



HURRAH FOR THE POSTMAN THE GREAT ROLAND HILL.

Come send round the liquor and fill to the brim, A bumper to Railroads, the Press, Gas, and Steam;
 To rags, bags and nutgalls, ink, paper and quill, The Post and the Postman, the gude Roland Hill;
 By stean we noo travel mair quick than the eagle, A sixty mile trip for the price o' a sang! A
 prin it has powntit, - th' Atlantic surmountit, We'll compass the Globe in a fortnight or lang.

1.
 The Gas bleezes brightly, you witness it nightly,
 Our Ancestors lived mico lang in the dark;
 Their wisdom was folly, their sense melancholy!
 When compared wi' sic wonderfu' modern wark. *Then send &c.*

2.
 Neist o' rags, bags and size then, let no one despise then,
 Without them whar wad a' our paper come frae,
 The dark flood o' lark too, I'm given to think too,
 Could as ill be wanted at this time o' day. *Come send &c.*

3.
 The quill its a queer thing, a cheap and a dear thing,
 A weak looking object, but gude keus how strang,
 Sometimes it is ceevil, sometimes its the deevil,
 Tak tent when you touch it, you had nae it wrang. *Then send &c.*

4.
 The Press I'll next mention, a noble invention,
 The great mental cook with resources so vast;
 It spreads on bright pages the knowledge o' ages,
 And tells to the future the things of the past. *Then send &c.*

5.
 Heh, Sirs! but its awfu', (but ne'er mind its lawfu')
 To saddle the Postman wi' sic meikle bags;
 Wi' epistles and sonnets, love billets and groan-ets,
 Ye'll tear the poor Postie to shivers and rags. *Then send &c.*

6.
 Noo Joek sends to Jenny, it costs but ae penny,
 A screed that has near broke the Dictionary's back,
 Fu' o' dove-in' and dear-in', and 'thoughts' on the shearin'!!
 Nae need noo o' whisp'rin' ayont a wheat stack. *Then send &c.*

7.
 Auld drivers were lazy, their mail coaches crazy,
 At ilk Public Housie they stopt for a gill;
 But noo at the gallop, cheap mail-bags maun wallop,
 Hurrah for our Postman, the great Roland Hill. *Then send &c.*

