

Dear Mr. Garrison
 I have all your young fellows that Board off the Spanish
 Lane all your young fellows that have weathered the storm
 Our Capt has told us and I hope it will prove true
 There is a plenty of them whales on the Coast of Peru
 We have weathered the storm and now on Peru
 We are all of one mind and endeavor to
 Our boats are all rigged and our most be I all man
 Our riggers were light and our signals all placed
 The first whale we saw it was late in the day
 Capt came up and there would be six days
 I want to your hammocks and there quite be
 We will see her in the morning. Now under our sail
 Left morning by daylight on a boat 3 o'clock
 The men at the most head wind garden the Spanish
 Where a way has our Capt and who unsaid from at night
 About 2 points on air he saw and about 3 miles off
 We heard in our main yard and the whale as I saw
 Put your tubes in your boats tops as your box lines all close
 Lay up your boats gush in your boats in
 A man a way lower way my brown fellows to
 Our Chief mate he betwixt her and the whale the most
 Our Capt pulled up as I go to land on
 But he caused her to ramble and never to shoot
 And in less than 10 minutes we had her for Capt
 He told her a long side with many a shout
 She soon cut her in and he goes to try but
 No it was whale she is big and she is big and I am
 He is better to us boys than five hundred
 So here health to all whale men now on Peru
 Like mine to the Bengal and all her folks ships come
 Tell you that want money I could have gone to get
 On the Coast of Peru where Spanish whale ships is
 Heaven all your Buggars on
 you are dead to Heaven
 And I hope of his eye and
 And his face and his hair