

## **To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by Phillis Wheatley (1768)**

YOUR subjects hope, dread Sire –  
The crown upon your brows may flourish long,  
And that your arm may in your God be strong!  
O may your sceptre num'rous nations sway,  
And all with love and readiness obey!  
    But how shall we the British king reward!  
Rule thou in peace, our father, and our lord!  
Midst the remembrance of thy favours past,  
The meanest peasants most admire the last\*  
May George, beloved by all the nations round,  
Live with heav'n's choicest constant blessings crown'd!  
Great God, direct, and guard him from on high,  
And from his head let ev'ry evil fly!  
And may each clime with equal gladness see  
A monarch's smile can set his subjects free!

\*The Repeal of the Stamp Act

## **On Being Brought from Africa to America, by Phillis Wheatley**

'Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,  
Taught my benighted soul to understand  
That there's a God, that there's a Saviour too:  
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew,  
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,  
"Their colour is a diabolic die."  
Remember, Christians, Negroes, black as Cain,  
May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train.

## **If I Had Known, by Alice Ruth Moore**

    If I had known  
Two years ago how drear this life should be,  
And crown upon itself allstrangely sad,  
Mayhap another song would burst out from my lips  
Overflowing with the happiness of future hopes;  
Mayhap another throb than that of joy.  
Have stirred my soul into its inmost depths,  
    If I had known.

    If I had known,  
Two years ago the impotence of love,  
The vainness of a kiss, how barren a caress,  
Mayhap my soul to higher things have soarn,  
Nor clung to earthly loves and tender dreams,  
But ever up aloft into the blue empyrean,  
And there to master all the world of mind,  
    If I had known.