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Transcription of *On the Death of the Rev'd Dr. Sewall. 1769.* — by Phillis Wheatley Peters (1753-1784), 1769.

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On the Death of the Rev'd Dr. Sewall. 1769.

E'er yet the morning heav'd its Orient head
Behold him praising with the happy dead.
Hail! happy Saint, on the immortal Shore.
We hear thy warnings and advice no more:
Then let each one behold with wishful eyes
The saint ascending to his native Skies,
From hence the Prophet wing'd his rapturous way
To mansions pure, to fair celestial day.—

Then begging for the Spirit of his God
And panting eager for the bless'd abode,
Let every one, with the Same vigour Soar
To bliss, and happiness, unseen before
Then be Christ's image on our minds impress'd
And plant a Saviour in each glowing Breast.
Thrice happy thou, arriv'd to Joy at last;
What compensation for the evil past!

Thou Lord, incomprehensible, unknown,
To Sense, we bow, at thy exalted Throne!
While thus we beg thy excellence to feel,
Thy Sacred Spirit, in our hearts reveal
And make each one of us, that grace partake
Which thus we ask for the Redeemer's Sake

“Sewall is dead,” Swift pinion'd fame thus cry'd.
“Is Sewall dead?” my trembling heart reply'd
O what a blessing in thy flight deny'd!
But when our Jesus had ascended high,
With Captive bands he led Captivity;
And gifts receiv'd for such as knew not God
Lord! Send a Pastor, for thy Church's [good]
O ruin'd world! bereft of thee, we cryd,
(The rocks responsive to the voice, reply'd.)
How oft for us this holy Prophet pray'd;
But ah! behold him in his Clay-cold bed
By duty urg'd, my weeping verse to close,
I'll on his Tomb, an Epitaph compose.

Lo! here, a man bought with Christ's precious blood
Once a poor Sinner, now a Saint with God.—
Behold ye rich and poor, and fools and wise;
Nor Let this monitor your hearts Surprise!
I'll tell you all, what this great Saint has done

Which makes him Brighter than the Glorious Sun.—
Listen ye happy from your Seats above
I Speak Sincerely and with truth and Love.
He Sought the Paths of virtue and of Truth
Twas this which made him happy in his Youth.
In Blooming years he found that grace divine
Which gives admittance to the sacred Shrine.
Mourn him, ye Indigent, Whom he has fed,
Seek yet more earnest for the living Bread:
E'en Christ your Bread, who cometh from above
Implore his pity and his grace and Love.
Mourn him ye Youth, whom he hath often told
God's bounteous Mercy from the times of Old.
I too, have cause this mighty loss to mourn
For this my monitor will not return.

Now this faint Semblance of his life complete
He is, thro' Jesus, made divinely great
And left a glorious pattern to repeat
But when Shall we, to this bless'd State arrive?
When the same graces in our hearts do thrive.