



A New Christmas Carol,

C A L L E D

The Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year.

I SING (O ye neighbours come lend me
your ear)
Of a good merry Christmas and happy new
year;
But lest ye should blunder and take me
quite wrong,
Ye must listen awhile to the turn of my song.
There is frolicksome Jack, he will hear with
surprize
That by merry I mean being merry and
wife;
And by happy new year what I wish and
intend
Is, may Jack be so happy this year as to
mend.

See there's Dick at the alehouse who counts
it no crime;
For Christmas he argues is holiday time;
Dick's holiday thus is a drunken day solely,
Whereas holiday fure means a day that is
holy.

But here with most humble submission I
crave
The kind leave of my Readers to grow
rather grave;
And I hope it can't hurt you, ye sons of
good cheer!
To hear a grave truth just for once in a
year.

In the days of old time (as we find from a
book
Into which it is not much the fashion to look)
There liv'd (you may read it yourself if
you chuse)

A most famous and much favour'd nation
of Jews.

These Jews (of whose children you still may
see some)

Believ'd in a Christ and a Christmas to come;
And were thought one and all to be Jews
good and true;

As well might one doubt that good Chris-
tians are you,

And yet it did prove to their horrible shame,
When this Christ long expected and Christ-
mas day came,

Tho' instructed before in the whole of the
plan,
That these Jews did so blunder they knew
not the man.

For in truth they were wanton and worldly
at heart,
And of some worldly kingdom they wanted
a part;
They desir'd a false Christ who might please
each gay sense,
And the true one of course gave them
dreadful offence.

His mercy they scorn'd, from his truths they
dissented,
If he warn'd them of danger their passion
they vented;
Nay they dy'd their own hands in this Holy
One's blood,
So the wrath of just Heaven swept them off
like a flood.

Ye Christians so gay, who believe without
thinking,
And still keep your Christmas by dancing
and drinking!
As you read this short story, perhaps it
may strike,
That a Jew and a Christian may blunder
alike.

For they both to true faith may make civil
pretension,
Yet may both trust a Christ of their own vain
invention;
And when told of their blunder they both
may feel sore,
And the Christian resent what the Jew did
before.

Then cease, drunken Dick! by your disso-
lute mirth
To record the blest day of your Jesus's
birth;
And take heed, giddy Jack! how your
dance you pursue,
Lest your keeping of Christmas should prove
you a Jew.

