



The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.



The Shepherds Worshipping Christ.



The Circumcision.



Herod's Cruelty.



Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.



The Marriage in Cana.



The Lord's Supper.



A COPY OF VERSES humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses Of the Hamlet of Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, By JOHN MEREDITH, Beadle and Bellman.



The Birth of Christ.



The Wise Men Offering.



Joseph's Flight into Egypt.



Christ Baptized by John the Baptist.



Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.



Stephen Stoned.



Christ's Ascension.

PROLOGUE.

ONCE more, my gen'ous Sirs, I do appear, With my poor Tribute for another Year; Hoping my Madmen could no longer will Excuse my Failings and my want of Skill; I'll do the best, Sir, that in my Power, To make my flungish Muse else where; All Dangers and Fatigues I will not mind, If my poor Verses you Acceptance find.

ON ST. MICHAEL.

ST. Michael, hail! to glorify These wights given To beat th' angelic Legions in High Heaven; When Satan and his curst rebellion Clan, Form'd a most horrid execrable Plan; No less than the Almighty to debase, To crush his Standards, and ev'ry their own. But lo! beneath this Locusts they fell, And infant tumbled headlong into Hell.

ON ST. LUKE.

ST. Luke, he in his Gospel does declare, Our Saviour's Birth, his Works, and what they are. His genes Life in holy Writ doth show, That th'etler to save our Souls from Woe. For, by the means of his dear blood from Sin, And our Redemption bought with loss of Life, What Love the Lord had for our sinful Race, Shows all Mankind were Objects of his Grace.

ON ST. ANDREW.

THIS holy Saint had all Mens Good in view, And aid with Zeal all heav'ly Paths pursue; He fear'd no fid and envying Point; All curst Racks did proudly offend; The unpurging Sinners he would sell, The Way to Hell, and dismal Woes of Hell; He drove the wicked daring Souls to fave; And preach'd, 'till 's no Repentance in the Grave.

ON ST. THOMAS.

SAINT Thomas he did strive alone to stand, Without th' Assistance of God's holy Hand; And, tho' so very just, no Credit gave, When told how his Gift was rich from the Grave; But when his Faith was heav'nly, he with Tears, Would expose his Crime by fervent Pray'r; The sacred Incense to the Jaff would reach, And to the harden'd Sinners loudly preach.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

MY pretty Maids 'tis now th' Time to rise, To get Things ready, and to form your Pies; Spit then your Sirs-ins, and your dainty Fare; See that in clearly Order you prepare; And while your Fingers do thus nimbly work, Be not hard hearted like a furious Turk; But of your Goodness, and your rich Repast, Let your Royal poor honest Bellman have a Talk.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRIST was the Love that God this Day did show, To confound to God the sin Son below; Now was it left in Jesus Christ to come To fave us from the sad impending Doom; Upon this Day he Human Flesh did take, And Inform us, who would lead happy Lives, Almighties great he suffer'd here on Earth, And in much Sorrow yielded up his Breath.

LONDON: Printed by S. BAYLEY, (No. 120.) PATTERNO LANE, near WHITECHAPEL; for the Year 1793: Where Catalogues, Hand Bills, Club Orders, Trade-men's Cards and Shop Bills, &c. are ready printed, at the most reasonable Rates, and on the shortest Notice.

Judas Betrays Christ.

Peter denies Christ.

Christ's Crucifixion.

The Resurrection.

Christ's Ascension.

ON ST. STEPHEN.

TODD greets the Tank for Mortals e'er to paint, The mighty Suff'ring of this holy Saint; But as the Cause of his dear Name, O glorious Saint! Thy Traub's speak thy Fame; Who with great Zeal, did pierce fierce Rage defy, And in his Saviour's Cause did firmly die; Expiring, then to God he made his Moans, And bleb'd his Murders in his dying Groans.

ON ST. JOHN.

THIS holy Saint was of a Temper mild, And justly the beloved Dictate Bill's; His Mind no Fear nor dread Others knew, His God near with him, and to him he flew; Yet after all, and painful Penance paid, He did to Patmos Isle retire: a Jail; For all in vain they strove to take his Breath, But when retir'd, he dy'd a nat'l Death.

ON INNOCENT'S DAY.

HEROD deced the Lord of Life to fly, But hisy the Blood-fucking Tyrant did pursue; On Infant Maids his Cruelty rears, Nothing could hinder the poor Infant's Fate, Nor the dead Heron on this Day relate. For he had doom'd it, and their Habes must bleed; Their Parents Pray'r nor Tears could not succeed.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

THE New-Year's come again, and Heaven know, How very few may live to see it close; Life is precarious, and not in our Power, To fave us one whole Year, no, not an Hour. If then we have our former Years mispent, To mend in this, let us be wiser; And live to well as we may Death die, And fear no Terrors when we come to die.

ON TWELFTH DAY.

WHAT Pleasur will this merry Night afford, When Sue may be a Queen, and John a Lord; Ambition does in e'ry Balom reign, And Fortune only can the Cake explain; For each by drawing does his Title take, And with that Title claims a Piece of Cake; Then to his Fiscal each dials a cheerful Claff, And so in harmless Mirth the Evening pass.

ON THE KING.

HAIL mighty George! just Guardian of our State, My greater Blessings fill upon you wait; With your Indulgence Britons happy be, And feel the Swags of gentle Liberty; While you with Justice do our Laws maintain, And guide with Mildness you auspicious Reign; Then may you fill your Subjects Good protect, And see your Royal poor honest Bellman safe and well.

ON THE QUEEN.

YE British Ladies view your Royal Queen, The Pattern of true Virtue there is seen; All Joy and Happiness must you wait, And I no more this Way of Rhyming see; If her example you will imitate, She's a rare Pattern for each living Wife; To follow, who would lead happy Lives; Great Britain will a happy Prospect see, Blest in her amiable Piety.

TO MY MASTER.

MOST worthy Sirs, for each good Men as you, What it's your honest Bellman would not do; What Dangers or where Infants can be fear, Who makes your Safety his peculiar Care; The Streets from Tumults he'll be Quiet keep, That no rude Noise disturb you while you sleep; That no vile Robbers may the Streets infect, Nor nothing happen for to break your Rest.

TO MY MISTRESSES.

MOST lovely Mistresses, your Virtues I praise, And makes your Worth not vie the Golden Mines; When to the Gems which the whole World has had's, My Matters value you above their All; Your Delight, their Comfort you they call, Hear'n grant we long may live in mutual Love, And, after Death, meet in Reclams above.

TO THE YOUNG MEN.

CONSIDER Youth, Experience makes you wif, And do not modest Counten' e'er dilige; Be said Thoughts fill your wile youthful Brains, And ere you are you may better 'tought contain; A Head grown old, is full of Care we find, When Youth's too much to Learning inclined; Be careful and industrious in your Youth, And walk the Paths of Honour and of Truth.

TO THE MAIDS.

WHILE Virtue leads you to the modest Way, Nothing appears more delicate and gay; But if my Council you thow'd once decide, What would, my pretty Madams, you be said; Your Honour lost, what would the young Men say? But laugh and scoff when you have got a stray; Then pray consider and take good Advice, And ere too late pray you to be wif.

ON CRISPIN.

YE Sons of Crispin, let your Tools be vain, Nor dare with Work this jovial Day profane; If he from Royalty with Joy could fall, For a Scrape after the glorious Aul; For ought I think at least you'll warrant him, And one Day in the Year from Work be free, So show your Tools all by, and never thrive, For if you work this Day twill never thrive.

THE BELLMAN'S PRAYER.

ETERNAL and Great Ruler of all Things, Who fosters the Hearts of Emperors and Kings, On this thy Church your heav'ly Blessings down; Prosper our King with Honour and Renown; May all the World view Aldion in success, And Europe envy Britain's Happiness; Blest all my dear and worthy Masters here, And after Death may they bright Stars appear.

EPILOGUE.

E after all the Labour of the Mind, This should no Favour or Reception find, They would ruin utter the Bellman's Muse, And I no more this Way of Rhyming see; But by your Bounty hitherto I find That I'm not cut off from your favours; And as by your Favours daily do increase, May God restore you treble Wealth and Peace.

