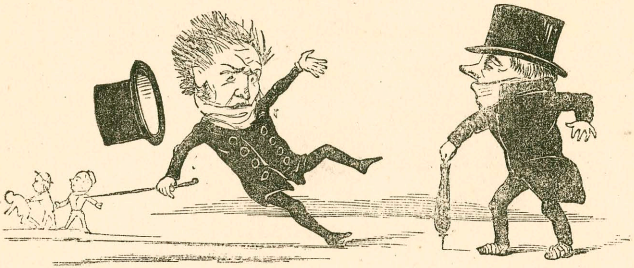


## A CHRISTMAS CROAK.

BY OUR OWN RAVEN.

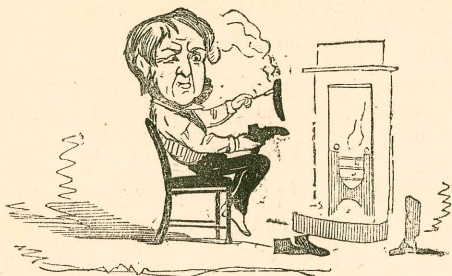
OH, rest you, merry gentlemen!  
 Let nothing you dismay;  
 But be prepared to meet the woes  
 That come with Christmas Day.  
 Look out! look out! your winter clothes,  
 To face the season's ills;  
 And muster cash and fortitude  
 To meet your Christmas bills.  
 And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Bind up, bind up your walking shoes  
 With list, or woollen rags ;  
 In case of slides, by playful boys,  
 Prepared upon the flags.



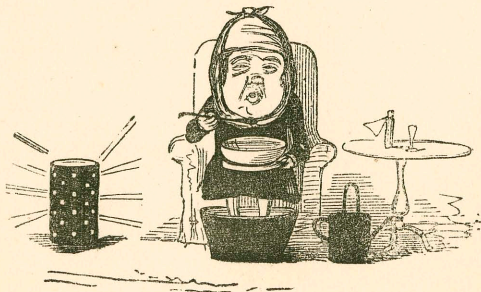
And mind, a Respirator buy ;  
 A good thick shawl also ;  
 For, in the jolly Christmas time,  
 The Asthma's all the go.  
 And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

Pile up, pile up the Christmas log,  
 Or scuttle full of coals ;  
 To melt the stuff for sticking on  
 Your Gutta Percha soles.



And place the antibilious pills  
Your dressing-table near,  
In case you've been partaking of  
Substantial Christmas cheer.  
For 'tis tidings of comfort and joy-

Then drain the draughts of gruel down,  
Although the throat be sore ;



## A CHRISTMAS CROAK.

And, spite of coughs and phthisic, quaff  
The mixture as before!

The nice, unwholesome Christmas breeze,  
In, now, has firmly set.

And so, a jolly Christmas time  
I wish you all may get.

And 'tis tidings of comfort and joy.

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