

# THE PENNY POST ACT!

*W. H. M. No. 1*

*Grandford 1193(3)*

*Comic Song.*

SUNG BY

MR. BUCKINGHAM

At the  
ROYAL GARDENS

VAUXHALL.



*Designed & Lithog. by G.E. Smith, Colchester St. Street*

A RUNNING HAND

Written

BY

JAS BRUTON.

The Music Composed

BY

J. BLEWITT



*Ent. Sta. Hall*

*Price*

LONDON.

THE PENNY POSTAGE.

Written by J. Bruton.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

*VIVACE*

*f*

Something I want to write up-on to

*p*

scare a-way each va--pour The Pen-ny Postage shall I try? sup-

-pose I write on pa--per suppose I write on pa--per, Thy

*f*



grand in-ven-tion Rowland Hill loud e-ve-ry sub-ject hails The

*p* *ff*

Females are all full of it and so are all the *mails*. The Females are all

*p* *f*

full of it The Females are all full of it And so are all the

*ff*

*mails*. and so are all the *mails*.

SECOND VERSE.

This may be call'd the Penny age, and those who are not mu-lish, Are

dai-ly growing 'penny wise' Tho' not I hope pound foolish. Tho' not I hope pound

foolish. We've Penny blacking, Penny plays, Penny mags\* for infor - ma - tion, And

this new Penny Postage proves We've lots of *pe-ni*-tration. And this new penny

postage proves, And this new penny postage proves we've lots of *peni*-tration. We've

The Penny Postage.

\* Magazines.



lots of *pe - ni - tra - tion*.

**THIRD VERSE.**

This act will wisdom spread abroad, a - mong all sorts of men..... And  
 he indeed a *calf* will be, who does not use a *pen*; who does not use a  
*pen*. In short no one can well *do wrong*, if he but well *do*  
*write* And *pro-se-cute* his stu - dies oft, and ev-e-ry day *In-dite*, And  
*pro - se - cute* his stu - dies oft, and *pro-se-cute* his studies oft, And  
 ev' - ry day *in - dite*. And ev - ry day *in - dite*.

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FOURTH VERSE.

Such lots of paper will be used by every scribbling elf,  
That every man should be a manufacturer himself;  
To serve us then with ink enough they must have different plans  
They must start an "Ink walk" just like milk, and serve it round in cans.

FIFTH VERSE.

The letters on St Valentine so greatly will amount,  
Postmen must judge them by the lot, they won't have time to count  
They must bring round spades and measures, and to poor love-sick souls  
Deliver them by bushels, the same as they do coals.

SIXTH VERSE.

Then as *billet doux* will so augment, the mails will be too small,  
So, omnibuses they must use, or they can't carry all:  
The Ladies pleasure will evince, instead of any fuss,  
If they've their lovers' letters all deliver'd with a buss.

SEVENTH VERSE.

With every kind of writing now, the connoisseur may meet,  
Tho' a *running hand*, I think, will most give Postmen *running feet*;  
They who can't write will "make their mark" when they a line are dropping,  
And where orthography is *lame*, of course it will "go *hopping*."

EIGHTH VERSE.

Invention is progressing so, and soon it will be seen  
Conveyance will be done more quick than it has ever been:  
A plan's in agitation, for nought can genius fetter  
To let us have the answer back, before they get the letter.

\*\* Publishers of Penny and other Song Books are cautioned against Pirating this, or any other Song published  
(The Penny Postage.) by T.E.Purday. In event of their disregarding this notice, they will be dealt with according to law.