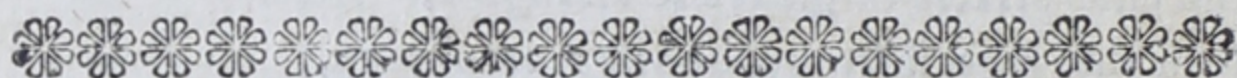


O'er vale and hill, and to their care  
 Consigns his waves and woodlands fair;  
 While the Muses vacant stray,  
 And Echo wants her sweetest lay.

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.



M A L V E R N S P A, 1757.

Inscribed to Dr. W A L L.

By the Rev. Mr. PERRY.

**W**ITH bounteous hand the gracious King of heaven  
 His choicest blessings to mankind hath given,  
 Whilst thoughtless they ungratefully despise  
 The rich profusion that salutes 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:



† Ev'n deadly nightshade, tho' with poison fraught,  
 At length is found a salutary draught.  
 The same creative power that first display'd  
 His wond'rous works for our delight and aid;  
 His love to mortal man still gracious shows,  
 In ev'ry stream that glides, and herb that grows.  
 At his command, Malvern, thy mountains rise,  
 And catch their dewy nectar from the skies;  
 At his command gush out thy crystal rills,  
 To cure the direful train of human ills.  
 On all alike their influence freely shed,  
 As thè bright orb that gilds thy mountain's head.  
 The wealthy squire, whose gouty limbs are laid  
 On beds of down, almost of down afraid,  
 At this balsamic spring may soon regain  
 His lavish'd health, and o'er the spacious plain  
 Pursue the hare, or chace the miscreant fox  
 With winged speed o'er hills or craggy rocks.  
 Here to his comfort the poor helpless swain,  
 Rack'd with the torture of rheumatic pain,  
 Obtains relief without the nauseous pill,  
 Or that more shocking sight the doctor's bill,  
 When cloudy mists obscure the visual ray,  
 And turn to dismal night the gladsome day;  
 The mournful wretch with pleasure here may find  
 A stream that heals the lame, and cures the blind.

† See a pamphlet lately published by Mr. Gataker, where its  
 virtues are with great candour and judgment display'd.



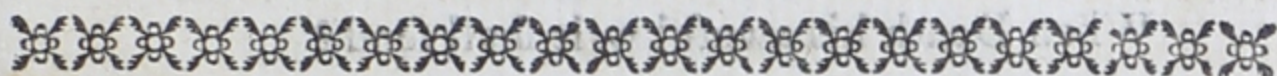
The pamper'd cit, whose high luxurious food  
 With acrimonious poison loads his blood,  
 Here polishes once more his scaly skin,  
 And purifies the vital stream within.  
 Amazing truth! his wretched leprous heir,  
 Who undeserv'd his father's spots must wear,  
 Emerges clean if in this fount he lave,  
 As the white Syrian rose from Jordan's wave.  
 The latent ulcer, and the cancer dire,  
 That waste our flesh with slow consuming fire,  
 Whose subtle flames still spread from part to part,  
 And still elude the skilful surgeon's art;  
 Here check'd submit, their raging fury laid,  
 By streams from Nature's mystic engine play'd.  
 The stubborn evil, for whose flux impure  
 Blind bigotry at first devis'd a cure,  
 Heal'd by these waters needs no more demand  
 The foolish witchcraft of a Stuart's hand;  
 And Brunswick's line may trust their royal cause  
 To reason, justice, liberty, and laws.  
 Should all the virtues of this spa be told,  
 Its praises might be wrote in lines of gold.  
 No more would poets their Pierian spring,  
 But Malvern spa in loftier numbers sing;  
 No more Parnassus, but the Malvern climb,  
 To make their diction pure, their thoughts sublime.  
 Ev'n I at these fair fountains eas'd of pain,  
 To you, my friend, address one votive strain:

To



To you the Naiad of this balmy well  
 Reveals the wonders of her secret cell :  
 To you transfers the lay, whose active mind,  
 Like her own stream from <sup>e</sup> earthly dregs refin'd,  
 Explores a panacea for mankind.

}



Some Reflections upon hearing the Bell toll  
 for the Death of a FRIEND.

By Mr. J. G.

**H**ARK ! — what a mournful solemn sound  
 Rolls murm'ring thro' the cloudy air :  
 It strikes the soul with awe profound,  
 Affects the gay, — alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it speak !  
 Affecting deep the thoughtful mind :  
 The golden schemes of folly break,  
 That hold in glittering snares mankind.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud,  
 Proclaims his conquest thro' the skies :  
 The sun retires behind a cloud,  
 And Nature seems to sympathize.

\* See a treatise lately published by doctor Wall, concerning  
 the extreme purity of the water, and its great efficacy in several  
 obstinate chronical disorders.