

White Nassau

She will travel fair and steady, and in the
afternoon
Run down the floating palm-tops where lift
the Isles of June.

With the low boom of breakers for her only
signal gun,
She will anchor off the harbor when her
thousand miles are done,
And there's my love, white Nassau, girt
with her foaming Key,
The queen of the Lucayas in the blue
Bahaman sea !