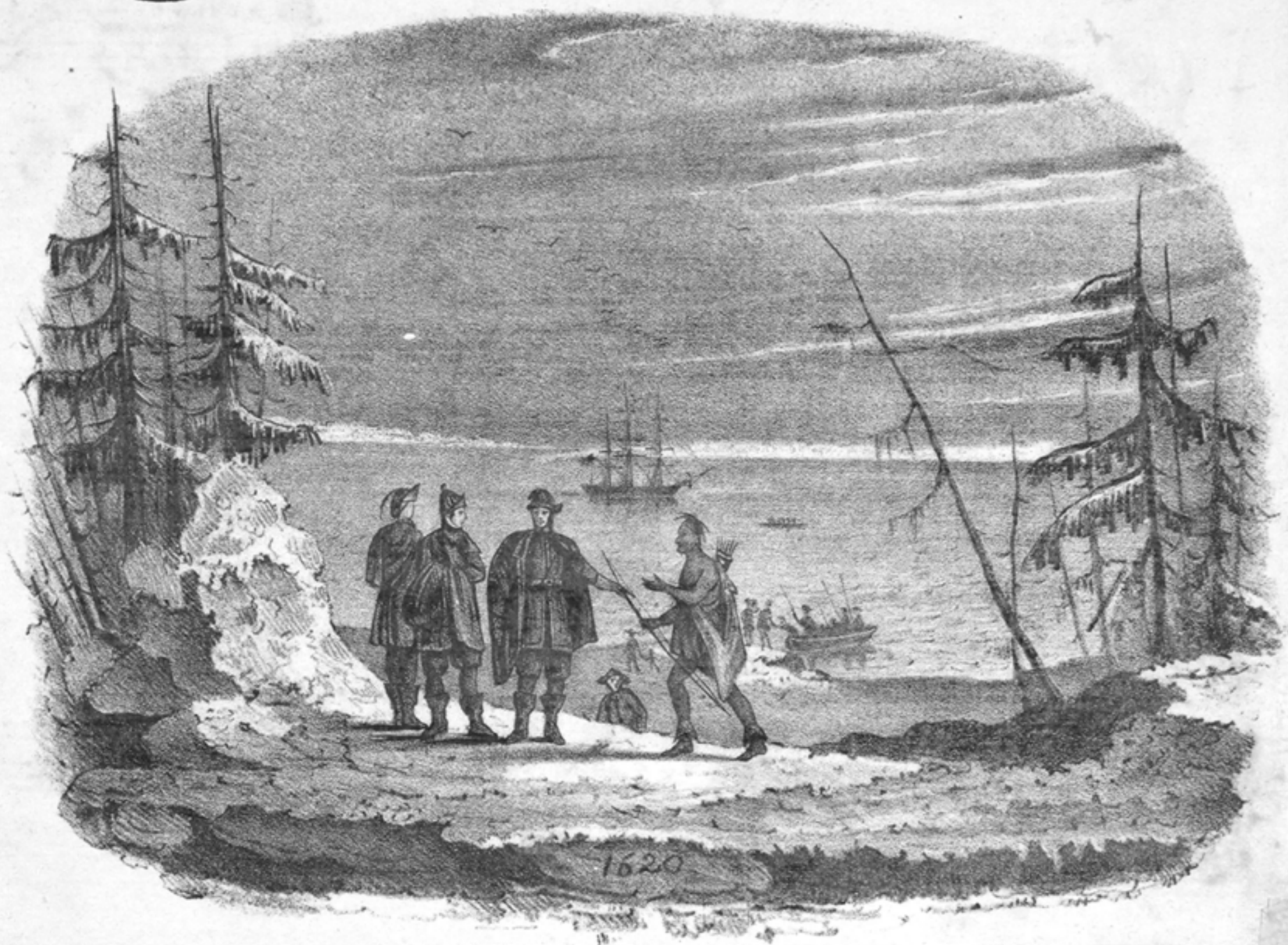


New Edition.

THE PILGRIMS' LEGACY



"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP,"

"A STATE WITHOUT A KING."

As Sung at the Broadway Tabernacle Feb^y 26th 1844.

NEW YORK .

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THE PILGRIMS' LEGACY.

SOLO.

The May Flower, on New England's coast, has furld her tattered sail, And
through her chaf'd and moaning shrouds De-cember's breezes wail; Yet on that i-ey deck be-hold a
meek but dauntless band, Who, for the right to worship God, have left their na-tive land;

Chorus
Base.

And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glorious boon they bring, A
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glorious boon they bring, A
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glorious boon they bring, A Church without a Bish-op,
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glorious boon they bring, A Church without a Bish-op,

State without a King, A Church without a Bishop, a State without a King.

State without a King, A Church without a Bishop, a State without a King.

A Church without a Bishop, a State without a King.

A Church without a Bishop, a State without a King.

ff

2

Those daring men, those gentle wives—say, wherefore do they come?
 Why rend they all the tender ties of kindred and of home?
 'Tis heaven assigns their noble work, man's spirit to unbind;—
 They come not for themselves alone—they come for all mankind;
 And to the empire of the West this glorious boon they bring,
 A Church without a Bishop—a State without a King.

3

Then Prince, and Prelate, hope no more to bind them to your sway,
 Devotion's fire inflame their breasts, and freedom points their way;
 And, in their brave hearts' estimate, 'twere better not to be,
 Then quail beneath a despot, where the soul cannot be free;
 And therefore o'er the wintry wave, those exiles come to bring
 A Church without a Bishop—a State without a King.

4

And still their spirit, in their sons, with freedom walks abroad,
 The Bible is our only creed—our only monarch, God!
 The hand is raised—the word is spoke—the solemn pledge is given,
 And boldly on our banner floats, in the free air of heaven,
 The motto of our sainted sires—and loud we make it ring—
 A Church without a Bishop—a State without a King.