



*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery,
on his Promise to sup with me.*

THO' the *Muse* had deny'd me so often before,

I ventur'd this Day to invoke her once more.
She ask'd what I wanted; I said, with Delight,
Your Lordship had promis'd to sup here To-night;
That on an Occasion so much to my Honour,
I hop'd she'd excuse me for calling upon her.

To this she reply'd, with Disdain in her Looks:

If that be the Case, go summon your Cooks.

I told her in Answer, How little you eat;

That in vain I should hope to regale you with Meat;

That she knew, Wit and Humour to you were a Feast,

Who had, tho' no *Stomach*, an excellent *Taste*.

THIS calm'd her Resentment; she paus'd for a while —
Then the Goddess, propitious, reply'd with a Smile:
If with Humour and Wit you would have him delighted,
What need I be call'd? — Let the Dean be invited.
The Business is done, if with him you prevail;
For a BOYLE, and a SWIFT, will each other regale.

Capel-street, Dublin,

Jan. 24. 1732.

