

Oh Thou! who hast awakened me from dust,
And made such faculties and senses mine,
To scan thy works, how beauteous, how august,
And commune with the spirit all enshrine,
And take some part in providence divine.
If now my labours touch their destined goal,
Into thy hands my future I resign,
Oh Source of all things, Refuge of the whole!
Vouchsafe to accept the last thanksgiving of my soul.

