

Ode.

Sitting and drinking in a Chair made out of the reliques of Sr. Francis Drakes Ship.

1.

C Hear up my Mates! the wind doth fairly blow,
Clap on more Sails, and never spare,
Farewel all Land! for now we are
In the wide Sea of drink, and merrily we go.
Bless me! 'tis hot, another Bowl of Wine,
And we shall cut the burning Line;
Hey Boys! she sends it away, and by my head I know
We round the world are sailing now.
What dull men are those who tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly roam?
And gain such experience; and see too
Such Countries and wonders as I do?
But prithee good Pilot take heed what you do,
And sail not to touch at *Pern*,
With Gold there the Vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
And never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean? What thoughts do me misguide,
As well upon a staffe may Witches ride
Their fancied journeys in the air,
As I sayl round the world in a Chair.
'Tis true, but yet this Chair which here you see,
For all its Quiet now and gravity,
Has wandred and has travell'd more (fore
Then ever Beast, or Fish, or Bird, or ever Tree be-
In every air, in every Sea 'tas been,
'Tas compass't all the earth, and all the heaven 'tas seen.
Let

Let not the Popes it self with this compare,
This is the Only universal Chair.

3.

The Pious wandrers Fleet sav'd from the flame
(Which still the reliques did ot Troy pursue,
And took them for its due)
A Squadron of immortal Nymphs became,
Still with their Arms they row'd about the Seas,
And still made new, and greater Voyages:
Nor has the first Poetique Ship of *Greece*,
Though now a Star, she so triumphant show,
And guides her sailing Successors below,
(Bright as her antient freight the shining Fleece)
Yet to this day a quiet Harbour found,
The Tide of Heaven still carries her around;
Only *Drakes* sacred Vessel (which before
Had done, and had seen more
Then those have done or seen,
Even since they Goddesses, and this a Star has been,)
As a reward for all her labours past,
Is made the seat of rest at last.
Let the case now quite altered be;
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,
Let the world now come to see thee.

4.

The world will do for curiosity,
Does no less then Devotion, Pilgrims make,
And I my self who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any Chair can do,
Would yet a Journey take.
An old Wheel of that Chariot to see;
Which *Phaeton* so rashly brake.
Yet what could that say more, then these remains of *Drake*?
Great relique! thou too in this Port Of ease
Hast still one way of making Voyages.
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale
(The great Trade wind which ner'e does fail)
Still with full trimme, and swelling Sail,
Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run
As long around it as the Sun.
The straits of time too narrow are for thee,
Launch forth into an undiscovered Sea,
And steer the endless course of vast eternity.
Take for thy Sail this verse, & for thy Pilot me.