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THE NEWS CARRIERS ADDRESS
To the Patrons of the Colonial Herald

FOR THE YEAR

1810

These for the past - how true our eyes
To what we nearly done
A season which of course was
Recall from two worlds in one
Ourselves will bridge the night sea
Content its boundaries well
State Time and Distance doubled
And were still their loss
The British flag still flies and
I see now more of wealth
Some, hoping laws to extend
Some, warring oceans of health
Take for our own, doubly still
Our growing means are well
And round for good, our fathers all
With all their labors still
How far we are not our own
And Britain overlook
Hold we them still in love
In our hearts the best of
To our the husband of her choice
As we wish it was and good
As I like with you the people's voice
Which may not be without
To Britain, still engaged
We hope of her every day
And every day she the the sea
I'll surely engage and
The proper shall honor you
See where from birth the knot
For in the bonnet hand
Save where the bill and blow
From that respect, in some degree
Were that power in my
I would not like to find
And grateful homage pay
The good Lord, how and
Of them who did
Should not reach the
As part of our
Newly for that goods of love
Of the for lovely
Who with sweet I
Whom I'll be to
With those of her our
Should with you be
They'd start the
And look the
Like some fine
That clings to
So I, my
and the whole
My new place the
And I'm
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Again, beneath of Winter's hand
We've seen the light of day
And on the old and best earth
The fairest foliage all
But not in Winter's stern mood
Was the departed
An atmosphere, 'twas, and would
Such deaths we might obtain
For yet a fairer welcome path
The new-born year received
For, though though to its path
From down it is received
But well for many had it been
Ours, now east ahead
If that, in early life, had seen
And took a wondrous road
O that, of, to other years
If we were
To
And now, (my passing moral run)
As yet, so now again
To think and
I'll, for the year's
To work, abundantly
For
And the greatest
For more
Our part we've play'd, as others play
To please our friends
And you well like, kindly pay
For with you, I'll love
Between us both, it thus appears
Our a
You truly pay for current years
We
But yet, suppose we should
Ourselves, we
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No; still our
To him of
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Charlottesville, Jan 2nd 1810