



AMERICAN  
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SOCIETY

Transcription of *To the University of Cambridge, wrote in 1767*— by Phillis Wheatley Peters (1753–1784), 1767.

This handwritten poem is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society (Catalog Record 272234)

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To the University of Cambridge, wrote in 1767—

While an intrinsic ardor bids me write  
The muse doth promise to assist my pen.  
'Twas but e'en now I left my native Shore  
The sable Land of error's darkest night  
There, sacred Nine! for you no place was found,  
Parent of mercy, 'twas thy Powerfull hand  
Brought me in Safety from the dark adobe.

To you, Bright youths! he points the heights of Heav'n  
To you, the knowledge of the depths profound.  
Above, contemplate the ethereal Space  
And glorious Systems of revolving worlds.

Still more, ye Sons of Science! you've receiv'd  
The pleasing Sound by messengers from heav'n,  
The Saviour's blood, for your Redemption flows.  
S[ee] Him, with hands stretch'd out upon the Cross!  
Divine compassion in his bosom glows.  
He hears revilers with oblique regard.  
What Condescension in the Son of God!  
When the whole human race, by Sin had fal'n;  
He deign'd to Die, that they might rise again,  
To live with him beyond the Starry Sky  
Life without death, and Glory without End.—

Improve your privileges while they Stay:  
Caress, redeem each moment, which with haste  
Bears on its rapid wing Eternal bliss.  
Let hateful vice so baneful to the Soul,  
Be still avoided with becoming care;  
Suppress the sable monster in its growth,  
Ye blooming plants of human race, divine  
An Ethiop tells you, tis your greatest foe  
Its present sweetness turns to endless pain  
And brings eternal ruin on the Soul.