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Remarks On The Life and Writings Of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin

Orrery, John Boyle of

London, 1752

A copy of verses from Lord Orrery to Dr. Swift.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-49109](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-49109)

AND WRITINGS OF DR. SWIFT. 129

three copies of verses, two of which are addressed to the Dean, and the third is his answer: the first being my property, may serve to conclude this letter. It was occasioned by an annual custom, which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birth-day. As he had admitted me of that number, I sent him a paper-book, finely bound, in the first leaf of which, I wrote the following lines.

Dublin, November 30, 1732.

TO thee, dear SWIFT, these spotless leaves I send;
 Small is the present, but sincere the friend,
 Think not so poor a book below thy care,
 Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
 Tho' tawdry now, and like TYRILLA's face,
 The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace:
 Tho' paste-boards glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
 A *rasa tabula* within denote;
 Yet if a venal and corrupted age,
 And modern vices should provoke thy rage;
 If warn'd once more by their impending fate,
 A sinking country and an injur'd state,
 Thy great assistance should again demand,
 And call forth reason to defend the land;
 Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprize,
 Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
 Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
 True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
 Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
 And sacred rules of policy impart,

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The

The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
 Shall cheat the fight with empty shew no more;
 But lead us inward to those golden mines,
 Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
 With bloom of beauty, grac'd with shape and air,
 How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind.

ORRERY.

LET-