[2]

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 sound:
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

EAR WILLIAM, didft thou never pop.

Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?

There, William, didft thou never fee

(LONDON, w vd and all')

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the Cross-Keys, next Nando's Coffee-House in Fleet-street, 1706.

(Price 2 d.) bound guigmui al

The Cage, as either fide turns up,

Striking a ring of Bells a top