THE WISH.

I.

ALL I aſk of bounteous heav'n,
Is to live a peaceful life,
In a cottage, ſweet retirement,
Far from giddy noiſe and ſtrife.

II.

Far from town, and all its vices,
Diſſipation, care, and fear,
Paſſing all my days ſerenely,
Ending life, without a tear.

III. Far

III.

Far from ball, and maſquerade,
Far from op'ra, park, or play,
Far from courtly pomp, and faſhion,
Innocently blith and gay.

IV.

Diſtant from the madding croud,
Scene of avarice and gain,
Quitting ſmoak for ſilver fountains,
Chooſing health, and leaving pain.

V.

Eaſe, and comfort, peace and plenty,
Always grace the homely board,
Every joy that can be wiſh'd for,
Does the ruſtic cot afford.

III. Far

VI.

With the lark each morn ariſing,
No rude cares my peace moleſt,
But contentment ſweet poſſeſſing,
Ever happy, ever bleſs'd.

VII.

Each new day my maker praiſing,
Own his goodneſs ev'ry hour,
Thanking heav'n for ev'ry bleſſing,
And revere his mighty power.

VIII.

One thing more I aſk of heaven,
A ſincere and faithful youth,
One whoſe heart is ever conſtant,
Full of honor, love, and truth.

IX.

Bleſt with judgment, ſound and clear,
Both the huſband, and the friend,
Not the clown, or fooliſh coxcomb,
Such a youth kind heaven ſend.

X.

Gentle, as the evening breezes,
Fanning ſoft the poplar grove,
Freſher than the ſummer morning,
Firm in friendſhip, fond in love,

XI.

Smart, and witty, mild in manners,
Fair in perſon as in mind,
Free from flatt'ry, pride and folly,
Such a youth I wiſh to find.

XII.

I deſire not pow'r, or riches,
Bane to ſweet content and eaſe,
They are not the joys I wiſh for,
They, alas! can never pleaſe.

ON