Poems

On Several Subjects

Written By Ardelia
Poems on Several Subjects

Figure 3 From “Poems On Several Subjects Written By Ardella” (Finch-Hatton MS 283), page 36, showing a fair copy in an unidentified hand of “A Letter to Dafnis” (spelled “Daphnis” in Finch-Hatton MS 283) and a portion of the canceled lines in “A Letter to Mr Finch from Tunbridge Wells.” By kind permission of the Northamptonshire Record Office.
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
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,
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
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 Seperate we shou’d procure
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
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 [.] 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
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'e...[.]ere.
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,
[..] 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.
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,
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 vowes, else where did pay,
And said, ’t were love he did Obey,
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,
Betray’d, th[… …]d, […] … …]
And none, […]e, [… … …
Publick [… …], and the Courts,
W[… … …], for he his darts
Suits to the Temperd […] hearts,
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;
My […] …], find’s none at all,
Since here, that only makes it great,
I[.] all misplac’d, or all deceipt;
Since, he in wounding, glories more
Then Healing those, that own his powr.
To your still Coverts, I repair,
To leave all thought of Love or care.

The Grove Written When I Was a Maid of Honour
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

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
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
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
  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
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
  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
  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
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
  That for your sakes she can resolve to bear
  These strenuous shocks of hurrying Air
But finding All your Ruine did conspire
  She soon her beauteous Progeny resign’d
  To this, Triumphant this Imperious Wind
That check’d your nobler Aims and gives you to the Fire
Thus have thy Cedars Libanus been struck
As the lythe Osiers twisted round
Thus Cades has thy Wildernes round
When the Appalling and tremendous sound
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
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 lofty Pallaces assayle
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
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
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
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
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
By Parallel Distresse or swifter Death detaine
Oh Wells thy Bishops Mantion we lament
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
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.
You South and West the Tragedy began
As with disorder’d haste you o’re the Surface ran
  Forgetting that you were dessign’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 Assayle while these Defend
  Fierce and turbulent the War 130
  And in the loud tumultuous Jarr
   Winds their own Fifes and Clarions are
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
  Resembles (but with more out-ragious voice) 140
  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