On ſending my Son, as a Preſent, to Dr. Swift, *Dean of St.* Patrick's, *on his Birth-Day.*

A Curious Statue, we are told,
Is priz'd above its Weight in Gold;
If the fair Form the Hand confeſs
Of **Phidias*, or *Praxiteles:*
But if the Artiſt could inſpire
The ſmalleſt Spark of heav'nly Fire,
Tho' but enough to make it walk,
Salute the Company, or talk;
This would advance the Price ſo 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

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.

Occaſion'd