HISTORIAN'S OFFICE
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
175 E. South Temple St.
Salt Lake City, Utah
A COLLECTION
OF
SACRED HYMNS,
FOR THE USE OF
THE LATTER DAY SAINTS.

SELECTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. C. LITTLE AND G. B. GARDNER.

BELLOWS FALLS:
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1844.
Scale, Signatures, Notes and Rests.

do ra mi fa sol la si do ra mi fa.

sol la si do ra mi fa sol la si do.

3 sharps or 4 flats.

1. The spirit of God like a fire is burning; The visions and blessings of old are returning: The

CHORUS.

latter day glory begins to come forth; angels are coming to visit the earth, We'll sing and we'll

shout with the armies of heaven; Hosanna, Hosanna to
2 The Lord is extending the saints' understanding—
    Restoring their judges and all as at first;
The knowledge and power of God are expanding,
    The vail 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 freedom,
   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 blessings in Zion,
   As Jesus descends with his chariots of fire!
     We'll sing and we'll shout with his armies, &c.

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No. 2. Glorious Things. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, ci-ty of our
   He whose word cannot be broken, Chose thee for his own a-
   With salvation's wall surrounded, Thou may'st smile on all thy
   God;
   bode: 2. Ont he rock of Enoch founded; What can shake thy sure repose?
   foes.
3 See the stream of living waters,
    Springing from celestial love,
    Well supply thy sons and daughters,
    And all fear of drought remove:

4 Who can faint, while such a river
    Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which like the Lord, the giver,
    Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hov'ring,
    See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
    Showing that the Lord is near:

6 Thus deriving from their banner,
    Light by night and shade by day;
Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit,
    Which He gives them when they pray.

7 Bless'd inhabitants of Zion,
    Purchas'd with the Savior's blood!
Jesus whom their souls rely on,
    Makes them kings and priests to God.

8 While in love his people raises,
    With himself to reign as kings;
All, as priests, his solemn praises,
    Each for a thank offering brings.

9 Savior, since of Zion's city
    I through grace a member am;
Though the world despise and pity,
    I will glory in thy name.

10 Fading are all worldly treasures,
    With their boasted pomp and show!
Heavenly joys and lasting pleasures
    None but Zion's children know.
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
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
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
On land where darkness dwells,
Where light and truth have long since
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.
And when my pilgrim feet shall tread
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell,
To exil'd pilgrims grace imparts—
My native land, farewell. [fled,
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.
No. 4. Though in the outward. 8s. 6 or 8 lines.

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?

For soon the reaping time, &c.

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.

For soon the reaping time, &c.

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.

For soon the reaping time, &c.

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.

For soon the reaping time, &c.

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.

For soon the reaping time, &c.

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.

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

No. 5. Now let us rejoice. 12 11 12 11.

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
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 Savior 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 Savior 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.
No. 6. The Glorious Day.  C. M.

1. The glorious day is rolling on—All glory to the Lord!
When fair as at creation's dawn The earth will be restor'd.

2. A perfect harvest then will crown The renovated soil; And
rich abundance drop around, Without corroding toil.
3 For in its own primeval bloom,
    Will nature smile again;
And blossoms streaming with perfume,
    Adorn the verdant plain.

4 The saints will then, with pure delight,
    Possess the holy land;
And walk with Jesus Christ in white,
    And in his presence stand.

5 What glorious prospects! can we claim
    These hopes, and call them our's?
Yes, if through faith in Jesus' name,
    We conquer satan's pow'rs.

6 If we, like Jesus bear the cross—
    Like him despise the shame;
And count all earthly things but dross,
    For his most holy name.

7 Then while the powers of darkness rage,
    With glory in our view,
In Jesus' strength let us engage,
    To press to Zion too.

8 For Zion will like Eden bloom;
    And Jesus come to reign—
The saints immortal from the tomb
    With angels meet again.
No. 7. Jesus and shall it ever be. L. M.

Jesus and shall it ever be! A mortal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days. Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far Let
evening blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine O'er

3 Asham'd of Jesus!—Just as soon Let midnight be asham'd of noon; 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend! No. When I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! Yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away, No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain— Till then I'll boast a Savior slain! And, O may this my glory be, That Christ is not asham'd of me!
No. 8. Awake ye that slumber. 4 lines 11s.

Awake ye that slumber, arise from the dust! Awake! gird your armor, in God put your trust; Th' sword of the spirit be firm in your grasp, The hope of salvation your brows shall inclasp.
2 Awake! wield the armor that God hath prepar'd,
The rights of the poor and defenceless to guard;
Rear the standard of truth, let your motto be love,
And show by your conduct, the wisdom above.

3 Awake! for the tyrant your home doth invade,
And the joys of your fireside in sadness are laid;
Arise, and the heart of the bigot shall fail,
And the legions of error no longer prevail.

4 Awake! and bid bigotry flee from the world,
And fell superstition to darkness be hurl'd,
Let creeds and tradition before you recede,
And nothing the conquests of truth shall impede.

5 Awake from your slumbers! 'tis duty that calls—
'Tis duty that bids you to guard Zion's wall!
Will ye sleep when oppression hath marshall'd her clan
To crush to the earth the bright prospects of man?

6 Awake! will ye slumber while charity pleads!
And religion from fends hypocritic still bleeds?
Will ye sleep while her altars are reeking with gore,
And the life-blood of victims unceasingly pour?

7 Awake from your slumbers! oh, why will you sleep,
While the daughters of Zion in sadness must weep!
Will you patiently yield your vile necks to the yoke,
Nor rise in your strength 'gainst the tyrants proud stroke?

8 Awake! then, ye sleepers, how can you forbear?
And the badge of submission eternally wear?
Arise! for the welfare of man is stake
Awake from your slumbers, ye sleepers awake.
No. 9. Lord we come before thee. 7s.

Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow;

O! do not our suit disdain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.

4 Grant we all may seek, and find,
Thee our gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.
No. 10. There is an hour.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given: There is a

tear for souls distressed, A balm for ev'ry wounded breast—
'Tis found alone—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
   By sins and sorrows driven;
   When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
   Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
   And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
   The heart with anguish riven;
   It views the tempest passing by,
   Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
   And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
   And joys supreme are given;
   There rays divine disperse the gloom;
   Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,
   Appears the dawn—of heaven.
No. 11. Let Zion in her beauty. 8s. & 6s.

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 hosts of angels too,
Will soon appear his saints to save,
   His enemies subdue.

3 But ere that great and solemn day,
   The stars from heaven 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 as 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.

No. 12. This Earth was once. 8 7 8 8 7.

This earth was once a garden place, with all her glo-
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 great, and pure the rest
   Of Adam-ondi-Ahman.

4 Hosannah to such days to come—
   The Savior's second coming—
   While all the earth in glorious bloom,
   Affords the saints a holy home
   Like Adam-ondi-Ahman.
No. 13. Lord thou hast search'd.  L. M.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro', Thine eye commands with piercing view, My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh, with

2  My thoughts, before they are my own
   Are to my God distinctly known:
   He knows the words I mean to speak,
   Ere from my opening lips they break.

3  Within thy circling power I stand,
   On every side I find thy hand:
   Awake—asleep—at home—abroad,
   I am surrounded still with God.

4  Amazing knowledge!—vast and 5  O may these thoughts possess my breast,
   What large extent! what lofty height! Where'er I rove—where'er I rest;
   My soul, with all the powers I boast, Nor let my weaker passions dare
   Is in the boundless prospect lost.  Consent to sin—for God is there.
No. 14. And are we yet alive. S. M.

1. And are we yet alive, And see each other's face?

Preserv'd by pow'r divine To full salvation here,

Glory and praise to Jesus give For his redeeming grace!

Again in Jesus' praise we join, And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last?
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
3 Then let us make our boast
   Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
   Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
   Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
   So we may Jesus gain.

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No. 15. How pleas’d and blest. 6 6 8 6 6 8.

How pleas’d and bles’t was I, To hear the people cry, “Come

let us seek our God to-day!” Yes with a cheerful zeal, We’ll
2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round!
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell;"
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.
No. 16. The great and glorious. S. M.

The great and glorious gospel light: Has usher'd forth into my sight,

Which in my soul I have receiv'd, Which in my soul I have receiv'd,
2 With saints below and saints above,  
I'll join to praise the God I love;  
Like Enoch, too, I will proclaim,  
A loud hosannah to his name.

3 Hosannah, let the echo fly  
From pole to pole, from sky to sky,  
And saints and angels, join to sing,  
Till all eternity shall ring.

4 Hosannah, let the voice extend,  
Till time shall cease and have an end;  
Till all the throngs of heav'n above,  
Shall join the saints in songs of love.

5 Hosanna, let the trump of God,  
Proclaim his wonders far abroad,  
And earth, and air, and skies, and seas,  
Conspire to sound aloud his praise.
No. 17. Who are these. 8 lines 7s.

Who are these array'd in white, Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Foremost of the sons of light; Nearest the eternal throne?

These are they who bore the cross, Nobly for their Master stood;
2 Out of great distress they came,
   Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
   Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
   Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
   God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
   Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their suff'ring past,
   Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
   From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
   Region of eternal day.

4 He who on the throne doth reign,
   Them the Lamb shall always feed.
With the tree of life sustain,
   To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
   All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
   Fill up ev'ry soul with love.
No. 18. From Greenland's icy. 7 6 7 6 7 6.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down thier golden sand;

From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
O God th'eternal Father, Who dwells amid the sky,

In Jesus's name we ask thee To bless and sanctify,

(If we are pure before thee,) This bread and cup of wine;
2 That sacred holy off'ring,
By man least understood,
To have our sins remitted,
And take his flesh and blood.
That we may ever witness,
The suff'ring of thy Son,
And always have his Spirit
To make our hearts as one.

3 When Jesus, the anointed,
Descended from above,
And gave himself a ransom
To win our souls with love;
With no apparent beauty,
That men should him desire,
He was the promis'd Savior,
To purify with fire.

4 How infinite that wisdom,
The plan of holiness,
That made salvation perfect,
And vail'd the Lord in flesh,
To walk upon his footstool,
And be like man, (almost),
In his exalted station,
And die—or all was lost!

5 'T was done—all nature trembled!
Yet, by the pow'r of faith,
He rose as God triumphant,
And broke the bands of death :
And, rising conqu'rer, "captive
He led captivity;"
And sat down with the Father
To fill eternity.
6 He is the true Messiah,
That died and lives again;
We look not for another,
He is the Lamb 't was slain;
He is the Stone and Shepherd
Of Israel—scatter'd far;
The glorious Branch from Jesse:
The bright and Morning Star.

7 Again, he is that Prophet
That Moses said should come,
Being raised among his brethren,
To call the righteous home,
And all that will not hear him,
Shall feel his chast'ning rod,
Till wickedness is ended,
As saith the Lord our God.

8 He comes, he comes in glory,
(The vail is vanish'd too,)
With angels, yea our fathers,
To drink this cup anew—
And sing the songs of Zion
And shout—'Tis done, 'tis done!
While every son and daughter
Rejoices—we are one.

No. 20. Jesus shall reign. L. M.

Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun, Doth his suc-
cessive journies run: His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
   And praises throng to crown his head;
   His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
   With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
   Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
   And infant voices shall proclaim
   Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
   The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
   The weary find eternal rest,
   And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
   Peculiar honors to our King:
   Angels descend with songs again
   And earth repeat the loud Amen.
No. 21. All hail the power of

All hail the pow' r of Jesus name! Let angels prostrate

fall: Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of

all—Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
2 Crown him, you martyrs of our God,
   Who from his altar call:
   Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
   And crown him Lord of all.

3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
   A remnant weak and small!
   Hail him who saves you by his grace,
   And crown him Lord of all.

4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
   The wormwood and the gall;
   Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
   And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
   Who feel your sin and thrall;
   Now joy with all the hosts above,
   And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
   On this terrestrial ball,
   To him all majesty ascribe,
   And crown him Lord of all.

7 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
   We at his feet may fall:
   We'll join the everlasting song,
   And crown him Lord of all.
No. 22.  In ancient days.  L. M.

In ancient days men fear'd the Lord, And by their faith receiv'd his word, Then God bestow'd upon the meek, The Priesthood of Melchizedek.
2 By help of this their faith increas'd,
   Till they with God spoke face to face:
   An Enoch, he would walk with God;
   A Noah ride safe o'er the flood.

3 Abraham obtained great promises,
   And Isaac he was also blest,
   A Jacob could prevail with God;
   The sea divide at Moses' rod.

4 The lions' mouth a Daniel clos'd,
   The fire ne'er scorch'd his brethren's clothes,
   But time would fail to mention all
   The men of faith, I'll just name Paul.

5 Who did to the third heavens arise,
   And view the wonders of the skies;
   He saw and heard mysterious things,
   Yet all by faith, and not by wings.

6 Such blessings to the human race,
   Once more are tender'd by God's grace;
   The Priesthood is again restor'd,
   For this let God be long ador'd.

7 Now we by faith, like Paul and John,
   May see the Father and the Son,
   And view eternal things above,
   And taste the sweets of boundless love.

8 And if, like them, we hated be,
   Depriv'd sometimes of liberty,
   We will like them, this faith defend,
   Whate'er our fate, unto the end.

9 O Lord assist thy feeble worms,
   This resolution to perform,
   And we thy sacred name will praise,
   Throughout the remnant of our days.
No. 23. Yes, my native land.

Yes, my native land, I love thee, All thy

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee—Far in

scenes I love them well, Friends, connexions

distant lands to dwell?

hap-py country! can I bid you all farewell!

D. C.
2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
    Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
    Can I—can I say, farewell?
    Can I leave thee—
    Far in distant lands to dwell?

3 Holy scenes of joy and gladness,
    Ev'ry fond emotion swell,
Can I banish heart-felt sadness
    While I bid my home farewell?
    Can I leave thee—
    Far in distant lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
    From the scenes I love so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
    Lovely, native land, farewell!
    Pleas'd I leave thee—
    Far in distant lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
    On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Savior—
    To redeem a world from hell!
    Let me hasten—
    Far in distant lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
    Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
    While I go far hence to dwell,
    Glad I bid thee,—
    Native land,—Farewell—Farewell.
No. 24. How firm a foundation. 11s.

How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his excellent word; What

more can he say than to you he hath said?
2 In every condition—in sickness in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, so thy succor shall be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismay'd!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design,
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never, no, never forsake!"
No. 25. From the regions. P. M.

From the regions of glory an angel descended, And

...told the strange news how the babe was attended: Go shepherds and

visit this heavenly stranger; Beneath that bright star, there's your
HYMNS.

CHORUS.

Lord in a manger! Hallelujah to the Lamb, whom our souls may re-
ly on; We shall see him on earth, When he brings again Zion.

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each nation;
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation;
Arise all ye pilgrims and lift up your voices,
And shout—The Redeemer! while heaven rejoices.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Let glory to God in the highest be given
And glory to God be re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole world let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 The kingdom is yours by the will of the Father,
Whose uplifted hand just the righteous will gather,
Before all the wicked will pass as by fire,
The heavens shall shine with the coming Messiah.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
No. 26. Salem's bright King. 8 8 6 8 8 6,

Salem's bright King, Jesus by name In ancient times to

Jordan came All righteousness to fill All righteousness to

fill; 'Twas there an ancient prophet stood, Whose name was John,a
Hymns

Man of God, To do his master's will,
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 hea'vn 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 baptiz'd.

3 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 pray'r,
Down by the water side.

No. 27. Here at thy table. L. M.
meet, To feed on food di-vine; Thy body

is the bread we eat, Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

2 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 Deep was the suff'ring he endured
Upon the accursed tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say,
'T was all endured for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior—so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.
An Angel from on high, The long, long silence broke—

Descending from the sky, These gracious words he spoke:

Lo! in cumorah's lonely hill Lo; in cumorah's lonely hill, Lo! in cumorah's lonely—
orah'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 Its 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 unsurl
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.
No. 29. Arise my soul, arise. 6s & 8s.

Arise, my soul, arise, Shake of thy guilty fears, The bleeding sacrifice In my be-

half appears; Before the throne my sur'ly
Hymns.

stands, Before the throne my sur'ty stands,

My name is writ-ten on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
   For me to intercede,
   His all-redeeming love,
   His precious blood to plead:
   His blood aton'd for all our race,
   And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
   Receiv'd on Calvary;
   They pour effectual prayers,
   They strongly speak for me;
   Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
   Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
   His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

No. 30. The Lord my pasture. 6 lines 8s.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care: His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
   Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
   To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
   My weary, wandering steps he leads:
   Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
   Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread
   With gloomy horrors overspread,
   My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
   For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
   Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
   And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
   Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
   Thy presence shall my pains beguile:
   The barren wilderness shall smile,
   With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
   And streams shall murmur all around.
No. 31. Awake and sing the song. S. M.

1 Awake, and sing the song, Of Moses and the Lamb!

2 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love, Sing of his rising power; Sing how he intercedes above For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing; till we feel the heart Ascending with the tongue; Let every meaner joy depart, And grace inspire the song.

Sing on, rejoicing every day In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Sing on your heavenly way, Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
HYMNS.

NO. 32. P. M.

1 What fair one is this from the wilderness trav'ling,
   Looking for Christ, the belov'd of her heart?
O, this is the church, the fair bride of the Savior,
   Which with every idol is willing to part.
While men in contention are constantly howling,
And Babylon's bells are continually tolling,
As though all the craft of her merchants was failing,
And Jesus was coming to reign on the earth.

2 There is a sweet sound in the gospel of heaven,
   And people are joyful when they understand
The saints on their way home to glory, are even
   Determin'd by goodness, to reach the blest land.
Old formal professors are crying "delusion,"
And high-minded hypocrites say,—"'tis confusion,"
While grace is poured out in a blessed effusion,
And saints are rejoicing to see priest-craft fall.

3 A blessing, a blessing, the Savior is coming,
   As prophets and pilgrims of old have declared;
And Israel, the favor'd of God, is beginning
   To come to the feast of the righteous prepared.
In the desert fountain continually springing,
The heavenly music of Zion is ringing;
The saints all their tithes and their off'rings are bringing;
They thus prove the Lord, and his blessing receive.

4 The name of Jehovah is worthy of praising,
   And so is the Savior an excellent theme;
These elders of Israel a standard are raising,
   And call on all nations to come to the same:
The elders go forth and the gospel are preaching,
And all that hear them, they freely are teaching,
And thus is the vision of Daniel fulfilling;
The stone of the mountain will soon fill the earth.
1 Ere long the veil will rend in twain,
   The king descend with all his train;
   The earth shall shake with awful fright,
   And all creation feel his might.

2 The trump of God, it long shall sound,
   And raise the nations under ground,
   Throughout the vast domains of heav’n.
   The voice echoes, the sound is given.

3 Lift up your heads ye saints in peace,
   The Savior comes for your release;
   The day of the redeem’d has come,
   The saints shall all be welcom’d home.

4 Behold the church, it soars on high,
   To meet the saints amid the sky;
   To hail the King in clouds of fire,
   And strike and tune the immortal lyre.

5 Hosannah now the trump shall sound,
   Proclaim the joys of heav’n around,
   When all the saints together join,
   In songs of love, and all divine.

6 With Enoch here we all shall meet,
   And worship at Messiah’s feet,
   Unite our hands and hearts of love,
   And reign on thrones with Christ above.

7 The city that was seen of old,
   Whose walls were jasper, and streets gold,
   We’ll now inherit thron’d in might:
   The father and the Son’s delight.

8 Celestial crowns we shall receive,
   And glories great our God shall give,
   While loud hosannahs we’ll proclaim,
   And sound aloud our Savior’s name.
9 Our hearts and tongues all join'd in one,  
A loud hosannah to proclaim,  
While all the heav'n's shall shout again,  
And all creation say, Amen.

10 Prepare my heart, prepare my tongue,  
To join this glorious, heav'nly throng;  
To hail the Bridegroom from above,  
And join the band in songs of love.

**NO. 34: 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  
Confirmed 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, Abra’m’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! Abra’m’s sons are gath’ring home,
And daughters too, with joyful lays,
Are hastening here to join in praise!

10 O God, our Father, and our King,
Prepare our voices and our theme;
Let all our pow’rs in one combine
To sing thy praise and songs divine.

NO. 35. P. M.

1 How often in sweet meditation my mind,
Where solitude reigned and aside from mankind,
Has dwelt on the hour, when the Savior did deign,
To call me his servant to publish his name.

2 To lift up my voice and proclaim the glad news,
First unto the Gentiles, and then to the Jews;
That Jesus Messiah in clouds will descend,
Destroy the ungodly, the righteous defend.

3 How rich is the treasure, ye servants of God,
Entrusted to us as made known by his word;
The plan of salvation, the gospel of grace,
To publish abroad unto Adam’s lost race.
4 O gladly we'll go to the isles and proclaim;
And nations unknown then shall hear of his fame;
Yea, kingdoms, and countries, both Gentiles and Jews
Shall see us, and hear us proclaim the glad news.

5 And millions shall turn to the Lord and rejoice,
That they have made Jesus the Savior their choice;
From the north and the south, from the east and the west,
We'll bring home our thousands in Zion to rest.

6 As clouds see them fly to their glorious home—
As doves to their windows in flocks see them come,
While empires shall tremble and kingdoms shall rend,
And thrones be cast down as wise Daniel proclaim'd.

7 And Israel shall flourish and spread far abroad,
Till earth shall be full of the knowledge of God;
And thus shall the stone of the mountain roll forth—
Extend its dominions and fill the whole earth.

NO. 36. L. M.

1 When Earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all men'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,
Descended 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 fullness, as in days of old,  
    And have one shepherd and one fold.

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 blest;  
    When Abram and his seed shall stand  
    Unnumbered on the promised land.

NO. 37. L. M.

1 How fleet the precious moments roll,  
    How soon the harvest will be o'er;  
    The watchmen seek their final rest,  
    And lift a warning voice no more.
2 Another year has roll'd away,
   And took its thousands to the tomb:
   Its sorrows and its joys are fled,
   To hasten on the gen’ral doom.

3 And eighteen hundred thirty-five
   Is rolling swiftly on the wing,
   And soon the leaves and tendrils thrive;
   A token of returning spring.

4 The fullness of the gospel shines,
   With glorious and resplendent rays;
   The earth and heav'n's show forth their signs
   As tokens of the latter days.

5 Ye chosen twelve, to you are given,
   The keys of this last ministry—
   To every nation under heaven,
   From land to land, from sea to sea.

6 First to the Gentiles, sound the news
   Throughout Columbia's happy land,
   And then before it reach the Jews,
   Prepare on Europe's shores to stand.

7 Let Europe's towns and cities hear
   The gospel tidings angels bring;
   The Gentile nations far and near,
   Prepare their hearts His praise to sing.

8 India's and Afric's sultry plains
   Must hear the tidings as they roll—
   Where darkness, death and sorrow reign—
   And tyranny has long controled.

9 Listen, ye islands of the sea—
   For every isle shall hear the sound:
   Nations and tongues before unknown,
   Though long since lost shall soon be found.
10 And then again shall Asia hear,
    Where angels first the news proclaimed;
    Eternity shall record bear,
    And Earth repeat the loud amen.

11 The nations catch the pleasing sound,
    And Jew and Gentile swell the strain,
    Hosanna o'er the earth resound,
    Messiah then will come to reign.

NO. 38. P. M.

1 This earth shall be a blessed place,
   To saints celestial given;
   Where Christ again shall show his face,
   With the redeemed 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 trumpet 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 of Judah's Lion.

5 Hosanna to the reign of peace!
   The day so long expected:
HYMNS.

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.

NO. 39. P. M.—NEW YEARS.

1 This morning in silence I ponder and mourn,
O’er the scenes that have passed no more to return,
How vast are the labors, the troubles and fears,
Of eight hundred millions who’ve toiled through the year.

2 How many ten thousands were slain by their foes,
While widows and orphans have mourn’d o’er their woes,
While pestilence, famine, and earthquakes appear,
And signs in the heavens, throughout the past year.

3 How many been murder’d, and plunder’d, and robb’d,
How many oppress’d and driven by mobs,
How oft have the heavens bedewed with their tears
The earth o’er the scenes they beheld the past year.

4 But the day-star has dawn’d o’er the land of the bless’d,
The first beams of morning, the morning of rest;
When cleans’d from pollution the earth shall appear
As the garden of Eden, and peace crown the year.

5 Then welcome the new year, I hail with delight,
The season approaching with time’s rapid flight;
While each fleeting moment brings near and more near,
The day, long expected, the great thousand years.

6 I praise and adore the eternal I Am;
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the Lamb,
Who orders the seasons that glide o’er the spheres,
And crown with such blessings, each happy new year.
1 We read that faith the assurance is
Of things the Lord is pleased to give,
If saints will ask in Jesus' name,
The blessings ask'd they may obtain.

2 By faith Jehovah fram'd the world,
And many wonders yet untold,
In ancient days, by faith were wrought,
By men who sought the law of God.

3 By faith an Enoch sought the Lord;
By faith obtain'd a just reward;
By faith beheld his maker's face,
And triumph'd o'er the powers of death.

4 By faith Elijah raised the dead:
And for three years the prophet said,
It should not rain in all the land;
'Twas done by Jesus' great command.

5 By faith a Joshua could say,
Stand still thou glorious king of day,
Thou splendid orb of night be still,
Till I Jehovah's word fulfil.

6 By faith the walls of Jericho
Met with a dreadful overthrow;
For Israel trusted in the Lord,
Believed he would fulfil his word.

7 But time would fail, the scripture saith,
To mention all who liv'd by faith:
Some quench'd the violence of fire,
And others waxed strong in war.

8 While some were mock'd, and scourg'd, and ston'd,
Some for the gospel lost their homes;
Others were in the prison shut; 
They kept the faith, denied it not.

9 And many wandered to and fro
As pilgrims on the earth below,
Knowing that they their Lord would see
On Zion's mount from bondage free.

NO. 41. L. M.

1 Behold a wonder in the west!
The church of Christ and yet oppress'd;
Though first, in size, appears but small,
It soon will fill our earthly ball.

2 By worldly wisdom 'tis condemn'd,
And by the aliens much contemn'd,
But quick out-vies the muttering crowd,
And brings to silence all the proud.

3 Though first, like David's feeble band,
So much despis'd throughout the land,
It rises with increasing strength,
And subjugates the world at length.

4 A rising kingdom here we see,
Though first a small fraternity;
Now spreading forth her pow'r abroad,
Triumphing in the strength of God.

5 This is the wonder in the west!
Commencing small, by foes oppress'd;
A pebble in the world's account,
But quick becomes a glorious mount.

NO. 42. P. M.

1 Man hath not heard nor understood
Nor can his heart imagine
What God has for his saints prepared
When all the earth shall be restored
With glory great as Eden.

2 Then shall this glorious song be sung
By every tongue and kindred,
Glory and honor doth belong
Unto our God and to the Lamb
Who by his blood redeemed us.

3 And brought his chosen people home
From every land and nation
The tribes of Israel who have roam'd
Unto their promised lands have come
In Zion and Jerusalem.

4 Mount Zion's walls and towers too
Appear in greatest grandeur,
Jerusalem's Jehovah's throne,
Ephraim and Israel now are one
All speaking a pure language.

5 Then we shall reign upon the earth,
With kingly honor shining,
As priests and kings we will rejoice,
While all the nations lift their voice
To praise the God of Zion.

6 For all the kingdoms of this world
Shall be our Lord and Savior's,
And we his beauty will behold,
New scenes of glory will unfold,
We shall rejoice forever.

7 Then death shall lose its awful sting,
And earth shall cease her groaning,
She shall not then be cursed with sin,
While all the nations honor bring
Into the city Zion.
8 Then we will reign a thousand years
In happiness terrestrial,
And with our Savior be joint heirs,
For glories great shall then be ours,
Yea, glory that's celestial.  

MARY PAGE.

NO. 43.  P.  M.

1 The Kingdom is the Lord's,
He's Governor on earth,
We shall obey his word
Rejoicing in the truth,
For Jesus' glory shall shine forth,
And make us kings and priests on earth.

2 Behold the earth doth mourn,
For sin infests her plains,
Beneath her load she groans,
How long shall sinners reign;
Come, O thou glorious son of God,
And push thy victories far abroad.

3 Confusion o'er the face
Of all the land is spread,
By God's redeeming grace
From sin it shall be freed,
Then let thy glorious gospel shine
Through every land, in every clime.

4 See Israel far from home,
In foreign lands they roam,
Behold them weep and mourn,
O, when shall they return?
Hasten the time, O Lord, when they
As anciently shall blessed be.

5 The Lord will bring them home
Rejoicing in his love,
For Israel shall return,
No more from God to rove;
For they shall know his holy word,
And view the glory of their Lord.  

MARY PAGE.
NO. 44. L. M.

1 The towers 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.

NO. 45. P. M.—Song of Zion.

1 Glorious things are sung of Zion,
Enoch’s city,—seen of old,
Where the righteous being perfect,
Walk’d with God in streets of gold.
Love and union, faith and virtue,
All the gifts and graces shin’d;
As himself each lov'd his neighbor,
    All were of one heart and mind.

2 Far above the power of Satan,
    All observ'd celestial laws;
For in Adam-ondi-Ahman,
    Zion rose where Eden was,
When above 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 towers of Zion glitter'd
    As the light house to the skies,
And the wicked stood and trembled,
    Fill'd with wonder and surprise.
But as faith and works were perfect,
    Lo, it follow'd its great head:
So the city went to heaven,
    And the world said: "Zion's fled."

4 When the Lord returns with Zion,
    And we hear the watchmen cry;
Then the saints will be united;
    Then 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.  W. W. P.

NO. 46.  P. M.

1 Wake, O wake the world from sleeping;
    Watchman, watchman, what's the hour?
Hark ye, only hear him saying,
    'Tis the last—eleventh hour!

2 Lo! the Lion's left his thicket,
    Up ye watchmen, be in haste,
The destroyer of the Gentiles
Goes to lay their cities waste.

3 Bring the remnants from their exile,
   For the promise is to them;
Japhet's ruled the world his time out,
   He must leave the tents of Shem.

4 Comfort ye the house of Israel,
   They are pardon'd, gather them;
Hear the watchman's proclamation,
   Jews rebuild Jerusalem.

5 Soon the Jews will know their error,
   How they killed the Holy One,
And they'll mourn and shout hosanna!
   This is the beloved Son.

6 Sound the trumpet with the tidings,
   Call in all of Abram's seed,
Though the Gentiles may reject it,
   Christ will come in very deed.  W.W.P.

NO. 47.  C. M.

1 I saw a Lamb that had been slain,
   (When mercy's flag was furl'd)
And yet he lives with seven horns,
   The wonder of the world.

2 Our father Adam, as the first,
   Possess'd the power of lives;
And rose arch-angel Michael, then,
   To reign when earth revives.

3 And Noah, as the second, walk'd
   A perfect man, with God;
And, Gabriel-like, prepar'd an ark,
   For living through the flood.
4 And righteous Abra'm rose as third,
Through him the promise run;
And when the sacrifice was ask'd,
He took his only son.

5 And Moses meekly stood, as fourth,
To show the power of God,
And mighty miracles perform'd
With the eternal rod.

6 Elijah, fifth, that holy man,
Destroy'd the priests of Baal,
And soar'd to God in flaming flame,
To dwell within the veil.

7 And Peter, sixth, was blest by Christ,
To hold the kingdom's keys,
And bind or loose on earth for heaven,
As did the spirit please.

8 And Joseph, seventh, ministers
(Till all things written come)
To show the world her destin'd end,
And gather Israel home.

9 Eternal truth, this Lamb was Christ
Who wore the crown of thorns;
In seven dispensations, too,
Those prophets stand as horns.

10 For Joseph's horns, like unicorns,
Must push the eleventh hour;
In Jesus's elders always was
The hiding of his power.  W.W.P.

NO. 48. P. M.

1 Ye virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake:
Unto salvation wise
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heav'nly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call
   The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
   Who fit for glory are;
Made ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
   Your everlasting friend,
Your head to glorify,
   With all the saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here receiv'd
   The unction from above,
And in his spirit liv'd
   Obedient to his love;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride,
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
   Shall soon their saints receive,
Above yon angel pow'rs
   In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
   The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear
   Watching let us be found;
When Jesus doth the heav'n's bow,
Be found as, Lord, thou find'st us now.
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HISTORIAN'S OFFICE
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
15 E. South Temple St.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH