

*The Athenians Answer.*

AH! Bright *Unknown!* you *know not what you ask!*  
Angels wou'd bend beneath the *unequal Task.*  
Were that *blest'd World* disclos'd, 'twou'd seem so fair,  
Who wou'd not leap *Lifes Barriers* to be there?  
Yet see a Glimpse, all, Heav'n permits to see,  
And learn the rest from Faith and Extasie.

The *Paradise of God*, those happy *seats* which cost  
Far more than that fair *Eden* we have lost;  
Exceeds *luxuriant Fancies* richest dress,  
And *Beggars Rhime* and *Numbers* self t' express.  
— No, were we lost in that primæval Grove  
Where Father *Adam* with his New-born Bride  
Walkt careless, walkt and lov'd, nor Want, nor Sin,  
Nor jealous Rage, nor curst tormenting Hopes  
Their Sacred Verge approaching cou'd we pierce  
As the blind Bard, with intellectual sight  
'Thro' those first happy Mortals *Sylvan shade,*

4 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Thro' clust'ring Vines whose swelling Purple Grape<sup>s</sup>  
With generous Juice invited the blest'd Pair  
To taste, nor fear to dye; were all the Springs  
That from some easie Mountains mossy side  
Or hoary Rock ran gently murmuring,  
A thousand Flour's upon the bending Banks,  
A thousand Birds upon the fragrant Trees,  
And *Eve* her self all smiling joyn'd the Quire,  
With blisful Hymns of chaste and holy Love  
Were these and more united to compose  
A Poets Heaven to the true Heaven 'twou'd be  
A Barren Wilderneck, nay worse, a World.

Not Reasons self, a Ray of the divine  
Off-spring, and Friend of God, when manacled  
In sinful mortal mold, altho' it trace,  
No Sister Truth thro' each *Dedalean* maze,  
And builds on Sense with well poiz'd Argument,  
Not that can tell us what we there shall see,  
Or have or know, or do, or ever be.  
Nay tho' with nobler Faits more perfect Glafs,

*Poems on several Occasions.* 5

We look beyond the Chrystal starry Worlds,  
We know but *part*, sunk in our *darksome* selves,  
And from Life's dungeon with the glim'ring Light,  
*Coasters* of Heav'n we *beat* along the *shore*, (more.  
Some Creeks and Landmarks found, but know no  
The Inland Country's undiscover'd still,  
The glorious City of th' eternal King,  
Yet of cœlestial Growth we bear away,  
Some rich immortal Fruit, Joy, Peace and Love,  
Knowledge and Praise, Vision and pure Delight,  
Rivers of Bliss, ay-dwelling from the Throne  
Of the most high, exhaustless Fund of Light.  
*There, there is Heav'n*, 'tis he who makes it so,  
The Soul can hold no more, for God is all,  
He only equals its capacious Grasp,  
He only o'refills to spaces infinite,  
Ah! who can follow?—That shall only those  
Who with intrepid *Breasts* the *World* oppose.  
Tear out the *glitt'ring Snake*, tho' ne're so close it *twine*,  
And part with *mortal Joys* for *Joys Divine*.