

THE

W I S H,

I N A

P O E M

T O T H E

A T H E N I A N S.

Wou'd some kind Vision represent to me
How bright thy Streets, Celestial *Salem*! be;
I'd trace thy shining pearly Faths, and tell
How bless'd are those that in thy Temple dwell:
How much more bright than e're proud Phœbus shed
Are those vast Rays the Eternal Sun does spread!
Cou'd I the chiefest of ten thousands view,
Wou'd Angels me their Admiration shew,

2 *Poems on several Occasions.*

I'd tell the Virgins, tell 'em o'reagen
How fair he lookt to the black Sons of men:
Might I, but ah, while clogg'd with sinful Flesh,
In vain I breath out the impatient Wish!
But have a glimpse of those fair Fields of **Bliss**,
Where dress'd in Beams, the shining Saints do move
More gay then all the fancy'd shades of Love:
Where still from pure exhaustless fountains, to
Bright Silver streams the Chrystal Waters flow ;
Where the true Son of Glory ne're declines,
But with unclouded Vigour always shines.
Where endless Smiles cœlestial Faces wear,
No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear, }
For Greif is an unheard of Stranger there. }
Say then, if ought of that blest'd place you know,
Describe its Bliss, its dazzling Glories show !