So fares it with thoſe merry Blades,
That friſk it under PINDUS' Shades.
In noble 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 ſoe'er they go:
Always aſpiring; always low.

The *FLIES.*

SAY, Sire of Inſects, mighty SOL,
(A Fly upon the Chariot-Pole
Cries out:) what Blew-Bottle alive
Did ever with ſuch Fury drive?
Tell, BELZEBUB, Great Father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the Wheel:)
Did ever any Mortal Fly
Raiſe ſuch a Cloud of Duſt, as I?

My Judgement Turn'd the whole Debate:
My Valor Sav'd the ſinking State.
So talk two Idle buzzing Things;
Toſs up their Heads, and ſtretch their Wings.
But let the Truth to Light be brought:
This neither Spoke, nor t'other Fought:
No Merit in their own Behav'or:
Both rais'd, but by their Party's Favor.

EPI-