Another's in Australia,
With flocks and herds and gold:
And one is out in Canada—
A chap that can't be sold.
All doing well—now don't you think
When that old sign comes down,
That's hung for a long thousand years
In good old London town,

That in its place should glisten
A plate of deathless brass,
Graved deep with a new legend
Till another age shall pass.
Yea, doubtless, it will bear these words
Right gallantly on view,
To show that as the world still grows
The old firm's growing too.

JOHN BULL & SONS.