

To-Morrow,

From Sir Roger L'Estrange,

lov'd, and now the Nymph
[desir'd]

as the Case requir'd;

wrought her to this Sorrow

you'd marry her To-Morrow,

in the present Storm,

will that Vow perform.

due Successions came;

the pregnant Dame

Word, and still he swore
[the same]

and meaning no Redress,

caring to confess,

Salvo chose to borrow,

since there was no To-Morrow,

in Place to be employ'd,

Morrow's ne'er enjoy'd.

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,

D

That

That the World may ne'er invade,
 Through such Windings and such Shade,
 My unshaken Liberty.

No Intruders thither come!
 Who visit, but to be from home;
 None who their vain Moments pass,
 Only studious of their Glafs,
 News, that charm to listning Ears;
 That false Alarm to Hopes and Fears;
 That common Theme for every Fop,
 From the Statesman to the Shop,
 In those Coverts ne'er be spread,
 Of who's Deceas'd, or who's to Wed,
 Be no Tidings thither brought,
 But Silent, as a Midnight Thought,
 Where the World may ne'er invade,
 Be those Windings, and that Shade:

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Countess

Miscellany P O E M S.

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Courteous Fate! afford me there

A Table spread without my Care,

With what the neighb'ring Fields impart,

Whose Cleanliness be all it's Art,

When, of old, the Calf was drest,

(Tho' to make an Angel's Feast)

In the plain, unstudied Sauce

Nor *Treusfle*, nor *Morillia* was;

Nor cou'd the mighty Patriarch's Board

One far-fetch'd *Ortolane* afford.

Courteous Fate, then give me there

Only plain, and wholesome Fare.

Fruits indeed (wou'd Heaven bestow)

All, that did in *Eden* grow,

All, but the *Forbidden Tree*,

Wou'd be coveted by me;

Grapes, with Juice so crouded up,

As breaking thro' the native Cup;

D 2

Figs

Figs (yet growing) candy'd o'er,
 By the Sun's attracting Pow'r;
 Cherries, with the downy Peach,
 All within my easie Reach;
 Whilst creeping near the humble Ground,
 Shou'd the Strawberry be found
 Springing wherefoe'er I stray'd,
 Thro' those Windings and that Shade.

For my *Garments*; let them be
 What may with the Time agree;
 Warm, when *Phæbus* does retire,
 And is ill-supply'd by Fire:
 But when he renews the Year,
 And verdant all the Fields appear;
 Beauty every thing resumes,
 Birds have dropt their Winter-Plumes;
 When the Lilly full display'd,
 Stands in purer White array'd,

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Than that Vest, which heretofore
 The Luxurious * Monarch wore,
 When from *Salem's* Gates he drove,
 To the soft Retreat of Love,
Lebanon's all burnish'd Houfe,
 And the dear *Egyptian* Spoufe.
 Cloath me, Fate, tho' not so Gay;
 Cloath me light, and fresh as *May* :
 In the Fountains let me view
 All my Habit cheap and new ;
 Such as, when sweet *Zephyrs* fly,
 With their Motions may comply ;
 Gently waving, to exprefs
 Unaffected Carelesness :

* *Josephus* says, that every *Monday Solomon* went to the Houfe of *Lebanon* in an open Chariot, cloath'd in a Robe most dazling White, which makes that Allusion not improper, and may give us Grounds to believe that the *Lilly* mention'd by our Saviour (compar'd to *Solomon* in his Glory) might really be the common white *Lilly*, altho' the Commentators seem in doubt what Flowers are truly meant by the *Lillies*, as thinking the plain *Lilly* not gay enough for the Comparison ; whereas this Garment is not'd by *Josephus* to be wonderfully Beautiful tho' only White ; nor can any Flower, I believe, have a greater Lustre than the common White *Lilly*.

Miscellany P O E M S.

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No Perfumes have there a Part,
Borrow'd from the Chymists Art;
But such as rise from flow'ry Beds,
Or the falling *Jasmin* Sheds!
'Twas the Odour of the Field,
Esau's rural Coat did yield,
That inspir'd his Father's Pray'r,
For Blessings of the Earth and Air:
Of Gums, or Pouders had it smelt;
The Supplanter, then unfelt,
Easily had been descry'd,
For One that did in Tents abide;
For some beauteous Handmaids Joy,
And his Mother's darling Boy.
Let me then no Fragrance wear,
But what the Winds from Gardens bear,
In such kind, surprizing Gales,
As gather'd from || *Fidentia's* Vales,
All the Flowers that in them grew;
Which intermixing, as they flew,

|| These Circumstances are related by *Plutarch* in the *Life of Sp.*

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ated by *Plutarch* in the *Life of*

In wreathen Garlands dropt agen,

On *Lucullus*, and his Men ;

Who, chear'd by the victorious Sight,

Trebl'd Numbers put to Flight.

Let me, when I must be fine,

In such natural Colours shine ;

Wove, and painted by the Sun,

Whose resplendent Rays to shun,

When they do too fiercely beat,

Let me find some clofe Retreat,

Where they have no Passage made,

Thro' those Windings, and that Shade,

Give me there (since Heaven has shown

It was not Good to be alone)

A Partner suited to my Mind,

Solitary, pleas'd and kind ;

Who, partially, may something see

Preferr'd to all the World in me ;

Miscellany P O E M S.

Slighting, by my humble Side,
 Fame and Splendor, Wealth and Pride,
 When but Two the Earth possesse,
 'Twas their happiest Days, and best;
 They by Bus'ness, nor by Wars,
 They by no Domestick Cares,
 From each other e'er were drawn,
 But in some Grove, or flow'ry Lawn,
 Spent the swiftly flying Time,
 Spent their own, and Nature's Prime,
 In Love; that only Passion given
 To perfect Man, whilst Friends with Heaven,
 Rage, and Jealousie, and Hate,
 Transports of his fallen State,
 (When by *Satan's* Wiles betray'd)
 Fly those Windings, and that Shade!

Thus from Crouds, and Noise remov'd,
 Let each Moment be improv'd;

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Every Object still produce,

Thoughts of Pleasure, and of Use:

When some River slides away,

To encrease the boundless Sea;

Think we then, how Time do's haste,

To grow Eternity at last,

By the Willows, on the Banks,

Gather'd into social Ranks,

Playing with the gentle Winds,

Strait the Boughs, and smooth the Rinds,

Moist each Fibre, and each Top,

Wearing a luxurious Crop,

Let the time of Youth be shown,

The time alas! too soon outgrown;

Whilst a lonely stubborn Oak,

Which no Breezes can provoke,

No less Gusts persuade to move,

Than those, which in a Whirlwind drove,

Spoil'd the old Fraternal Feast,

And left alive but one poor Guest;

Rivell'd

Rivell'd the distorted Trunk,
 Sapless Limbs all bent, and shrunk,
 Sadly does the Time preface,
 Of our too near approaching Age.
 When a helpless Vine is found,
 Unsupported on the Ground,
 Careless all the Branches spread,
 Subject to each haughty Tread,
 Bearing neither Leaves, nor Fruit,
 Living only in the Root;
 Back reflecting let me say,
 So the sad *Ardelia* lay;
 Blasted by a Storm of Fate,
 Felt, thro' all the *British* State;
 Fall'n, neglected, lost, forgot,
 Dark Oblivion all her Lot;
 Faded till *Arminda's* Love,
 (Guided by the Pow'rs above)
 Warm'd anew her drooping Heart,
 And Life diffus'd thro' every Part;

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Miscellany P O E M S.

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Mixing Words, in wise Discourse,
 Of such Weight and wond'rous Force,
 As could all her Sorrows charm,
 And transitory Ills disarm;
 Chearing the delightful Day,
 When dispos'd to be more Gay,
 With Wit, from an unmeasured Store,
 To Woman ne'er allow'd before.
 What Nature, or refining Art,
 All that Fortune cou'd impart,
 Heaven did to *Arminda* send;
 Then gave her for *Ardelia's* Friend:
 To her Cares the Cordial drop,
 Which else had overflow'd the Cup,
 So, when once the Son of *Jes*,
 Every Anguish did oppress,
 Hunted by all kinds of Ills,
 Like a *Partridge* on the Hills;
 Trains were laid to catch his Life,
 Baited with a Royal Wife,

From

From his House, and Country torn,
 Made a Heathen Prince's Scorn;
 Fate, to answer all these Harms,
 Threw a *Friend* into his Arms,
Friendship still has been design'd,
 The Support of Human-kind;
 The safe Delight, the useful Bliss,
 The next World's Happiness, and this.
 Give then, O indulgent Fate!
 Give a Friend in that Retreat
 (Tho' withdrawn from all the rest)
 Still a Clue, to reach my Brest.
 Let a Friend be still convey'd
 Thro' those Windings, and that Shade!

Where, may I remain secure,
 Waste, in humble Joys and pure,
 A Life, that can no Envy yield;
 Want of Affluence my Shield,

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Thus, had * *Crassus* been content,
 When from *Marinus* Rage he went,
 With the Seat that Fortune gave,
 The commodious ample Cave,
 Form'd, in a divided Rock,
 By some mighty Earthquake's Shock,
 Into Rooms of every Size,
 Fair, as Art cou'd e'er devise,
 Leaving, in the marble Roof,
 ('Gainst all Storms and Tempests proof)
 Only Passage for the Light,
 To refresh the chearful Sight,
 Whilst Three Sharers in his Fate,
 On th' Escape with Joy dilate,
 Beds of Mofs their Bodies bore,
 Canopy'd with Ivy o'er;
 Rising Springs, that round them play'd,
 O'er the native Pavement stray'd;

* The Description of this Cave, is exactly taken from *Plutarch* in the Life of *Crassus*.

When the Hour arriv'd to Dine,
 Various Meats, and sprightly Wine,
 On some neighb'ring Cliff they spy'd;
 Every Day a-new supply'd
 By a Friend's entrusted Care;
 Had He still continu'd there,
 Made that lonely wond'rous Cave
 Both his Palace, and his Grave;
 Peace and Rest he might have found,
 (Peace and Rest are under Ground)
 Nor have been in that Retreat,
 Fam'd for a Proverbial Fate;
 In pursuit of Wealth been caught,
 And punish'd with a golden Draught.
 Nor had † He, who Crowds cou'd blind,
 Whisp'ring with a snowy Hind,
 Made 'em think that from above,
 (Like the great Impostor's Dove)
 Tydings to his Ears she brought,
 Rules by which he march'd and fought,

† Sertorius.

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After *Spain* he had o'er-run,
 Cities sack'd, and Battles won,
 Drove *Rome's* Consuls from the Field,
 Made her darling *Pompey* yield,
 At a fatal, treacherous Feast,
 Felt a Dagger in his Breast;
 Had he his once-pleasing Thought
 Of Solitude to Practice brought;
 Had no wild Ambition sway'd;
 In those Islands had he stay'd,
 Justly call'd the Seats of Rest,
 Truly || Fortunate, and Blest,
 By the ancient Poets giv'n
 As their best discover'd Heav'n.
 Let me then, indulgent Fate!
 Let me still, in my Retreat,
 From all roving Thoughts be freed,
 Or Aims, that may Contention breed;

|| The *Canary* Islands, call'd by the Ancients the *Fortunate* Islands,
 and taken by some of the Poets for *Elysium*.

Nor

Nor be my Endeavours led
 By Goods, that perish with the Dead!
 Fitly might the Life of Man
 Be indeed esteem'd a Span,
 If the present Moment were
 Of Delight his only Share;
 If no other Joys he knew
 Than what round about him grew:
 But as those, who Stars wou'd trace
 From a subterranean Place,
 Through some Engine lift their Eyes
 To the outward, glorious Skies;
 So th' immortal Spirit may,
 When descended to our Clay,
 From a rightly govern'd Frame
 View the Height, from whence she came;
 To her Paradise be caught,
 And Things unutterable taught.
 Give me then, in that Retreat,
 Give me, O indulgent Fate!

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For all Pleasures left behind,
 Contemplations of the Mind.
 Let the Fair, the Gay, the Vain
 Courtship and Applause obtain;
 Let th' Ambitious rule the Earth;
 Let the giddy Fool have Mirth;
 Give the Epicure his Dish,
 Ev'ry one their sev'ral Wish;
 Whilst my Transports I employ
 On that more extensive Joy,
 When all Heaven shall be survey'd
 From those Windings and that Shade.

Jupiter and the Farmer.

When Poets gave their God in Crete a Birth,
 Then Jupiter held Traffick with the Earth,
 And had a Farm to Lett: the Fine was high,
 For much the Treas'ry wanted a Supply,
 By Danaë's wealthy Show'r exhausted quite,
 [and dry.]

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