On several Occasions.

On sending my Son, as a Present, to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in his Birthday Day.

A Curious Statue, we are told, Is priz'd above its Weight in Gold.

If the fair Form the Hand confers Of *Phidias,* or *Praxiteles;*

But if the Artifit could infpire

The smallest Spark of heavi'nly Fire,

Tho' but enough to make it walk,

Salute the Company, or talk;

This would advance the Price fo high,

What Prince were rich enough to buy?

Such if *Hibernia* could obtain,

She sure would give it to the Dean.

*Two famous Statuaries.*
So to her Patriot should she pay
Her Thanks upon his Natal Day.

A richer Present I design,
A finish'd Form, of Work divine,
Surpassing all the Pow'r of Art,
A thinking Head, and grateful Heart,
An Heart, that hopes, one Day, to show
How much we to the Drapier owe.

Kings could not send a nobler Gift;
A meaner were unworthy Swift.

Dublin, Nov. 30. 1726.