

The Athenians *Answer.*

**N**othing, Ah nothing! *Virtue* only gives  
Immortal *praise* that only ever *lives*:  
What *pains* wait *Vice*, what endless *Worlds of Woe*  
You *know* full well, but may you *never know*;

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The **R A P T U R E.**

I.

**L**ord! if one distant glimpse of thee  
Thus elevate the Soul,  
In what a height of Extasie  
Do those bless'd Spirits roll,

2.

Who by a fixt eternal View  
Drink in immortal Raies;  
To whom unveiled thou dost shew  
Thy Smiles without Allays?

36 Poems on several Occasions.

3.

*An Object which if mortal Eyes  
Cou'd make approaches to,  
They'd soon esteem their best-lov'd Toys  
Not worth one scornfull View.*

4.

*How then, beneath its load of Flesh  
Wou'd the vex'd Soul complain!  
And how the Friendly Hand she'd bless  
Wou'd break her hated Chain!*

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*A Paraphrase on the*  
**CANTICLES.**

**CHAP. I.**

(1)

**W***ilt thou deny the bounty of a Kiss,  
And see me languish for the Melting  
More sweet to me than bright delicious Wine,  
Prest from the Purple clusters of the Vine:*

*As*