

# OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont.

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

Our Pil - grim Fath - ers where are they? The  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they

waves that brought them o'er,  
break a - long the shore; } Still

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

May - flower moored be - low; When the

sea a - round was black with storms, And

white the shore with snow.