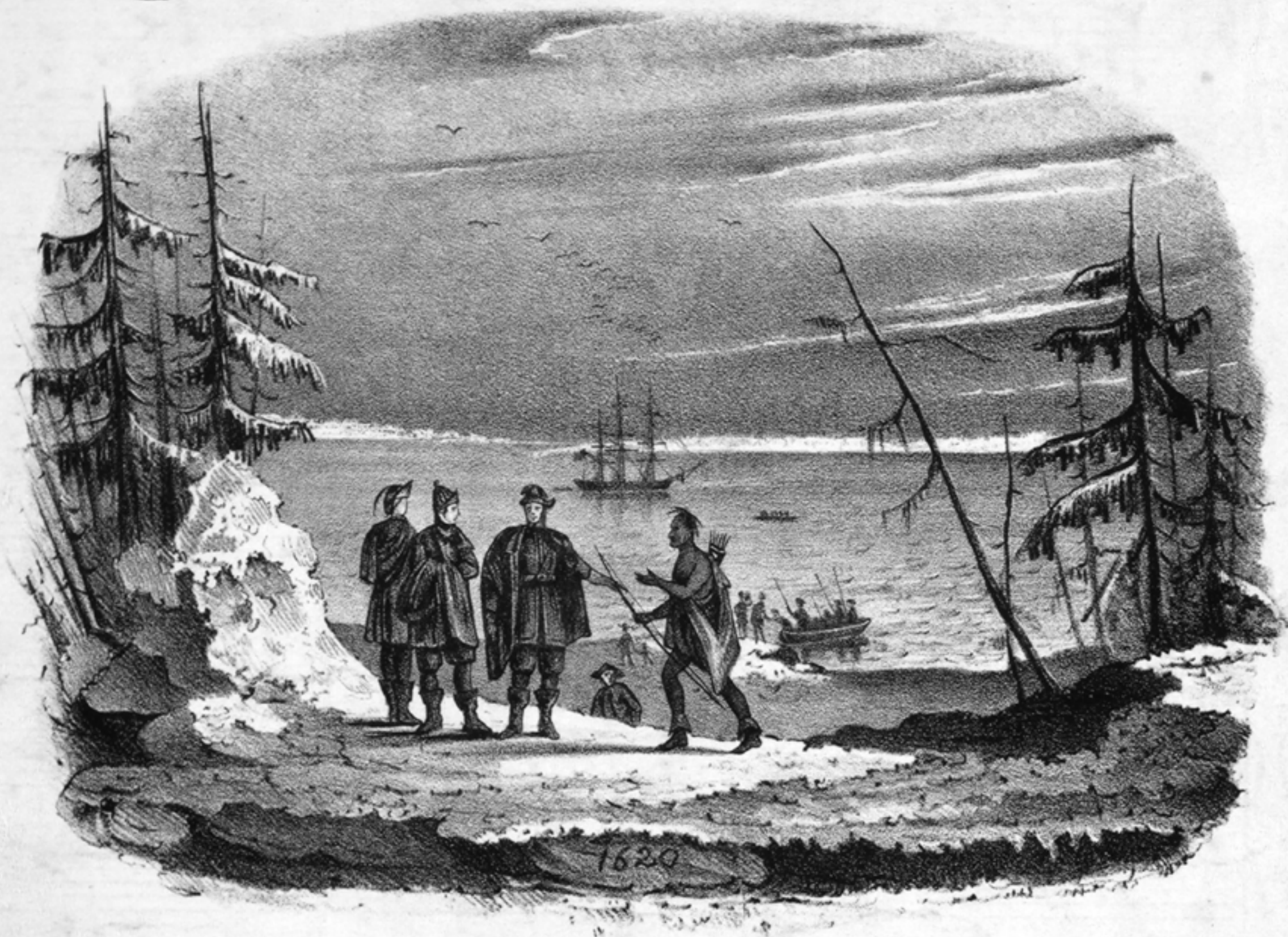


# THE PILGRIMS' LEGACY,



"A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP,"

"A STATE WITHOUT A KING."

As Sung at the Broadway Tabernacle, Feb<sup>y</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 1844.

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# THE PILGRIMS' LEGACY.

**SOLO.**

The May-Flower, on New England's coast, has furl'd her tattered sail, And

through her chaf'd and moaning shrouds Dec-ember's breezes wail; Yet on that i-cy deck be-hold a

meek but daunt-less band, Who, for the right to wor-ship God, have left their na-tive land;

**CHORUS.**

**Base.**  
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glo-rious boon they bring, A

**Tenor.**  
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glo-rious boon they bring, A

**2nd Treble.**  
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glo-rious boon they bring, A Church without a Bish-op,

**Air.**  
And to a drea-ry wil-der-ness this glo-rious boon they bring, A Church without a Bish-op,



State with-out a King, A Church with-out a Bish - - - op, a State with-out a King.

State with-out a King, A Church with-out a Bish - - - op, a State with-out a King.

A Church with-out a Bish - - - op, a State with-out a King.

A Church with-out a Bish - - - op, a State with-out 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 bend them to your sway,  
 Devotion's fire inflames their breasts, and freedom points their way;  
 And, in their brave hearts' estimate, 'twere better not to be,  
 Than 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.