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