

Versicles On Sign-Posts

His face with smile eternal drest,
Just like the Landlord's to his Guest's,
High as they hang with creaking din,
To index out the Country Inn.
He looked just as your sign-post Lions do,
With aspect fierce, and quite as harmless too.

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul,
The very image of a barber's Poll;
It shews a human face, and wears a wig,
And looks, when well preserv'd, amazing big.