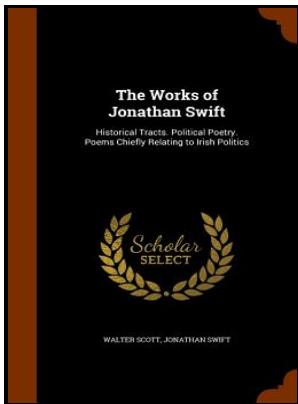


Jonathan Swift, the complete poems

Yale University Press - Political Poems by Jonathan Swift



Description: -

- Jonathan Swift, the complete poems

- The English poets Jonathan Swift, the complete poems

Notes: Includes indexes.

This edition was published in 1983



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Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg: the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long.

Complete Poems by Jonathan Swift

Prose miscellanies by Swift and Sheridan. He's but a short remove from being mad, Who at a time of jubilee is sad, And, like a griping usurer, does spare His money to be squander'd by his heir; Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches, And washy sorts of feminine debauches.

Jonathan Swift

Now, ye under-pullers, That wear such black colours, How well would it look, If his measures ye took, Thus for head and for rump Together to jump; For there's none deserve places, I speak't to their faces, But men of such graces, And I hope he will never prefer any asses; Especially when I'm so confident on't, For reasons of state, that her majesty won't Know, I myself I Was present and by, At the great trial, where there was a great company, Of a turbulent preacher, who, cursedly hot, Turn'd the fifth of November, even the gun-powder plot, Into impudent railing, and the devil knows what: Exclaiming like fury--it was at Paul's, London-- How church was in danger, and like to be undone, And so gave the lie to gracious Queen Anne; And, which is far worse, to our parliament-men: And then printed a book, Into which men did look: True, he made a good text; But what follow'd next Was nought but a dunghill of sordid abuses, Instead of sound doctrine, with proofs to't, and uses. I doubt your heart is set on pelf So much that you neglect yourself. George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic.

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Perhaps I would have preferred a book on the Life and Times of. By this you may see that the least of your actions Does conduce still the most to our satisfactions. Think not that thou of sturdy bub shalt fail, My landlord's cellar stock'd with beer and ale, With every sort of malt that is in use, And every country's generous produce.

jonathan swift Poems

The master, who first the young brood had admitted, They stung like ingrates, and left him unpitied.

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