

Salop Infirmary



The first Stone of this Building was laid by
The Right Hon. the Lord Hill

July 19
1827

I.

Oh! we have felt, when Sickness spreads
Its venom through our veins, and sheds
Its languor o'er our heart and limbs—
When the nerves fail, and the brain swims,
And Fever's film obscures the eye,
And the lab'ring pulse beats heavily,—
We've felt our very soul grow pale,
Heart, hope, and strength together fail—
In groans we've drawn our burning breath,
And shrunk beneath the eye of Death!

II.

Thus closely are the frame and mind
In our frail fabric intertwined!—
Yes, thus the deathless spirit fails
Beneath the mortal body's ails!—
Yes, thus we've felt, with all that Wealth
And Kindness can supply for health;
When Friendship has our wants supplied,
And been a watcher by our side,—
And tender'd that best remedy,
The show of true, kind Sympathy!

III.

Then what—oh! what—must Sickness be
When it unites with Poverty—
And all Want's nameless miseries
Are made more wretched by Disease!
Oh! if there be on Earth a spot
Which seems as 'twere by Heaven forgot—
Or sentenced, in its wrath, to know
All that this world can feel of woe—
Nay, almost a foretaste of more,—
It is the SICK BED OF THE POOR!

IV.

Let us, like Sterne, select a case—
The one will represent the race:
See, in yon hut, the sick man laid—
Med'cine for him affords no aid:
The close, faint smell—the squalid bed,
Round which his children whine for bread—
Hunger—ay, craving hunger—(we
Can scarce conceive *that* want to be)—
'Mongst *these*, the poor man yields his breath,
These strew the poor man's path to Death!

V.

Stranger, remember this, and give!
Thy pittance bids the poor man live:
Oh! call to mind Who 'twas declared
That He in every bounty shared;—
" I hunger'd, and ye gave me bread—
In sickness I was comforted—
In poverty, ye gave relief,
And consolation in my grief;—
Who to the Poor does charity,
I say, he does it unto *Me!*"

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