'Tis Odds but *I* am Dockt upon the *Spott*,
And then for want of Tail poor *Reynard* goes to Pot.

The Round.

HOw Vain a Thing is Man whom Toyes Delights
And ſhdadows Fright!
Variety of *I*mpertinence
Might give our Dotage ſome Pretence;
But to a Circle bound,
We Toil in a dull *Round*:
We ſitt, move, Eat and Drink,
We Dreſs, Undreſs, Diſcourſe and Think
By the ſame Paſſions hurri'd on,
*I*mpoſing or *I*mpos'd upon:
We paſs the time in Sport or Toil,
We Plow the *S*eas or *S*afer *S*oil:
Thus all that we Project and Do,
We did it many a year agoe.

We

VVe Travel ſtill a beaten way,
And yet how eager riſe we to purſue
Th'affairs of each returning day,
As if its Entertainments were *Surprizing* All and *New*.

The Male-Content.

MOngſt winding Rocks (his ſwelling griefs t'allay)
The diſappointed *Thirſis* took his way.
In the Wild Clifts a natu'ral Vaut he found
With woven Ivye Cheaply deckt around.
He ruſht into the Solitary Nook,
Where into theſe Pathetick Sounds he broke.

Oh when will Nature take the life ſhe gave,
And Lodge me free from Trouble in the Grave!
Sleep there alone deſerves the Name of *Reſt*,
No frightfull Dreams the ſleep of Death infeſt.
Whilſt ſhrouded in this marble Cell I Lye,
What can be more Commodious than to Dye?
Each Object Here wears ſuch a mournfull Face,
That *Dying* ſeems the Buſineſs of the Place!

Here