

# On Virtue

By Phillis Wheatley

O thou bright jewel in my aim I strive  
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare  
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach.  
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt  
Thine height t'explore, or fathom thy profound.  
But, O my soul, sink not into despair,  
*Virtue* is near thee, and with gentle hand  
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.  
Fain would the heaven-born soul with her converse,  
Then seek, then court her for her promised bliss.

Auspicious queen, thine heavenly pinions spread,  
And lead celestial *Chastity* along;  
Lo! now her sacred retinue descends,  
Arrayed in glory from the orbs above.  
Attend me, *Virtue*, thro' my youthful years!  
O leave me not to the false joys of time!  
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.  
*Greatness*, or *Goodness*, say what I shall call thee,  
To give an higher appellation still,  
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay,  
O Thou, enthroned with Cherubs in the realms of day!

n/a