



Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 1

Transcription:

ALBUM

THE MOTHER'S JOY.

Pub. By J.C. Riker, New York

1833

Me.

Mother's Joy.

[Original]

Thine is a happy lot sweet boy,
Oh! What mine, were the same,
Like Thee, to be my Mother's joy,
Like Thee, to [word] her name.
My Mother's spirit, long has fled
This world of war, and pain,
But I do hope, although she is dead,
To meet with her again.
Ah! since you've last? Your dearest friend;
Come live with me poor boy,
And happily your moments spend,
Sharing my Mother's Joy.

Philada 18[3?]4

C.F.

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 2

Transcription:

The Mother's Joy

[Original]

Thine is a happy lot sweet boy:

Oh! What mine, were the same,

Like Thee, to be my mother's joy,

Like Thee, to [word] her name.

My mother's spirit, long has fled

This world of war, and pain,

But I do hope, although she is dead,

To meet with her again.

Ah! Since you've last? Your dearest friend;

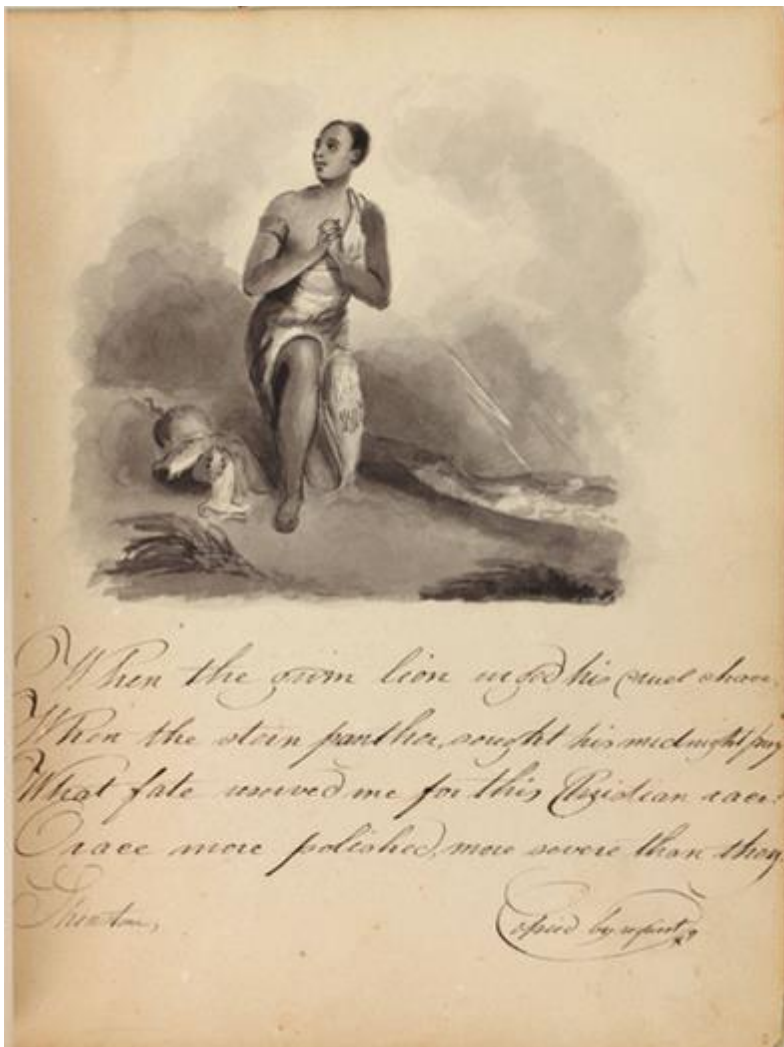
Come live with me poor boy,

And happily your moments spend,

Sharing my Mother's Joy.

Philada 18[3?]4

C.F.

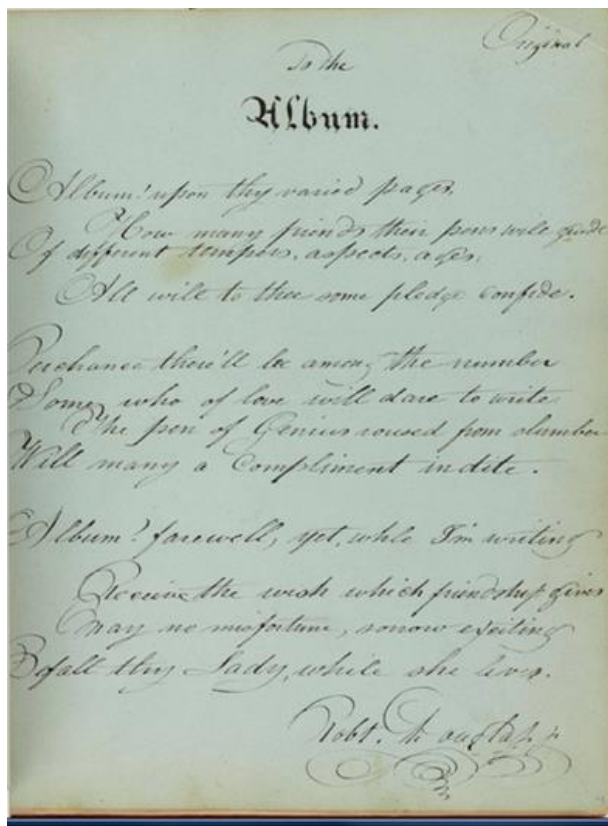


Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 3

Transcription:

When the grim lion urged his cruel chace,
When the stern panther, sought his midnight prey
What fate reserved me for this Christian race?
Grace more polished; more severe than they.
Shenstone "Copied by request RD."

Contributor probably Robert Douglass Jr.



Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 4

Transcription:

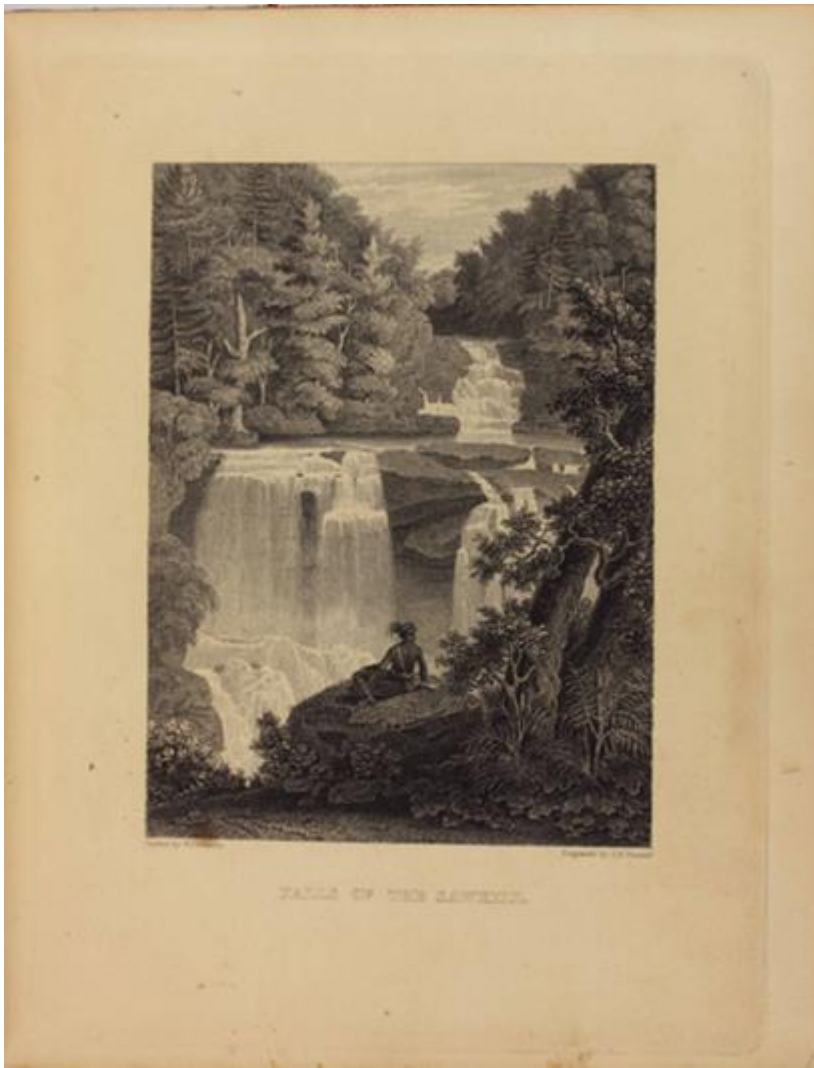
“Original”

“To the Album.”

Album! upon thy varied pages.
How many friends their pen will guide
Of different tempers, aspects, ages;
All will to thee some pledge confide.
Perchance there'll be among the number
Some who of love will dare to write
The pen of Genius roused from slumber
Will many a compliment indite.

Album? farewell, yet, while I'm writing
Receive the wish which friendship gives
May no misfortune, sorrow exciting
Befall thy Lady, while she lives.

Robt. Douglass Jr.



FALLS OF THE SAWKILL.

Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 7

Transcription:

“Falls Of The Sawkill.”

Plate originally published in William Cullen Bryant, *The American Landscape* (New York: Elam bliss, 1830).

RETROSPECTION

How time has mellowed all our infant joys
Surrounding them, with halos soft and warm
As the rich tints which sunset, on an evg
Of early summer, like a lovely veil,
O'er all the landscape sheds, and tufted hills,
And valleys green and still, and silver streams,
Are beaming joy as heavenly and pure
As the first smile earth wore, the day she came,
Stainless and fresh, from her Creator's hand,
Henrietta.

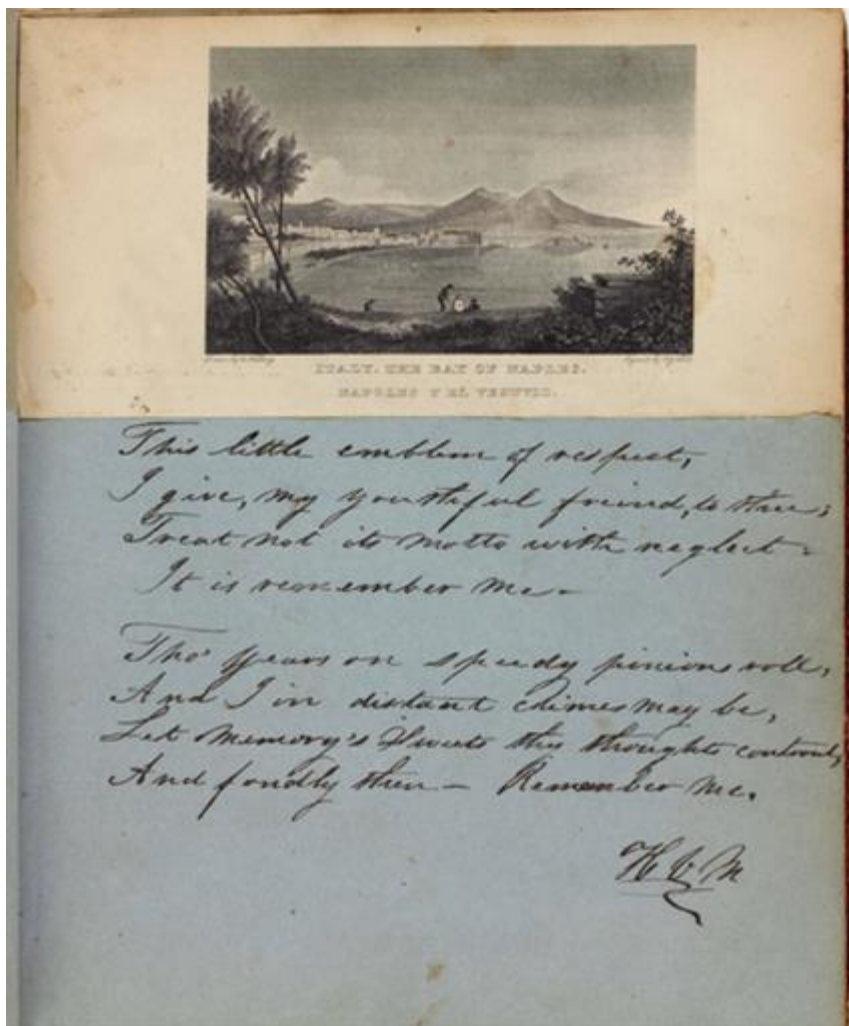
Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 9

Transcription:

Retrospection

How time has mellowed all our infant joys
Surrounding them, with halos soft and warm
As the rich [tints?] which sunset, on an evg
Of early summer, like a lovely veil,
O'er all the landscape sheds, and [tufted?] hills,
And valleys green and still, and silver streams,
Are beaming joy as heavenly and pure
As the just smile earth wore, the day she came,
Stainless and fresh, from her Creator's hand,

Signed Henrietta,



Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 13

Transcription:

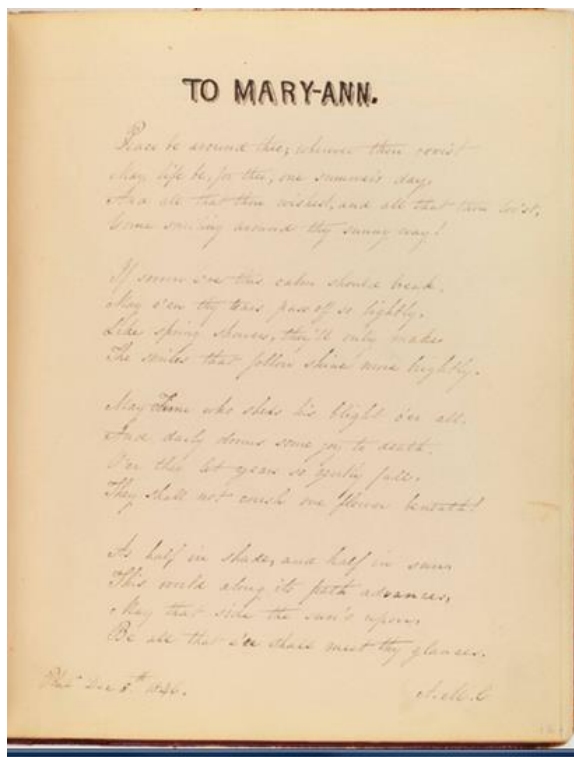
"Italy, the Bay of Naples."

"Naples Vel Vesuvio."

"This little emblem of respect,
I give, my youthful friend, to thee;
Treat not its motto with neglect:
It is remember me.

Tho' years on speedy [pinions?] roll,
And I im distant [times?] may be,
Let memory's sweets thy thoughts [control?]
And fondly then . Remember me,

[H. V. M.?)



Mary Anne Dickerson Album, p. 16

Transcription:

TO MARY-ANN.

Peace be around thee; wherever thou [move'st?]
May, life be, for thee, one summer's day,
And all that there wished, and all that thou [lov'st?],
Come smiling around thy sunny way!

If sorrow [e've?] this calm should break,
May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death.
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath!

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

Phila Dec 8th 1846.

A.M.C. Amy Matilda Cassey

Note: Scholar Mary Maillard suggests this poem alludes to Mary Ann's upcoming marriage to John A. Jones on December 24, 1846