

PILGRIM HYMN

Oh God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

—LEONARD BACON.

EMIGRANT'S HYMN

We crossed the prairies as of old
Our fathers crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free.
The homestead of the free, my boys,
The homestead of the free;
To make the West as they the East
The homestead of the free.

No pause nor rest save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our pilgrims gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun.
We'll tread the prairies as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HOLY NIGHT

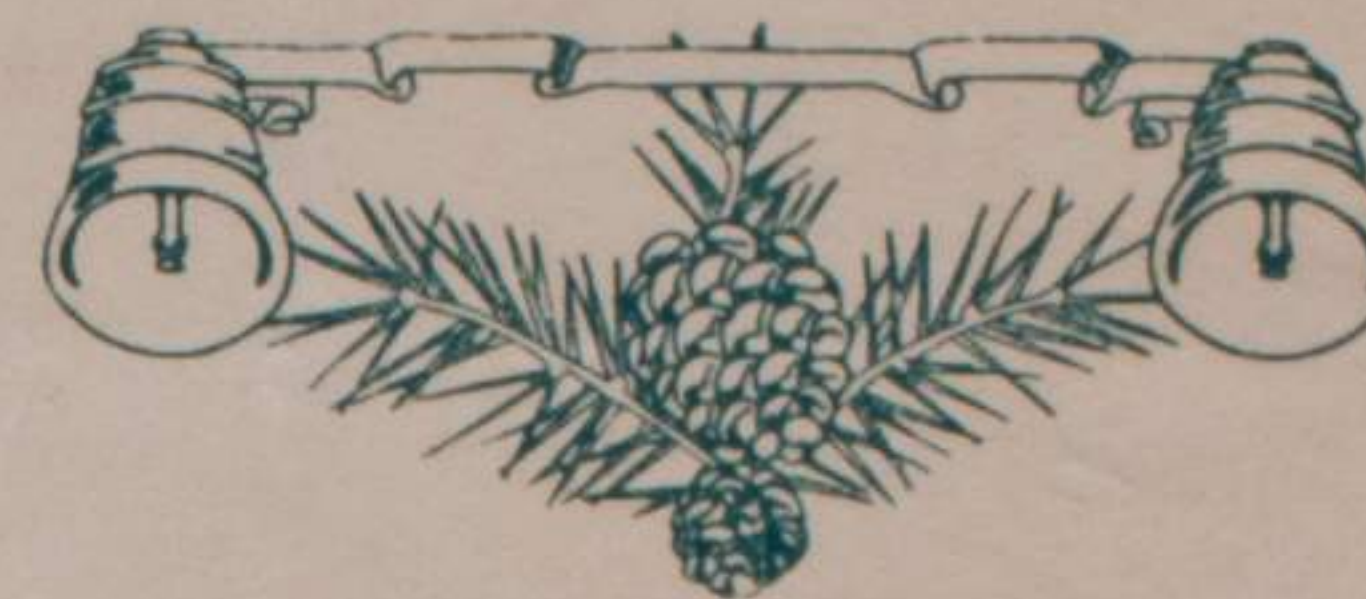
Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon virgin mother and child
Holy infant, so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake, at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Savior is born.

—JOSEPH MOHR.

Sons and Daughters of New England

Lawrence, Kansas



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