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Newsman's Address

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THE
BATH CHRONICLE
Newsman's Address
For Christmas 1839.

LET others sing the charms of Spring,
Of Autumn's wealth, and Summer's flowers,
'Tis mine to chaunt a Christmas lay—
'Tis mine to sing of New Year's day—
And Winter's cheerful hours.

I love to sit within my cot,
While threat'ning storms without me lour,
I love to view the cheerful fire,
To hear my children greet their sire,
And own affection's pow'r.

And, with my wife beside my chair,
I talk of times and seasons past,
My children list'ning with surprise,
Attention in their ears, their eyes,
Long as my stories last.

I tell them of my num'rous friends,
Whose kindly doors I weekly see ;
With me they join in hearty prayers
That every blessing may be theirs,
Whate'er the times may be.

A Merry Christmas, Happy Year,
For all and each we truly pray ;
My wife looks on with quiet smile,
And idle is her needle while
She thinks of New Year's Day.

For she has dreams of New Year's gifts,—
New gown, and perhaps a bonnet too ;
But if Dame Fortune frowns on me—
Unless some friendly cash I see,
Of course this will not do.

But, fearing I should grow too bold,
I change at once my theme and song,
And trust that on this very day
The kindness of my patrons may
Give joy unto my tongue.

Lo—39 at length is past,
And Leap-year 40 is at hand—
Twelve months of weal and woe have flown,
Change-fraught to all, from cot to throne,
Throughout our famous land.

A year ago 'twas hard to think
That Melbourne still would rule the day,
That he would keep fast hold on place,
Although the country fain would chase
Him and his friends away.

For bruised fortunes they have found
The public purse provides a balm ;
And hence, although both near and far,
The people with them are at war,
They take it all quite calm.

Oh ! but it was a treach'rous trick
They played upon our youthful Queen,
When they assured our Sov'reign fair
That Peel's conditions cruel were,
Though truly just I ween.

Too well, alas, the plea prevailed,
The Whigs again were called to place ;
And now the nation rues the day
When Melbourne's *clique* regained its sway,
The land still to disgrace.

To Whig misrule I lay the crimes
That so degrade poor Erin's shore,
And its dire influence I can trace
In Chartist efforts, vile and base,
The laws to overpow'r.

We've riots had, and fire, and sword,
And rebels in our native land,
And Spanish conflicts, Indian war—
But I am wand'ring on too far,
For I my song must end.

First let me breathe for our lov'd Queen,
And Albert, whom she soon will wed,
A wish that both may ever prove
Deserving of the country's love
Long after we are dead.

And now, farewell, my task is done,
The newsman's poor, rude song must cease,
And if next year again we meet,
I trust that I my friends may greet
In better times than these.

May Providence defend the right,—
May Protestants their ground maintain—
May each and all by God be blest,
In life have peace, in death have rest,
So shall our end be gain.