

Christmas Holidays,

rinted at J Pitts, Wholesale Toy & mable Ware
house 6, Greatst. Andrew. stseet, 7dials

NOW Christmas day it is arrived,
Fun and mirth and jollity,
Roast beef plumb pudding we are eating,
and so happy we will be.
Whilst the merry waits are playing
Jovial tunes at every door,
Hoping that you'll pay for music;
That is all they ask no more,

Ma'am here s the waits, Waits, Molly! what
are the 'quests coming again to-day, to try our
weights and scales? No, ma'am I m an the mü-
sic, Mr. Fidler can you play me Cary Iry? No,
ma'am, I don't know such a tune. Then Mr.
Fidier. play me any other Favorite tunes,

God save great George our King,

Long live our noble King,

God save the King.

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the King.

That's not a favorite French tune Mr. Fidler:
No ma'am but it's a favorite English tune, but I
want a tune about Liberty, you shall have it di-
rectly ma'am,

Rule Britannia Britannia rule the wave
and Britons never will be slaves,

That will do very well, here's a shilling for
you, I hate slavery ever since the rascals took
away our weights and scales, and mad: my poor
husband pay five pounds for only making his bread
six ounces short of every loaf

Scavengers! likewise lamplighters.

And turncocks at the door each knocks,

Hoping that your honour's bounty

Will give them a Christmas box,

Lazy Watchmen crazy Watchmen:

Snoring guardians of the night.

Hoping that you'll not forget them;

That brings rogues and thieves to light

God bless your honour, I hope you'll remem-
ber the poor Watchmen, for taking care of your
house all the year round. Yes, and for taking
such excellent care, that one night some thieves
broke into it, and robbed me of upwards of forty
pounds, that was an accident your honour: and
happened whilst I was going my rounds For
which Mr. Watchmen you ought to be well flog-
ged round the square. However, there's half-a-
crown for you and mind you take better care for
the future. Thank your honour and send you a
merry Christmas and a happy new year.

Push the can and fill the jorum,

Let's be happy while we may

In laughing drinking smoking jolting:

We will pass dull time away,

Enter in the jolly Newsmen

Happy tidings for to bring,

Britons in one bond united.

Happy subjects happy King.

Great news in the London Gazette! I hope
your honour will remember the poor Newsmen
who trudge thro' hail rain wind and snow, to
bring you honour the news of the day, loaded
for all the world like a pack horse. Yes, and if
I mistake not, Mr. Newsmen nineteen times
out of twenty loaded with a precious pack of
lies sir, I ought to have the strength of Hercules
I carry the World upon my back, the Universe
my pocket and the True Briton next my heart.
my poor Wife also collects Farag aphs, and like
the Public Ledger is open well willed.

