

*There's No To-Morrow,**A FABLE imitated from Sir Roger L'Estrange*

TWO long had Lov'd, and now the Nymph
 [desir'd]
 The Cloak of Wedlock, as the Case requir'd;
 Urg'd that, the Day he wrought her to this Sorrow
 He Vow'd, that he wou'd marry her *To-Morrow*,
 Agen he Swears, to shun the present Storm,
 That he, *To-Morrow*, will that Vow perform.
 The *Morrrows* in their due Successions came;
 Impatient still on Each, the pregnant Dame
 Urg'd him to keep his Word, and still he swore
 [the same.]

When tir'd at length, and meaning no Redress,
 But yet the Lye not caring to confess,
 He for his Oath this Salvo chose to borrow,
 That he was Free, since there was no *To-Morrow*;
 For when it comes in Place to be employ'd,
 'Tis then *To-Day*; *To-Morrow's* ne'er enjoy'd.

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from Sir Roger L'Estrange,

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The Tale's a Jest, the Moral is a Truth;

To-Morrow and To-Morrow, cheat our Youth;

In riper Age, To-Morrow still we cry,

Not thinking, that the present Day we Dye;

Unpractis'd all the Good we had Design'd;

There's No To-Morrow to a Willing Mind!

The Petition for an Absolute Retreat.

Inscribed to the Right Hon^{ble}

CATHARINE Countess of THANET,
mention'd in the Poem under the Name
of ARMINDA.

GIVE me O indulgent Fate!

Give me yet, before I Dye,

A sweet, but absolute Retreat,

'Mongst Paths so lost, and Trees so high,

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That