

Lanham

The Landing of The Pilgrim Fathers In New England

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky -
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark,
On the wild New England shores.

Not as the Conqueror comes,
They the truehearted came,
Not with the roll of sterling drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come, *in*
In silence and in fear,
They shook the depths of the desert gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the stars they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding isles of the dim wood rang,
To the Anthem of the free.

Sanjam

The Ocean eagle soared,
From his nest by the white waves foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest wared,
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band,
Why had they come to whither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep loves truth,
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of the seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained what there they found,
The freedom to worship God.