



THE
W I S H.

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WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost,
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost ;
Whilst the peasant inactive stands shivering with
cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow,
And the innocent flock run for ease to the fold,
With their fleeces all covered with snow :

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw
And they send forth their breath like a steam,
And the neat looking dairy-maid finds she musthew
Flakes of ice that she finds in her cream ;
When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides ;
And the rustic's loud laugh, if by falling she shews
All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the birds to the barn door come hovering
for food,
As with silence they rest on the spray,
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the woods,
Lest her footsteps her course should betray ;
When the lads and the lasses in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts till they're all in a sweat :

Heaven grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eve of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire ;
Where in neatness and quiet & free from surprise,
We may live and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure,

