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Excerpt

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Poems

On Several Subjects

Written By Ardelia

[illegible]

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A Letter to Mr Finch from Tunbridge Wells

On my Selfe

Good Heav'n, I thank thee, since it was design'd
 I shou'd be fram'd, but of the weaker kinde,
 That yet, my Soul, is rescu'd from the Love
 Of all those Trifles, which their Passions move.
 Pleasures, and Praise, and Plenty have with me 5
 But their just value; If allow'd they be,
 Freely, and thankfully as much I tast,
 As will not reason, or Religion wast.
 If they're deny'd, I on my selfe can Live,
 And slight those aids, unequal chance does give, 10
 When in the Sun, my wings can be display'd,
 And in retirements, I can bless the shade.

A letter to Mr Finch from Tunbridge
 wells August 17th 1685.

Daphnis no more your wish repeate
 For my returne nor mourn my Stay
 Least my wise Purpose you defeat
 And urg'd by love I come away
 My own desires I scarce Resist 5
 But blindly yeild if you persist

Not the reflections on my paines
 Or lingring ills which I endure
 But that my Love will reap the gaines
 Tho Sperate we shou'd procure 10
 Restor'd to health in transports Joy
 May all my Soul to Love apply.

Disease and death we combat here
 And by Prevailing in the Strife
 Make to the joyfull [.....] appeare 15

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Poems on Several Subjects

Wee tast and find the Spring of Life
 And though the Muses ner'e it[.] Live
 Not this for Hell [...] [...]d give

All our decay [...] [...] paine
 And what has been by Sickness lost 20
 J[.....] with int'rest to the f[...]
 And beauty Triumphs in its Past
 This ev'n, gives to Areta Charmes
 Which she'll resigne to Daphnis armes

The Grove
 Written when I was a Maid of Honour

Here will I rest said I, and grant,
 Oh! gentle shade, I may not want
 The true Content, the Joyes I see,
 In all, that do inhabit thee.
 Oh! let me be your guest, and I 5
 In ease shall live, in age shall dye.
 For sure, the paths of this fair grove,
 Are land, as yet unknown to Love.
 Blooming, and gay it does appear,
 Which shew's, his tempest's, n'ere [...]ere. 10
 He with large Promises of Joyes
 Admittance getts, and then destroys.
 I late did at his alter's burn,
 And begg'd he wou'd a heart return
 To be my captive, which I found, 15
 [...] thy [...] Love, and wished to [...]ound.
 He own'd it pleasure, to be [...]d
 By me to whome he'd often [...]de;
 D[....]'d, I [...] his Temple grac'd,
 Then all the Trophies, in them plac'd. 20

The Grove Written When I Was a Maid of Honour

Promis'd, the lovers heart, with Speed
 Shou'd pay my Sighs, or for 'em bleed.
 Thus, are his soft deluding wayes,
 With hopes, and flatr'ngs he betrays,
 To claime it now, and make it mine, 25
 To see 't with Joy, and heate resigne,
 Was all I look'd for, when behold,
 So false, is all by love we're told,
 He all his vows, else where did pay,
 And said, 't were love he did Obey, 30
 Who Strictly had, on pain of all
 The pl[....], that from his p[... ..]d fall,
 Charg'd him, [.....] to endure;
 So hearts are us'd, when thought secure.
 But [....], the Tyrant [..]'d not sway, 35
 Betray'd, th[... ..]d, [.. ..]
 And none, [.. ...]e, [.... ..],
 Publick [.....], and the Courts,
 W[... ..], for he his darts
 Suits to the Temperd [.....] hearts, 40
 And knows, that in his hand there's none
 That I can fear, but that alone.
 Therefore kind shade, here let me stay,
 And pass serene, my life away,
 Since what the world, does Pleasure call; 45
 My [..... ..], find's none at all,
 Since here, that only makes it great,
 I[.] all misplac'd, or all deceit;
 Since, he in wounding, glories more
 Then Healing those, that own his powr. 50
 To your still Coverts, I repair,
 To leave all thought of Love or care.

Poems on Several Subjects

A Maxim for the Ladys
Translated from the French of
Monsieur de Bussy

Love; but lett this, concern you most,
That itt in Mistery, be drest;
'Tis not by love, that you are lost,
But, by the way, that 'tis exprest.

Reflections upon part of the 8th. verse of the
148. Psalm.

Winds and storms fullfilling his Word.
In a Pindarick Poem upon the late Hurrycane
Concluding with an Hymn
Compos'd of the 148th. Psalm Paraphras'd

You have obey'd you Winds that must fullfill
The Great Disposer's righteous Will
Through-out the Land unlimmited you flew
Nor sought as heretofore with friendly Aid
Only new Motion to bestow 5
Upon the sluggish vapours bred below
Condensing into Mists and melancholy Shade
No more such gentle methods you persue
But marching now in terrible Array
Undistinguish'd was your Prey 10
In vain the Shrubs with lowly bent
Sought their Destruction to prevent
The Beech in vain with out-stretch'd Armes
Deprecates th'approaching Harms
In vain the Oak so often Storm'd 15
Rely'd upon that native force
By which already was perform'd
So much of his appointed Course

Reflections ... upon the Late Hurrycane

As made him fearlesse of Decay
 Wait but the accomplish'd time 20
 Of his long wish'd and usefull Prime
 To be remov'd with honour to the Sea
 The streight and ornamental Pine
 Did in the like Ambition joyn
 And thought his Fame shou'd ever last 25
 When in some Royal Ship he stood the planted Mast
 And shou'd again his length of Timber rear
 And new engrafted Branches hop'd to wear
 Of fib'rous Cordage and impending Shrouds
 Still trimm'd with human care 30
 And water'd by the Clou'ds
 But oh you Trees who solitary stood
 Or you whose numbers form'd a Wood
 You who on Mountains chose to rise
 And drew them neerer to the skies 35
 Or you whom Valleys late did hold
 In flexible and lighter Mould
 You nume'rous Brethren of the Leafy kind
 To what soever use dessign'd
 Now vain you found it to contend 40
 With not alas one Element your Friend
 Your Mother Earth through long preceding Rains
 (The Waters undermining blow)
 No more her wonted Strength retain's
 Nor you so fix'd within her Bosome grow 45
 That for your sakes she can resolve to bear
 These strennuous shocks of hurrying Air
 But finding All your Ruine did conspire
 She soon her beauteous Progeny resign'd
 To this, Triumphant this Imperious Wind 50
 That check'd your nobler Aims and gives you to the Fire

Poems on Several Subjects

Thus have thy Cedars Libanus been struck
 As the lythe Osiers twisted round
 Thus Cades has thy Wildernessee been shook
 When the Appalling and tremendous sound 55
 Of ratt'ling Tempests o're you broke
 And made your Stubborn Glorys bow
 When in such Whirlwinds the Almighty spoke
 Warning Judea then as our Britannia now

 Yet these were the Remoter Harms 60
 Forreign the Care and distant the Alarms
 Whilst those outer Guards alone
 Master'd soon and soon ore-blown
 Felt those Gusts which since prevail
 And loftyer Pallaces assayle 65
 Whose shaken Turrets now give way
 With vain Inscriptions which the Freeze has borne
 Throô Ages past t'extoll and to Adorn
 And to our latter Times convey
 Who did the Structures deep Foundations lay 70
 Forcing his Praise upon the gazing Croud
 And whilst he's wrapp'd within a scanty Shrow'd
 Telling both Earth and Skies His mould'ring Dust was proud
 Now down at once comes the superfluous load
 The costly Frett-work with it yields 75
 Whose immitated Fruits and Flow'rs are strowd
 Like those of real growth 'ore the Autumnal Fields
 The present Owner lifts his Eyes
 And the swift Change with sad Affrightment spies
 The Cealing gone that late the Roof conceal'd 80
 The Roof until'd through which the Heav'n's reveal'd
 Exposes now his Head when all Defense has fail'd
 What alas is to be done

Reflections ... upon the Late Hurrycane

Those who in Citties wou'd from Dangers run
 Do but increasing Dangers meet 85
 And Death in various Shapes attending in the Street
 Where some too tardy in their flight
 Oretaken by a worse mischance
 Their upward parts do scarce advance
 When on their following Limbs th'extending Ruines light 90
 One half Interr'd the Other yett survives
 And for Release with fainting vigour strives
 Implores the Aid of absent Friends in vaine
 With falt'ring Speech and dying Wishes calls
 Those whom perhaps their own domestick Walls 95
 By Parrallel Distresse or swifter Death detain
 Oh Wells thy Bishops Manton we lament¹
 So Tragical the Fall so dire th'Event.
 But lett no daring thought presume
 To point a Cause for that oppressive Doom 100
 Yett strictly Pious KEN hadst thou been there
 This Fate we think had not become thy share
 Nor had that awfull Fabrick bow'd
 Sliding from its loosen'd Bands
 Nor yielding Timbers been allow'd 105
 To crush thy ever lifted hands
 Or interrupt thy Prayer
 Those Orizons that nightly Watches keep
 Had call'd thee from thy Bed or there secur'd thy Sleep
 Whilst you bold Winds and Storms his Word Obey'd 110
 Whilst you his Scourge the great Jehova made
 And into ruin'd heapes our Edifices lay'd

¹ The Bishop's Pallace at Wells (formerly as well as the County call'd Belgæ) was blown down and kill'd Bp: Kidder and his Lady.

Poems on Several Subjects

You South and West the Tragedy began
 As with disorder'd haste you ôre the Surface ran
 Forgetting that you were design'd 115
 Cheifly thou Zephyrus thou softest Wind
 Only our heats when sultry to allay
 And chafe the Odorous Gumms by your dispersing play
 Now by new Orders and Decrees
 For our Chastisement Issu'd forth 120
 You on his confines the Allaram'd North
 With equal fury sees
 And summons swiftly to his Aid
 Eurus his Confederate made
 His eagre Second in th'opposing Fight 125
 That ev'n the Winds may keep the Ballance right
 Nor yield increase of Sway to arbitrary Might
 Meeting now they All contend
 Those Assaile while these Defend
 Fierce and turbulent the War
 And in the loud tumultuous Jarr
 Winds their own Fifes and Clarions are } 130
 Each Cavity which Art or Nature leaves
 Their Inspiration hastily receives
 Whence from their various forms and size 135
 As various Symphonys arise
 Their Trumpet ev'ry hollow Tube is made
 And when more solid Bodies they invade
 (Enrag'd they can no farther come)
 The beaten Flatt whilst it repells the noice 140
 Resembles (but with more out-ragious voice)
 The Souldier's threat'ning Drumm
 And when they compasse thus our World around
 When they our Rocks and Mountains rend
 When they our Sacred Piles to their Foundations send 145