got off in the longitude
Of one hundred nine and eight
Our Captains then they thought it best
No longer for to mate

So we our partnerships dissolved
Each different courses steered
In hopes by that to bring about
Some little better luck

But by misfortune powerful hand
Had marked us for her own
And not amiss of odds it maid
Being mated as alone

In fifteen hundred and twenty two
Was on the new years day
A large sperm whale we did spy
To the leeward of us did lay
When all three boats were quickly bound
And got her well away
We hauled this noble prize along side
At five o'clock that day