

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 Times.

I Thus Describ'd Them all in Rhyme.

A Table Firm which ~~Was~~ of Oak

Had One Leg short, another Broken.

As Much of It as well could Stand,

Was fill'd with Paper, Pen & Sand:

Whilsh Various Books Confus'dly Lie

Scotch Songs with Deep Philosophy:

A Prior Here and Euclid There

A Register & Book of Prayer

A Tillaton with French Romances

And Pious Songs with Country Dances -