

2

[4]

Moves in its Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But all in vain, turn Wood of Woe,
He never gets two Inches higher.

THE
SQUIRREL.
That frisk is under Pity's Shades
In fear, Soft and lowly
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods:
Still Dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own Vertes found:
Brought back, how fast to earth they go
Always low, always low.

P O E M.

DEAR WILLIAM, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?
There, WILLIAM, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of Simile)
A SQUIRREL spend her little Rage,
In jumping round a rouling Cage?
The Cage, as either side turns up,
Striking a ring of Bells a top,

A

Moves

