



My W I S H.

WOU'D Heav'n indulgent grant my Wish
For future Life, it shou'd be this ;
Health, Peace, and Friendship I wou'd share
A Mind from Bus'ness free, and Care ;
A Soil that's dry in temp'rate Air ;
A Fortune from Incumbrance clear,
About a Hundred Pounds a Year ;
A House not small, built warm and neat,
Above a Hut, below a Seat ;
With Groops of Trees beset around,
In Prospect of the lower Ground,
Beneath the Summit of a Hill,
From whence the gushing Waters trill,

that
In various Streams ~~and~~ Winding flow
To aid a River just below;
At a small Distance from a Wood,
And near some Neighbours wise and good;
There would I spend my remnant Days,
Review my Life, and mend my Ways.
I'd be some honest Farmer's Guest,
That with a cleanly Wife is blest;
A friendly Cleric shou'd be near,
Whose Flock and Office were his Care;
My Thoughts my own, my Time I'd spend
In writing to some faithful Friend:
Or on a Bank, by purling Brook,
Delight me with some useful Book;
Some Sage, or Bard, as Fancy led;
Then ruminatè on what I'd read.
Some moral Thoughts shou'd be my Theme,
Or verdant Field, or gliding Stream;
Or Flocks, or Herds, that Shepherds love;
The Shepherds wou'd my Song approve.

No Flatt'ry base, nor baser Spite,
 Nor one loose Thought my Muse shou'd write;
 Nor vainly try unequal Flight.

Great GEORGE's Name let Poets sing,
 That rise on a sublimer Wing:

I'd keep my Passions quite serene;
 My Person and Apartment clean;
 My Dress not slovenly, but mean.

Some Money still I'd keep in Store,
 That I might have to give the Poor;
 To help a Neighbour in Distress,

I'd save from Pleasure, Food, and Dress.

I'd feed on Herbs, the limpid Spring
 Shou'd be my *Helicon*. — I'd sing;
 And be much happier than a KING.

Thus calmly see my Sun decline;

My Life and Manners thus refine.

And acting in my narrow Sphere,
 In chearful Hope, without one Care,
 I'd quit the World, nor wish a Tear.