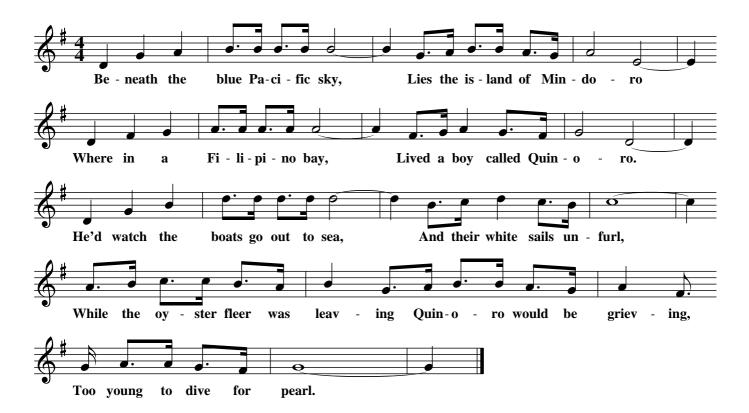
Quinoro's Pearl



Beneath the blue Pacific sky, Lies the island of Mindoro Where in a Filipino bay, Lived a boy called Quinoro. He'd watch the boats go out to sea, And their white sails unfurl, While the oyster fleer was leaving Quinoro would be grieving, Too young to dive for pearl.

One day Quinoro made a raft From the timbers of tindalo, When next the boats put out to sea, He would secretly follow, Across the silver-bright lagoon, And the ocean of blue, To the coral reefs of wonder, Where pearls were divers' plunder, Quinoro would go too. But when he dived beneath the sea Where the coral weeds were swaying, He found a water–jungle world, Tiger–sharks ever preying, And when a giant manta–ray, Stirred a cloud–burst of sand, Poor Quinoro, scared and lonely, Regained his raft with only One oyster in his hand.

The laughing fishermen returned To the island of Mindoro, And last of oysters to be shelled Was the catch of Quinoro. It held a brightly gleaming pearl, ROund as moon in its prime, Now they take Quinoro fishing, With all Mindoro wishing He'll do it every time!