



*Written for my Son in his Sickness, to one  
of his School-Fellows.*

**I** Little thought, that honest DICK  
Would slight me so, when I was sick.  
Is he a Friend, who only stays,  
Whilst Health and Pleasure gild our Days;  
Flies, when Disease our Temper fours,  
Nor helps to pass the gloomy Hours?

SAYS my Mamma, who loves to make  
Reflections, for her Children's Sake;  
You see how Mortal Friendship ends —  
My Child, secure Cœlestial Friends;  
Make Heav'n your chief, your early Care;  
You'll meet no Disappointment there.  
Build not on Length of Days, my Son;  
Life's longest Race is quickly run.



Lay hold on ev'ry coming Hour,  
Do all the Good, that's in your Pow'r.  
This will the sinking Heart sustain,  
When Cordials are dispens'd in vain;  
Affuage the racking Pains, that seize  
On Limbs, devoted to Disease;  
The Place of fleeting Friends supply,  
Pour balmy Slumbers on thine Eye;  
Shield thee from Terrors of the Night,  
And wing thy Pray'rs to Realms of Light;  
Thy ev'ry painful Care dismiss,  
And crown thee with eternal Bliss.

