

His branching Horns, majestic to the view,  
 Have points (for I have counted) seventy-two.  
 But do not think, you'll all this pleasure share,  
 And, when fatigu'd, to some good Inn repair;  
 There on a Chop, or Steak, in comfort dine,  
 And smack your Lips, o'er glafs of gen'rous Wine,  
 No, no; in this our Land of Liberty,  
 Thoufands of Miles you'll walk, but no Houfe fee.  
 When Night comes on, it matters not a Rush,  
 Whether you fleep in that, or t'other Bush.  
 If Game you've kill'd, your Supper you may eat;  
 If not, to-morrow you'll be fharper fet.  
 Yourself, both Cook and Chamberlain muft be,  
 Or neither, Bed, nor Supper will you fee.  
 Drink you will want not, Water's near at hand;  
 Nature's beft Tap! and always at Command.

Now.