

Postman's Knock

Chorus

Every morning as true as the clock
Somebody hears the postman's knock.

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Somebody hears the postman's knock.

What a wonderful man the postman is
As he hastens from door to door.
A medley of news his hands contain
For high, low, rich or poor.
In many a face a joy he can trace,
In many a grief he can see.
But the door is open to his loud rap tap
And his swift delivery.

Chorus

Number one he presents with news of a birth
With tidings of death number four
At thirteen a bill of terrible length
He drops through the hole in the door.
At fifteen a cheque or order he leaves
At sixteen his presence doth prove
At seventeen an acknowledgement get
At eighteen a letter of love.

Chorus