

THE ANN MARIA

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The Ann Maria by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

THE ANN MARIA

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*Sail little ship on untried sea,
And if some soul shall shelter thee,
Leave thy light freight and gladly turn
To where thy waiting home-lights burn.*

—42—

FALL RIVER:

ALMY, MILNE & Co., PRINTERS, NEWS OFFICE.

1869.



The loss of this beautiful barque is among the saddest of my boyhood memories. Just one quarter century ago sailed she down this pleasant bay — sailed, never to return. Inexpressibly solemn is the thought of a vessel leaving port, the hearts of her crew buoyant with hope, and never being heard of more. There is some consolation in knowing where rest the 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 might so enwrap it with the flowers of fancy and feeling as to draw many eyes and touch many hearts. And there are some souls yet so tender as to gladly welcome even these simple memorial lines.

THE ANN MARIA.

HERE Massachusetts' southern bound
Winds Rogers' classic land around,
On eastern 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 heaven, 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 fair
 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 Warren'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
 Are 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
 Ran 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;—