



Winter Piece

Printed and Sold by the
Wholesale Toy Marble Warehouse
6, Great St Andrew Street 7 Dials

Now winter is come with a cold chilly breath
All And the leaves are all fled from the trees,
nature seem'd touch'd by the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze;
Now you gay gallant youths on the river who slide,
since summer attends you no more,
While with plenty we sit by a good fire side,
Can we murmur to think on the poor?

Here's the white feather'd snow which in fleaks fast
And so white is the prospect all round, [descends,
Here's the keen cutting winds from the northward
Which so furiously sweeps o'er the ground; (is sent,
When the hills and valleys are cover'd with white
And the rivers congeal'd on the shore,
And the bright twinkling stars all proclaim a cold night
That's the time to remember the poor.

Now the poor harmless hare to the woodlands gets
Her footsteps all dinted with snow, (trac'd,
And with feet and with fingers and with blood all
The marks-men a snipe shooting go; (o'er lac'd,
Now the poor robin red breast approaches our cot,
While the icicles hang at each door,
And our dishes are smoaking with something that's
That's the time to remember the poor. (hot

Now should ensue and the waters encrease,
And the streams in rude murmur shall flow,
Each fish from its prison obtain a release,
While in danger the traveller go;
When the meads are o'er flown with a proud swell-
And the bridges are used no more, (ing flood,
While with plenty we share every thing that is good,
Can we murmur to think on the poor?

Now the time will soon come when our Saviour was
And we all must agree with one voice, (born
Each heart to contribute to hail the blest morn,
And the earth and all in it rejoice;
Tho' death will ensue yet depriv'd of its sting,
The grave it shall triumph no more,
But angels and men hallelujahs shall sing,
And the rich shall rejoice who remember'd the poor.

