



A F R A G M E N T.

By the Same.

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When recent in the womb I lay,  
Ere yet my life began,  
Thy care preserv'd the sleeping clay,  
And form'd it into man.

Oh! may this frame, that rising grew  
Beneath thy plastic hands,  
Be studious ever to pursue  
Whate'er thy will commands.

The soul that moves this earthly load  
Thy semblance let it bear ;  
Nor lose the traces of the God,  
Who stamp'd his image there.