

To Mr. GARNIER and Mr. PEARCE of BATH,
A grateful ODE, in return for the extraordinary Kindness
and Humanity they shewed to me and my eldest Daughter,
now Lady ESSEX, 1753.

By the Same.

I.

WHAT glorious verse from Love has sprung?
How well has Indignation sung?
And can the gentle Muse,
Whilst in her once belov'd abode
I stray, and suppliant kneel, an ode
To Gratitude refuse?

II.

GARNIER, my friend, accept this verse,
And thou receive, well-natur'd PEARCE,
All I can give of fame.
Let others, other subjects sing,
Some murd'rous chief, some tyrant king,
Humanity's my theme.

III.

For arts like yours, employ'd by you,
Make verse on such a theme your due,
To whom indulgent Heav'n
Its fav'rite pow'r of doing good,
By you so rightly understood,
Judiciously has giv'n.

IV. Behold,

IV.

Behold, obedient to your pow'r,
 Consuming fevers rage no more,
 Nor chilling agues freeze;
 The cripple dances void of pain,
 The deaf in raptures hear again,
 The blind transported sees.

V.

Health at your call extends her wing,
 Each healing plant, each friendly spring,
 Its various pow'r discloses;
 O'er Death's approaches you prevail,
 See Chloe's cheek, of late so pale,
 Blooms with returning roses.

VI.

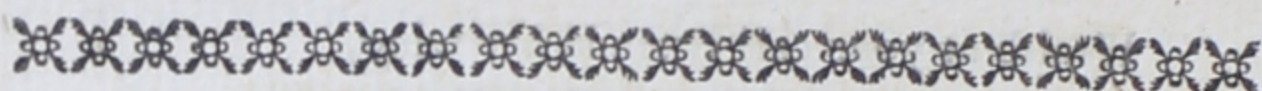
These gifts, my friends, which shine in you,
 Are rare, yet to some chosen few
 Heav'n has the same assign'd;
 Health waits on Mead's prescription still,
 And Hawkins' hand, and Ranby's skill,
 Are blessings to mankind.

VII.

But hearts like yours are rare indeed,
 Which for another's wounds can bleed,
 Another's grief can feel;
 The lover's fear, the parent's groan,
 Your natures catch, and make your own,
 And share the pains you heal.

VIII. But

But why to them, Hygeia, why
 Dost thou thy cordial drop deny
 Who but for others live?
 Oh, goddess, hear my pray'r, and grant
 That these that health may never want,
 Which they to others give.



ODE to DEATH. Translated from the
 FRENCH of the King of PRUSSIA.

By Dr. HAWKSWORTH.

YET a few *years*, or *days* perhaps,
 Or *moments* pass with silent lapse,
 And time to me shall be no more;
 No more the sun these eyes shall view,
 Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
 And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
 From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
 And endless darkness wraps me round!
 Yes, Death is ever at my hand,
 Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
 And constant at my board is found.

Earth,