

To kill the Beast, the Rifle I like best;  
 With Elbows on my Knees my Gun I rest.  
 For self defence, the double Gun I prize,  
 Loaded with Shot, directed at his Eyes.

Or would you rather a stout Rein-deer kill,  
 ( July now in) observe and climb some hill,  
 Environ'd by extent of open ground;  
 For there, the Rein-deer at this time are found.  
 Nor walk about, but from a Station watch,  
 And soon his motions with your Eye you'll catch.  
 Be steady now; with cautious Eye explore,  
 The Wind's true quarter, or your sport is o'er.  
 Nor less his Eye and Ear demand your care;  
 No Beast more quick can see, more quick can hear.  
 Yet oft' his curious Eye invites his fate,  
 And makes him see his Error when too late.

With