

To Sea-ward oft' we cast an anxious Eye;
 At length th' expected Ship with pleasure spy.
 Impatient Joy then seizes ev'ry Breast;
 And till we've boarded her, Adieu to rest.
 Eager the News to learn, from Friends to hear:
 The long seal'd Letter, hastily we tear.--
 The Cargo landed, and the Ship laid by,
 To Fishing freight, the jolly Sailors hie.
 If you love sporting, go to LABRADOR:
 Of Game of various sorts, no Land has more.
 There you may suit your taste, as you're inclin'd,
 From the fierce White-bear to the timid Hind.
 Of Fishing too, you there may have your fill:
 Or in the Sea, or in the purling Rill.
 Of feather'd Game, variety you'll find,
 And plenty you may kill, if you're not blind.

If: