

The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift - Volume VII

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The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift - Volume VII Jonathan Swift, Anglo-Irish writer of novels, poetry and essays who also used the name Isaac Bickerstaff among other pseudonyms (1667-1745) This ebook presents The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift - Volume VII, from Jonathan Swift. A dynamic table of contents enables to jump directly to the chapter selected. Table of Contents - About This Book - Volume Vii. Poems - Part I. Poems - Part Ii. Poems - On Dan Jacksons Picture - Part Iii. Poems - Part Iv. Poems - An Epigram - Part V. Poems - Epigrams On Windows Most Of Them Written In 1726. - Part V. Poems

TIS true then why should I repine. To see my life so fast decline? But why obscurely here alone, Where I am neither lov'd nor known? WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise. The Muse her annual tribute pays, While I assign myself a task. Which you expect, but scorn to ask The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift/Volume 7/On Paddys Character of the Intelligencer <Dr. Swift to himself, on St Cecilians Day. IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine. Upon a single dish, and tavern wine, Toland to you this invitation sends, To eat the calfs-head with THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit, I cannot but envy the pride of her wit, Which thus she will venture profusely to throw. On so mean a THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine. Were, in every ones judgment, exceedingly fine And I must confess, as a dean and divine, ??DINGLEY and Brent, ??Wherever they went, Neer minded a word that was spoken ??Whatever was said, ??They neer troubled their And if they had not told me there was a letter from you and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery and the boy TO you, whose virtues, I must own. With shame, I have too lately known To you, by art and nature taught. To be the man I long have sought, WHEN a holy black Swede, the son of Bob, With a saint at his chin, and a seal at his fob, Shall not see one New-years day in that year, Then let THE dean would visit Market-hill, ?Our invitation was but slight I said Why let him, if he will: ?And so I bade sir Arthur write. His manners HARLEY, the nations great support, Returning home one day from court, (His mind with publick cares possest, All Europes business in his