

They said, their only Danger was Delay,
And he, who heard what ev'ry Fool cou'd say,
Wou'd never fix his Thought, but trim his Time away.
The Passage yet was good; the Wind, 'tis true,
Was somewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than usual *Equinoxes* blew.
The Sun (already from the Scales declin'd)
Gave little Hopes of better Days behind,
But change from bad to worse of Weather and of Wind.
Nor need they fear the Dampness of the Sky
Should flag their Wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only Water thrown on Sails too dry.

But, least of all, *Philosophy* presumes
Of Truth in Dreams, from melancholy Fumes :
Perhaps the *Martin*, hous'd in holy Ground,
Might think of Ghosts that walk their midnight round,
'Till grosser Atoms, tumbling in the Stream
Of Fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a Dream :
As little Weight his vain Presages bear,
Of ill Effect to such alone who fear :
Most Prophecies are of a Piece with these,
Each *Nostradamus* can foretel with ease :
Not naming Persons and confounding Times,
One casual Truth supports a thousand lying Rhimes.

Th' Advice was true; but Fear had seiz'd the most,
And all good Counsel is on Cowards lost.
The Question crudely put, to shun Delay,
'Twas carry'd by the *major* Part to stay.

His Point thus gain'd, Sir *Martin* dated thence
His Power, and from a Priest became a Prince.
He order'd all things with a busy Care,
And Cells, and Refectories did prepare,
And large Provisions laid of Winter Fare :
But now and then let fall a Word or two
Of hope, that Heaven some Miracle might show,
And, for their Sakes, the Sun shou'd backward go;