

# 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.

Source: *English Women's Poetry, Elizabethan to Victorian* (edited by R.E. Pritchard) (Fyfield Books, 1990)