

A Sea-voyage from Tenby  
to Bristol began the 5. Sept:  
went for Bristol to Lucania 1652. 8th Sept.

Hoop up the eagle eyed they who understand  
No word that carries Lizard for the land.  
Such sons of clamour that I wonder not  
They love the sea when sure some form begot.  
Had he who doubted motion these men seen  
Or heard their tongues, he had convinced been  
For had our Bark mov'd half as fast as they  
We had not need cast Anchor by the way.  
One of the rest pretending to more wit  
Some smok Italian spoke but meddled it.  
For I (thinks to Sabarra's Lovers) knew  
How to distinguish 'twixt ye fall & true  
But to oppose them these as mad would be  
As contradicting a Presbytery.  
Let it be Spanish though (tho'th) you please  
For him that spoke it might be head or heels.  
So softly moves the Bark which rough controlled  
As are the meetings of agreeing soles,  
And the choone beams did on y<sup>e</sup> water play  
As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day  
The anonus wave y<sup>t</sup> shad' in such distance  
Express at once, delight and reverence.  
Such Inpidation we in Loves spy  
Under th' operation of a Misth's eye  
But then the wind so high did use to roar  
Some word thys never trust y<sup>e</sup> traylor more

Behold the fate that doth all glories sweep  
With in the dangerous wooyders of the Deep,  
And yet behold mans ease jolly more  
How soone we cease what ease we did adore  
Sure to that first himself did thus convey  
Had some strong passion that beneath they  
The bark wrought hard but found it was in vain  
To make its party good against the main  
Tost, & retreated till at last we see  
She must be fast, if ere she should be free  
We grately anchor cast & patiently  
By Prisoners to the weathers cruelly  
We had nor wind, nor tide nor ought but quiet  
Till a kind spring tide was our first relief  
Then we float merrily forgetting quite  
The sad confinement of the stormy night  
Ere we had lost those thoughts we ran agoons  
And then how vaine to be secure we found.  
Now they were all surpris'd with if we most  
yet none shall say that just a game to dopt  
But we are off now, & the evill tide  
Amis'd us the temptist to out-ride  
But what most pleads my mind upon y<sup>e</sup> way  
Was the ships posture in harbour lay  
Which so close to a Rocky grove were fix'd  
That the trees branches with y<sup>e</sup> tacklings mix'd  
One would have thought it was a thorn wood  
A growing Nave, or a floating wood  
But I have done at last, and doe confess  
My voyage taught me so much tediousness  
In short the Heavns must need propitious be  
Because Lucania was concern'd in me