

**ODE ON THE ANNIVERSARY
OF THE FIFTH HALF
CENTURY OF THE LANDING
OF GOV. JOHN ENDICOTT**

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Ode on the Anniversary of the Fifth Half Century of the Landing of Gov. John Endicott by
William W. Story

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WILLIAM W. STORY

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ODE

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OF THE

LANDING OF GOV. JOHN ENDICOTT.

BY

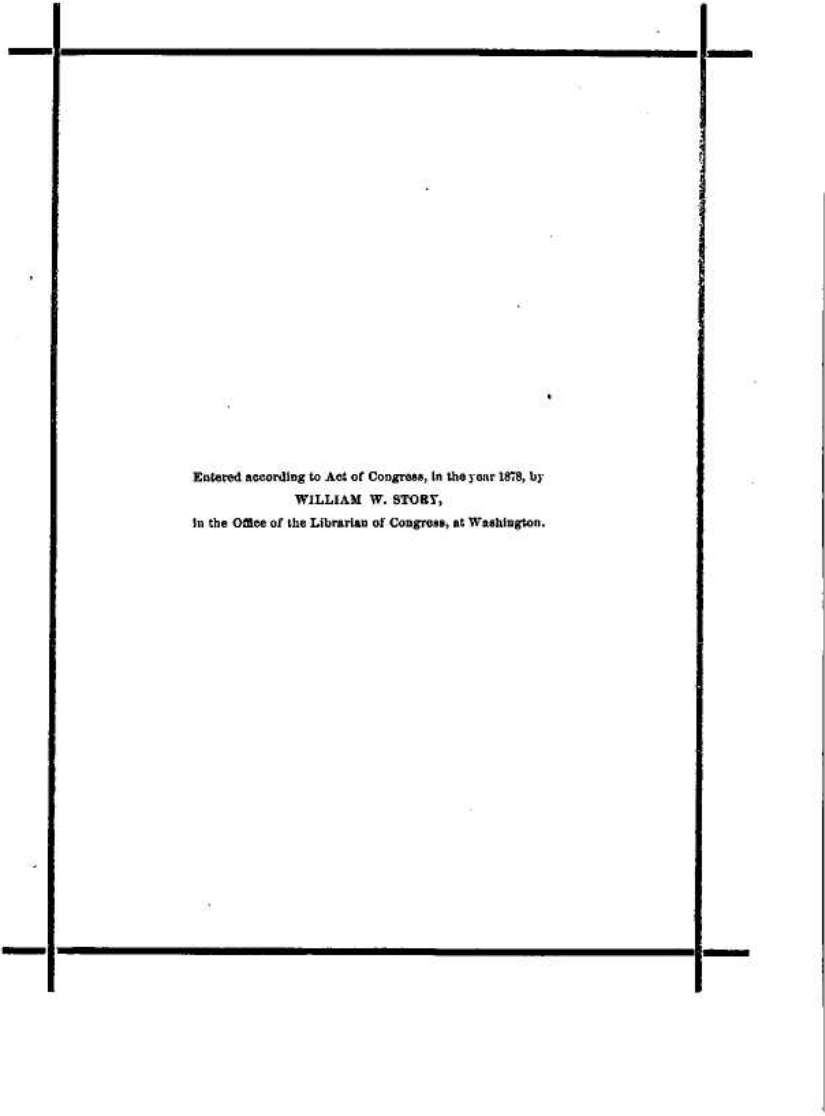
WILLIAM W. STORY.

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ODE.

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I SEND my voice from far beyond the sea ;
Only a voice—and therefore fit to be
Among the dim and ghostly company
That, from historic realms of shadowy gloom,
And from the silent world beyond the tomb,
This day shall come, their living sons to greet
With voiceless presence, and with noiseless feet,
To join the long procession in the street,
And listen to the praise
Of the old deeds and days
That in our memories evermore are sweet.

II

There the brave Endicott,
With jingling sword, high ruff, and magisterial coat,
August, shall lead the shadowy train —
And Higginson beside him there
With pilgrim primness and a brow of care,
Serene, and sad, and plain,
Shall breathe a silent prayer.
There Roger Williams pensive shall be seen,
Quiet of presence, gentle in his mien,

As erst he was, ere he was forced to flee
Before the cry of rabid bigotry.
There Saltonstall and Pynchon, Lynde and Fitch,
Stern Stoughton, humbled Sewell, shall be found ;
And over-zealous Parris, looking round,
Eager to catch a glimpse of some foul witch
Among the childish group who, at his side,
Gaze all about them shy and eager-eyed.
There, rustling in her stiff brocade,
High-heeled, erect and slim,
Lady Arbella with her figure staid
And manners prim ;
And following her, full many a maid, whose eyes,
Up-glancing from her downcast face,
Despite her Quaker dress and bashful grace,
Give warrant for the charge of witcheries :
A brave procession, free of worldly guile,
Stern in its aspect and with features grim,
Scarcely knowing how to smile,—
All moving silently, and keeping pace
Unto a voiceless hymn.

III

And there, behold, with lofty feathered crest,
A dark bronzed face looks out among the rest,
As the procession slowly moves along—

That is old Massasoit, erect and strong,
With a brass coin upon his broad bare chest;
Open his look as when
He met the Pilgrims on the shore with "Welcome
Englishmen!"
And there on either hand,
With frowning faces, stand
Brave Alexander, Philip, and their friend
Canonchet, brooding o'er the fate
That kingdom, home, and hearth made desolate,
And drove them to their sad and bitter end.

IV

And, since for all that pass the time is short
For full report,
Leap we two centuries, to note the name
Of some, who, on our Pilgrim roll of Fame,
Have later but not lesser claim.
Those who but fifty years ago
Walked in the flesh with us, when we
Closed up our city's second century
That now no more we know.

V

Dearest to me, and first of all the throng
That slowly moves along,