

## Josh Ritter "Another New World"

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The leading light of the age all wondered amongst  
themselves what I would do next  
After all that I'd found in my travels around  
the world was there anything else left?  
"Gentlemen", I said, "I've studied the maps"  
"And if what I'm thinking is right"  
"There's another new world at the top of the world"  
"For whoever can break through the ice"

I looked round the room in that way I once had  
and I saw that they wanted belief  
So I said "All I've got are my guts and my God"  
then I paused, "and the Annabelle Lee"  
Oh the Annabelle Lee, I saw their eyes shine  
the most beautiful ship in the sea  
My Nina, My Pinta, My Santa Maria  
My beautiful Annabelle Lee

That spring we set sail as the crows waved from shore  
and on board the crew waved their hats  
But I never had family just the Annabelle Lee  
so I didn't have cause to look back  
I just set the course north and I studied the charts  
and toward dark I drifted toward sleep  
and I dreamed of the fine deep harbor I'd find  
past the ice for my Annabelle Lee

After that it got colder the world got quiet  
it was never quite day or quite night  
And the sea turned the color of sky turned the color  
of sea turned the color of ice  
'Til at last all around us was fastness  
one vast glassy desert of arsenic white  
And the waves that once lifted us

sifted instead into drifts against Annabelle's sides

The crew gathered closer at first for the comfort  
but each morning would bring a new set  
of the tracks in the snow leading over the edge  
of the world 'til I was the only one left  
After that it gets cloudy but it feels like I lay there

for days maybe for months  
But Annabelle held me the two of us happy  
just to think back on all we had done

We talked of the other worlds we'd discover  
as she gave up her body to me  
And as I chopped up her mainsail for timber  
I told her of all that we still had to see  
As the frost turned her moorings to nine-tail  
and the wind lashed her sides in the cold  
I burned her to keep me alive every night  
in the lover's embrace of her hold

I won't call it rescue what brought me here back to  
the old world to drink and decline  
And to pretend that the search for another new world  
was well-worth the burning of mine  
But sometimes at night in my dreams comes the  
singing  
of some known tropical bird  
And I smile in my sleep thinking Annabelle Lee  
has finally made it to another new world

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