



## T H E W I S H.

## I.

**S**HOULD I e'er become parson (for so I'm inclin'd)  
 May I get a snug benefice pat to my mind,  
 Large enough to allow of a wife at my table,  
 A cow in my yard, and a nag in my stable.

May my flock n'er embroil me in quarrels and strife,  
 In good humour I'd live all the days of my life,  
 And die before tir'd of myself or my wife.

## II.

With a friend or two near me of equal degree,  
 As like me in all things as pea is to pea;  
 On a pudding and joint who contented can dine,  
 With a glafs of old Port, and October divine.

May my flock, &c.

## III.

May my offerings and tythes make me always appear  
 With a clean tho' coarse shirt ev'ry day in the year;  
 For of all living things, not excepting a swine,  
 The beaftliest of beasts, is a beasty divine.

May my flock, &c.

## IV.

May I ne'er grow too grave, not to join in the fun,  
 When my lord cracks a joke, or the squire cuts a pun,

For



For if life is a jest, as the wisest have spoke,  
He lives the best life then who cuts the best joke.

May my flock, &c.

## V.

With no mystical learning I'd trouble my head,  
Relying on faith, which will do in its stead;  
With knowledge enough heaven's gates to unlock,  
And to take the strait road there along with my flock.

May my flock, &c.

## VI.

With a bottle or two of prime wine on my shelf,  
To recur to when'er I am tir'd of myself;  
And a good natur'd muse to retire to at leisure,  
Who will wrap me in rhimes, and inspire me with measure.

May my flock, &c.

## VII.

To enjoy what I have, without wishing for more,  
For contentment with little is doubling one's store;  
And when I am gone, may my successor say,  
He's gone, and I wish I could live the same way:  
For his flock ne'er embroil'd him in quarrels or strife,  
In good humour he liv'd all the days of his life,  
And died before tir'd of himself or his wife.

