

But shou'd it chance the Deer keeps open ground,
 Where, to approach him, shelter is not found,
 And, Night now near, you cannot longer wait,
 Try this device, it may draw on his fate:
 Full to his view, and motionless appear;
 This oft excites him to approach you near.
 He then will stop, to take a careful view;
 Be ready with your Gun, and level true.
 If the voracious Wolf shou'd please you more,
 All sandy beaches you must well explore;
 Chiefly, by Lakes, or by a River's side:
 (In Summer, in the Woods themselves they hide)
 Be careful not to walk along the Strand,
 But at convenient places there to land.
 His tracks discover'd, seek some snug Retreat,
 And patient lie, till with your Game you meet.

A Wolf