



To Don
from
Grandma
Ballantyne

Fannie Ballmill
of

Pallantyne.

is reading
this book.

a like to read
it is so good
~~this~~ this book
is being read
by ~~her~~

A COLLECTION

OF

~~SELECTED Hymns~~

FOR

THE USE OF ALL SAINTS.

Selected by a Committee in a Branch of
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST,
OF
Latter Day Saints.

AUSTIN:

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SACRED HYMNS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 1. L. M.

- 1 An angel came down from the mansions of glory,
And told that a record was hid in Cumorah,
Containing the fulness of Jesus' gospel;
And also the cov'nant to gather his people.
O Israel! O Israel!
In all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord,
When you hear these glad tidings.
- 2 A heavenly treasure; a book full of merit:
It speaks from the dust by the power of the Spirit:

A voice from the Saviour than saints can rely on
To watch for the day when he brings again Zion

O Israel! O Israel!

In all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord

When you hear these glad tidings.

3 Listen, O isles, and give ear ev'ry nation,
For great things await you in this generation:
The kingdom of Jesus, in Zion shall flourish;
The righteous will gather; the wicked must perish.

O Israel! O Israel!

In all your abidings,
Prepare for your Lord

When you hear these glad tidings.

HYMN 2. L. M.

1 When earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all man's precepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain:

2 A voice commissioned from on high;
Hark, hark, it is the angel's cry,
Descending from the throne of light,
His garments shining clear and white.

3 He comes the gospel to reveal
In fulness, to the sons of men;
Lo! from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will.

4 Translated by the power of God,
His voice bears record to his word;
Again an angel did appear,
As witnesses do record bear.

5 Restored the priesthood, long since lost,
In truth and power as at the first,
Thus men commissioned from on high,
Came forth and did repentance cry:

6 Baptizing those who did believe,
That they the spirit might receive,
In fulness as in days of old,
And have one shepherd and one fold.

SECOND PART.

7 Ye Gentile nations, cease your strife,
And listen to the words of life;
Turn from your sins with one accord,
Prepare to meet your coming Lord.

8 Let Judah's remnants far and near,
The glorious proclamation hear,
For Israel and the Gentiles too,
The way to Zion shall pursue.

9 Their voices and their tongues employ
In songs of everlasting joy;
The mountains and the hills rejoice,
Let all creation hear his voice.

10 From north to south, from east to west,
In thee all nations shall be bless'd,
When Abram and his seed shall stand
Unnumber'd on the promised land.

HYMN 3. 4-6s. & 2-8s.

1 An angel from on high,
The long, long silence broke—
Descending from the sky,
Those gracious words he spoke:
Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill
A sacred record lies concealed;

2 Seal'd by Moroni's hand,
It has for ages slept,

To wait the Lord's command,
From dust again to speak:
It shall come forth to light again,
To usher in Messiah's reign.

3 It speaks of Joseph's seed,
And makes the remnant known—
Of nations long since dead,
Who once had dwelt alone;
The fulness of the Gospel, too,
Its pages will reveal to view.

4 The time is now fulfilled—
The long expected day:
Let earth obedient yield,
And darkness flee away:
Open the seals, and wide unfurl
Its light and glory to the world.

5 Lo! Israel, fill'd with joy,
Shall now be gathered home;
Their wealth and means employ,
To build Jerusalem:
While Zion shall arise and shine,
And fill the earth with truth divine.

HYMN 4. P. M.

1 The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
 The latter day glory begins to come forth;
 The visions and blessings of old are returning;
 The angels are coming to visit the earth.
 We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies of
 heaven:
 Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
 Let glory to them in the highest be given,
 Henceforth and forever: amen, and amen.

2 The Lord is extending the saints' understand-
 ing—
 Restoring their judges and all as at first;
 The knowledge and power of God are expanding.
 The veil o'er the earth is beginning to burst.
 We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

3 We call in our solemn assemblies, in spirit,
 To spread forth the kingdom of heaven abroad,
 That we through our faith may begin to inherit
 The visions, and blessings, and glories of God.
 We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

4 We'll wash and be wash'd, and with oil be
 anointed,

Withal not omitting the washing of feet:
 For he that receiveth his PENNY appointed,
 Must surely be clean at the harvest of wheat.
 We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

5 Old Israel that fled from the world for his free-
 dom,
 Must come with the cloud and the pillar, amain.
 A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead him,
 And feed him on manna from heaven again.
 We'll sing and we'll shout, &c.

6 How blessed the day when the lamb and the
 lion
 Shall lie down together without any ire;
 And Ephraim be crown'd with his blessing in
 Zion,
 As Jesus descends with his chariots of fire!
 We'll sing and we'll shout with His armies of
 heaven;
 Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb!
 Let glory to them in the highest be given,
 Henceforth and forever: amen, and amen.

HYMN 5. C. M.

1 The glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall come,

She shall arise and shine on high,
 Clear as the morning sun.
 The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's strong pillars bend;
 Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
 All glorious shall descend.

2 The King who bears the golden crown,
 The azure flaming bow,
 The holy city shall bring down,
 To bless his saints below.
 When Zion's bleeding, conq'ring King,
 Shall sin and death destroy,
 The morning stars together sing,
 And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy bright musician band,
 Shall tune their harps of gold,
 With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
 Fair Salem to behold.
 Descending with such melting strains,
 Jehovah's name adore:
 Such notes through earth's extensive plains,
 Were never heard before!

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
 Ye fiends of darkness fly;
 Tho' saints are feeble, weak and poor,

Their great Redeemer's nigh;
 He is their shield—their hiding place,
 A covert from the wind—
 A shady rock of boundless grace,
 Throughout this weary land.

5 The chrystal streams run down from heav'n,
 They issue from the throne,
 The floods of strife away are driv'n,
 The church becomes but one.
 That peaceful union she shall know,
 And live upon his love;
 And shout and sing of grace below,
 As angels do above!

HYMN 6. L. M.

1 The tow'rs of Zion soon shall rise
 Above the clouds, and reach the skies;
 Attract the gaze and wond'ring eyes
 Of all that worship, gloriously.

2 The saints shall see the city stand
 Upon this consecrated land,
 And Israel, numerous as the sand,
 Inherit it eternally.

3 O, that the day would hasten on,
When wickedness shall all be gone,
And saints and angels join in one,
To praise the Man of Holiness.

4 Then shall the veil of heaven rend,
And the Son Aw-man will descend,
A vast eternity to spend
In perfect peace and righteousness.

5 Exalt the name of Zion's God!
Praise ye his name in songs aloud;
Proclaim his majesty abroad,
Ye banner-bearing messengers:

6 Cry to the nations far and near,
To come and in the glories share,
That on mount Zion will appear,
When earth shall rest from wickedness.

HYMN 7. 11s.

1 Thy beautiful garments, O Zion! assume,
The day star hath risen, thy path to illumine;
Thy night hath been dreary, but joyous the morn,
No longer sit mourning, afflicted—*forlorn*.

2 Thy sons from afar, and thy daughters among,
Triumphant return, and require a new song,
They've bow'd low their heads, and their harps
were nustrung,
While long on the willows neglected they hung.

3 In robes of salvation thou'rt made to rejoice;
Come, sing of his righteousness, lift up thy voice!
Lo! thousands of harps, with thy voices shall
join,
For God is thy glory, arise thou and shine!

4 Thy walls are salvation, thy gates are all praise,
Thou'lt need not the sun, or the moon's paler rays,
Thy God is a light everlasting to thee,
Released from thy bondage, behold! thou art free!

5 Thy watchmen are stationed, with banners displayed,
Thy walls to defend—they're in armor arrayed;
They cease not to cry in the strength of their
might,
"Come, joy in salvation, and bask in its light!"

6 Then haste through thy gates, thou below'd of
the Lord,
Who hath sworn by his strength, his unchangeable
word,

That thou should'st to kingdoms and nations give
 birth—
 Thy glory become a sweet praise in the earth.

HYMN 8. C. M.

1 Rejoice! ye Saints of Latter Days,
 Lift up your heads and sing;
 With one accord unite to praise,
 Your Everlasting King.

2 No more in darkness need you walk,
 Or tread in error's night,
 For the Most High again has spoke
 The darkness into light.

3 The Holy Spirit is sent down,
 Like as in days of old,
 To bring to mind things that are past,
 And things to come unfold.

O may it rest upon us now,
 While we're assembled here,
 Bring consolation to our souls
 Our drooping spirits cheer.

5 O may it ever guide our feet,
 In ways of righteousness,

That we may be accounted meet
 To dwell in blessedness.

6 And may the glorious light of truth,
 Shine through the world below,
 And heavenly blessings, peace and love,
 On all mankind bestow.

HYMN 9. L. M.

1 The happy day has rolled on,
 The glorious period now has come,
 The Angel sire has come again,
 To introduce Messiah's reign.

2 The gospel trump again is heard,
 The truth from darkness has appear'd;
 The lands, which long in darkness lay,
 Have now beheld a glorious day.

3 The day by prophets long foretold;
 The day which Abraham did behold;
 The day that saints desired long,
 When God his strange work would perform.

4 The day when saints again should hear
 The voice of Jesus in their ear,

And angels who above do reign,
Come down to converse hold with men.

HYMN 10. P. M.

- 1 This earth shall be a blessed place,
To saints celestial given,
Where Christ again shall show his face,
With the redeem'd of Adam's race,
In clouds descend from heaven.
- 2 Yes, when he comes on earth again,
The wicked burn as stubble;
Thus all his enemies are slain,
And o'er the nations he shall reign,
And end the scenes of trouble.
- 3 The trump of war is heard no more,
But all their strife is ended,
While Jesus shall all things restore
To order, as they were before,
And peace o'er all extended.
- 4 Sing, O ye heavens! let earth rejoice,
While saints shall flow to Zion,
And rear the temple of his choice,
And in its courts unite their voice,
In praise to Judah's Lion.

5 Hosanna to the reign of peace,
The day so long expected,
When earth shall find a full release,
The groanings of creation cease,
The righteous well protected.

6 Come, sound his praise in joyful strains,
Who dwell beneath his banner:
He'll bind old Satan fast in chains,
And wide o'er earth's extended plains
The nations shout Hosanna.

HYMN 11. 11s.

- 1 The time long appointed is now drawing near,
Jehovah's anointed will shortly appear,
When the great Messiah returning to earth,
Will cleanse it by fire, from evil and death.
- CHORUS.
- Oh then we'll rejoice, and exulting we'll sing,
And join in the triumph of Jesus our King;
He'll reign universal all over the earth,
And cleanse it from evil, from sorrow, and death.
- 2 Messiah is coming! O hear the glad news,
And soon be returning ye scatter'd Jews.

From every nation, when you hear his word,
Accept of salvation and come to the Lord.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

3 Behold your Messiah! no longer a Lamb,
To bleed and expire for poor guilty man,
But now Judah's Lion majestic appears,
To reign in Mount Zion a thousand blest years.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

4 Messiah is coming! let all the world hear,
The trumpet is sounding, he soon will appear,
Great Babylon falling no more to arise,
Shall give place to Zion, that comes from the skies

Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

5 Messiah is coming! the saints shall arise
From the tomb, and behold him descend from the
skies;

Their souls reunited, they then will appear,
All greatly delighted and meet in the air.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, &c.

6 Messiah is coming! we hail the glad day,
To see him returning we'll watch and we'll pray,
For that blessed morning when earth is restor'd,
That general burning, the power of God.

Oh! then we'll rejoice, and exulting we'll sing,
And join in the triumphs of Jesus our King,
Who reigns universal all over the earth,
Now cleansed from evil, from sorrow and death.

HYMN 12. L. M.

1 What wond'rous things we now behold,
Which were declar'd from days of old,
By prophets, who, in vision clear,
Beheld those glories from afar.

2 The visions which Almighty God,
Confirm'd by his unchanging word,
That to the ages then unborn,
His greatest work he would perform.

3 The second time he'd set his hand
To gather Israel to their land,
Fulfil the cov'nants he had made,
And pour his blessings on their head.

4 When Moab's remnant, long oppress'd,
Should gather'd be and greatly blest;
And Ammon's children, scatter'd wide,
Return with joy, in peace abide.

5 While Elam's race, a feeble band,
 Receive a share in the blest land ;
 And Gentiles, all their power display
 To hasten on the glorious day.

6 Then Ephraim's sons, a warlike race,
 Shall haste in peace and see their rest,
 And earth's remotest parts abound,
 With joys of everlasting sound.

7 Assyria's captives long since lost,
 In splendor come a numerous host ;
 Egyptia's waters fill'd with fear,
 Their power feel and disappear.

8 Yes, Abram's children now shall be
 Like sand in number by the sea ;
 While kindreds, tongues, and nations all
 Combine, to make the numbers full.

9 The dawning of that day has come,
 See ! Abram's sons are gath'ring home,
 And daughters too with joyful lays,
 Are hast'ning here to join in praise !

10 O God, our Father, and our King,
 Prepare our voices and our theme ;

Let all our powers in one combine,
 To sing thy praise in songs divine.

HYMN 13. P. M.

1 Let Zion in her beauty rise ;
 Her light begins to shine,
 Ere long her King will rend the skies,
 Majestic and divine.
 The gospel's spreading through the land,
 A people to prepare,
 To meet the Lord and Enoch's band,
 Triumphant in the air.

2 Ye heralds sound the gospel trump,
 To earth's remotest bound ;
 Go spread the news from pole to pole,
 In all the nations round,
 That Jesus in the clouds above,
 With host of angels too,
 Will soon appear his saints to save,
 His enemies subdue.

3 But ere that great and solemn day,
 The stars from heav'n will fall,
 The moon be turned into blood,
 The waters into gall,

The sun with blackness will be cloth'd,
 All nature look affright!
 While men, rebellious wicked men,
 Gaze heedless on the sight.

4 The earth shall reel, the heavens shake,
 The sea move to the north;
 The earth roll up like a scroll,
 When God's command goes forth;
 The mountains sink, the valleys rise,
 And all become a plain,
 The islands, and the continents
 Will then unite again.

5 Alas! the day will then arrive,
 When rebels to God's grace,
 Will call for rocks to fall on them,
 And hide them from his face;
 Not so with those who keep his law,
 They joy to meet their Lord
 In clouds above, with them that slept
 In Christ, their sure reward.

6 That glorious rest will then commence
 Which prophets did foretell,
 When Christ will reign with saints on earth,
 And in their presence dwell

A thousand years: O glorious day!
 Dear Lord prepare my heart,
 To stand with thee, on Zion's mount,
 And never more to part.

7 Then when the thousand years are past,
 And Satan is unbound,
 O Lord preserve us from his grasp,
 By fire from heav'n sent down,
 Until our great last change shall come,
 T' immortalize this clay,
 Then we in the celestial world,
 Will spend eternal day.

HYMN 14. P. M.

1 Ye ransom'd of the Lord,
 To Zion now return,
 And seek a safe abode
 Before the wicked burn:
 The year of Jubilee draws near,
 Jesus in clouds will soon appear.

2 Let Israel now return
 Unto their ancient home,
 Possess the Holy Land,
 And build Jerusalem,

And there await the jubilee,
They shall the King of Glory see.

3 Let Gentiles throng the way
To Zion's happy land,
Those who the truth obey
Shall in his presence stand,
Shall shine with the celestial light,
And walk with Jesus Christ in white.

4 Let Joseph's remnants come
To the celestial hill,
And throng the house of God,
And learn to do his will,
That Zion may arise and shine
With light celestial and divine.

5 Let saints in every clime
Their waiting hearts prepare;
From every tribe and tongue,
To Zion's mount repair.
The marriage of the Lamb is near,
The great Bridegroom will soon appear.

HYMN 15. P. M.

1 Come all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord:

His ransom'd are returning,
According to his word.
In sacred songs, and gladness,
They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them
To see the latter day.

2 Come, ye dispers'd of Judah,
Join in the theme, and sing
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended
(On which the world may gaze)
To gather up the righteous,
In these, the latter days.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you,
Wherever you are found;
And call you back from bondage,
That you may sing his praise
In Zion and Jerusalem,
In these, the latter days.

4 Then gather up for Zion,
Ye saints, throughout the land,

And clear the way before you,
 As God shall give command :
 Tho' wicked men and devils
 Exert their power, 'tis vain,
 Since he who is Eternal,
 Has said you shall obtain.

HYMN 16. P. M.

- 1 Now we'll sing with one accord,
 For a prophet of the Lord,
 Bringing forth his precious word,
 Cheers the saints as anciently.
- 2 When the world in darkness lay,
 Lo, he sought the better way,
 And he heard the Saviour say,
 "Go and prune my vineyard, son !"
- 3 And an angel surely, then,
 For a blessing unto men,
 Brought the priesthood back again,
 In its ancient purity.
- 4 Even Joseph he inspires ;
 Yea, his heart he truly fires,

With the light that he desires
 For the work of righteousness.

- 5 And the Book of Mormon, true,
 With its cov'nant ever new,
 For the Gentile and the Jew,
 He translated sacredly.
- 6 The commandments to the church,
 Which the saints will always search,
 (Where the joys of heaven perch,)
 Came through him from Jesus Christ.
- 7 Precious are his years to come,
 While the righteous gather home,
 For the great Millennium,
 Where he'll rest in blessedness.
- 8 Prudent in this world of woes,
 He will triumph o'er his foes,
 While the realm of Zion grows
 Purer for eternity.

HYMN 17. P. M.

- 1 Come ye children of the kingdom,
 Sing with me for joy to-day ;

Gather round, as Christ's disciples,
Kneel with grateful hearts and pray.

2 There's a line contained in Matthew
What the Saviour said to John,
And the sacred words from heav'n,
This is my beloved Son.

3 As 'twas said to Nicodemus,
So I must be born again ;
'Tis by water and the Spirit,
I the promise may obtain.

4 So I will obey the Saviour,
Keep his law and do his will,
That I may enjoy forever,
Happiness on Zion's hill.

HYMN 18. P.M.

1 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be,
Thy commission we rely on,
We will follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,

We, who know the great salvation,
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue ;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

HYMN 19. L. M.

1 In Jordan's tide the prophet stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews ;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse :
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heav'ns ! your Maker lies
In decps, conceal'd from human view ;
Ye men behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you :
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo ! from yonder op'ning skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread !

Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head ;
 Amaz'd they see the power divine
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.

4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore !
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song !
 "This is my well-beloved Son ;
 I see, well pleas'd, what he hath done."

5 Thus the Eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod ;
 Through parting skies the accents broke
 And bid us hear the Son of God :
 O, hear the awful word to-day ;
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey.

HYMN 20. P. M.

1 Salem's bright King, Jesus by name,
 In ancient times to Jordan came
 All righteousness to fill ;
 'T was there the ancient prophet stood,
 Whose name was John, a man of God,
 To do his Master's will.

2 The holy Jesus did demand
 His right to be baptized then,
 The prophet gave consent ;
 On Jordan's banks they did appear,
 And lo, John and his Master dear,
 Then down the bank they went.

3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream
 The prophet led the holy Lamb,
 And there did him baptize :
 Jehovah saw his darling Son,
 And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,
 And own'd him from the skies.

4 The op'ning heav'n now complies,
 The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,
 Down from the courts above ;
 And on the holy, heav'nly Lamb,
 The Spirit lights and does remain,
 In shape like a fair dove.

5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,
 The echoing voice from glory flies—
 O, children, hear ye him ;
 Hark ! 'tis his voice, behold, he cries,
 Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd,
 And wash away your sin.

6 Come, children, come, his voice obey,
Salem's bright King has mark'd the way,
And has a crown prepar'd ;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

7 Believing children gather round,
And let your joyful songs abound,
With cheerful hearts arise ;
See ! here is water, here is room,
A loving Savior calling, come,
O children, be baptized.

8 Behold, his servant waiting stands,
With willing heart and ready hands
To wait upon the Bride :
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,
And let us join in solemn prayer,
Down by the water side.

HYMN 21. L. M.

1 Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our ransom'd souls again ;
The hateful lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 22. C. M.

1 In pleasure sweet here we do meet,
Down by the water side ;
And here we stand, by Christ's command,
To wait upon his bride.

2 Here we do bid the world farewell,
To practice his command ;
It is the road that leads to God,
The way to Canaan's land.

3 Now we will sing to Christ our King,
Our souls shall give him thanks,
Who came to Jordan unto John,
And went down Jordan's banks.

4 Come, sinners all, obey the call,
 "Repent and be baptized;"
 Forsake your sins, and follow him,
 Till you in glory rise.

5 We've found the road that leads to God,
 The way of holiness;
 We'll follow him where he has been,
 For all his paths are peace.

HYMN 23. C. M.

1 Thus was the great Redeemer plung'd
 In Jordan's swelling flood,
 To show he must be soon baptiz'd
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
 Beneath the yielding wave;
 Thus was his sacred body rais'd
 Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
 In thy own footsteps tread;
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
 Our ever-living head.

HYMN 24. C. M.

1 Father in heav'n, we do believe
 The promise thou hast made;
 The word with meekness we receive,
 Just as thy saints have said.

2 We now repent of all our sins,
 And come with broken hearts;
 And to thy cov'nant enter in,
 And choose the better part.

3 We'll now be buried in the stream,
 In Jesus' blessed name,
 And rise, while light shall on us beam,
 The Spirit's heav'nly flame.

4 O Lord, accept our humble pray'r,
 And all our sins forgive;
 New life impart from this good hour,
 And bid the sinner live.

5 Baptize us with the Holy Ghost,
 And seal us as thine own,
 That in thy kingdom we may stand,
 And with thy saints be one.

HYMN 25. L. M.

- 1 In ancient times a man of God
Came preaching in the wilderness ;
He did baptize in Jordan's flood,
Requiring fruits of righteousness.
- 2 Saying, Reform; the time's fulfilled;
The Son of God will soon appear;
Make straight his paths, and do his will,
For lo! his kingdom now is near.
- 3 I now immerse with water here,
For the remission of your sins;
But he shall send the Spirit's power
To witness to your souls within.
- 4 Thus was Messiah's way prepared,
When first he came unto his own;
And by this means, when he appear'd,
The ready bride her Saviour own'd.
- 5 E'en so, in this the latter day,
Before he comes on earth to reign,
His servants must prepare his way,
And all his paths make straight again.

- 6 Come; then, ye wand'ring sheep who stray,
Arise, return unto your fold;
Come, be immers'd without delay,
And thus pursue the paths of old.

HYMN 26. L. M.

- 1 Behold the great Redeemer comes
To bring his ransom'd people home;
He comes to save his scatter'd sheep,
He comes to comfort those who weep.
- 2 He comes all blessings to impart
Unto the meek and contrite heart;
He comes, he comes to be admired,
He comes to burn the proud with fire.
- 3 He comes to bless the humble poor,
He comes creation to restore,
He comes the earth to purify,
He comes, but not again to die.
- 4 He comes, he comes unto his own,
He comes to reign on David's throne;
He comes to stand on Zion's hill,
He comes the Scriptures to fulfil.

5 He comes to tread the wicked down,
 He comes the martyrs for to crown,
 He comes to dry the mourner's tears,
 He comes to reign a thousand years.

6 He comes on Olives Mount to stand,
 He comes all Israel to defend,
 He comes to lay the sinner low,
 He comes that Judah may him know.

7 He comes to show his hands and side
 He comes to wed his ready bride,
 He comes to reign as King of kings,
 He comes, let all creation sing.

HYMN 27. P. M.

1 Come all ye saints, who dwell on earth,
 Your cheerful voices raise,
 Our great Redeemer's love to sing,
 And celebrate his praise.

2 His love is great, he died for us,
 Shall we ungrateful be?
 Since he has mark'd a road to bliss,
 And said, "Come, follow me."

3 The straight and narrow way we've found,
 Then let us travel on,
 Till we in the celestial world
 Shall meet where Christ is gone.

4 And there we'll join the heav'nly choir,
 And sing his praise above;
 While endless ages roll around,
 Perfected by his love.

HYMN 28. C. M.

1 Daughter of Zion, from the dust,
 Exalt thy fallen head,
 Again in thy Redeemer trust;
 He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake—awake!—put on thy strength—
 Thy beautiful array;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls—thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth;
 Say to the south—"Give up thy charge,
 And keep not back, O north!"

4. They come! they come—thine exile'd bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

HYMN 29. P. M.

1 Awake, O ye people! the Saviour is coming;
He'll suddenly come to his temple, we hear;
Repentance is needed of all that are living;
To gain them a lot of inheritance there.
To-day will soon pass, and that unknown to-
morrow,
May leave many souls in a more dreadful sorrow,
Than came by the flood, or that fell on Gomorrah,
Yea, weeping and wailing, and gnashing of-teeth.

2 Be ready, O islands, the Saviour is coming;
He'll bring again Zion the prophets declare;
Repent of your sins, and have faith in redemption,
To gain you a lot of inheritance there.

A voice to the nations in season is given,
To show the return of the glories of Eden,
And call the elect from the four winds of heav'n,
For Jesus is coming to reign on the earth.

HYMN 30. L. M.

1 Awake! ye saints of God! awake,
Call on the Lord in mighty pray'r,
That he will Zion's bondage break,
And bring to nought the fowler's snare.

2 He will regard his people's cry—
The widow's tear—the orphan's moan;
The blood of those that slaughter'd lie,
Pleads not in vain before his throne.

3 Though Zion's foes have counsel'd deep,
Although they bind with fetters strong;
The God of Jacob does not sleep—
His vengeance will not slumber long.

4 Then let your souls be stay'd on God;
A glorious scene is drawing nigh:
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, though fierce, will soon pass by.

5 Our God in judgment will come near,
His mighty arm he will make bare;
For Zion's sake he will appear,
Then Oh! ye saints! awake, prepare!

6 Awake to union and be one,
Or, saith the Lord, you are not mine;
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the saints, in union join.

HYMN 31. P. M.

1 Adieu, my dear brethren, adieu,
Reluctant we give you the hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on mount Zion shall stand.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in our mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight we remove.

3 Our hearts swell with tender regret,
And sigh at each parting embrace,
While heaven our course must direct,
And others succeed in our place.

4 When journ'ing the gospel to preach,
Our course among strangers we steer,
Repentance and faith we will teach,
To all that are willing to hear.

5 O Shepherd of Israel draw near!
Thy glorious presence display,
Our parting reflections to cheer,
And help us thy voice to obey.

6 Help us to refrain from each ill,
Press forward for glory and peace,
Our sacred engagements fulfil,
Till thou shalt command our release.

7 Then may we to Zion repair,
And wait our blest Master to see,
To spend the Millennium there,
From sin and from sorrow set free.

8 How cheerful the thoughts of that rest,
With Jesus our Saviour to reign,
Till we shall be chang'd with the blest,
And glory celestial obtain.

HYMN 32. P. M.

- 1 Farewell, our friends and brethren!
Here take the parting hand—
We go to preach the gospel
In ev'ry foreign land.
- 2 Farewell our wives and children,
Who render life so sweet—
Dry up your tears—be faithful
Till we again do meet.
- 3 Farewell ye scenes of childhood,
And fancies of our youth;
We go to combat error
With everlasting truth.
- 4 Farewell all carnal pleasure,
Which gilds the scenes of mirth,
Your days are surely number'd
To trouble man on earth.
- 5 Farewell, farewell our country—
Our home is now abroad,
To labor in the vineyard,
In righteousness for God.

6 The gallant ships are ready
To waft us o'er the sea,
To gather up the blessed,
That Zion may be free.

HYMN 33. P. M.

- 1 Glorious things are sung of Zion,
Enoch's city seen of old,
Where the righteous, being perfect,
Walked with God in streets of gold:
Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,
Grace and gifts, were all combin'd;
As himself each lov'd his neighbor,
All were of one heart and mind.
- 2 There they shunn'd the pow'r of Satan,
And observ'd celestial law,
For in Adam-ondi-Ahman,
Zion rose where Eden was;—
When beyond the power of evil,
So that none did covet wealth;
One continual feast of blessings
Crown'd their days with peace and health.
- 3 Then the tow'rs of Zion glitter'd,
Like the sun in yonder skies,

And the wicked stood and trembled,
 Fill'd with wonder and surprise;
 Then their faith and works were perfect,
 Lo, they follow'd their great head,
 So the city went to heav'n,
 And the world said ZION'S FLED!

4 When the Lord returns with Zion,
 And we hear the watchmen cry,
 Then we'll surely be united,
 And we'll all see eye to eye,
 Then we'll mingle with the angels,
 And the Lord will bless his own;
 Then the earth will be as Eden,
 And we'll know as we are known.

HYMN 34. P. M.

1 This earth was once a garden place,
 With all her glories common;
 And men did live a holy race,
 And worship Jesus face to face,
 In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

2 We read that Enoch walk'd with God,
 Above the pow'r of Mammon:

While Zion spread herself abroad,
 And saints and angels sung aloud
 In Adam-ondi-Ahman.

3 Her land was good and greatly blest,
 Beyond old Israel's Canaan:
 Her fame was known from east to west;
 Her peace was great, and pure the rest
 Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

4 Hosanna to such days to come—
 The Saviour's second coming—
 When all the earth in glorious bloom
 Affords the saints a holy home
 Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.

HYMN 35. P. M.

1 The gallant ship is under way,
 To bear me off to sea,
 And yonder float the streamers gay,
 That say she waits for me.
 The seamen dip their ready oar,
 As ebbing waves oft tell—
 They bear me swiftly from the shore:
 My native land farewell.

- 2 I go, but not to plough the main
To ease a restless mind,
Nor do I toil on battle's plain
The victor's wreath to twine.
'Tis not for treasures that are hid
In mountain or in dell;
'Tis not for joys like these I bid
My native land farewell.
- 3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home;
I go the name of Christ to bear
In lands and isles unknown.
And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where darkness dwells,
Where light and truth have long since fled:
My native land farewell.
- 4 I go an erring child of dust
Ten thousand foes among;
Yet on His mighty arm I trust
That makes the feeble strong:
My sun, my shield, forever nigh—
He will my fears dispel:
This hope supports me when I sigh,
My native land farewell.

- 5 I go, devoted to his cause,
And to his will resign'd;
His presence will supply the loss
Of all I leave behind.
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,
To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—
My native land farewell.
- 6 I go, because my master calls—
He's made my duty plain:
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign!
And now the vessel's side we've made;
The sails their bosoms swell;
Thy beauties in the distance fade—
My native land farewell.

HYMN 36. 7s.

- 1 Go, ye messengers of heav'n,
Chosen by divine command;
Go and publish free salvation
To a dark benighted land.
- 2 Go to island, sea and mountain,
To fulfil the great command;

Gather out the sons of Jacob
To possess the promised land.

3 When your thousands all are gather'd,
And their prayers for you ascend,
And the Lord has crown'd with blessings
All the labors of your hand ;

4 Then the song of joy and transport,
Will from every land resound,
Then the heathen long in darkness
By their Saviour will be crown'd.

HYMN 37. C. M.

1 How will the saints rejoice to tell !
And count their sufferings o'er,
When they upon Mount Zion dwell,
And view the landscape o'er.

2 There they will see upon that land,
Fair Zion from above,
And meet with Enoch's holy band,
And sing redeeming love.

3 There, no more sickness, pain or woe,
Shall mar their peaceful rest,

For God shall wipe away their tears,
And comfort the oppress'd.

4 O may I see that glorious day !
And join with all the blest,
To sing aloud the Saviour's praise,
And enter into rest.

HYMN 38. C. M.

1 Joy to the world ! the Lord will come !
And earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And saints and angels sing.

2 Rejoice ! rejoice ! when Jesus reigns,
And saints their songs employ :
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more will sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He'll come and make the blessings flow
Far as the curse was found.

4 Rejoice ! rejoice ! in the Most High,
While Israel spread abroad,

Like stars that glitter in the sky,
And ever worship God.

HYMN 39. L. M.

1 Know then that ev'ry soul is free,
To choose his life and what he'll be;
For this eternal truth is given,
That God will force no man to heaven.

2 He'll call, persuade, direct him right,
Bless him with wisdom, love, and light,
In nameless ways be good and kind;
But never force the human mind.

3 Freedom and reason make us men:
Take these away, what are we then?
Mere animals, and just as well,
The beast may think of heaven or hell.

4 May we no more our pow'rs abuse,
But ways of truth and goodness choose;
Our God is pleas'd when we improve
His grace, and seek his perfect love.

5 It's my free will for to believe:
'Tis God's free will me to receive:

To stubborn willers this I'll tell,
It's all free grace, and all free will.

6 Those that despise, grow harder still;
Those that adhere, he turns their will:
And thus despisers sink to hell,
While those that hear in glory dwell.

7 But if we take the downward road,
And make in hell our last abode;
Our God is clear, and we shall know,
We've plunged ourselves in endless wo.

HYMN 40. P. M.

1 Let us pray, gladly pray,
In the house of Jehovah,
Till the righteous can say,
"O our warfare is over!"
Then we'll dry up our tears,
Sweetly praising together,
Through the great thousand years,
Face to face with the Saviour.

2 What a joy will be there,
At the great resurrection,

As the saints meet in air,
 In their robes of perfection;
 Then the Lamb—then the Lamb,
 With a God's mandatory,
As I AM THAT I AM,
 Fills the world with his glory.

3 We can then live in peace,
 With a joy on the mountains,
 As the earth doth increase,
 With a joy by the fountains;
 For the world will be blest,
 With a joy to rely on,
 From the east to the west,
 Through the glory of Zion.

HYMN 41. P. M.

1 Now let us rejoice in the day of salvation,
 No longer as strangers on earth need we roam;
 Good tidings are sounding to us and each nation,
 And shortly the hour of redemption will come:

2 When all that was promis'd the saints will be
 given,
 And none will molest them from morn until even,

And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
 And Jesus will say to all Israel: Come home!

3 We'll love one another and never dissemble,
 But cease to do evil and ever be one;
 And while the ungodly are fearing and tremble,
 We'll watch for the day when the Saviour shall
 come:

4 When all that was promis'd the saints will be
 given,
 And none will molest them from morn until even,
 And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
 And Jesus will say to all Israel: Come home!

5 In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah,
 To guide through these last days of trouble and
 gloom:
 And after the scourges and harvest are over,
 We'll rise with the just, when the Saviour doth
 come:

6 Then all that was promis'd the saints will be
 given,
 And they will be crown'd as the angels of heaven:
 And earth will appear as the garden of Eden,
 And Christ and his people will ever be one.

HYMN 42. P. M.

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow ;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here ;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew ?

3 No ! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace ;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat ;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends ;

Others the Lord, against their will
Employs, his counsels to fulfil.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong
His plan will not require them long :
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Oh ! awful thought, and is it so ?
Must all mankind the harvest know ?
Is every man a wheat or tare ?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

HYMN 43. P. M.

1 O stop and tell me, Red Man,
Who are ye ? why you roam ?
And how you get your living ?
Have you no God—no home ?

2 With stature straight and portly,
And deck'd in native pride,
With feathers, paints and broaches,
He willingly replied ;

3 "I once was pleasant Ephraim,
 "When Jacob for me pray'd.
 "But oh! how blessings vanish,
 "When man from God has stray'd!

4 "Before your nation knew us,
 "Some thousand moons ago,
 "Our fathers fell in darkness,
 "And wander'd to and fro.

5 "And long they've lived by hunting,
 "Instead of work and arts,
 "And so our race has dwindled
 "To idle Indian hearts.

6 "Yet hope within us lingers,
 "As if the Spirit spoke:
 "He'll come for your redemption,
 "And break your Gentile yoke:

7 "And all your captive brothers
 "From every clime shall come,
 "And quit their savage customs,
 "To live with God at home.

8 "Then joy will fill our bosoms,
 "And blessings crown our days,

"To live in pure religion,
 "And sing our Maker's praise."

HYMN 44. L. M.

1 Four generations shall not pass
 Until they'd turn from righteousness,
 The Nephite nation be destroyed,
 The Lamanites reject his word.

2 The gospel taken from their midst,
 The record of their fathers hid,
 They dwindle long in unbelief,
 And ages pass without relief.

3 Until the Gentiles from afar
 Should smite them in a dreadful war,
 And take possession of their land,
 And they should have no power to stand.

4 But as their remnants wander far,
 In darkness, sorrow, and despair,
 Lo! from the earth their record comes
 To gather Israel to their homes.

5 First to the Gentiles 'tis revealed,
 The prophecy must be fulfilled;

That they may know and understand
His gospel, and no more contend.

6 Hear, O ye Gentiles! and repent;
To you is this salvation sent;
God to the Gentiles lifts his hand
To gather Israel to their land.

HYMN 45. P. M.

1 O who that has search'd in the records of old,
And read the last scenes of distress;
Four and twenty were left who with Mormon
beheld,
While their nation lay mould'ring to dust.

2 The Nephites destroyed, the Lamanites dwelt
For ages in sorrow unknown;
Generations have pass'd, till the Gentiles at last
Have divided their lands as their own.

3 O who that has seen o'er the wide spreading
plain,
The Lamanites wander forlorn,
While the Gentiles in pride and oppression divide
The land they could once call their own.

4 And who that believes does not long for the
hour,
When sin and oppression shall cease,
And truth, like the rainbow, display through the
shower,
That bright written promise of peace.

5 O thou afflicted and sorrowful race,
The days of thy sorrow shall end;
The Lord has pronounced you a remnant of his,
Descended from Abra'm his friend.

6 Thy stones with fair colours most glorious shall
stand,
And sapphires all shining around;
Thy windows of agates in this glorious land,
And thy gates with carbuncles abound.

7 With songs of rejoicing to Zion return,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee;
The powers of heaven among ye come down,
And Christ in the centre will be.

8 And then all the watchmen shall see-eye to eye,
When the Lord shall bring Zion again;
The wolf and the kid down together shall lie,
And the lion shall dwell with the lamb.

9 The earth shall be fill'd with the knowledge of
 God,
 And nothing shall hurt or destroy,
 And these are the tidings we have to proclaim,
 Glad tidings abounding with joy.

HYMN 46. C. M.

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye scatter'd saints,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Our Saviour hears the orphan's plaints,
 The widows's mournful cry.
- 2 The blood of those who have been slain,
 For vengeance cries aloud;
 Nor shall its cries ascend in vain,
 For vengeance on the proud.
- 3 The signs in heaven and earth appear;
 And blood, and smoke, and fire;
 Men's hearts are failing them for fear,
 Redemption's drawing nigher.
- 4 Earthquakes are bellowing 'neath the
 ground,
 And tempests through the air;—

The trumpet's blast with fearful sound,
 Proclaims the alarm of war.

5 The saints are scattered to and fro,
 Through all the earth abroad;
 The gospel trump again to blow,
 And then behold their God.

6 Rejoice, ye servants of our God,
 Who to the end endure;
 Rejoice, for great is your reward,
 And your defence is sure.

7 Although this body should be slain
 By cruel, wicked hands;
 I'll praise my God in higher strains,
 And on Mount Zion stand.

8 Glory to God, ye saints rejoice,
 And sigh and groan no more,
 But listen to the Spirit's voice—
 Redemption's at the door.

HYMN 47. L. M.

1 Torn from our friends and captive led,
 'Mid armed legions bound in chains,

That peace for which our fathers bled,
Is gone, and dire confusion reigns.

2 Zion, our peaceful, happy home,
Where oft we join'd in praise and prayer,
A desolation has become,
And grief and sorrow linger there.

3 Her virgins sigh, her widows mourn,
Her children for their parents weep,
In chains her priests and prophets groan,
While some in death's cold arms do sleep.

4 Exultingly her savage foes,
Now ravage, steal, and plunder, where
A virgin's tears, a widow's woes,
Became their song of triumph there.

5 How long, O Lord, wilt thou forsake
The saints who tremble at thy word?
Awake, O arm of God, awake,
And teach the nations thou art God.

6 Descend with all thy holy throng,
The year of thy redeem'd bring near;
Haste—haste the day of vengeance on—
Bid Zion's children dry their tears.

7 Deliver, Lord, thy captive saints,
And comfort those who long have mourn'd;
Bid Zion cease her dire complaints,
And all creation cease to groan.

HYMN 48. L. M.

1 I have no home, where shall I go?
While I am left to weep below,
My heart is pain'd, my friends are gone,
And here I'm left on earth to mourn.

2 I see my people lying round,
All lifeless here upon the ground;
Young men and maidens in their gore,
Which does increase my sorrows more.

3 My father look'd upon this scene,
And in his writings has made plain,
How every Nephite's heart did fear,
When he beheld his foe draw near.

4 With axe and bow they fell upon
Our men and women, sparing none,
And left them prostrate on the ground;
Lo! here they now are bleeding round.

5 Ten thousand that were led by me,
Lie round this hill called Cumorah ;
Their spirits from their bodies fled,
And they are number'd with the dead.

6 Well might my father, in despair,
Cry, O ye fair ones, once how fair,
How is it that you've fallen? oh !
My soul is fill'd with pain for you.

7 My life is sought, where shall I flee ?
Lord, take me home to dwell with thee,
Where all my sorrow will be o'er,
And I shall sigh and weep no more.

8 Thus sang the son of Mormon, when
He gaz'd upon his Nephite men,
And women too, which had been slain,
And left to moulder on the plain !

HYMN 49. 6s & 7s.

2 When shall we all meet again ?
When shall we our rest obtain ?
When our pilgrimage be o'er—
Parting sighs be known no more !

When mount Zion we regain,
There may we all meet again.

2 We to foreign climes repair,
Truth, the message which we bear ;
Truth, which angels oft have borne—
Truth, to comfort those who mourn—
Truth eternal will remain :
On its rock we'll meet again.

3 Now the bright and Morning Star
Spreads its glorious light afar,—
Kindles up the rising dawn
Of that bright millennial morn,
When the saints shall rise and reign—
In the clouds we'll meet again.

4 When the sons of Israel come—
When they build Jerusalem—
When the house of God is rear'd,
And Messiah's way prepar'd—
When from heaven he comes to reign,
There may we all meet again.

5 When the earth is cleans'd by fire—
When the wicked's hopes expire ;

When in cold oblivion's shade
 Proud oppressors all are laid,
 Long will Zion's mount remain—
 There may we all meet again.

HYMN 50. 11s.

1 Ye slumbering nations who have slept a long
 night,

Without revelation or heavenly light,
 The latter day glory's beginning to dawn, [inorn.
 Awake from your dreaming and welcome the

2 Things unseen in darkness begin to unfold,
 As view'd by the ancients in visions of old, [hands,
 That stone from the mountain cut out without
 Becoming a kingdom to fill all the lands:

3 To every nation, and people, and tongue,
 A late revelation from heaven hath come,
 To all it is given, and all may behold
 The purpose of heaven concerning the world.

4 A last dispensation, let all the world hear,
 In every nation, that saints may prepare

For that revolution it shall undergo,
 The great restitution from evil and woe.

5 The call is from heaven, and hear it we must,
 "The first will be last, and the last will be first;"
 Go forth to the nations, and then to the Jews,
 Who soon will obey it when Gentiles refuse.

6 The Jews will Go forth, and the ten tribes shall
 come
 From a land in the north, to inherit their home,
 And kings shall protect them, and queens shall
 sustain
 Their national rights till Messiah's blest reign.

7 While Ephraim's lov'd children, who roam in
 the west,
 Shall gather round Zion, and with her be blest,
 When truth shall be given then peace will abound,
 And the kingdom of heaven on earth will be found.

HYMN 51. P. M.

1 Ye who are call'd to labor and minister for God,
 Blest with the royal priesthood, and called by his
 word,

To preach among the nations the news of gospel
grace,
And publish on the mountains salvation, truth
and grace.

2 O let not vain ambition or worldly glory stain
Your minds so pure and holy, but quit your-
selves like men
While lifting up your voices, like trumpets, long
and loud,
Say to the slumbering nations, "Prepare to meet
your God!"

3 Then cease from all light speeches, light mind-
edness and pride;
Pray always without ceasing; and in the truth
abide,
The Comforter will teach you—his richest bless-
ings send,
Your Saviour will be with you, always unto the

4 And while you roam as pilgrims, and strangers
on this earth; [forth;
O do not be discouraged, with songs of joy go
Rejoice in tribulation for your reward is sure,
Remember that your Saviour like sorrows did
endure.

5 Rich blessings do await you, and God will give
you faith,
You shall be crown'd with glory and triumph
over death, [sheaves,
And soon you'll come to Zion, bearing your many
No more to taste of sorrow, but glorious crowns
receive.

HYMN 52. P. M.

1 Zion's noblest sons are weeping;
See her daughters, bath'd in tears,
Where the Patriarch is sleeping,
Nature's sleep—the sleep of years.
Hush'd is every note of gladness—
Ev'ry minstrel's bow's full low—
Ev'ry heart is tun'd to sadness—
Ev'ry bosom feels the blow.

2 Zion's children lov'd him dearly;
Zion was his daily care;
That his loss is felt sincerely,
Thousand weeping saints declare;
Thousands, who have shar'd his blessing,
Thousands, whom his service bless'd,

By his faith and pray'rs suppressing
Evils, which their lives oppress'd.

3 Faith and works most sweetly blended,
Prov'd his steadfast heart sincere;
And the power of God attended
His official labors, here;
Long he stem'd the powers of darkness,
Like an anchor in the flood:
Like an oak amid the tempest,
Bold and fearlessly he stood.

4 Years have witness'd his devotions,
By the love of God inspir'd;
When his spirit's pure emotions,
Were with holy ardor fir'd.
Oft, he wept for suffering Zion—
All her sorrows were his own:
When she pass'd through grievous trials,
Her oppression weigh'd him down.

5 Now he's gone: we'd not recall him
From a paradise of bliss,
Where no evil can befall him;
To a changing world like this.
His lov'd name will never perish,
Nor his mem'ry crown the dust;

For the saints of God will cherish
The remembrance of the just.

6 Faith's sweet voice of consolation,
Sooths our grief: His spirit's flown
Upward to a holier station,
Nearer the celestial throne;
There to plead the cause of Zion,
In the council of the just—
In the court, the saints rely on,
Pending causes to adjust.

7 Though his earthly part is sleeping
Lowly, 'neath the prairie sod;
Soon the grave will yield its keeping—
Yield to life, the man of God.
When the heav'ns and earth are shaken—
When all things shall be restor'd—
When the trumpet of God shall waken,
Those that sleep in Christ the Lord.

HYMN 53. C. M.

1 But hark! and hear the joyful sound,
How grateful to the ear,

- A ransom for the lost is found,
A Saviour doth appear.
- 2 He meets Apolyon, lays him low,
In every deadly strife—
Becomes victorious o'er his foe;
And reigns the Prince of Life.
- 3 The pow'r of death and hell he breaks
His power and love to show—
The prison door asunder breaks,
And lets the captives go.
- 4 Then for this cause our body bends
Beneath the liquid wave,
In favor of our kindred friends
Who slumber in the grave.
- 5 That through the law the Prince doth give
All who obedient prove
Together on the earth may live,
When all is peace and love.
- 6 Thus then the dead we do baptize,
That when Christ comes again,
All Zion from beneath may rise,
And in his kingdom reign.

- 7 Then saints below, and saints above,
And saints on earth agree
To praise, in unison and love,
Our God, eternally.

HYMN 54. C. M.

Written by the Saints while coming over the Sea.

- 1 With darkness long we've been o'erwhelm'd
Upon proud Britain's land;
But now the Lord has call'd us forth
By His almighty hand.

CHORUS.

Across the sea we cheerfully go
Our kindred saints to see—
Blow gentle gales, fill ev'ry sail,
And waft us over the sea.

- 2 God sent His servants from afar
This joyful news to tell
That we might all be saved from sin,
And in his presence dwell.
Across the sea, &c.
- 3 They told us that the Lord designed
Poor Zion to restore,

And gather all her sons from afar,
That she might weep no more.
Across the sea, &c.

4 Long as the message we obey'd,
And realized its power—
To cross the mighty flood we then
Were longing every hour:
Across the sea, &c.

5 At length the time began to dawn
That we must haste away,
And gather up for Zion's land
To wait the perfect day.
Across the sea, &c.

6 Sectarians then breath'd out their scorn,
And said we soon should rue;
But trusting to the word of God,
We bid them all adieu.
Across the sea, &c.

7 We gave our friends the parting hand,
And relatives most dear—
They pour'd their blessings on our heads,
And dropp'd the parting tear.
Across the sea, &c.

8 But soon we hope to meet again
With those we loved before,
And dwell with them on Zion's land
In peace forever more.
Across the sea, &c.

HYMN 55. L. M.

The Seer, the Seer—Joseph the Seer—
I'll sing of the Prophet ever dear:
His equal now cannot be found
By searching the wide world around:
With Gods he soar'd in the realms of day,
And men they taught the heavenly way.
The earthly Seer; the heavenly Seer—
I love to dwell on his mem'ry dear:
The chosen of God and the friend of men,
He brought the priesthood back again;
He gazed on the past—on the present, too,
And open'd the heavenly world to view.

2 Of noble seed, of heavenly birth,
He came to bless the sons of earth;
With keys by the Almighty given
He opened the full rich stores of heaven;

O'er the world that was wrapp'd in sable night,
 Like the sun he shed his golden light :
 He strove, O how he strove to stay
 The stream of crime in its reckless way ;
 With a mighty mind and a noble aim
 He urged the wayward to reclaim ;
 Mid the foaming billows of angry strife
 He stood at the helm of the ship of life.

3 The saints, the saints, his only pride—
 For them he lived, for them he died ;
 Their joys were his—their sorrows, too,
 He lov'd the saints, he lov'd Nauvoo :
 Unchanged in death, with a saviour's love,
 He pleads their cause in the courts above.
 The Seer, the Seer—Joseph the Seer,
 O how I love his memory dear ;
 The just and wise, the pure and free,
 A father he was and is to me.
 Let fiends now rage in their dark hour—
 No-matter, he is beyond their power.

4 He's free, he's free—the Prophet's free—
 He is where he will ever be :
 Beyond the reach of mobs and strife,
 He rests unharmed in endless life :

His home's in the sky, he dwells with the Gods
 Far from the furious rage of mobs.
 He died, he died for those he lov'd,
 He reigns, he reigns in realms above ;
 He waits with the just who have gone before,
 To welcome the saints to Zion's shore :
 Shout ! shout, ye saints, this boon is given,
 We'll meet our martyr'd Seer in Heaven !

HYMN 56. P. M.

1 Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah,
 Jesus anointed that prophet and seer,
 Blessed to open the last dispensation—
 Kings shall extol him and nations revere.

CHORUS.

Hail to the prophet, ascended to heaven !
 Traitors and tyrants now fight him in vain,
 Mingling with God, he can plan for his brethren ;
 Death cannot conquer that hero again.

2 Great is his memory—he died as a martyr—
 Honor'd and bless'd be his ever great name ; [sins,
 Long shall his blood, which was shed by assas-
 Stain Illinois, while the earth lauds his fame.
 Hail to the prophet, ascended, &c.

3 Great is his memory and endless his priesthood,
 Ever and ever the keys he will hold ;
 Faithful and true he will enter his kingdom,
 Crowned in the midst of the prophets of old.
 Hail to the prophet, ascended, &c.

4 Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven :
 Earth must atone for the blood of that man ;
 Wake up the world for the conflicts of justice—
 Millions shall know brother Joseph again.
 Hail to the prophet, ascended, &c.

HYMN 57. P. M.

1 The trump for Israel's jub'l year
 From Zion sounds aloud we hear,
 To bid the wandering exiles come
 And find in Zion still a home.

2 Israel shall hear ; the thrilling sound
 Shall reach the earth's remotest bound,
 And gather to that holy land,
 Of Jacob's race, a faithful band.

3 Each exile tribe shall yet return ;
 Rejoice when Zion is their home,

And bow beneath Messiah's sway
 With willing hearts, his will obey.

HYMN 58. L. M.

1 O Lord, our Father, let thy grace
 Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race,
 Restore that long lost scattered band,
 And call them to their native land.

2 Their mis'ry let thy mercy heal,
 Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
 O God of Israel hear our pray'r,
 And grant that they thy love may share.

3 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
 The sad suspension of thy love,
 And shall thy wrath perpetual burn,
 And yet thou ne'er to them return?

4 Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
 Awake to joy each grateful heart,
 While Israel's rescued tribes in thee,
 Their bliss and full salvation see.

HYMN 59. P. M.

1 Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
 Saints upon the promised land,
 We are weak, but thou art able,
 Hold us with thy powerful hand;
 Holy Spirit,
 Feed us till the Saviour comes.

2 Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains—
 Let her richest blessings come;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Guard us in this holy home.
 Great Redeemer,
 Bring, O bring the welcome day!

3 When the earth begins to tremble,
 Bid our fearful thoughts be still;
 When thy judgments spread destruction,
 Keep us safe on Zion's hill,
 Singing praises,
 Songs of glory unto thee.

HYMN 60. P. M.

When Joseph his brethren beheld,
 Afflicted and trembling with fear,

His heart with compassion was fill'd,
 From weeping he could not forbear.

Awhile his behaviour was rough,
 To bring their past sins to their mind;
 But when they were humbled enough
 He hasten'd to show himself kind.

How little they thought it was he
 Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
 How great their confusion must be
 As soon as his name he had told!

"I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
 "And still to my heart you are dear;
 "You sold me, and thought I was dead,
 "But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

Though greatly distressed before,
 When charg'd with purloining the cup,
 They now were confounded much more,
 Not one of them dar'd to look up.

"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
 "Forgive us the evil we did?
 "And will he our households maintain?
 "O, this is a brother indeed!"

HYMN 61. I. M.

1 Before this earth from chaos sprung,
Or morning stars together sung,
Jehovah saw what would take place
In all the vast extent of space.

2 He spoke; this world to order came,
And men he made lord of the same;
Great things to them he did make known,
Which should take place in days to come.

3 Those holy men minutely told
What future ages would unfold—
Scenes God had purpos'd should take place,
Down to the last of Adam's race.

4 But we will pass those ancients by,
Who spoke and wrote by prophecy,
Until we come to him of old,
E'en Joseph, whom his brethren sold.

5 He said God would raise up a seer,
The hearts of Jacob's sons to cheer;
And gather them again in bands,
In latter days upon their lands.

6 This seer, like Moses, should obtain
The word of God for man again;
A spokesman God would him prepare,
His word, when written, to declare.

7 According to his holy plan,
The Lord has now rais'd up the man,
His latter-day work to begin,
To gather scatter'd Israel in.

8 This seer shall be esteemed high
By Joseph's remnants by and by,
He is the man who's call'd to raise
And lead Christ's church in these last days.

6 Now let the saints both far and near,
And scatter'd Israel, when they hear
This news, rejoice in Israel's God,
And sing and praise his name aloud.

HYMN 62. 7s. & 8s.

1 See the mighty angel flying!
See, he speeds his way to earth
To proclaim the blessed gospel,
And restore the ancient faith.

2 Hear, O men! the proclamation,
Cease from vanity and strife,
Hasten to receive the gospel,
And believe the words of life.

3 Soon the earth will hear the warning,
Then the judgments will descend;
Oh! before those days of sorrow
Make the Lord of Hosts your friend.

4 Then when dangers are around you,
And the wicked are distress'd,
You, with all the saints in Zion,
Shall enjoy eternal rest.

HYMN 63. P. M.

1 Hail the blest morn, when the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard, the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine, [ocean;
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

1 Adieu to honor, wealth and fame,
And every worldly pleasure:
I bid farewell to my good name,
For to obey my Saviour.

2 I covet not that high esteem
To which I did aspire:
My Saviour's love shall be my theme;
I care for nothing higher.

- 3 Yes, if I could advance his praise
By works of my performing
Among the Saints of latter days—
I would be called a "Mormon."*
- 4 Although they commonly are call'd
A poor deluded people:
Their prophets, priests, and teachers, all
Offscourings of the rabble.
- 5 And were not all the saints of old
Derided, by opposers
Of light, and truth, which did unfold,
From Adam, down to Moses?
- 5 Yes, all the holy prophets were
With Christ, and his apostles;
Accounted as these "Mormons" are
False prophets and impostors.
- 6 But truth is strong and will prevail,
For it proceeds from Heaven:
It always did, and ever shall—
By inspiration given.
- 7 And when it doth their systems rub,
Proud men become uneasy;

And call the master Beelzebub,
And all his servants crazy.

8 Thus all, in every age, who live
Godly, in Christ the Saviour;
Such base calumny shall receive
From those they cannot favor.

9 Nor think, as they would have them think;
Nor do as they are doing;
And blunder with them on the brink
Of everlasting ruin.

10 Men still love darkness more than light,
Because their deeds are evil;
And will declare that wrong is right,
Though it were from the devil.

11 That midnight, the old carnal mind,
Remains as dark as ever;
And all the blind that lead the blind
Fall in the ditch together.

12 Oh! how they earnestly contend,
And still sink in the mire!
Their broken systems cannot mend
Till purified by fire.

The assassination of Gens. Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith, first Presidents of the Church of Latter Day Saints: who were massacred by a mob, in Carthage, Hancock county, Ill., on the 27th June, 1844.

BY MISS ELIZA R. SNOW.

"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held:

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."—Rev. 6:—9, 10, 11.

Ye heav'ns attend! Let all the earth give ear!
 Let Gods' and seraphs, men and angels hear—
 The worlds on high—the universe shall know
 What awful scenes are acted here below!
 Had nature's self a heart, her heart would bleed;
 For never, since the Son of God was slain,
 Has blood so noble, flow'd from human vein,
 As that which now, on God for vengeance calls
 From "freedom's ground"—from Carthage prison
 walls!

Oh! Illinois! thy soil has drank the blood
 Of Prophets martyr'd for the truth of God.
 Once lov'd America! what can atone
 For the pure blood of innocence, thou'st sown?
 Were all thy streams in teary torrents shed,
 To mourn the fate of those illustrious dead;
 How vain the tribute, for the noblest worth
 That grac'd thy surface, O degraded Earth!

Oh wretched murd'ers! fierce for human blood!
 You've slain the prophets of the living God;
 Who've borne oppression from their early youth,
 To plant on earth the principles of truth.

Shades of our patriot fathers! Can it be,
 Beneath your blood-stain'd flag of liberty;
 The firm supporters of our country's cause,
 Are butcher'd while submissive to her laws?
 Yes, blameless men, defam'd by hellish lies,
 Have thus been offer'd as a sacrifice,
 To appease the ragings of a British clan,
 That has defied the laws of God and man!
 'Twas not for crime or guilt of theirs, they fell—
 Against the laws they never did rebel.
 True to their country, yet her plighted faith
 Has prov'd an instrument of cruel death!

Where are thy far-fam'd laws—Columbia! where
 Thy boasted freedom—thy protecting care?
 Is this a land of rights? Stern facts shall say,
 If legal justice here maintains its sway,
 The official pow'rs of State are sheer pretence,
 When they're exerted in the Saints' defence.

Great men have fall'n and mighty men have died;
 Nations have mourn'd their fav'rites and their
 pride;

But two, so wise, so virtuous, great and good,
 Before on earth, at once, have never stood
 Since the creation—men whom God ordain'd
 To publish truth where error long had reign'd;
 Of whom the world itself unworthy prov'd:
 It knew them not; but men with hatred mov'd,
 And with infernal spirits have combin'd
 Against the best, the noblest of mankind!

Oh, persecution! shall thy purple hand
 Spread utter destruction through the land?
 Shall freedom's banner be no more unfurled?
 Has peace indeed, been taken from the world?

Thou God of Jacob, in this trying hour
 Help us to trust in thy almighty pow'r;

Support thy Saints beneath this awful stroke—
 Make bare thine arm to break oppression's yoke.
 We mourn thy Prophet, from whose lips have
 flow'd

The words of life, thy spirit has bestow'd—
 A depth of thought, no human art could reach.
 From time to time, roll'd in sublimest speech,
 From the celestial fountain, through his mind,
 To purify and elevate mankind;
 The rich intelligence by him brought forth,
 Is-like the sun-beam, spreading o'er the earth.

Now Zion mourns—she mourns an earthly head:
 The Prophet and the Patriarch are dead!
 The blackest deed that men or devils know
 Since Calv'ry's scene, has laid the brothers low!
 One in their life, and one in death—they prov'd
 How strong their friendship—how they truly
 lov'd.

True to their mission, until death, they stood,
 Then seal'd their testimony with their blood.
 All hearts with sorrow bleed, and ev'ry eye
 Is bath'd in tears—each bosom heaves a sigh—
 Heart-broken widows' agonizing groans
 Are mingled with the helpless orphans' moans!

Ye Saints! be still, and know that God is just—
 With steadfast purpose in his promise trust.
 Girded with sackcloth, own his mighty hand;
 And wait his judgments on this guilty land!
 The noble martyrs now have gone to move
 The cause of Zion in the courts above.

Nauvoo, July 1, 1844.

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