

Whilst up on end, stood ev'ry hair,  
 Without one sign of sermon there ;  
 Aye, and the snout, the puggish shapen,  
 Appear'd a formidable weapon ;  
 Its purple colour gave a grace  
 To otherwise a fiendish face,  
 And terse and terrible his tone  
 Of utterance when the fit was on :  
 Some people thought ;—but we prefer,  
 Not to say what, in case we err,  
 And then, O then, but was not he  
 A funny looking thing to see !!  
 No turkey cock could well be prouder  
 Of his make-up, or gabble louder,  
 Or, strut in more ludicrous fashion,  
 Than Gaffer in a pious passion.  
 So, to diversify his labour,  
 An ill report, raised on his neighbour.  
 Albeit the Psalmist says:—such will  
 Have no abode on Zion hill,  
 And then besides, as people know,  
 He turned his back upon the Plow.  
 Even to establish his position—  
 Lean'd o'er the margin of perdition,  
 Feeling or might have felt, what verse  
 In epitaphs may not rehearse,  
 But, ev'n in Justice Shallow's hearing,  
 He border'd closely on false swearing ;  
 And it was difficult, forsooth,