

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd ;
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 shore.

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What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

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