Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral by Phillis Wheatley TO MAECENAS, MAECENAS, you, beneath the myrtle shade, Read o'er what poets sung, and sepherds play'd. What felt those poets but you feel the same? Does not your soul possess the sacred flame? Their noble strains your equal ge
nius shares In softer language, and diviner airs. While Homer paints, lo! circumfus'd in air, Celestial Gods in mortal forms appear; Swift as they move hear each recess rebound, Heav'n quakes, earth trembles, and the shores resound. Great Sire of verse, before my mortal eyes, The lightnings blaze across th
e vaulted skies, And, as the thunder shakes the heav'nly plains, A deep terror thrills through all my veins. When gentler strains demand the pastoral song, O could I rival thine and Virgil's page, Or claim the Muses with the Mantuan Sage; Soon the same beauties should my art adorn, And the same
ardors in you soul should burn: Then should the Muses in succession join, And the same graces mix the low'ring mountain n
ge with the wood. "Thee too
, and these starry skies. Lost in our woe for thee, blest shade
Wh
ens, and dissolve the sky. His too, when all in his dark re alms a
wing
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y sisters too, fair mourner, feel the dart Of Death, and with
ight ethereal train behold h shines superior on a throne of
es below; Ascend the sacred mount, th thought arise, And see
n, And to thy father tune the praise divine. To a Clergyman
ile thy dear mate to fleeh on more conditi, Exults a ble
th expectant eye Thy spouse great down ward Shall wi
mortals is unknown. "Immortal life here thy glory are our
"To him, who dy'd stern justice to stone, "And m
o bar the gates of light." As spoke, and turn'd
o equal bliss aspire, Thy sighs to more be wa
, Permit the muse a cordial to impart; Who c
strains refine; In smoothest numbers pou r
nds rays, On ev'ry leaf the gentle ze
y: Calliope awake the sacred lyre, W
while thy fair sisters fan the pleasing fire: The bow'rs, the gales, the variegated skies In all the
beams too strong, And scarce begun, concludes th' adoring song. AN HYMN to the EVENING.
the incense of the blooming spring. Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes, And throu
ghout the air their music flows. See in the east th' illustrious kind of day! His rising radiance driv
es away--But Oh! I feel the kind
ness of the shad
ow--Sacred, mysterious night! How peaceful reigns In my bosom rise. See in the east th' illustrious kind of day! His rising radiance driv
SOON as the sun forsook the eastern main The pealing thunder shook the heavenly plain; Majestic
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, but valiant in the fight; "Small is my city, but try royal right," "Then take the promis'd gifts," the monarch cry'd, Con
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