Description of a College Chamber

I stroll'd one Day into a Room.
When honest Bob was not at Home.
But As the Key was in the Door.
I sat me Down for Half an Hour.

When round the Room I Cast my Eyes
And Medley of such Objects rise.

That straightway to Employ my Time
I Pious Describ'd Them all in Whose.

A Table first, which made of Oak.
Had One Leg short, another Broke.

As Much of It. as well Could Stand.
Was fell'd with Paper, Pen & Sand.

Whilst Various Books Confusely Lie.
Scotch Songs with Deep Philosophy.

A Prior Vine and Enchel Thing.
A Register & Book of Prayer.

A Pellaton with French Romances
And Pious Sonth with Embatay Dances.