THE ANN MARIA

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649235179

The Ann Maria by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

THE ANN MARIA



The Ann Maria.



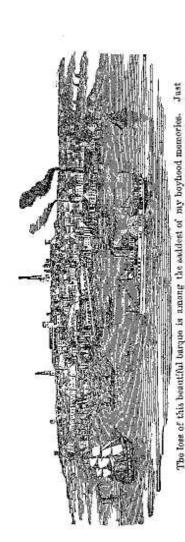
Sail little ship on untried sea,

And if some soul shall shelter thee,

Leave thy light freight and gladly turn

Towhere thy wailing home-lights burn.

FALL RIVER:
ALMY, MILNE & Co., PRINTERS, NEWS OFFICE.
1869.



forms of the dear departed.

The very absence of details makes the great fact of her loss, itself, a poem of mysterious musings; and a master mind night so environth it with the flowers of facey and feeling as to draw many eyes and touch many boarts. And there are some son's yet so tender as to gladiy welcome even these simple memorial lines.

one quarter century ago sailed she down this pleasant bay "-sailed, never to return. Inexpressibly solemn is the thought of a ressel leaving port, the hearis of her crew bacyant with hope, and never being heard of mors. There is some cursolation in knowing where rest the

THE ANN MARIA.

TILEL | Indigaters

HERE Massachusetts' southern bound Winds Rogers' classic land around, On castern slope of Mount Hope Bay, Fall River sits a queen to-day:—
Queen of the wonder-working loom!
Ye worthy rivals, give her room!
Her modest motto, "We will try!"
By honest toil is graven high.
Her myriad panes and gilded spires
Reflect the sunset's golden fires,
While, from the bay, her terraced light,
Seems as a lower beavon, at night;
And, safely, ships sail up and down
By the rich radiance of her crown.

The sight is lovely on this hill,
Look when you may, look where you will:
Beneath the mild moon's mellow ray
Or in the burning beams of day:
Let these fair slopes and streams be seen,
Embossed in ice, embowered in green;—
Their lesser views as brightly shine
As bolder beauties of the Rhine;
Warble more sweet these little rills,
Than larger streams down loftier hills.

Looming across the beauteous bay, Two dreamy leagues, southwestern way,-Between the sky-and-ocean blue,-The home of Philip is in view. Upon its brown and rugged sides The red man's shadow still abides, And on its lasting slate appears The record of colonial years. Sharp is the slope from shore to cone, But every inch of it is throne : Well might that royal Indian brave Give freely up his life to save These lovely plains and waters foir From "white man's" ship and sharp ploughshare; For from this summit one may view As fair a scene as hand e'er drew. Weird Warron's bells at evening chime. And mellow tones this mountain climb ; Calm Bristol nestles at its base, And in northwest the eye may trace. The Providence that Williams found ;-Of all the land the holiest ground. When other States shall boast their miles, Rhode Island, greet that boast with smiles, Own that thou art the smallest State,— None hath a history so great! Well is that spot with beauty crowned, Where first, all men, full freedom found!

Look to the south! pray tell me where Arc lands more fertile, fields more fair; Where sun or star more sweetly smiles Than on these Narragansett isles? Where dauntless Ann became soul-free, And planted trees of liberty. Fair Aquiday! no tropic strand Can pass the greenness of thy land, Still are thy children conscience-free, And health comes surging in thy sea.

From blue hills of the hazy north, The modest Taunton murmurs forth ; Like a true life it graceful bends To obstacles which heaven sends, Yet holds the tenor of its way With free-will offerings to the bay: Fringing the fields it flows between With vernal bloom or wintry sheen, Reflecting all the beauty found In heaven above or earth around, By "Dighton Rock" it flows as free As when was writ that mystery. Upon the west the Cole and Lee Run side by side in rival glee; While down the eastern studded steeps Watuppa's offspring laughing leaps ;-Yet sports not till her work is done, In useful channels does she run ;-