Written at Tunbridge-Wells, *where the Author had, the Year before, been honour'd with the Acquaintance of Mrs.* Strangeways Horner, *who, after, went abroad on account of her Health.*

THESE Plains, ſo joyous once to me,
Now ſadly chang'd appear:
Hortenſia I no more can ſee,
Who patroniz'd me here.

Fair Excellence, where-e'er you go,
May Kindred Angels wait,
To guard you thro' this Vale of Woe,
To your celeſtial Seat.

Sage

Sage BOERHAAVE! now exert your Art,
New Medicines explore:
A purer, or a nobler Heart,
Ne'er ſought thy Aid before.

Your choiceſt Springs, *Germania*, give:
Goddeſs of *Health*, attend:
Long, long, and happy may ſhe live,
The lonely Stranger's Friend.