

# Mr. WALKER, The Two-penny Postman.

Printed by T. BIRT, **10**, Great St. Andrew-Street  
wholesale and retail, Seven Dials, London.

Country Orders punctually attended to.  
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**V**ERY near the West end, tho' I must not tell  
where,

A shoemaker married a maiden so fair,  
Who, a month after wedlock, 'tis true I declare,  
Fell in love with a Two-penny Postman.

Her person was thin, genteel, and tall,  
Her carroty hair did in ringlets fall,  
And while her spongy work'd hard at his stall,  
She watched this Two-penny Postman.

He was just four feet six in height,  
But a well made figure to the sight,  
He walked like a beef-eater, bolt upright,  
Mr. Walker, the Two-penny Postman.  
His toes turned out, he had bright black eyes,  
His nose was more than the common size,  
And he really looked, without any lies,  
Too genteel for a Two-penny Postman.

Resolved she was to get in his way,  
So without any trouble she met him one day,  
And says she, "Have you got e'er a letter, I say,"  
For me, Mr. Two-penny Postman.

Says he, I don't know you, says she, good luck,  
I lives next door in the two-pair back,  
My husband's a cobbler, 'tis all in your track,  
It's all right, says the Two-penny Postman.

Next morning, I can't tell you what she was at,  
She felt her heart suddenly beat pit-a-pat,  
When she at the street door heard a double rat-tat  
And in came the Two-penny Postman.

Here's a letter said he, the cunning elf,  
The postage is paid, so it needs no self,  
In fact he'd written the letter himself,  
And brought it, the Two-penny Postman.

With love in his eyes then he at her did stare,  
Says he, I never saw a lady so fair,  
I always was partial to carroty hair,  
I was, said the Two-penny Postman.

That your husband ill treats you I can't suppose,  
Yes, he gives me bad words and sometimes blows,  
He's an ugly man, and has got no nose,  
But I have, said the Two-penny Postman.

His kindness was such that it knew no end,  
And to prove that he really was a real friend,  
He took her spouse three pair of shoes to mend,  
Mr. Walker, the Two-penny Postman.

They were soled and heeled without delay,  
To the cobbler he had so much to say,  
He got the shoes, but as for the pay,  
'Twas Walker, the Two-penny Postman.

Ever since then they've led cat and dog li'e,  
Their home, bed, & board has had nothing but strife  
The cobbler was done, and so was his wife,  
By Walker, the Two-penny Postman,

For by way of a finish to this vile act,  
The lady, (depend on't 'tis a fact,)  
Has brought him a boy, the image exact,  
Of Walker, the Two-penny Postman.

