The Wish, By a Young Lady

By Laetitia Pilkington

I ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,
    Nor wealth, nor pompous titles wish to have;
But since, 'tis doomed through all degrees of life,
    Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife;
That females should the stronger males obey,
    And yield implicit to their lordly sway;
Since this, I say, is ev'ry woman's fate,
    Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.