

An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatley

Jupiter Hammon

Miss Wheatly; pray give leave to express as follows:

O, come you pious youth: adore
The wisdom of thy God.
In bringing thee from distant shore,
To learn His holy word.

Thou mightst been left behind,
Amidst a dark abode;
God's tender Mercy still combin'd,
Thou hast the holy word.

Fair wisdom's ways are paths of peace,
And they that walk therein,
Shall reap the joys that never cease,
And Christ shall be their king.

God's tender mercy brought thee here,
tost o'er the raging main;
In Christian faith thou hast a share,
Worth all the gold of Spain.

While thousands tossed by the sea,
And others settled down,
God's tender mercy set thee free,
From dangers still unknown.

That thou a pattern still might be,
To youth of Boston town,
The blessed Jesus thee free,
From every sinful wound.

The blessed Jesus, who came down,
Unveil'd his sacred face,
To cleanse the soul of every wound,
And give repenting grace.

That we poor sinners may obtain
The pardon of our sin;

Dear blessed Jesus now constrain,
And bring us flocking in.

Come you, Phillis, now aspire,
And seek the living God,
So step by step thou mayst go higher,
Till perfect in the word.

While thousands mov'd to distant shore,
And others left behind,
The blessed Jesus still adore,
Implant this in thy mind.

Thou hast left the heathen shore;
Thro' mercy of the Lord,
Among the heathen live no more,
Come magnify thy God.

I pray the living God may be,
The sheperd of thy soul;
His tender mercies still are free,
His mysteries to unfold.

Thou, Phillis, when thou hunger hast,
Or pantest for thy God;
Jesus Christ is thy relief,
Thou hast the holy word.

The bounteous mercies of the Lord,
Are hid beyond the sky,
And holy souls that love His word,
Shall taste them when they die.

These bounteous mercies are from God,
The merits of his Son;
The humble soul that loves his word,
He chooses for his own.

Come, dear Phillis, be advis'd,
To drink Samaria's flood;
There nothing is that shall suffice,
But Christ's redeeming blood.

When thousands muse with earthly toys,
And range about the street,

Dear Phillis, seek for heaven's joys,
Where we do hope to meet.

When God shall send His summons down,
And number saints together.
Blest angels chant, (triumphant sound)
Come live with me forever.

The humble soul shall fly to God,
And leave the things of time,
Start forth as 'twere at the first word,
To taste things more divine.

Behold! the soul shall waft away,
Whene'er we come to die,
And leave this cottage made of clay,
In twinkling of an eye.

Now glory be to the Most High,
United praises given,
By all on earth, incessantly,
And all the host of heav'n.