
YOUR PAPER

I've seen by your faces how gladly you've
welcomed
The paper each day, as you opened the door,
And gaily I've whistled to think of the
pleasure
It showers alike on the rich and the poor.
And, as your eyes fall on its clear printed
pages,
Not blotted and blurred, as so often appears,
Which makes people think of the stammer and
stutter
Which falsehood begins with, which scrutiny
fears—
You'll find on its pages the latest home gossip
Of happenings new in our own city fair,
For we know how its progress and pleasure
will charm you,
Its weal or its woe all your sympathy share.

So, into the workshop, the school and the
churches,
A "chiel" goes among you with notebook in
hand,
And he "prents" in his paper the deeds worth
recording
Of clergy, and laymen, and statesmen so grand.
Then news you may read in this wonderful
paper,