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     O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,  
 Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed  
     With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,  
  
 Till their brute souls with inward working bred  
     Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew  
  
 Subjection not from Locke's associations,  
     Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

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And now we can typeset a nursery rhyme with its own formatting:

Hey diddle diddle, the cat played the fiddle,  
     The cow jumped over the moon.  
 The little dog laughed to see such craft,  
     And the dish ran away with the spoon.