

TO QUILCA

JONATHAN SWIFT

Table of Contents

<u>TO QUILCA</u>	1
<u>JONATHAN SWIFT</u>	2

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TO QUILCA, A COUNTRY-HOUSE IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR, WHERE THE SUPPOSED
AUTHOR, AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS, SPENT A SUMMER, IN THE YEAR, 1725

Let me thy Properties explain,
A rotten Cabin, dropping Rain;
Chimnies with Scorn rejecting Smoak;
Stools, Tables, Chairs, and Bed-steds broke:
Here Elements have lost their Vses,
Air ripens not, nor Earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
Fire will not roast, nor Water boil.
Thro' all the Vallies, Hills, and Plains,
The Goddess Want in Triumph reigns;
And her chief Officers of State,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft around her wait.