The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himfelf might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?
To groan and fweat under a load of wit?
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
Thus critics do make cowards of us all.
And thus the healthful face of many a poem
Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprizers of great fire and spirit,
With this regard from Dodsley turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.



Transcrib'd from the Rev. Mr. Pixel's Parsonage Garden near BIRMINGHAM, 1757.

SEEK not in these to view

Dryads green, or Naiads blue;

Such as haunt, at eve or dawn,

\* Enville's lake, or b Hagley's lawn:

Such as sport on c Worfield's meads;

Such as Shenstone's Genius leads

<sup>2</sup> Seat of the Earl of Stamford.

b Seat of lord Lyttelton.

Seat of Sherrington Davenport, Esq;

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O'er vale and hill, and to their care
Configns his waves and woodlands fair;
While the Muses vacant stray,
And Echo wants her sweetest lay.

Long, long may those unrival'd shine,
Nor shall my temp'rate breast repine,
So Music lend her willing aid
To gladden this ignoble shade;
So Peace endear this humble plain——
And haply Elegance will deign
To wander here, and smiling see
Her sister nymph Simplicity.



## MALVERN SPA, 1757.

Inscribed to Dr. WALL.

By the Rev. Mr. PERRY.

Wish bounteous hand the gracious King of heaven His choicest blessings to mankind hath given, Whilst thoughtless they ungratefully despise The rich profusion that falutes their eyes. But wise was he who study'd every use Of common weeds which common fields produce. The dock, the nettle, in each swelling vein, A healing balm for many an ill contain: