

THE POST BOY

He comes, the herald of a noisy world
With spattered boots, strapped waist
and frozen locks,
News from all Nations lumbering on
his back
True to his charge, His close packed
load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one
concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And having dropped the expected bag
pass on,
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted
wretch
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of
grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to
some.

Actually, they were mostly concerned with the safety of
their own skins as they were easy prey for highwaymen!
The Coaching Era - Violet A. Wilson