

**THE BRITISH POETS: INCLUDING
TRANSLATIONS. IN ONE
HUNDRED VOLUMES. XXXVIII.
SWIFT, VOL. II; THE POEMS OF
JONATHAN SMIFT. PP. 10-252**

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JONATHAN SWIFT

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ONE HUNDRED SEVENTH.

VOL. XXXVIII.

THE
BRITISH POETS.

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TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

XXXVIII.

SWIFT, VOL. II.

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1822.

THE
POEMS
OF

Jonathan Swift.

VOL. II.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misd led them many a league about.
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right :
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew,
Till entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground :
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again,
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game ;
But all he took was just the same :
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd ;
But overcharged and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagged behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight :
It was a tower of monstrous height,
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands ;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire in rapture gazed a while,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile ;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down :

He tumbled in the gulf profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight ;
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey ;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE.

1727.

Ye wise ! instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure,
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit,
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie ;
Alas ! they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say ?

For let mankind discharge their tongues
 In venom till they burst their lungs,
 Their utmost malice cannot make
 Your head, or tooth, or finger ache,
 Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
 Or put one feature out of place ;
 Nor will you find your fortune sink
 By what they speak, or what they think ;
 Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
 The most effectual way to balk
 Their malice is—to let them talk.

 THE

FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote,
 A passion for a scarlet coat ;
 When at a play to laugh or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why ;
 Never to hold her tongue a minute,
 While all she prates has nothing in it ;
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
 And take his nonsense all for wit ;
 Her learning mounts to read a song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong ;
 Hath every repartee in store
 She spoke ten thousand times before ;
 Can ready compliments supply
 On all occasions, cut and dry ;

Such hatred to a parson's gown,
 The sight will put her in a swoon;
 For conversation well endued,
 She calls it witty to be rude;
 And placing railery in railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
 Nor makes a scruple to expose
 Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
 Can at her morning tea run o'er
 The scandal of the day before;
 Improving hourly in her skill
 To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace a critic nice,
 Knows to a groat the lowest price;
 Can in her female clubs dispute
 What lining best the silk will suit;
 What colours each complexion match,
 And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a fright;
 So sweetly screams if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
 Can dexterously her husband tease,
 By taking fits whene'er she please;
 By frequent practice, learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity:
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so robustious, like a man.