

WRITTEN AT HARROWGATE.

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**L**ET all, who would esteem it good  
To fight 'gainst death and fate,  
Use no delay, but haste away  
To drink at Harrowgate.

At this blest well, tho' strange to tell,  
However weak your state,  
You may ensure a perfect cure,  
Such pow'r has Harrowgate.

Should gout or rheum your life consume,  
Or palsy shake your pate,  
Whate'er your ill, drink but your fill,  
You're well at Harrowgate.

If madnefs dire, with brain on fire,  
Each nerve fhould agitate,  
Deep in this fpring, plunge headlong in,  
You're heal'd at Harrowgate.

From forth thefe fstreams proceed fuch fteams  
Each fense to ftimulate,  
That in one feafon your perfect reafon  
Returns at Harrowgate.

Then hither fpeed, for moft have need  
Their brains to reinftate,  
Ah ne'er look back, you're on the rack  
Till fafe at Harrowgate.

Should anxious care, or dull defpair,  
Or envy's deadly hate,  
Torment your mind, you'll quickly find  
Them fly from Harrowgate.

Kind friends, good fare, and purest air,  
Your wits so animate,  
That here in verse you may rehearse  
The charms of Harrowgate.

Then let me use my proffer'd muse,  
Nor think I arrogate  
Too high a praise, to swell my lays  
In hailing Harrowgate.

There may be seen, at Thackwray's Queen,  
In peaceful happy state,  
Husband and wife, devoid of strife,  
Such power hath Harrowgate.

Each beau and belle, at this pure well,  
Their spirits recreate,  
That here you'll find them much inclin'd  
To mirth at Harrowgate.

No party rage doth here engage  
Their hours in fell debate ;  
Good reason why—ill humours fly  
Away from Harrowgate.

On pleasure's wing, they sweetly sing  
The joys that on them wait,  
They play, they laugh, they dance and quaff  
Their glafs at Harrowgate.

From morn till eve, you may believe,  
Their time they dissipate ;  
The reason why—they cannot die,  
They're safe at Harrowgate.

Then hither speed, you all have need,  
'Tis death to hesitate ;  
Make no delay, but post away,  
And meet at Harrowgate.

