



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.