

Moves in its Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,  
 The foolish Creature thinks he climbs :  
 But all in vain, turn Wood or Wire,  
 He never gets two Inches higher.  
 So fares it with those merry Blades,  
 That frisk it under *Pindar's* Shades,  
 In pleasing Songs and lofty Odes,  
 They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods :  
 Still Dancing in an airy round,  
 Still pleas'd with their own Verses found :  
 Brought back, how fast so e'er they go,  
 Always aspiring, always low.

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