



On my RECOVERY.

GOD of my Life and lengthen'd Days!
To Thee my Breath I owe.

Teach me my grateful Voice to raise,
In Sounds that sweetly flow.

When sinking to the silent Grave,
My Spirits dy'd away;
Thy quick'ning Word new Vigour gave,
Thy Voice commands my Stay.

In my Distress to Thee I cry'd,
When tossing in my Bed;
Thou sent'st thy Mercy to my Aid,
And eas'd my aking Head.

Thou

Thou bidd'st the vital Current flow
In a less rapid Tide ;
My dancing Pulse beat calm and low,
And fev'rish Heats subside:

Thou lend'st to my Physician Skill,
Right Med'cines to apply ;
And my Disease obey'd thy Will,
The painful Symptoms die.

That Life, which thou hast longer spar'd,
I would devote to Thee.
O let thy Spirit be my Guard,
Till I thy Face shall see !

