OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont. Music from "Minstrel Boy," by G. W. C.

Our Pilgrim Fathers where are they? The waves that brought them o'er,
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they break a long the shore;

As they roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the

May flower moored be low; When the
And with storms, the sea around was black
white the shore with snow.