

The Soil is rich and fertile here
And where the land is low
Square places is cut in the ground
Whose beds of tarrow grow

The water from the mountains is
Carried through several weeds
And in these tarrow beds it runs
Which cuts them over planted

And here is plenty of walks laid out
Between these beds of tarrow.
Where you must walk in incense
Because they are so narrow

Here is sweet potatoes corn and yams
In plentiful crops are grown
And here the best fruit, with you
On the cultivated ground

Here cabbage and tobacco plants
Is natural to the soil
And melons of two different kinds
Towards the farmers toil

Here plantain and bananas thrive
And coconuts abound
And squashes good and huge
Demand the fruitful ground

April the fifteenth day in the afternoon
A heavy breeze it blew
Then we got under way and bid
The Mouwe girls adieu

Then for Waboo we stepped our course
And West to South did steer
And Mouwe mountains cut with ours
Begin to disappear

Next morn when Phobos ore the sea
Had shed his rays of light
The Island of Waboo ahead
Did plain appear in sight
At nine o'clock at their abouts
We were almost the strand
But the wind blowing strong it was
So rugged for to land
Accordingly we hauled out wind
Capt Laying of and on
So we manuevered all the night
Un till the following morn

Then we run in and hove aback
Our Starboard boat did lose
The Captain and six other men
Repaired unto the shore

I was April on the thirteenth day
We left the friendly shore
The Hope still kept out company
And westward down we bore

And for the Japan boat we steered
Expecting their to find
The bosom of the briny deep
With Spermaceutics lend

Then we run down the SE trades
For two three weeks or more
Untill our Longitude was East
One hundred twenty four

Then we hauled up and steered NW
And shortly did arrive
North of the Equinoctial line
In thirty fore or five