



NAUVOO THE BEAUTIFUL

“General Smith ordered a capacious carriage, and we drove to that beautiful eminence, bounded on three sides by the Mississippi, which was covered by the holy city of Nauvoo. The curve in the river enclosed a position lovely enough to furnish a site for the Utopian communities of Plato or Sir Thomas Moore; and here was an orderly city, magnificently laid out, and teeming with activity and enterprise.”

—JOSIAH QUINCY, 11TH MAYOR OF BOSTON¹

“It is no small thing, in the blaze of this nineteenth century, to give to men a new revelation . . . to build a city, with new laws, institutions, and orders of architecture, to establish ecclesiastic, civil and military jurisdiction, found colleges, send out missionaries, and make proselytes in two hemispheres: yet all this has been done by Joe Smith, and that against every sort of opposition, ridicule and persecution.”

—THE Sun (NEW YORK)²

1. Josiah Quincy, *Figures of the Past from the Leaves of Old Journals* (Boston, MA: n.p., 1883), 376–400.

2. *The Sun* (New York), September 4, 1843.

IN 1830 THE MARSHLANDS BORDERING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER WERE TOUTED AS BARGAINS TO UNSUSPECTING investors in the eastern states. Speculator Isaac Galland hoped to make a quick dollar by selling the infested swampland of Commerce, Illinois. Unfortunately, a nationwide financial panic in 1837 ruined his chance. By 1839, believing there was little hope for his investment, Galland offered the land to Latter-day Saints in exchange for their abandoned landholdings in Missouri. Joseph Smith agreed to the exchange, and on May 10, 1839, he became the first Mormon settler in Commerce.

“The place was literally a wilderness,” Joseph later remarked. “The land was mostly covered with trees and bushes, and much of it so wet that it was with the utmost difficulty a footman could get through, and totally impossible for teams.” As if that was not enough, Commerce was also “unhealthy.” Yet, believing the parcel could “become a healthy place” and with “no more eligible place presenting itself,” Joseph and the Saints began to build a city from only “one stone house, three frame houses, and two block houses.”³

The Prophet Joseph resided in one of the blockhouses known as the Homestead. It was, as mentioned, “a very sickly time,”⁴ and before long Joseph was living in a tent while the sick occupied the Homestead. Weakened by the Missouri ordeals and their meager circumstances, hundreds fell prey to disease native to the Mississippi Valley. Among those afflicted was Lucy Mack Smith, the mother of the Prophet. “I was taken very sick and was brought nigh unto death,” she wrote. “For five nights Emma [Joseph’s wife] never left me, but stood at my bedside all the night long, at the end of which time she was overcome with fatigue and taken sick herself. Joseph then took her place and

3. *Millennial Star* 17, no. 18 (May 5, 1855): 276. See also B. H. Roberts, ed., *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, 2nd ed. rev. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1957), 3:375.

4. Matthias F. Cowley, *Wilford Woodruff, History of His Life and Labors* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1975), 104.

watched with me the five succeeding nights, as faithfully as Emma had done.”⁵

To thwart the spread of “swamp fever” (now called malaria), a plan was proposed to drain the wetlands by digging ditches. By 1840 the land was dry and livable, and the Saints “erected about two hundred and fifty houses” with many more “in course of construction.”⁶ The modest yet winsome city soon flourished and the Saints considered it their “Jewel of the Mississippi.”⁷

From the north and south, and even from across the Atlantic Ocean, new converts arrived with little means to spare. Fellow Saints provided temporary shelter and food; the Prophet’s living quarters once again became “a home and resting-place” for throngs of new arrivals.⁸ Famously, when Jesse Crosby observed Joseph doing housework to keep guests fed and converts from being turned away, he suggested that Joseph instruct his wife to do more work. “Brother Joseph, my wife does much more hard work than does your wife,” Crosby unwisely remarked. The Prophet quipped that if a man cannot “appreciate a wife and do his duty by her” in this life, he should not expect to have her



Lucy Mack Smith BY FRED PIERCY,
CHURCH HISTORY MUSEUM.

5. Lucy Mack Smith, *History of Joseph Smith by His Mother*, ed. Preston Nibley (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1956), 319.

6. *Millennial Star* 17, no. 50 (December 15, 1855): 789.

7. George A. Smith, “Historical Address by President George A. Smith,” *Journal of Discourses*, 13:115.

8. *Millennial Star* 22, no. 12 (March 24, 1860): 182.

“in the hereafter.” Crosby confessed that Joseph’s words “shut my mouth as tight as a clam.”⁹

Being poor themselves, Nauvoo’s citizens and leaders were particularly sympathetic to the pauper’s plight. When the Saints learned of a fire destroying a Latter-day Saint home near Nauvoo, Joseph famously pulled a five-dollar coin from his pocket and said to the group gathered, “I feel sorry for this brother to the amount of five dollars; how much do you feel sorry?”¹⁰ Through such communalism they came to enjoy a modest prosperity and safety. Finally, in this newfound safe haven, Latter-day Saints could begin to express their faith both through worship and ritual, but also through song and poetry.

“Charter of Nauvoo”

unknown poet

With the young state representative Abraham Lincoln among those voting in the affirmative, the Illinois legislature accepted the Nauvoo City Charter on December 16, 1840.¹¹ The document granted the citizens full powers of municipal governance, including the right to form a university “for the teaching of the Arts, Sciences, and Learned Professions,” as well as the right to enlist “a body of independent military men”¹² for protection. The charter also allowed for a mayor, four aldermen, and nine councilors who could pass city ordinances, including one permitting the “free toleration, and equal privileges”

9. Recollections of Jesse Crosby, as recorded in “Stories from Notebook of Martha Cox, Grandmother of Fern Cox Anderson, Undated,” Church History Library, https://dcms.lds.org/delivery/DeliveryManagerServlet?dps_pid=IE3618539.

10. Andrew J. Workman, “Recollections of the Prophet Joseph Smith,” *Juvenile Instructor*, October 15, 1892, 641.

11. David E. Miller and Della S. Miller, *Nauvoo: The City of Joseph* (Santa Barbara, CA: Peregrine Smith, 1974), 242–46.

12. History, 1838–1856, vol. C-1 [2 November 1838–31 July 1842], *The Joseph Smith Papers*, <http://josephsmithpapers.org/paperSummary/history-1838-1856-volume-c-1-2-november-1838-31-july-1842?p=299>.

of all “religious sects and denominations.”¹³ Published as a broadsheet,¹⁴ the following poem celebrates the Nauvoo City Charter and the city’s ordinance to protect religious freedom: “Our city and its freedom will be able now to stand,/ And hold up our religion in spite of Satan’s band.”

Illinois legislation, it rules with gentle care,
Accepted our petition and answered well our prayer,
O we’ve always had to wander as strangers it is true,
Till legislation granted us our charter for Nauvoo.

Missouri was distracted and harass’d in her mind,
For fear the Mormon people a resting place should find;
But legislation fearless of what that state could do,
Has granted us a favor—a charter for Nauvoo.

Our city and its freedom will be able now to stand,
And hold up our religion in spite of Satan’s band
So brethren now be faithful in what you have to do,
Go build a house of God and we’ll worship in Nauvoo.

Then we’ll ask our God to bless us and our dear country,
Our city, and its legion, and university,
We’ll thank him for a prophet he told us what to do,
To gain us an inheritance and charter for Nauvoo.

Our city is delightful, also a place of rest,
The poor may here find favor, and all who are oppress’d;
We’ve chosen us a mayor and aldermen who are true,
And counsellors sufficient to govern our Nauvoo.

To those our benefactors we wish them much success,
We pray our Heavenly Father their house and store to bless;
May blessings crown the labours of those who have been true,
To help us through our troubles and a charter for Nauvoo.

13. *Millennial Star* 2, no. 1 (May 1841): 8.

14. The only *known* copies of the poem were probably printed in Britain in 1844; however, given the language in the poem (“our city”) it may well have been composed in Nauvoo following the legislative approval of the charter.

Farewell to you, our enemies you hate without a cause,
 You have misused our people, despised God and his laws;
 You choose to follow Satan now in his ways pursue,
 But never come to trouble the people of Nauvoo.

Come all my loving brethren who are both rich and poor,
 Bring all your tithes and offerings and let your hearts be
 pure;
 Then like the sons of Enoch, may we in wisdom grow,
 And live and ever flourish in the City of Nauvoo.

IN BROADSIDE, 1844, REFERENCED IN PETER CRAWLEY,
Descriptive Bibliography of the Mormon Church, Volume One, 1830–1847
 (PROVO, UT: RELIGIOUS STUDIES CENTER, 1997).

“The Latter Day Saints:
 A Poem in Two Cantos”
 Lyman Omer Littlefield

*P*ublished with “considerable diffidence,”¹⁵ Littlefield’s cantos received a glowing endorsement from the editorial staff of the *Times and Seasons*. “We have been favored with the perusal of [this] work, and feel great pleasure in recommending it to the public,” the editors wrote. “We are glad to hail such productions because they tend to instruct the mind, and fix upon the memory, in poetic language, scenes of great importance, and also improve the taste of the reader. The author, altho’ young in years, has given evidence of poetic genius.”¹⁶ The first of the poet’s cantos tells of the Latter-day Saint expulsion from Missouri. The second describes military drilling and maneuvering as a symbol of Nauvoo’s newfound protection. Littlefield published the cantos “in juxtaposition to each other, [so] that the reader may draw a contrast between the situation of the church at the present time [in Nauvoo] and the time of their Missouri persecution.”¹⁷

15. Lyman Omer Littlefield, “The Latter Day Saints: A Poem in Two Cantos,” 1841, preface. Church History Library.

16. *Times and Seasons* 2, no. 16 (June 15, 1841): 449.

17. Lyman Omer Littlefield, “The Latter Day Saints: A Poem in Two Cantos,”

To,
 President
 Joseph Smith,

First Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day
 Saints,

This little poem is inscribed as a tribute of respect for
 distinguished talents and unblemished integrity; by
 the author.

Thus innocence and virtue rend the chain of oppression

CANTO I.

Fast sinks the sun behind Missouri's hills;
 The azure sky with richest lustre fills;
 On Mississippi's wide extended shores,
 A beam of golden brightness sweetly pours.
 The gentle rays of sunset's mel'wing glance,
 In playful glory o'er her waters dance;
 And all along the dusky wood he throws
 A scene of gladness, splendor, and repose.
 Unruffled zephyrs float along the air—
 Assembled birds begin the ev'ning prayer;
 Their mellow voices chant the parting lay,
 As fast recedes the glorious "King of Day".

Night had scarce yet in solemn twilight clad,
 The fields thro' which the playful waters sped;
 When, lo! a man with looks supremely great,
 With hurri'd step, re-crossed the line of State.
 His looks portrayed a nobleness of soul;
 His manners savor'd of the "Public School";
 The anxious glance of his enquiring eye,
 Was marked with wonder by the passer-by.
 He flew for refuge to our noble State,



Lt. General Joseph Smith BY SUTCLIFFE MAUDSLEY. COURTESY OF CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY, THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

And asked the succor of
 the good and great
 "I fly," said he, with look
 sedately sad,
 "For refuge from the
 enemies of God,
 "Hark! hear the wailing
 of my people dear—
 "Behold the widow's and
 the orphan's tear!
 "Think'st thou, ye
 nobles of this mighty
 land,
 "'Twas done by persecu-
 tion's ruthless hand?
 "Is this the Freedom
 which our fathers
 bought?
 "Is this the glorious
 boon for which they
 fought?
 "Seest thou my people
 drenched in bloody
 gore,

"Forced from their homes to climes unknown before?
 "Behold them seated 'neath a frowning sky,
 "And mourning for departed LIBERTY!"

"Upon our noble flag, with burnish'd gold,
 "Is "FREEDOM" written, prominent and bold;
 "And 'neath the shelter of its glitt'ring folds,
 "Is ample room for twice ten thousand souls:
 "Our constitution boasts the sacred clause
 "Which gives, to each, the right of 'equal laws.'
 "Then smooth thy brow and calm thy troubl'd breast,

"For in our State thy people may find rest.
 "No heartless despots bear triumphant sway,
 "Who from the scenes of mercy turn away;
 "But hearts, both noble, generous, and great,
 "In justice wield the mighty helm of State;"
 Was the reply that dwelt on ev'ry tongue,
 And 'long the air the noble accents rung.

"Hosanna," burst from 'mong the weary train;
 "Hosanna," roll'd like thunder 'long the main;
 "Hosanna to the State that gives relief,
 "Dispels our sorrow and removes our grief.
 "Oh! may her name, in hist'ry's annals shine—
 "Afford a model for all future time—
 "And other States be proud to imitate,
 "Her acts so noble, and her deeds so great!
 "Dire persecution drove us from our home—
 "In weary exile to your State we come;
 "You pour the balm of comfort in our wounds,
 "Like benefactors and like freedom's sons.
 "You feed the hungry, dry the widow's tear,
 "That lately fell upon her infant's bier—¹⁸
 "Clothe the naked, comfort the depressed,
 "And set the captive prisoner at rest.
 "You hush the orphan's low and plaintive wail;
 "The pale and haggard cheek no more grows pale,
 "And gentle hearts that droop'd like withering flow'rs,
 "Now bloom to flourish in celestial bowers."

Oh! could my muse inspire some theme divine,
 Some lofty strain of poetry sublime;
 That I this scene might properly portray,
 And sketch the many blessings of that day.
 But oh, alas! my weak and youthful pen,

18. *Bier* is a synonym for "coffin."

(Which, perchance, I'll ne'er resume again),
 Is far too weak the simple truth to tell,
 How in one day the great Missouri fell!
 She fell, an Atlas of Oppression's fate—
 Behold the stigmas that disgrace her state!
 While marching on in plenitude of power,
 Her flag proud flutt'ring on the top-most tower;
 Behold her statesmen marshal the divan
 Which bear the aspect of a Demon's clan!
 The Gov'nor's order to "Exterminate,"
 Received the insignia and the seal of State;
 And strait unto the gallant General—Clark,¹⁹
 His *highness* (Boggs) dispatch'd a trusty spark.

Did Clark prove faithless to his *noble* trust?
 Did he wax faint and weary on his post?
 Ah no; but Lilburn found in him a *friend*,
 Whose heart was *noble*, (?) *generous*, (?) and *kind* (?)
 But kind *alone* to Lilburn and his clan,
 Who sought the lives and happiness of man!
 Most *noble* Lilburn, soother of mankind,
 Who calms the tempest in the troubled mind!
 To thee my muse would turn my wayward pen,
 That all may know what *noble* deeds you've done!

I saw thee seated in the chair of State;
 I saw thee mingle with the truly great;
 I saw thee—and a glow of burning pride,
 Lit up the gloomy brow on ev'ry side.
 But when, alas! the storm in blackness rose,
 And low'ring clouds began to interpose;
 We sought in vain the law's efficient shield,
 Which was thy high prerogative to wield!

19. Referring to General John B. Clark, who received and carried out Executive Order 44.

When persecution raised its hideous head,
 And mobs began our pleasant walks to tread;
 When fields were spread with devastation wild,
 Where harvests once in blooming plenty smiled;
 In vain we sought the favor of thine arm,
 To save the weak and innocent from harm!
 When gleam'd the spear in virtue's blood imbued,
 And frantic children o'er the plains were strew'd;
 In vain did widows seek thy lofty seat,
 And orphans plead for mercy at thy feet!
 Be it known to all this mighty nation—
 These are deeds of his administration.

Oh, God of mercy—author of our faith—
 How long wilt thou withhold us thy relief?
 Oh! when will Heaven's drapery unfold
 The personage of whom the prophets told?
 And thou descend, with glory upon Zion,
 To “rule the nations with a rod of iron?”²⁰
 Oh! tarry not, nor lengthen thy delay!
 But, through the sky, prepare to wend thy way!
 That in this dark, this sad, and gloomy hour,
 Thy saints may feel the 'sistance of thy power!
 In vain did we for mercy “importune,”
 And ask redress for what Missouri done;
 For he who was our national high chief
 Refused his aid to mitigate the grief,²¹
 Which lingers in the breast of every saint
 Who's felt the hand of sorrow and restraint.

20. See Revelation 12:5, 19:15.

21. On November 29, 1839, Joseph Smith petitioned President Martin Van Buren for assistance. President Van Buren reportedly replied, “What can I do? I can do nothing for you.” See Joseph Smith and Elias Higbee to Hyrum Smith and others, December 5, 1839, Joseph Smith Jr. Collection, 1805–44, Church History Library.

Oh! Where's the waving flag our fathers reared?
Oh! where has Liberty disappeared?
Oh! faithless offsprings of a faithful few,
Say, where's the boon your fathers won for you?
Have you been faithless to their noble trust,
And level'd all their prospects to the dust?
Has Columbia—the pride of all the earth—
Withdrawn her arm from the domestic hearth?
Are her fair daughters driven from their doors,
Amid the storm that unrelenting pours?
And she refuse the extension of her aid
To shield their bosoms from the hostile blade?
That these are truths which no one can deny,
There's hundreds ready now to testify.

Amid these scenes of persecution dire,
Was there no proffer'd hand to quench the fire?
Were there no friends, no people far away,
To proffer peace and all our woes allay?
Through the distance of the Eastern skies,
Behold the peaceful radiation rise!
Hark—'tis the noble sons of Illinois,
Who raise aloud the patriotic voice.
Let's hasten fast unto her happy shore,
Where we may rest in peace forever more.

CANTO II.

Scarce smiled the sun above the wood,
When on the mountain heath I stood;
I pensive strode and marked the while,
How blooming nature seem'd to smile.
All nature with unwritten song,
Began to pipe their notes along.
As sweetly on my ear they fell,
With melody I knew full well,
I gazed afar, with looks profound,

Upon the scenes that stretched around.
I viewed each nook, with pleasure's eye,
That reared their grassy summits high,
And clothed with redundant shade
Which by the spreading trees was made.
Each babbling rill their music play'd,
That glided from the mountain side;
Each gentle bird, with merry note,
Began the morning song to quote;
Each grazing deer, upon the plain,
Thrice snuffed the breeze, then fed again,
Until, by stealth, they ate their fill,
And flew away o'er rock and hill.
As on their wayward course they went,
The eager greyhound caught the scent;
But on they flew, and ne'er look'd back
Upon the persecuting pack.
Each hamlet and each mountain dell,
Re-echoed back the rising yell;
Till farther on they wend their way
And trembling echoes die away.

On Mississippi's gaudy crest,
The rays of rising sun were cast;
And, as the zephyrs stir'd her tide,
The fairy waves began to glide.
Upon her face were seen to drift,
The broader sail and veering skiff.
As dashing on their trackless way,
The rainbow trembling in the spray,
Their creaking oars were faster plied,
And quickly out of sight they ride.

Soon as my meditation broke,
A foot-path dim I quickly took;
And winding downward to the dell,

Where cooling shades invite the will,
I paused awhile, my limbs to rest,
And "calm the tempest in my breast."
The mem'ry of departed years
Suffused my eyes with burning tears;
I look'd to God in humble pray'r
And dried the dew of sorrow there.

As 'neath the mantling shade I sat,
And mark'd the beauties of the spot;
The piercing sound of bugle note,
Along the air was heard to float;
And 'mid the loud and busy hum
Was heard the heavy peal of drum.
Quick to my feet I sprang upright,
And on the distance strained my sight;
Then listened to each martial note,
That o'er the woodland seem'd to float.
I paus'd to get the rightful course,
Then wending on with all my force,
I sallied over bog and rill
And gained the summit of a hill.
Then on a slight and winding pass
My footsteps quickly mark'd the grass.
Fast bounding up the mountain side,
With nimbler step than feet e'er plied,
I quickly on its summit stood,
Where slightly waiv'd the fragrant wood.

Slight roll the waves beneath my feet—
The rifted rock the waters greet.
Hark—the deafening cannon's roar
Breaks 'cross the tide upon the shore.
Fast on the side of distant heath,
The flashing sabres leave the sheath;

Then gleams the shining spear on high,
 And forth the ready falchions²² fly.
 Then quickly on my course I bent,
 Nor stop to ask what all this meant;
 But hastening to the even shore,
 I quickly grasped the ready oar.
 As fast as thunders roll on high,
 As fast as lightning streaks the sky,
 As quick as fades the morning dew,
 Across the tide the shallop flew.

I coursed my way with rapid glee,
 Nor stop to ask its augury;
 But quickly strode the path along,
 And soon rejoined the gath'ring throng.
 Was this gay band a hostile foe,
 Estranged from Liberty and Law?
 Did pant their souls for bloody strife,
 Or long to take their neighbor's life?
 Ah, no; my reader soon will see,
 They rallied for their LIBERTY.
 Why then did gleam the falchion bright,
 That so eclipsed all our sight?
 Or why did waving plumes so gay
 Receive the smile of morning ray?
 This simple truth I clearly saw—
 It was the summons of the Law.

Proud seated on his prancing steed—
 With eyes of fire and limbs for speed—
 A chief, with high and noble mane,
 Rode gaily o'er the grassy plain.
 He dash'd along with martial air,

22. *Falchion* is "a broad, slightly curved sword with the cutting edge on the convex side." Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. "falchion."

The slight breeze stirred his auburn hair;
The red sash dangled by his side,
And flashed his eye with burning pride.
Escorted by his life-guards four,
An aspect grand the chieftain bore;
And, marching on the ready ground,
The cannon shook the hills around.
The flashing sword, and piping flute,
All gave to him the grand salute.
This Chief was great—I knew him well—
He is the hero of my tale.
Three years had roll'd their months away,
Since first he enter'd in my way;
And “change” had wreathed upon his brow
A smile as chaste as winter snow.
“Change,” too, had made his people free,
And crown'd them with prosperity.

I gazed around with mark'd delight
Upon the scenes that met my sight.
Besides the grandeur of the train,
Were strewn along upon the plain,
The blest abodes of happiness,
Where saints in peace and safety rest.
They rest from persecution dire;
They tune anew the joyful lyre,
And chant the strains of melody,
Fired with sweetest symphony.
Blest are the gentle, early hearts,
Cheer'd by the flame which love imparts;
May they no other pleasure know,
Nor feel the sting of coming woe!

I saw the flag of LIBERTY,
Wave in the air its streamers gay;

And, 'neath its folds, the eager train,
 Vowed its honor to maintain.
 Oh! thou who guides the warrior's shield
 That learns thy sons the spear to wield,
 Look down and guard this noble band;
 While they their Liberties defend.

IN LYMAN OMER LITTLEFIELD, "THE LATTER DAY SAINTS:
 A POEM IN TWO CANTOS," 1844, CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY.

"The Nauvoo Legion"

Eliza R. Snow

Many of the first enlistees in the Nauvoo Legion were a ragged group of men mustering in compliance with state law. But as enthusiasm for the Legion caught hold, hundreds soon joined and willingly wore uniforms and drilled. "Some of the most impressive moments of my life were when I saw the Nauvoo Legion on parade with the Prophet (then General Joseph Smith) and his wife, Emma Hale Smith, on horseback at the head of the troops," recalled Nauvoo resident Eunice Billings Snow.²³ Although parading provided a symbol of security for Latter-day Saints, in reality the legion was "more an organized drill corps than a fighting force."²⁴ However, Eliza R. Snow and many of the Saints saw the legion as capable of defending Nauvoo with God's almighty power: "Should they need re-enforcements . . . There is still in reserve a strong Cohort above; / 'Lo! the chariots of Israel and horsemen thereof.'"

The firm heart of the Sage and the Patriot is warm'd
 By the grand "Nauvoo Legion:" The "Legion" is form'd

23. "A Sketch of the Life of Eunice Billings Snow," *Woman's Exponent* 39, no. 3 (January 9, 1910): 22.

24. Richard Saunder, "Officers and Arms: The 1843 General Return of the Second Cohort," *BYU Studies* 35, no. 2 (1995): 138–51.

To oppose vile oppression, and nobly to stand
In defence of the honor, and laws of the land.
Base, illegal proscribers may tremble—'tis right
That the lawless aggressor should shrink with affright,
From a band that's united fell mobbers to chase,
And protect our lov'd country from utter disgrace.

Fair Columbia! Rejoice! look away to the West,
To thy own Illinois, where the saints have found rest:
See a phoenix come forth from the graves of the just,
Whom Missouri's oppressors laid low in the dust:
See a phoenix—a "Legion"—a warm-hearted band,
Who, unmov'd, to thy basis of freedom will stand.

When the day of vexation rolls fearfully on—
When thy children turn traitors—when safety is gone—
When peace in thy borders, no longer is found—
When the fierce battles rage, and the war-trumpets sound;
Here, here are thy warriors—a true-hearted band,
To their country's best int'rest forever will stand;
For *then* to thy standard, the "Legion" will be
A strong bulwark of Freedom—of pure Liberty.

Here's the silver-hair'd vet'ran, who suffer'd to gain
That Freedom he now volunteers to maintain:
The brave, gallant young soldier—the patriot is here
With his sword and his buckler, his helmet and spear;
And the horseman whose steed proudly steps to the sound
Of the soul-stirring music that's moving around;
And here, too, is the orphan, whose spirit grows brave
At the mention of "Boggs," and his own father's grave;
Yes, and bold hearted Chieftains as ever drew breath,
Who are fearless of danger—regardless of death;
Who've decreed in the name of the Ruler on high
That the Laws *shall be honor'd*—that treason *shall die*.



Joseph on Horseback, Pointing His Sword at the Nauvoo Legion, Which He Commands
BY JOHN HAFEN, COURTESY OF CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY, THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Should they need re-enforcements, those rights to secure,
 Which our forefathers purchas'd; and Freedom ensure,
 There is still in reserve a strong Cohort above;
 "Lo! the chariots of Israel and horsemen thereof."²⁵

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 17 (JULY 1, 1841): 467.

"Psalm LII: A Parody"
*unknown poet*²⁶

In the summer of 1841, Joseph Smith "called on Governor [Thomas] Carlin" at his home in Quincy. During the visit Joseph was treated kindly. "Nothing was said about any requisition having come from the Governor of Missouri for my arrest," Joseph later recorded. In a few hours, however, "after I had left the Governor's residence [Carlin] sent Thomas King, Sheriff of Adams County, Thomas Jasper, a constable of Quincy, and some others as a posse, with an officer from Missouri, to arrest me and deliver me up to the authorities of Missouri."²⁷ Although Judge Stephen A. Douglas, of the "Lincoln-Douglas" fame, would soon rule that Joseph be freed from arrest, the incident prompted the following poem, parodying Psalm 52.

To the Chief Musician, Maschil, a Psalm for Joseph, when
 Boggs the Edomite came and told Carlin, and said unto him,
 Joseph is come to the city of Nauvoo.

Why dost thou boast in mischief, wicked man?
 The goodness of my God endureth still;
 Thy wretched soul doth constant evil plan,
 Led captive by the devil at his will.

25. See 2 Kings 2:12; Doctrine and Covenants 105:4.

26. The author is identified by the pseudonym "David Jr.," which likely is a reference to "the psalmist," King David of the Bible.

27. *History of the Church*, 4:364. See also "The Late Proceedings," *Times and Seasons* 2, no. 16 (June 15, 1841): 447.

Thine eyes for evil constantly do turn,
 Thy slanderous tongue with lying mischief run,
 Thou lovest words that blast, devour, and burn;
 O that deceitful, blasting, cursed tongue!—

God's curse shall rest on thy devoted head,
 Thy carcass wither, and thy spirit sink
 To seek a hopeless place among the dead;
 The dregs of God's almighty wrath to drink.

Thy horrid downfall shall the righteous see,
 And laugh to scorn thy cursing and thy groans;
 "Behold the *brute* who did our God defy!
 Despised the widow's tears, and orphan's moans.—" *Selah!*²⁸

But I will flourish in the house of God;
 Because I trust his mercy; and his name
 I'll praise forever, near and far abroad,
 With joyful saints, publish his matchless fame!

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 17 (JULY 1, 1841): 464.

28. *Selah* is a Hebrew word. The precise meaning of the word is unknown. Biblical scholars suggest the meaning is "always and everlasting" or "an indication of an interlude when singing the psalm." See Norman H. Snaith, "Selah," *Vetus Testamentum* 2, no. 1 (1952): 32–56.

“Farewell Address to Orson Hyde”

William Appleby

In 1831 Joseph Smith told Orson Hyde that Hyde would eventually “go to Jerusalem . . . and greatly facilitate the gathering” of the Jews to the Holy City. Nine years later in April 1840, Elder Hyde began his long-awaited journey to the Holy Land.²⁹ This poem is written as a celebratory farewell to Hyde: “And when you’re in the Holy land, / There musing on some sacred spot, / Then turn your thoughts upon these lines, / They’ll sweetly breathe ‘forget me not.” On October 24, 1842, Elder Hyde wrote, “[I] went upon the Mount of Olives, and there, in solemn silence . . . offered up the following prayer to Him who lives forever and ever.”³⁰ In the dedicatory blessing, Hyde consecrated Jerusalem for “the gathering together of Judah’s scattered remnants.”³¹ He prayed for the “hearts of kings and the powers of the earth to look with a friendly eye towards this place, and with a desire to see Thy righteous purposes executed in relation thereto.”³²

To Bro. Orson Hyde, Missionary of the Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter Day Saints, in Palestine, in Asia.

Farewell! dear Brother in the Lord,
The time has come that we must part,
Perhaps on earth, no more to meet,
Oh! How the thought doth wring my heart.

But go thou must, for 'tis the will,
Of him who bled upon the cross;

29. Blair G. Van Dyke and LaMar C. Berrett, “In the Footsteps of Orson Hyde: Subsequent Dedications of the Holy Land,” *BYU Studies* 74, no. 1 (2008): 57–93.

30. Orson Hyde’s letter to Parley Pratt dated November 22, 1841, as printed in *A Voice from Jerusalem: Or, a Sketch of the Travels and Ministry of Elder Orson Hyde* . . . (Liverpool: P. P. Pratt, 1842), 21.

31. *Millennial Star* 2, no. 9 (January 1842): 132.

32. *Millennial Star* 2, no. 9 (January 1842): 134.

May his blest arm, uphold you still
When you're upon the billows tost.

May health and peace your steps attend,
And guardian angels go before,
To guard your path and be your friend,
And land you safe on Asia's shore.

And as you go your warning voice
"Lift up" to Jew and Gentile too;
The poor in spirit will rejoice
At tidings that are borne by you.

Oh how your heart will then rejoice,
To see the outcasts flocking home;
The chosen seed of Israel's race
No more in foreign climes to roam.

And when you in their temples stand,
And lift your warning voice on high,
Think of the holy place you're in,
The land where Christ, did bleed and die.

Go view the solemn sacred spot,
On Calv'ry where the Lamb was slain;
And never let it be forgot,
Whilst time and mem'ry doth remain.

And when you're in the Holy land,
There musing on some sacred spot,
Then turn your thoughts upon these lines,
They'll sweetly breathe "forget me not."

“Amazed with Wonder!”
Joel H. Johnson

Characteristic of early Latter-day Saint poetry, Joel H. Johnson’s strophes here present biblical allusion alongside the current events of Mormondom: “Or [does it] prove that Christ was not the Lord / Because that Peter cursed and swore?” Johnson asks rhetorically, “Or Book of Mormon not his word / Because denied, by Oliver? / Or prove, that Joseph Smith is false / Because apostates say tis so? / Or prove that God, no man exalts / Because from priests such doctrines flow?”³³ In this poem, Johnson makes it clear that such questions present little challenge to “the man that’s wise.”

“The wise shall understand.”—Daniel³⁴

Amazed with wonder! I look round
 To see most people of our day,
 Reject the glorious gospel sound,
 Because the simple turn away.
 Or does it prove there is no time,
 Because some watches will not go?
 But does it prove there is no crime
 Because not punished here below?
 Or can it prove no gems remain,
 Because some fools, throw theirs away?
 Or can it prove no king can reign
 Because some subjects wont obey?
 Or prove the gospel was not true
 Because old Paul the Saints could kill?
 Because the Jews its author slew,

33. Johnson’s allusion to Oliver Cowdery denying the Book of Mormon is likely misstated. Though Cowdery did leave the Church in 1838, he affirmed his testimony of the Book of Mormon on various occasions and later reconciled with the Church. See *Oliver Cowdery: Scribe, Elder, Witness*, ed. John W. Welch and Larry E. Morris (Provo, UT: Maxwell Institute, 2006).

34. Daniel 12:10.

And now reject their Saviour still?
 Or prove that Christ was not the Lord
 Because that Peter cursed and swore?
 Or Book of Mormon not his word
 Because denied, by Oliver?³⁵
 Or prove, that Joseph Smith is false
 Because apostates say tis so?
 Or prove that God, no man exalts
 Because from priests such doctrines flow?
 O, no! the wise will surely say;
 No proof unto the man that's wise,
 Then O! dig deep, ye wise to-day;
 And soon the truth will be your prize.
 Not like the fool who chanc'd to see,
 The Saint forsake his heavenly course,
 And turn to sin and vanity—
 Then cries your “scheme is all a farce.”

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 18 (JULY 15, 1841): 482.

“Psalm”

Eliza R. Snow

*P*ublished in Nauvoo and written in the style of an Old Testament psalm, this poem links the Prophet Joseph Smith to the prophet Elijah and King David of the Bible. As Eliza R. Snow writes, “Yea by the hand of Elijah, was he anointed to the office of his calling, even to proclaim the word of the Lord. . . . In these last days the Lord hath call’d his servant Joseph . . . to be a prophet and a teacher.” *Doctrine and Covenants* 110 describes the visitation of Elijah to the Prophet Joseph Smith after the dedication of the Kirtland Temple in 1836.

35. See “History of Tho[ma]s Baldwin Marsh,” *Deseret News*, March 24, 1858.

Praise the Lord O my soul; Praise him all ye sons and daughters of Zion.

Let us sing unto him a new song:³⁶ let us sing of his marvelous doings in the last days.

He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever;³⁷ therefore I will praise him for what my eyes have seen, and my ears have heard.

He hath opened the fountain of knowledge: he hath unlock'd the treasures of wisdom and understanding.

He hath brought to pass that which he spake by the mouth of his ancient prophets: yea, he hath caused truth to "spring up out of the earth, and righteousness to look down from heaven."³⁸

In ancient time he call'd his servant David from the sheepfold to preside over the nation of Israel; yea, from a tender of flocks did he raise him to the sovereignty of his covenant people.

He call'd Elisha from the occupation of husbandry, even when "ploughing in the field with twelve yoke of oxen;"³⁹ to be a prophet in Israel:

Yea by the hand of Elijah, was he anointed to the office of his calling, even to proclaim the word of the Lord—to declare the counsels of the Most High to the people.

36. See Psalm 33:3; 95:1; 147:7.

37. See Hebrews 13:8; 1 Nephi 10:18; Doctrine and Covenants 20:12.

38. See Psalm 85:11; Moses 7:62. This is probably an allusion to the Book of Mormon.

39. See 1 Kings 19:19.

In these last days the Lord hath call'd his servant Joseph—the son of an husbandman; to be a prophet and a teacher: yea to be a mighty instrument in rolling forward and establishing that kingdom which “shall fill the whole earth.”⁴⁰

The Lord hath spoken to him from the heavens—he hath instructed him thro' the ministration of angels—he hath taught him by the power of the holy spirit.

He hath opened the heavens, he hath rent the veil thereof, before his face—he hath spread the visions of eternity in his presence—he hath drawn aside the curtain of futurity and showed unto his servant things to come.

He hath anointed him with the oil of understanding, and instructed him in the great mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; even those “mysteries which have been hid from ages and from generations.”⁴¹

Rejoice all ye Saints of the Lord and listen to the instructions of his prophet—be careful to depart from evil—let your hearts be pure for the great day of the Lord approaches.

He will perform a speedy work upon the earth—he will cut it short in righteousness—he will not suffer his word to perish.

Therefore, let the nations be wise—let the great ones of the earth receive counsel; let the honest in heart prepare and gather even unto Zion:

40. See Daniel 2:35; Doctrine and Covenants 65:2.

41. See Colossians 1:26; Doctrine and Covenants 76:7.

For “the earth shall reel to and fro like a drunken man,”⁴²
yea, she shall groan because of iniquity which is
already increasing heavily upon her.

But “Zion shall be redeem’d with judgment, and her con-
verts with righteousness”⁴³—the nations of the earth will
honor her—the glory of the Lord will encompass her
round about; and his praises will be heard in her midst.

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 18 (JULY 15, 1841): 482.

“The Temple of God”

Eliza R. Snow

*I*n January 1841 the Lord told the Prophet Joseph Smith to build a temple in Nauvoo: “And verily I say unto you, let this house be built unto my name, that I may reveal mine ordinance therein unto my people; . . . and I will show unto my servant Joseph all things pertaining to this house.”⁴⁴ On April 6, 1841, approximately three months later,⁴⁵ the cornerstones to the building were laid.⁴⁶ The advent of the temple, Snow’s poem explains, foreshadows Christ’s Second Coming.

“Behold! I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in! behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of

42. See Isaiah 24:20; Doctrine and Covenants 45:48; 49:23; 88:87.

43. See Isaiah 1:27; Doctrine and Covenants 100:13; 136:18.

44. Doctrine and Covenants 124:40, 42.

45. April 6, 1841, was the eleventh anniversary of the organizational meeting of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

46. Lisle G. Brown, “Chronology of the Construction, Destruction and Reconstruction of the Nauvoo Temple,” 1999, <http://users.marshall.edu/~brown/nauvoo/chrono.html>.

Hosts. But who may abide the day of His coming! And who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap! And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord, an offering in righteousness. Then shall the offerings of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years." (Malachi 3:1-4)

Lo, the Savior is coming, the prophets declare—
 The times are fulfilling; O Zion, prepare!
 The Savior is coming: but where shall he come?
 Will he find in the palace of princes, a home?
 No! O no, in his temple he'll surely attend;
 But O where, is the "temple," where Christ shall descend?



Architect William Weeks' original rendering of the Nauvoo Temple. COURTESY OF CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY, THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Since the ancient apostles and Christians are dead
 The heavens have been seal'd—they are brass o'er the head
 Of a world of professors, presuming to claim
 A belief in the gospel of Jesus' blest name;
 Who profess to believe it, yet boldly deny
 Its most prominent feature, the gifts from on high,
 And deny that the word of the Lord should come forth,

As it anciently did, to the saints upon earth!
 Then to whom shall Jehovah his purpose declare?
 And by whom shall the people be taught to prepare
 For the coming of Jesus—a “temple” to build,
 That the ancient predictions may all be fulfil’d?

When a Moses of old, was appointed to rear
 A place, where the glory of God should appear;
 He receiv’d from the hand of the high King of Kings,
 A true model—a pattern of heavenly things.
 The eternal Jehovah will not condescend,
 His pure wisdom, with human inventions to blend;
 And a temple—a house, to the name of the Lord,
 Must be built, by commandment, and form’d of his word,
 Or he will not accept it, nor angels come down
 In the light of His presence, the service to crown,
 O! then who, upon earth, uninstructed, will dare
 Build a house to the Lord? But the scriptures declare
 That Messiah is coming—the time’s drawing nigh!
 Hark! A scheme is divulg’d—’twas concerted on high;
 With divine revelation the saints have been bles’t—
 Every doubt has subsided—the mind is at rest.

The great God, has establish’d, in mercy and grace
 The “Strange work,”⁴⁷ that precedes the concluding of days—
 The pure gospel of Jesus again is restor’d;
 By its power, thro’ the prophet, the word of the Lord
 Is again coming forth; and intelligence rolls
 From the upper eternity, cheering our souls.
 “*Build a house to my name,*”⁴⁸ the Eternal has said
 To a people, by truth’s holy principles led:

47. See Isaiah 28:21; Doctrine and Covenants 101:95.

48. See 1 Kings 8:19; 2 Samuel 7:13; 1 Chronicles 22:10; Doctrine and Covenants 110:6; 124:27, 40.

“Build a house to my name, where my saints may be blest;
 Where my glory and pow’r shall in majesty rest”⁴⁹
 When its splendor will gladden the heavenly choir,
 And high Gabriel’s own hand shall awaken the lyre.

Oh, ye saints, be admonish’d by Time’s rolling car;
 It is rapidly onward! Hear, ye from afar!
 Come, and bring in your treasures—your wealth from
 abroad:

Come, and build up the city and Temple of God:
 A stupendous foundation already is laid,
 And the work is progressing—withhold not your aid.
 When you gather to Zion, come, not “looking back”—⁵⁰
 Let your hearts not faint—let your hands not be slack,
 For great honor, and glory, and grace, and renown,
 Shall appear on their heads, whom the Savior will crown;
 And the Savior is coming, the prophets declare,
 The times are fulfilling—to Zion repair:
 Let us “watch and be sober”⁵¹—the period is near
 When the Lord in his temple, will surely appear.⁵²

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 19 (AUGUST 2, 1841): 493–94.

“Psalm No. 2”

Eliza R. Snow

In her second psalm, Eliza R. Snow reflects on the persecutions hurled against the Latter-day Saints in Missouri. She thanks the Lord for deliverance from

49. See Doctrine and Covenants 97:15.

50. See Genesis 19:17, 26; Luke 17:32.

51. See I Thessalonians 5:6; I Peter 4:7.

52. See Malachi 3:1; Doctrine and Covenants 133:2.

persecution and instructs fellow acolytes to abide by the revelations received from God. “When the authorities of Missouri had risen up against us,” she writes, “when her Chief Magistrate . . . had become the leader of those that sought our destruction, . . . then the Lord heard our supplications.”

Let the saints lift up their voice—let them not keep
silence—let them declare in the ears of this generation;
what the Lord has done for his persecuted people.

Let them speak of his mercy and his goodness—let them
proclaim his wisdom and his power, in delivering
them from the hands of their enemies.

When the authorities of Missouri had risen up against
us—when her Chief Magistrate,⁵³ who had been set
on high to execute justice and equity, had become the
leader of those that sought our destruction—

When we had fallen low beneath the weight of oppression,
and had well nigh become a prey to those that thirsted
for our blood!

Then the Lord heard our supplications, and the Most
High wrought a way for our deliverance.

With his strong hand he stayed the powers of darkness—he
provided a path for our feet, and led us forth from
the gates of death.

He caused the fetters to be loosed from those that were
bound, and the prison doors to be opened, that the
unoffending captive might escape.

He brought us into a land of freedom, and planted our
feet upon a soil of peace.

53. Likely a reference to Governor Lilburn W. Boggs of Missouri.

He hath established us in a country of strangers—and in a country of strangers, hath he raised up unto us, a multitude of friends,

He opened the heart of the affluent to feel for our distress, and their hand to minister to our necessities—He hath given the tongue of eloquence to the honorable, and they are pleading the cause of innocence in our behalf.

Verily the Lord is bringing us “up through great tribulation”⁵⁴—he hath already placed us on high, even above the fear of those who counsel in darkness—whose devices are against the work of the Most High.

He hath rolled back the waves of persecution—He hath stayed the hand of oppression—He hath brought their names into derision, who brought upon us the showers of affliction.

The Lord hath done it—let his name be exalted—let his faithfulness be declared in the congregation of the people—let his statutes be kept in continual remembrance by all who profess to be his saints.

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 21 (SEPTEMBER 1, 1841): 523.

“Baptism for the Dead”

Joel H. Johnson

*O*n August 15, 1840, Joseph Smith introduced the doctrine of baptism for the dead at the funeral of Seymour Brunson.⁵⁵ The new doctrine allowed

54. See Revelation 7:14; Acts 14:22; Matthew 24:21; Doctrine and Covenants 127:2.

55. See Susan Easton Black, “A Voice of Gladness for the Living and the Dead

relatives and friends of the deceased to act as proxies by being baptized in their stead. One month later, the author of this poem, Joel H. Johnson, buried his beloved wife. Johnson wrote, "Her greatest anxiety was about her friends that had not received the gospel for which she almost constantly prayed."⁵⁶

"Else, what shall they do who are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why then are they baptized for the dead?"⁵⁷

The glorious gospel light has shone
In this the latter day,
With such intelligence that none
From truth need turn away.

For 'mong things which have been sealed,
And from the world kept hid;
The Lord has to his saints revealed,
As anciently he did.

And thro' the Priesthood now restored,
Has e'en prepar'd the way,
Through which the dead may hear his word,
And all its truths obey.

As Christ to spirits went to preach,
Who were in prison aid;
So many saints have gone to teach
The gospel to the dead.

And we for them can be baptized,
Yes for our friends most dear!
That they can with the just be rais'd,
When Gabriel's trump they hear.

(D&C 128:19)," *Religious Educator* 3, no. 2 (2002): 137–50.

56. Joel H. Johnson, *Journal or Sketch of Joel Hills Johnson, 1858*, Church History Library.

57. 1 Corinthians 15:29.

That they may come with Christ again,
 When he to earth descends;
 A thousand years with him to reign,
 And with their earthly friends.

Now, O! ye saints, rejoice today,
 That you can saviors be,
 For all your dead, who will obey
 The gospel and be free.

Then let us rise without restraint,
 And act for those we love;
 For they are giving their consent,
 And wait for us to move.

IN *Times and Seasons* 2, NO. 23 (OCTOBER 1, 1841): 585.⁵⁸

“The Transformation—or the Tool and the Gem”

Eliza R. Snow

DEDICATED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE NAUVOO UNIVERSITY;
 UNDER THE TUITION OF ELDER O. PRATT

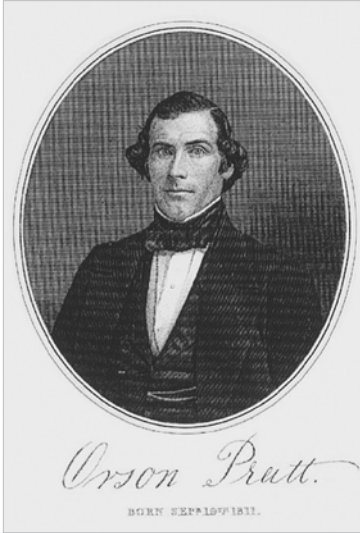
The Nauvoo Charter authorized the formation of the University of the City of Nauvoo. The school's purpose was to teach the “Arts, Sciences, and Learned Professions.”⁵⁹ Known affectionately as “the Gauge of Philosophy,” Church leader Orson Pratt taught mathematics and English.⁶⁰ The university

58. This poem was later published in John Hardy, *A Collection of Sacred Hymns* (Boston: Dow & Jackson's, 1843).

59. *History of the Church*, 4:269; as cited in H. S. Salisbury, “University and Public Schools of the City of Nauvoo,” *Journal of History* 15, no. 3 (July 1922): 270. See also the introductory note on this poem in Jill Mulvay Derr and Karen Lynn Davidson, eds., *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry* (Provo, UT: Brigham Young University Press, 2009), 189.

60. Richard F. Burton, *The City of the Saints* (New York: Harper & Brothers,

provided educational experiences for all ages during the time from 1841 to 1845. Although the duration of the university was short-lived, it served as a



Orson Pratt

BY FREDERICK PIERCY, COURTESY
OF CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY,
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

model for future academies of learning organized by Brigham Young and the Saints in the west. Eliza R. Snow's poem, dedicated to the students of the university, discusses the refining process of education: "That tool requires a skillful hand— / That gem, no charm should bind; / That tool is Education, and / That gem, the Human Mind."

I saw a thing of rudest form,
From mountains' base
brought forth—
A useless gem—devoid of charm,
And wrap'd in cumbrous earth.

Its rough exterior met the eye
With a repulsive show;
For every charm, was forc'd to lie
In buried depths, below.

The Sculptor came,—I wonder'd,
when

His pliant tool was brought;
He pass'd it o'er the gem, and then
I mark'd the change it wrought.

Each cumbrance from its surface, clear'd—
The gem, expos'd to view—
Its nature and its worth appear'd—
Its form expansive grew.

1862), 353; see also David J. Whittaker, "Orson Pratt: Prolific Pamphleteer," *Dialogue* 15, no. 3: 27-41.

By gentle strokes, it was set free—
By softer touch refin'd;
Till beauty, grace and majesty,
Were with its nature join'd.

Its luster kindled to a blaze—
'Twas Wisdom's lamp begun,
And soon the splendor of its rays
Eclips'd the noon-day sun.

That gem was chain'd in crudeness, till
The Sculptor, lent his aid:
I wonder'd at the ready skill,
His potent hand display'd.

But 'twas the virtue of his tool
Of fine, transforming edge;
Which serv'd for pencil, mould and rule—
For polisher and sledge.

That *tool* requires a skillful hand—
That *gem*, no charm should bind;
That tool is *Education*, and
That gem, the *Human Mind*.

“Behold the Temple of the Lord”

Alexander Neibaur

*W*ithin a few years of his baptism, Alexander Neibaur migrated from Germany to the United States, settling in Nauvoo.⁶¹ The first three verses of his poem allude to Isaiah’s words about the establishment of the mountain of the Lord’s house (see Isaiah 2:2). Modern Latter-day Saint tradition equates the Salt Lake City Temple with Isaiah’s prophecy.⁶² However, well before this tradition, Neibaur connects the Nauvoo Temple with the “Mountain of the Lord.”

Behold the temple of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills
And draw our won’dring eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All lands and tongues shall flow:
Up to the hill of God, they’ll cry,
And to his house we’ll go.

The beam that shines in Zion’s hill,
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion’s towers
Shall the whole world command.

No strife shall wound Messiah’s reign
Or mar the Peaceful years;
To plough-shares now they beat their swords
To pruning-hooks their spears.⁶³

61. See Fred E. Woods, “The Life of Alexander Neibaur,” *Mormon Historical Studies* 7, nos. 1–2 (Spring/Fall 2006): 22–34.

62. At the October 2000 general conference, President Gordon B. Hinckley quoted Isaiah 2:2–3, 5, and then remarked, “I believe that prophecy applies to the historic and wonderful Salt Lake Temple. But I believe also that it is related to this magnificent [Conference Center]. For it is from this pulpit that the law of God shall go forth, together with the word and testimony of the Lord.”

63. See Isaiah 2:4.

Come, then, O come from every land,
 To worship at his shrine;
 And walking in the light of God,
 With peace and glory shine.

IN *Times and Seasons* 3, NO. 4 (DECEMBER 15, 1841): 638.

“You in Your Last, Wished Me to Write”
Abigail Pitkin

In writing to her sister in Ohio, Latter-day Saint convert Abigail Pitkin gives an apt depiction of everyday life in Nauvoo. Pitkin’s letter is unique both for its poetic form and its rich descriptive content. Her lines detail the difficult living conditions in Nauvoo. However, her wit and felicitous language belie contentment beyond material possessions. Pitkin was, in her own words, “content to be / A ‘Mormon,’ not a ‘Pharisee.’”

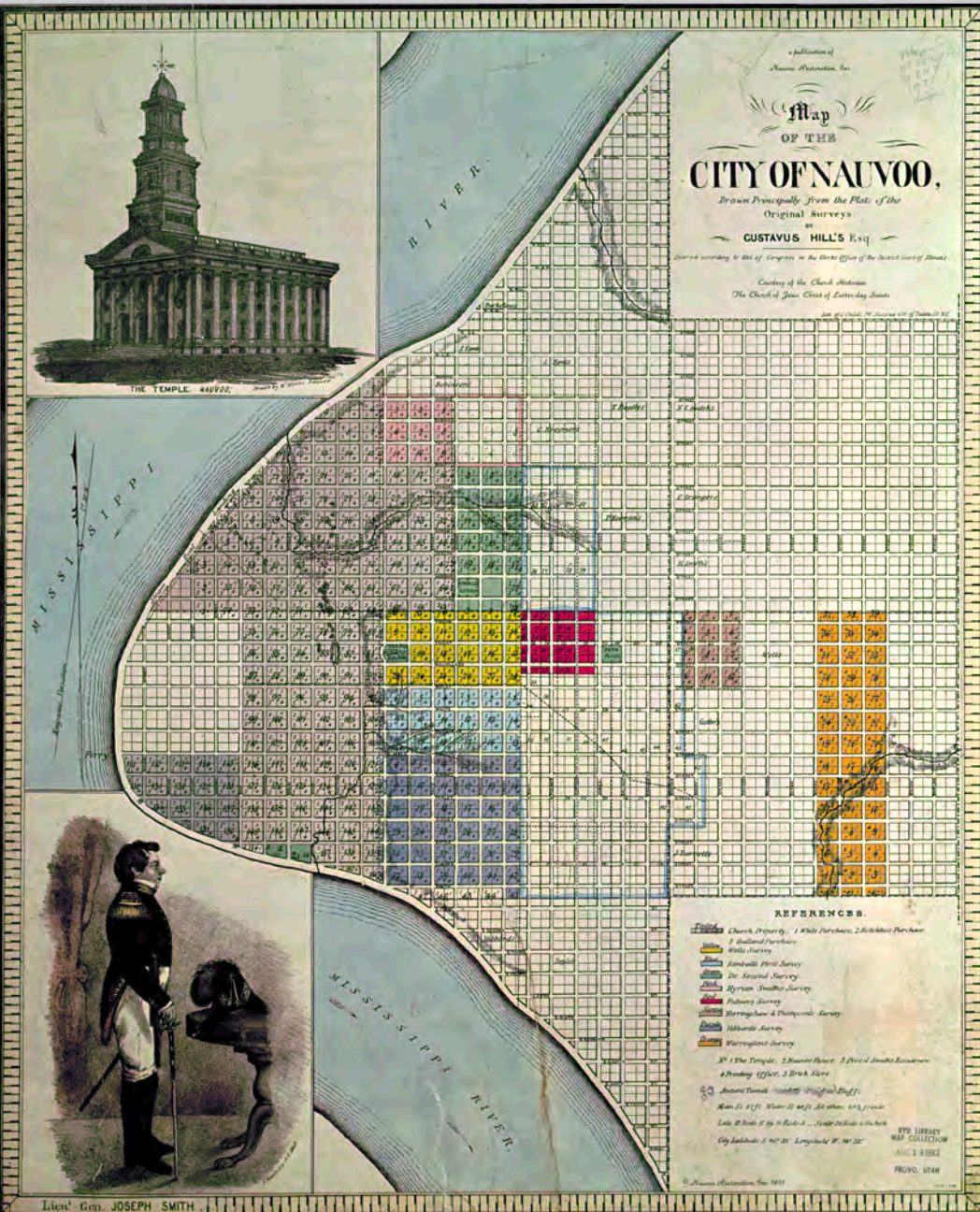
Dear Rebecca,

You in your last, wished me to write,
 And as I used to talk indite,⁶⁴
 The task though hard I’ll undertake,
 And rhyme a letter for your sake.

Of Laura’s letter you complain,
 And postage seemed your purse to strain.
 Your patience now I’ll give a try,
 While I my rhyming powers apply.

I often thought I’d like to give
 You an account of where we live.
 What’s our employ, what we possess,
 How we appear, and how we dress.

64. One definition of *indite* is “to compose; to write.” Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. “indite.”



Map of the City of Nauvoo BY GUSTAVUS HILLS, WILLIAM WEEKS, SUTLIFE MAUDSLEY. COURTESY OF CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY, THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

In Nauvoo City we reside,
 Where we in peace can now abide,
 Our dwelling measures “Thirteen Feet,”
 With walls rough-hewn and white-washed neat.

Our bed springs up against the wall
 Because our room is rather small;
 For we in building count the cost
 Lest too much money should be lost,

For mobs you know have saucy grown
 And will not let us have our own.
 Our table measures just “Three feet,”
 With falling leaves and varnished neat.

With chairs we’re blessed with only two
 Missouri claims the remaining few;
 Our glass⁶⁵ above the table stands,
 Cracked through the center by your hands,

Which oft reminds us of the scene
 When it was decked with evergreen.
 On shelves our dishes are ranged neat
 By pegs supported, quite complete.

For old Missouri’s wicked clan
 Our cupboard kept, and warming pan.
 We have a heifer very small
 At present gives no milk at all;

And fowls which throng our door
 But lack of corn will keep them poor,
 Poor things, they’ll have to make us meat
 When we have nothing else to eat.

65. *Glass* refers to a window pane. Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. “glass.”

We have a bag to hold our flour,
Now nearly full stands near the door,
And many old trunks scattered round,
In which our cabin doth abound.

Our old red boxes join the ring,
Of them awhile I fain would sing.
Like trusty friends they've by us stood,
And from them we've derived much good.

We've many useful things around
That scarce will get a passing sound.
I'd not forget to name the sink
For that is useful, oft, I think.

On subjects long I must not dwell,
But shortly now the tale must tell
How we, like "Dorcas,"⁶⁶ garments make
For which we goods or money take.

In building often we engage,
But that our foes doth much enrage.
Our homes to them seem very fair,
Which leads them on to act more rare.

In dress and manners we appear
Much as we did when you were here.
Our names we keep but rather would
Exchange for better if we could.

We've many friends and many foes,
Many wants and many woes,
But still I am content to be
A "Mormon," not a "Pharisee."

66. A probable reference to the New Testament woman Dorcas, who made "coats and garments" (see Acts 9:39).

I still remain your friend, A. P.
 And wish in faith we could agree.
 May health and peace your steps attend
 And wisdom guide you to the end.

Rebecca, take some leisure hour
 And try again your rhyming power,
 And send me when you write again
 Some of the products of your brain,

To seek repose I'll now retire
 And for awhile dismiss my lyre,
 Till lines from you tempt me again
 To touch it in a larger strain.

When'ere you take poor pen to write,
 As your heart dictates to indite,
 In prose or verse, it's all the same,
 But of my letter don't complain.

ABIGAIL PITKIN TO REBECCA RAYMOND,
 CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY, THE CHURCH OF
 JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

“Go Forth Ye Herald and Proclaim”

Margaret Thompson Smoot

*O*n January 30, 1842, Joseph Smith called Abraham O. Smoot to serve a mission in South Carolina. The next day, Margaret Smoot, Abraham's wife, wrote the following poem in her husband's journal. Smoot's poetic sentiments reflect the feelings of many similarly situated Latter-day Saint women at that time.

The following lines of poetry were composed by Sister Margaret T. Smoot, on taking leave of Elder A. O. Smoot, her husband.

Go forth ye herald and proclaim
The Gospel of our Lord,
Hold forth the truth in Jesus' name—
Supported by his word

To all who will obey his word
His promises are sure,
That Christ will be with them and stay,
If to the end endure.

Since God hath spoken from above,
And called you to depart,
May fears nor temptations move
You from the truth to part.

The sacrifice to me is great,
To part with one so kind,
But God gave thee to me for mate,
I'll be to his will resigned.

I pray the Lord—keep thee from harm,
And guide thee with thy all,
And save thee in his mighty arm,
That thou will never fall.

Now farewell—kindest of hearts
To thee I bid farewell a while,
For Jesus' sake we got to part,
And on us, O! let him smile.

(PART SECOND)

Well, now O! Lord I give to thee,
The treasure once thou gavest me,

I ask thee Father, (not in vain),
To let me have him back again.

When his mission he will perform
O! will return him safely home
And thy name shall have the praise,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

COMPOSED JANUARY 31, 1842. ABRAHAM O. SMOOT,
JOURNAL, 1:158–59. BYU DIGITAL COLLECTIONS.

“The Temple of God at Nauvoo” *William W. Phelps*

Constructing the Nauvoo Temple was a labor of love, but it was also financially draining. Monetary stresses on the Church may have prompted this poetic admonition to “Bring on your gold and your precious things, too, / As tithes for the Temple of God at Nauvoo.”⁶⁷ Although the exterior of the temple took several years to construct, a wooden baptismal font in a small clapboard house at the temple site was ready for use by November 1841. Phelps also refers in this poem to proxy baptisms for the dead: “And we are baptiz’d for the dead—surely, too, / In the font at the Temple of God at Nauvoo.”

Ye servants that so many prophets foretold,
Should labor for Zion and not for the gold,
Go into the field ere the sun dries the dew,
And reap for the kingdom of God at Nauvoo.

Go carry glad tidings, that all may attend,
While God is unfolding: the time of the end;

67. See Willard Richards, “Temple Friends,” *Times and Seasons* 3, no. 9 (March 1, 1842): 715; “Temple Funds,” *Times and Seasons* 3, no. 13 (May 2, 1842): 782.

And say to all nations, whatever you do,
Come, build up the Temple of God at Nauvoo.

Go say to the Islands that wait for his law,
Prepare for that glory the prophets once saw,
And bring on your gold and your precious things, too,
As tithes for the Temple of God at Nauvoo.

Go say to the great men, who boast of a name;
To kings and their nobles, all born unto fame,
Come, bring on your treasures, antiquities, too,
And honor the Temple of God at Nauvoo.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord,
For now we have prophets to bring forth his word,
And reveal to the church what the world never knew,
By faith in the Temple of God at Nauvoo.

To spirits in prison the gospel is sent,
For on such a mission the Savior once went;
And we are baptiz'd for the dead—surely, too,
In the font at the Temple of God at Nauvoo.

Up; watch! for the strange work of God has begun,
And now things are opening, now, under the sun:
And knowledge on knowledge will burst to our view,
From Seers in the Temple of God at Nauvoo.

IN *Times and Seasons* 3, NO. 16 (JUNE 15, 1842): 830.

“The Tattler”

Eliza R. Snow

This poem on “tattling” or gossip was likely penned after a May 1842 meeting of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo. At meetings of the society, the Prophet Joseph Smith advised the audience to stop “finding fault with

one another.” Invoking biblical imagery from the third chapter of the Epistle of James, Joseph urged “a double watch over the tongue.” Though he did “not want to cloak iniquity,” Joseph warned the women of the Church against causing “more hurt than good with your tongues.”⁶⁸ In this poem, Snow invites others to address the evils of tattling: “O that an abler pen than mine would paint / This vice in all its innate ugliness.”

It has been said by some, that woman’s soul
 Should never hate. I know the placid wreath
 Of gentleness, is beautiful upon
 The female brow; and that the pure, white wand
 Of innocence, by woman wielded, has
 A salutary potency, that is
 Superior to arbitrary power:
 That in her bosom pity’s mellow tones
 Are more congenial to the sphere which heav’n
 Design’d for her, than hatred’s sterner voice.

I know the worth of female rectitude—
 It is the fairest gem upon the crest
 Of social life; and I would not presume
 To step beyond the sacred halo of
 Propriety; but yet, *one* character,
 I almost dare to hate. And e’en in this
 Age of effeminacy: is there one who,
 Would say—would think that woman should not hate
 The Tattler, whose unhallowed business seems
 To wake up nonsense and to stir up strife?

But after all, I feel my heart relax,
 And pity is preponderating in
 My breast. I pity every human form
 That haplessly is the receptacle
 Of that ignoble, most detestable

68. Minutes of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo, May 26–27, 1842, Church History Library. See also the introductory note for this poem in Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 202.

Of every human trait! Whose head is but
A vacuum where thought is totally
Proscribed and sent a wanderer abroad?
Where vanity holds undisputed sway
And sits enthron'd o'er pompous nothingness,
Where, if reflection chance to come, she finds
No seat—no resting place—no lamp to shine
Upon her path: but like a traveler
When left in some dark spacious catacomb,
Amid the mould'ring heaps, to stumble o'er
Unconscious matter, without path or guide;
Is lost in everlasting hopelessness!

Poor brainless scull! Where every idle tale
Without exception, may be introduc'd
And meet a cordial welcome:—not to be
Rank'd with the subjects of forgetfulness
And hide with prudent secrecy away;
But to be cloth'd in the imposing garb
Of seeming consequence, and usher'd forth
On the first breeze that is made tremulous
By that untam'd destructive instrument
Of Mischief—that dread bane of social peace
And happiness, the Tattler's busy tongue.

Wretched propensity! And wretched the
Possessor of this execrable vice!
Whose soul, if soul is there at all, must be
Unto nonentity so near allied,
As to require a microscopic pow'r
To swell it into visibility.

But while the person shares my pity; if
I should not *hate*, I surely may *despise*
The character, the mean propensity:—

'Tis falsehood's vehicle and slander's tool
 To throw dark shadows over innocence,
 And magnify misfortune into fault.
 It often serpentineally creeps into
 The Sanctuary of domestic life,
 And with the sacred key of confidence,
 Draws out the secrets of the drawing room,
 And puts them on the winds of heav'n afloat.

I hope I never shall commit a crime
 Of such enormous magnitude, as would
 Draw down on me an unrelenting frown
 Of heav'n, that would subject me to endure
 The torment of the Tattler's senseless buzz.

I'd rather live in solitude, amid
 The deep impervious wilds, and listen to
 The silent speech of nature: and regale
 My spirit with the music of the breeze.
 O that an abler pen⁶⁹ than mine would paint
 This vice in all its innate ugliness,
 With its deformities and hatefulness,
 And make it look so like its very self;
 That thro' disfellowship it may return
 Down to the nether shades from whence it come.

IN THE *Wasp* 1, NO. 9 (JUNE 11, 1842): 4.

69. The phrase "an abler pen" may have inspired the creation of "The Patent Wrench," below.

“The Patent Wrench”⁷⁰
*Mr. Fare Play*⁷¹

This unknown author, writing under the pseudonym “Mr. Fare Play,” presented the following poem to “Mr. J. Smith” with the inscription “Some peace of mind.” Though it was likely never published, the author hoped the Prophet Joseph Smith would not “cast this book beneath the bench,” but instead “use it as a man would use a wrench / to hold the tongues of tattling men.” The poem, written in four books, condemns all manner of gossiping and tattling in Nauvoo. The poem may well have been a reaction to Eliza R. Snow’s solicitation in the previous poem, “The Tattler,” calling on “an abler pen” to treat the subject of “tattling” in Nauvoo. For readability, and to eliminate redundancy, the foregoing represents only selections of the complete poem by “Fare Play.”

Some peace of mind

Presented to Mr. J. Smith

By Mr. Fare Play

The patent wrench

A poem in four Books by F. P.

INTRODUCTION

To Thee O Prophet I this book present

I know in this I have no bad intent

And when thou hast o’er all its pages look’d

If thou dost see a line wherein I’ve crook’d⁷²

70. Transcription based on a scanned image of the 1844 poem written to Joseph Smith by Mr. Fare Play, in “Financial Papers, Certificates, Miscellany, and Oversized Documents,” mss 155, box 5, folder 18, Joseph Smith Collection, Church History Library. Grammar, spelling, capitalization, and punctuation are not standardized. For readability, this poem has been reduced to passages containing its major themes. For the full manuscript version of the poem, consult the original source.

71. The author is identified only by the pseudonym “Mr. Fare Play.”

72. One definition of *crook* (verb) is “to turn from rectitude; to pervert.” Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. “crook.”

Thou hast the pow'r the line to cast away
 And down into its place another lay
 Perhaps I've draw'n the bands to very tight
 But upright men I know in truth delight

O prophet true cease not to seek the Lord
 That saints may through thy means receive the word
 Although men abuse thee as they did of old
 The prophets true who did the truth unfold
 Although thou sailst through stormy seas and high⁷³
 Fail not to raise thy voice & prophesy
 That all the nations far the work may know
 That God sees all the works of men below

Perhaps you'll cast this book beneath the bench
 Or use it as a man would use a wrench⁷⁴
 To hold the tongues of tattling⁷⁵ men and vile
 Whose bosoms are fill'd up with lowest guile
 I have not much O friend my thoughts compress
 To do God's will I came out to the west⁷⁶
 Don't talk to me this word we understand
 It bears within our shop its true command

BOOK 1

All brothers should in love together dwell
 And tattling lying tales should never tell
 To you O saints these lines I now address
 And I will not my anxious thoughts compress

73. "But nevertheless, deep water is what I am wont to swim in. It all has become a second nature to me; and I feel, like Paul, to glory in tribulation; for to this day has the God of my fathers delivered me out of them all, and will deliver me from henceforth; for behold, and lo, I shall triumph over all my enemies, for the Lord God hath spoken it." See *Doctrine and Covenants* 127:2.

74. One definition of *wrench* (noun) is "an instrument for screwing or unscrewing iron-work." Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. "wrench."

75. To *tattle* (verb) is "to talk idly or to tell tales." Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. "tattle."

76. The "west" likely refers to Illinois or the city of Nauvoo.

The subject low of tattling is my theme
 Which trade the Josephites⁷⁷ hold in no esteem
 The modern prophets who in truth delight
 And do the truth receive in visions bright⁷⁸

O saints let this one key word ever be
 When tattlers come say thou don't talk to me⁷⁹
 Now if this word we always keep in mind
 Jehovah may to us be good and kind
 We know that tattling is a base employ
 Which does the peace of upright men annoy
 And saints who seek to serve the Lord right
 We will not blame if they the tattler slight



BOOK II

O friends let us in god most High delight
 For he has pow'r O friends to guide us right
 He has the pow'r each humble saint to bless
 Who does to him in truth and love confess
 O may we serve the Lord with single eye
 And of the tattlers low be ever shy
 O let us put our trust in God supreme
 And never stoop low to the tattlers theme

O ask the prophets true if God is pleased
 With those who are with tattling low diseased
 What do you think the prophets true will say
 Of those who do the tattler's law obey
 Will they their tattling lies and tales commend
 Or will they at the tattlers arrows send
 What do the prophets true O friends advise
 That we may stamp with scorn the tattler's lies

77. "Josephites" refers to followers of Joseph Smith who are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

78. See Articles of Faith I:7.

79. The "new wrench" was to hold the tongue of tattlers.



BOOK III

O friends awake attention give
 Let us in friendship true here after live
 And God I'm sure our souls would daily bless
 And by us tend in hours of deep distress
 But tattling low O friends we must despise
 And stamp and harshly too the tattlers lies
 Let us awake O friends and all obey
 And walk in peace along the narrow way



BOOK IV

If it the tattlers tongue can hold or tie
 It is of use in seasons wet or dry
 All upright men should take an active part
 To send at tattlers vile the patent dart
 Don't talk to me, let this be understood
 This dart is 'pos'ed of words and not wood
 This dart we must not send at men upright
 Who do in tattling low take no delight

This our patent dart don't talk to me
 Let this be used when we a tattler see
 Let every saint heed not the tattlers talk
 Turn right about and from his presence walk
 But of one thing be sure to send the dart
 Be he in a wagon or in a cart
 Or in the streets or houses fair and gay
 Just send the dart and have no more to say



“The Gathering of Zion”
Evan M. Greene

In this poem Evan M. Greene presents his hope for a Zionlike society before the Second Coming of Jesus Christ.

Scattered many a toilsome year,
Pledged in faith to memory dear;
We our gathering still pursue,
And our covenants renew;
Bound by love's unsevered chain,
We all hope to meet again.

Tho' our homes, sunk by decay,
Wicked mobs have torn away;
And our holy, sacred place,
Wickedness has long defaced;
Still on Zion's happy plain,
We all hope to meet again.

Many a time we there did meet;
Many a friend we there did greet:
Now our friends are scattered from
The sacred place they called their home;
Still on Zion's flowery plain
We all hope to meet again.

We'll pass thro' toils for many years,
Till Christ the second time appears;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Proud oppression low is laid;
Then on Zion's peaceful plain
We all hope to meet again.

“The Female Relief Society of Nauvoo: What Is It?”

Eliza R. Snow

On Thursday, March 17, 1842, Joseph Smith established the Relief Society of Nauvoo with his wife Emma as president and the poet Eliza R. Snow as secretary. The purpose of the society was, in Joseph’s words, to relieve “the poor, the destitute, the widow and the orphan, and for the exercise of all benevolent purposes.”⁸⁰ However, it was noted that the “society is not only to relieve the poor,” but also “to save souls.”⁸¹ Emma expounded on Joseph’s thoughts: “We are going to do something extraordinary,” she declared. “We expect extraordinary occasions and pressing calls.”⁸² Recognizing the grand purpose and future of the society, Eliza R. Snow, who would later become the president of the society in Utah, penned the following lines.⁸³

It is an Institution form’d to bless
 The poor, the widow, and the fatherless—
 To clothe the naked and the hungry feed,
 And in the holy paths of virtue, lead.

To seek out sorrow, grief and mute despair,
 And light the lamp of hope eternal there—
 To try the strength of consolation’s art
 By breathing comfort to the mourning heart.

To chase the clouds that shade the aspect, where
 Distress presides; and wake up pleasures there—
 With open heart extend the friendly hand
 To hail the stranger, from a distant land.

80. *Teachings of Presidents of the Church: Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 2007), 452.

81. Minutes of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo, June 9, 1842, Church History Library.

82. Emma Smith, in Relief Society Minute Book, Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842, 12, Church History Library.

83. See the introductory note for this poem in Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 204.

To stamp a vetoing impress on each move
 That Virtue's present dictates disapprove—
 To put the tattler's coinage, scandal, down,
 And make corruption feel its with'ring frown.

To give instruction, where instruction's voice
 Will guide the feet and make the heart rejoice—
 To turn the wayward from their recklessness,
 And lead them in the ways of happiness.

It is an *Order*, fitted and design'd
 To meet the wants of body, and of mind—
 To seek the wretched, in their long abode—
 Supply their wants, and raise their hearts to God.

IN *Times and Seasons* 3, NO. 17 (JULY 1, 1842): 846.

“To His Excellency Governor Carlin”

Eliza R. Snow

After Lilburn W. Boggs and others accused Joseph Smith of being an accessory to the assassination attempt of the former Missouri governor, Latter-day Saints petitioned Thomas Carlin, governor of Illinois, to protect Joseph from arrests or attempts to extradite him on the allegations. Emma Smith and Eliza R. Snow visited Governor Carlin in Springfield and asked him, on behalf of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo, to provide added protection for the Prophet. The governor received their petitions and expressed gratitude and respect; in appreciation, Snow composed the following poem. However, as her epigraph below indicates, her appreciation was short-lived when it became clear that Carlin “was secretly co-operating with Missouri against General Smith.”⁸⁴

84. See Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 206.

Previously to the close of Governor Carlin's administration, [I] Accompanied Mrs. Smith on a visit, the purport of which was to present a Petition, and solicit the protection of His Excellency for her husband, General J. Smith, and the inhabitants of Nauvoo. Soon after their return the foregoing Poem was written as a due expression of gratitude and respect. But his subsequent conduct proved his professions of friendship and assurances of protection to be false; for it appeared that at the time of the above-mentioned visit, he was secretly co-operating with Missouri against General Smith. Fortunately, his movements so soon proved the tribute unmerited, that the article was not published. We now insert it as a specimen of the double-dealing policy of the times.

Oft times beneath the banner spread
 By Freedom's hand abroad,
 We've seen oppression's murd'rous tread,
 And felt its iron rod;
 And therefore in the threat'ning hour
 We claim from thee protection's power.

But who, ah! who can understand,
 But those that chance to *feel*,
 Why, in this free republic land,
 We tender an appeal?
 Alas! That threats should jeopardize
 Those sacred rights that freemen prize.

A lady—suppliant was there,
 And there prepar'd her plea—
 Your Excellency heard her prayer
 With cordiality;
 And said, "Whatever may betide,
 Our country's laws shall be your guide."⁸⁵

85. According to Eliza R. Snow, Governor Thomas Carlin said, "The laws and Constitution of our country shall be his polar star in case of any difficulty." Eliza R. Snow, diary, July 29, 1842, Church History Library; as cited in Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 207n1.

Your manner with much frankness grac'd,
 Your converse rife with sense,
 Could not commingle feeling bas'd
 Upon a false pretence—
 Your gen'rous conduct *seem'd* the part
 That's prompted by an honest heart.

Full many jewels are misplac'd
 On what they ne'er adorn,
 Full oft is friendship given to waste
 Without a due return:
 It will not, cannot, sir, be thus
 With what you've kindly proffer'd us.
 The path of legal rectitude
 You purpose to pursue,
 Will unto *us* with peace be strew'd,
 With honor unto *you*;
 And may Jehovah blessings shed
 Of sacred worth upon your head.

And may your household too be blest;
 On your companion fair,
 May rich abundant blessings rest,
 And on her tender care—
 That flower that wakes your mutual pride—
 The little prattler by her side.

Blest be your daughter; in her face
 And her soft graceful air,
 A happy union we could trace
 Of worth and beauty there—

A union haply made to form
 A pleasing and enduring charm.
 You to your children *may* bequeath
 The art of *doing good*;
 And win a never-fading wreath—
 The wreath of gratitude;
 'Twill prove a gem to deck your name,
 Above the price of glory fame.

IN ELIZA R. SNOW, *Poems I* (LONDON:
 LATTER-DAY SAINTS' BOOK DEPOT, 1856), 122–24.

“Invocation”

Eliza R. Snow

When Illinois governor Thomas Carlin later approved the arrest warrant and extradition of Joseph Smith, the Prophet went into hiding—fearing for his life. This poem was written as a plea to God by Eliza R. Snow to protect Joseph from his enemies.

O God! Thou God that rules on high,
 Bow down thy ear to me;
 Listen, O listen to my cry—
 Hear thou, my fervent plea.

Rebuke the heartless, wicked clan
 That fain would do us harm;
 Protect us from the power of man,
 By thy Almighty arm.

Let unseen watchmen wait around
 To shield thy servant's head—

Let all his enemies be found
Caught in the net they spread.

Thy grace, like prairie dews distill'd,
To all his needs apply;
And let his upright heart be filled
With spirit from on high.

The work is thine—thy promise sure—
Though earth and hell oppose;
Roll, roll it onward and secure
Thy prophet from his foes.

O hide him in thy secret fold
When on his path they tread;
Safe as Elijah who of old
Was by the ravens fed.

Bring his accusers' deeds to light
And give thy people rest;
Eternal God! Gird on thy might
And succor the oppressed.

IN *Times and Seasons* 3, NO. 22 (SEPTEMBER 1, 1842): 910.

“To President Joseph Smith and His Lady
Presidentess Emma Smith”⁸⁶

Eliza R. Snow

*A*pproximately one month before the publication of this poem, Joseph Smith's phrenology chart was printed in the *Wasp*.⁸⁷ A pseudoscience of the time,

86. Eliza R. Snow addressed the poem to Joseph and Emma Smith, using Emma's title "Presidentess" of the Female Relief Society of Nauvoo.

87. A. Crane, "A Phrenological Chart," *Wasp* 1, no. 12 (July 2, 1842): 2.

phrenology claimed to uncover personality traits by examining and measuring contours of the skull. Eliza R. Snow's reference in the first verse to the "key bump" and "enlargement of brain" is likely a tongue-in-cheek allusion to *phrenology*.⁸⁸ The theme of this poem, however, is not *phrenology* but the difficulties faced by the Prophet throughout the summer of 1842. Joseph went into hiding when Governor Thomas Carlin of Illinois approved his arrest and extradition to Missouri. In her poem, Snow expresses confidence and hope in the Prophet's cause.

Since by chance, the "key bump" has been added to you
 With its proper enlargement of brain;
 Let me hope all the thunderbolts malice may strew,
 Will excite in your bosom, no pain.

But I think if an angel were station'd in air,
 For a season, just over our heads,
 With a view of things passing; his optics would stare
 To behold the vague scenery that spreads.

He'd be apt to conclude, from the medley of things:
 We've got into a jumble of late—
 A deep intricate puzzle, a tangle of strings,
 That no possible scheme can make straight.

Tell me, what will it be, and O, where will it end?
 Say, if you have permission to tell:
 Is there any fixed point unto which prospects tend?
 Does a focus belong to pell-mell?

From the midst of confusion can harmony flow?
 Or can peace from distraction come forth?
 From out of corruption, integrity grow?
 Or can vice unto virtue give birth?

88. For more on this, see introductory note to this poem in Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 214.

Will the righteous come forth with their garments unstained?
 With their hearts unpolluted with sin?
*O yes; Zion, thy honor will still be sustained,
 And the glory of God usher'd in.*

IN THE *Wasb* 1, NO. 18 (AUGUST 20, 1842): 4.

“Your Portrait”

Eliza R. Snow

In this poem, Eliza R. Snow refers to a pen-and-ink portrait of Joseph Smith by Sutcliffe Maudsley, which hung in Nauvoo’s Mansion House.⁸⁹ It may have been Maudsley’s first portrait of the Prophet, possibly sketched during his sitting on June 25, 1842. “[I] Sat for the drawing of my profile,” Joseph recorded that day.⁹⁰ As Snow’s poem expresses, his likeness was little consolation for those who pined over his absence. He remained in hiding until December 1842, when a judge of the US District Court dismissed his charges.

Sir, you’ve left us ‘your portrait’ that product of art—
 A small specimen neatly design’d—
 But ’tis only a picture, for where is the heart?
 And O, where that rich jewel, the *mind*?

It is only a picture! for where is the speech,
 That most noble conductor of thought
 With which thou art gifted the nations to teach,
 And by which we desire to be taught?

89. See Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 215.

90. History, 1838–1856, vol. C-1 [2 November 1838–31 July 1842], *The Joseph Smith Papers*, <http://josephsmithpapers.org/paperSummary/history-1838-1856-volume-c-1-2-november-1838-31-july-1842#!/paperSummary/history-1838-1856-volume-c-1-2-november-1838-31-july-1842&p=522>.

Sir, we look at *'your portrait'* and see it enclos'd
 In its frame like a prisoner bound,
 And regret its *original*, thus is expos'd
 To the malice of men that surround!

O, how strange, in this boasted, republican land,
 Where all claim to be happy and free;
 That a prophet of God is forbidden to stand,
 And is forced like a culprit to flee!

'Tis a sad *'restitution'*! but all things must come—
 It was thus with the prophets of old:
 But when you are absent, and driv'n from home
 Here's *'your portrait,'* your *friends* may behold.

IN THE *Wasp* 1, NO. 19 (AUGUST 27, 1842): 4.

“Let the Mountains Shout for Joy”⁹¹

Joseph Smith Jr.

In an epistle written September 6, 1842, the Prophet Joseph Smith wrote of baptism for the dead and the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. The words of the epistle, although not initially rendered in poetic form, resonated in cadence reminiscent of the psalms or Isaiah’s messianic verses. Sidney B. Sperry is likely the first Latter-day Saint scholar to have put these words into a poetic typeset in his Doctrine and Covenants Compendium. Sperry’s rendering is reprinted below with slightly modified capitalization, punctuation, and paragraphing to emphasize the poetic nature of the revelatory excerpt.

Now, what do we hear in the Gospel which we have
 received?
 A voice of gladness!

91. See Doctrine and Covenants 128:19, 22, 23.

A voice of mercy from heaven;
 And a voice of truth out of the earth.⁹²
 Glad tidings for the dead;
 A voice of gladness for the living and the dead;
 Glad tidings of great joy.⁹³
 How beautiful upon the mountains
 Are the feet of those that bring glad tidings of good things,
 And that say unto Zion:
 Behold, thy God reigneth!⁹⁴
 As the dews of Carmel,
 So shall the knowledge of God descend upon them! . . .
 Brethren, shall we not go on in so great a cause?
 Go forward and not backward.
 Courage, brethren; and on, on to the victory!
 Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad.
 Let the earth break forth into singing.
 Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise
 To the King Immanuel, who hath ordained, before the
 world was,
 That which would enable us to redeem them out of their
 prison;
 For the prisoners shall go free.
 Let the mountains shout for joy,⁹⁵
 And all ye valleys cry aloud;
 And all ye seas and dry lands tell the wonders of your Eternal
 King!
 And ye rivers, and brooks, and rills, flow down with
 gladness.

92. Psalm 85:11; Isaiah 29:3-4, 11-14; 2 Nephi 27:6-29.

93. Luke 2:10.

94. Isaiah 52:7.

95. Composer Evan Stephens used this line to begin his 1890 hymn, "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy!"

Let the woods and all the trees of the field praise the Lord;
 And ye solid rocks weep for joy!
 And let the sun, moon, and the morning stars sing
 together,
 And let all the sons of God shout for joy!⁹⁶
 And let the eternal creations declare his name forever and
 ever!
 And again I say, how glorious is the voice we hear from
 heaven,
 Proclaiming in our ears, glory, and salvation, and honor,
 And immortality, and eternal life; kingdoms, principalities,
 and powers!

JOSEPH SMITH TO THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
 LATTER-DAY SAINTS, NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 6, 1842,
 IN SIDNEY B. SPERRY, *Compendium*, 681–83;
 DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS SECTION 128.

“To He Knows Who” *Eliza R. Snow*

The month of October 1842 was a particularly difficult time for Joseph and Emma Smith. Joseph was in hiding, trying to avoid arrest and extradition, and Emma was ill.⁹⁷ Eliza R. Snow’s poem about Emma’s improving health was sent in a letter to the Prophet Joseph to reassure him about his wife’s status. The

96. Job 38:7.

97. Joseph Smith, journal, October 5, 7, 1842, as cited in Dean C. Jessee, ed., *The Papers of Joseph Smith*, 2 vols. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1989–92), 2:484–88, 490, 495.

*poem was also recorded in Snow's diary. When Snow included the lines in her volume Poems I (1856), she omitted the first stanza, which is reprinted below.*⁹⁸

Prest. Smith,⁹⁹

Sir, for your consolation permit me to tell
That your Emma is better—she soon will be well;
Mrs. Durfee stands by her, night & day like a friend
And is prompt every call—every wish to attend;
Then pray for your Emma, but indulge not a fear
For the God of our forefathers, smiles on us here.

You have found a seclusion, a lone solitude,
Where your foes cannot find you, where friends can't
intrude;

In its beauty and wilderness, by nature design'd
A Retreat from the tumult of all human kind;
And estrang'd from society—how do you fare?
May the God of our forefathers comfort you there.

It is hard to be exil'd, but be of good cheer;
You are destin'd to triumph! Then, like a chas'd deer,
Hide yourself in the forest, secure from the blast,
Awhile, till the storm of their fury is past,
For your foes are pursuing and hunting you still—
May the God of our forefathers screen you from ill.

COMPOSED OCTOBER 12, 1842.

IN ELIZA R. SNOW, *Poems I* (LONDON: LATTER-DAY

SAINTS' BOOK DEPOT, 1856), 133.

98. See Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 220.

99. Though sealed to Joseph Smith, Snow addressed him as "Prest. Smith" or "President Smith." See also "To President Joseph Smith; And His Lady Presidentess Emma Smith."

“The Mormon Jubilee”

Willard Richards and Wilson Law

*A*fter months of living in fear of extradition or worse, Joseph Smith was cleared of all charges after a favorable ruling in Springfield, Illinois. He and his confidants left the state capital in a joyful mood. En route to Nauvoo, they sang extemporaneous verses composed by Willard Richards and Wilson Law to the tune “There’s Nae Luck about the House.”¹⁰⁰ The tune is “an old Scottish song about the return of the ‘goodman’ (the head of the household). Its tune is merry, of course, for as the refrain tells us, ‘there’s little pleasure in the house when our goodman’s away.’” Both the original version and its Mormon modification “call for the household to put away their chores and celebrate the goodman’s return.”¹⁰¹

Written at Captain Dutch’s Lancaster Post Office, Morgan county, Illinois on the evening of the 7th of January 1843, and sung by the party who accompanied General Joseph Smith from Springfield, (where he had voluntarily been for trial on Habeas Corpus,) on his return to Nauvoo.

DEDICATED TO ALL LOVERS OF ILLINOIS LIBERTIES.

And are you sure the news is true?
 And are you sure he’s free?
 Then let us join with one accord,
 And have a jubilee.
 We’ll have a jubilee, my friends,
 We’ll have a jubilee;
 With heart and voice we’ll all rejoice
 In that our Prophet’s free.

100. Willard Richards and Wilson Law, “The Mormon Jubilee,” *Wasp* 1, no. 1 (January 14, 1843): 1.

101. Michael Hicks, “Poetic Borrowing in Early Mormonism,” *Dialogue* 18, no. 1 (Spring 1985): 137.

Success unto the Fed'ral Court,
 Judge Pope presiding there,
 And also his associates true,
 So lovely and so fair.
 We'll have a jubilee, my friends,
 We'll have a jubilee;
 With heart and voice we'll all rejoice,
 In that our Gen'ral's free.

And to our learned counsellors
 We owe our gratitude,
 Because that they in freedom's cause
 Like valiant men have stood.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.
 In the defense of innocence,
 They made the truth to bear;
 Reynold's and Carlin's¹⁰² baseness both
 Did fearlessly declare.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

Edwards¹⁰³ and Butterfield¹⁰⁴ and Pope,¹⁰⁵
 We'll mention with applause,
 Because that they like champions bold
 Support the Federal laws.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

102. Governor Thomas Reynolds of Missouri issued a "requisition" for treason against Joseph Smith. Sheriff Joseph Reynolds of Independence, Missouri, carried the requisition to Illinois. See Morris A. Thurston, "The Boggs Shooting and Attempted Extradition: Joseph Smith's Most Famous Case," *BYU Studies* 48, no. 1 (2009): 4–56.

103. Benjamin Edwards was a US district attorney who argued in behalf of Joseph Smith.

104. Justin Butterfield was a US district attorney. He gave a favorable opinion of Joseph Smith in the court case regarding the attempted assassination of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs.

105. Judge Nathaniel Pope heard the case against Joseph Smith.

Th' Attorney Gen'ral of the State,¹⁰⁶
 His duty nobly did,
 And ably brought those errors forth,
 From which we now are freed.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.
 One word in praise of Thomas Ford,¹⁰⁷
 Our Governor so true;
 He understands the people's rights,
 And will protect them, too.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

There is one more we wish enroll'd
 Upon the book of fame;
 That master spirit in all jokes,
 And Prentice but in name.¹⁰⁸
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

The Sucker State we'll praise in song,
 She's succour'd us indeed,
 And we will succor her in turn,
 In every time of need.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

Our charter'd rights she has maintain'd
 Through opposition great;
 Long stay her charter champions live,
 Sail to protect the State.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

106. Josiah Lamborn was the attorney general of Illinois from 1840 to 1843. He argued on behalf of the state of Illinois in the court case brought against Joseph Smith.

107. Thomas Ford was the governor of Illinois from December 1842 to December 1846.

108. William Prentice was a marshal in Springfield, Illinois. The night before Judge Pope gave his opinion, Prentice invited Joseph Smith, Orson Hyde, and Wilson Law to a social event. See Thurston, "The Boggs Shooting and Attempted Extradition: Joseph Smith's Most Famous Case," *BYU Studies* 48, no. 1 (2009): 42.

We'd stand by her thro' sun and shade,
 Through calm and tempest, too;
 And when she needs our Legion's aid,
 'Tis ready at Nauvoo.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

With warmest hearts we bid farewell,
 To those we leave behind;
 The citizens of Springfield all
 So courteous and so kind.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

The Captain Dutch¹⁰⁹ we cannot pass,
 Without a word of praise,
 For he's the king of comic songs
 As well as comic ways.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

And the fair ladies of his house,
 The flow'rs of Morgan's plains,
 Who from the soft Piano bring
 Such soul-enchanting strains.
 We'll have a jubilee, &c.

And now we're bound for home, my friends.
 A *band of brothers* true,
 To cheer the hearts of those we love,
 In beautiful Nauvoo.
 We'll have a jubilee, my friends,
 We'll have a jubilee;

109. After the case, Joseph Smith's party stayed at Captain Dutch's home for the night. There they sang this song. See Thurston, "The Boggs Shooting and Attempted Extradition: Joseph Smith's Most Famous Case," *BYU Studies* 48, no. 1 (2009): 47-49.

With heart and voice we'll all rejoice,
In that our Mayor's free.

IN THE *Wasp* 1, NO. 1 (JANUARY 14, 1843): 1.

“Jubilee Song”
Eliza R. Snow

When the editor of the *Wasp* published “The Mormon Jubilee” by Willard Richards and Wilson Law (reprinted above), he gave notice that Eliza R. Snow was penning her own jubilee song. Instead of appearing in the *Wasp*, however, Snow’s poem was printed on broadsheet for Joseph Smith’s celebratory feast and later published in the *Times and Seasons*. As a preamble to the song, editors of the *Times and Seasons* wrote about “beautiful verses” sung “on the occasion of Joseph Smith’s release from the hands of his persecutors. Mr. Smith and his Lady made a feast and invited upwards of fifty of their friends to partake with them; which was indeed a day of conviviality and rejoicing, and might properly be called a day of jubilee or release.”¹¹⁰

On the release of the Prophet Joseph Smith from prison

That deed—that time, we celebrate,
So rife with liberty;
When the official pow’rs of State
Pronounc’d the Prophet free.

CHORUS:

When foul oppression’s hand was stay’d—
A feast of Liberty,
The Prophet and his Lady made,
To crown the Jubilee.

110. Eliza R. Snow, “Jubilee Song,” *Times and Seasons* 4, no. 6 (February 1, 1843): 96.

'Twas *once*, no subject, them of song,
 For honest men to gain,
 Those rights that legally belong
 To every humble swain.
 When foul oppression's &c.

But *now* our Fed'ral Court has done
 A deed deserving praise:—
 There's something 'new beneath the sun'
 In these the latter days.
 When foul oppression's &c.

Some patriot feeling yet remains—
 Such as our fathers felt,
 When on Columbia's fertile plains
 Their blood, they freely spilt.
 When foul oppression's &c.

Tho' Freedom weeps o'er many a blot,
 Still here, she lifts her spires;
 And here, has champions, who are not
 Unworthy of their sires.
 When foul oppression's &c.

Protection's wreath again will bloom,—
 Reviv'd by Thomas Ford;¹¹¹
 Which under Carlin¹¹² had become
 Like Jonah's wither'd gourd.
 When foul oppression's &c.

Like Freedom's true and genuine son,
 Oppression to destroy,

111. Thomas Ford replaced Thomas Carlin as governor of Illinois in December of 1842.

112. Thomas Carlin was governor of Illinois.

His Excellence has begun
To govern Illinois.
When foul oppression's &c.

His 'Mormon' subjects fondly trust,
The citizen will share,
A legislation wise and just,
While he retains the Chair.
While foul oppression's &c.

Long, long, they'd felt injustice's weight,
And grappled with its yoke;
Ere the authorities of State
The Prophet's fetter's broke.
When foul oppression's &c.

The justice in our righteous cause
By those that stand in pow'r,
Does honor to our country's laws,
In this degen'rate hour.
When foul oppression's &c.

And while we give our feelings scope,
And gratitude award,
To Edwards, Butterfield, and Pope,
We'll not forget the Lord.
When foul oppression's &c.

The Lord, who guides His Prophet's cause;
Inspir'd those rulers' minds,
To execute those equal laws,
And break the chain that binds.
When foul oppression's &c.

Elijah's God! we'll praise his name,
And own His mighty hand,
Who brings His Prophet's foes to shame
In this republic land.
When foul oppression's &c.

Tho' wicked men should rage and scoff—
Though earth and hell oppose,—
The Lord will bear His people off
Triumphant o'er his foes.
When foul oppression's &c.

Now let the Prophet's soul rejoice—
His noble Lady's too;
While praise to God with heart and voice
Is heard throughout Nauvoo.
When foul oppression's &c,

IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 6 (FEBRUARY 1, 1843): 96;
PUBLISHED AS A BROADSHEET ON JANUARY 18, 1843.

“All Hail to Our Chief”

Wilson Law

*A*lso written in celebration of Joseph Smith’s acquittal and return to Nauvoo, this poem praises Judge Nathaniel Pope for his decision to clear Joseph and decries the “baseness” of Missouri governor Thomas Reynolds and Illinois governor Thomas Carlin. The title of the poem alludes to the song “Hail to the Chief,” sung for the president of the United States. The phrase “hail to the chief” is taken from Sir Walter Scott’s poem “The Lady of the Lake,” which reads, in part, “Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! / Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!”¹¹³

The following lines were written sometime since, by Gen. Wilson Law and handed to us; but in consequence of a press of matter they have unavoidably been delayed.

All hail to our Chief! who has come back with honor—
With glory’s bright halo encircling around;
From the highest tribunal in this great republic,
Where falsehood and slander caused him to be bound:
And his vile persecutors in their base designing,
Then our country’s broad flag will wave on in its glory,
His life to destroy and to tarnish his fame:
Have failed; like the ancients in trials refining,
He’s gained to himself a more excellent name.

The baseness of Reynolds, of Boggs and of Carlin,
Were shown forth as clear as the sun at noonday,
By th’ Fed’ral Attorney,¹¹⁴ in plea the most sterling
In which he portray’d where the villainy lay:
The progress of error he set forth most clearly,

¹¹³. Sir Walter Scott, “The Lady of the Lake,” line 2. William W. Phelps also borrowed Scott’s form and meter when writing the hymn “Praise to the Man.”

¹¹⁴. Justin Butterfield was the defense attorney for Joseph Smith.

From bloody Missouri to this, our own land;
 And with just indignation, exclaimed most sincerely
 That Carlin, his dog, would have screen'd that
 demand.

Thou goddess of Freedom! O, grant thy attendance
 On th' brave who're defending fair liberty's cause;
 May such judges as Pope still be found to befriend us—
 To administer justice and honor the laws:
 Then our country's broad flag will wave on in its glory,
 With but one star eclips'd on her ensign of fame,
 E'en the foul persecuting the bloody Missouri!
 Our lov'd country's disgrace, and humanity's shame!

Then hail! To the Chief, who has come home in glory,
 As free and exulting as angels that fly
 O'er the high Rocky Mountains, or plains of Missouri,
 Where the bones of our dear murder'd brethren now lie.
 Now let us unite with heartfelt exultation.
 And with ten thousand voices our accent renew,
 For the spirit of Freedom is still in our nation,
 And has giv'n our lov'd Gen'ral, safe back to Nauvoo.

IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 7 (FEBRUARY 15, 1843): 112.

“Vade Mecum (‘Go with Me’)”¹¹⁵

William W. Phelps

*In celebration of the verdict favoring the Prophet Joseph Smith, a day of thanksgiving and feasting was held in Nauvoo.*¹¹⁶ Poet William W. Phelps

115. The printed version contains the following dedication: “From W. W. Phelps to Joseph Smith: The Prophet.”

116. Wilford Woodruff, journal, January 17, 1843, as quoted in *The Words of Joseph Smith: The Contemporary Accounts of the Nauvoo Discourses of the Prophet Joseph*, ed. Lyndon W. Cook and Andrew F. Ehat (Provo, UT: Religious Studies

joined in the spirit by penning these verses, which beckon Joseph to imagine “the next, better world.” Joseph responded in the poem “The Answer: A Vision” (printed below).

Go with me, will you go to the saints that have died,—
To the next, better world, where the righteous reside;
Where the angels and spirits in harmony be
In the joys of a vast paradise? Go with me.

Go with me where the truth and the virtues prevail;
Where the union is one, and the years never fail;
Not a heart can conceive, nor a nat’ral eye see
What the Lord has prepar’d for the just: Go with me.

Go with me where there is no destruction or war;
Neither tyrants, or sland’rers, or nations ajar;
Where the system is perfect, and happiness free,
And the life is eternal with God: Come to me.

Go with me, will you go to the mansions above,
Where the bliss and the knowledge, the light, and the love,
And the glory of God, do eternally be?—
Death, the wages of sin, is not here: Go with me.

IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 6 (FEBRUARY 1, 1843): 81–82.

“The Answer: A Vision”¹¹⁷

Joseph Smith Jr.

*In response to Phelps’s poem “Vade Mecum (‘Go with Me’),” Joseph Smith composed a poetic reply, “The Answer: A Vision.”*¹¹⁸ “I will go, I will go,” wrote Joseph, giving poetic expression to his vision of a three-tiered heaven—with celestial, terrestrial, and teletial degrees of glory.¹¹⁹ He explained in his history “that if God rewarded every one according to the deeds done in the body, the term ‘heaven’, as intended for the Saints eternal home, must include more kingdoms than one.”¹²⁰ Though the Saints received Joseph’s vision joyously, Brigham Young found it difficult to accept at first. “My traditions were such,” he remarked, “that when the Vision came first to me, it was so directly contrary and opposed to my former education, I said, wait a little; I did not reject it, but

117. The printed version is dedicated “To W. W. Phelps, Esq.” Also, the scriptural references that are footnoted in this poem were identified through consulting the scriptural references contained in Doctrine and Covenants 76 and with assistance from Lawrence R. Flake’s book *Three Degrees of Glory* (American Fork, UT: Covenant Communications, 2006).

118. See Joseph Smith, “The Answer: A Vision,” *Times and Seasons* 4, no. 6 (February 1, 1843): 81–82. The authorship of Joseph’s reply is contested. Richard N. Holzapfel argues that Joseph Smith penned the poem largely because it bears his name. See “‘Eternity Sketch’d in a Vision’: The Poetic Version of Doctrine and Covenants 76,” in *The Heavens Are Open: The 1992 Sperry Symposium on the Doctrine and Covenants and Church History* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1993), 141–62. Michael Hicks contends that W. W. Phelps, not Joseph, was the primary author of the poem. See Michael Hicks, “Joseph Smith, W. W. Phelps, and the Poetic Paraphrase of ‘The Vision,’” *Journal of Mormon History* 20, no. 2 (Fall 1994): 63–84. William H. Brugger takes the position that Joseph Smith and W. W. Phelps worked together to create the poem. See William H. Brugger, “Section 76 as Literature in the Doctrine and Covenants” (master’s thesis, Brigham Young University, 1993), 100. More recently, Lawrence R. Flake has argued that Joseph Smith was the principle author but possibly enlisted the assistance of W. W. Phelps or another. See Lawrence R. Flake, *Three Degrees of Glory* (American Fork, UT: Covenant Communications, 2006), 16. It seems more likely than not that Joseph had a large role in the poem—not the least of which was receiving the vision upon which the poem is based.

119. See Doctrine and Covenants 76.

120. History, 1838–1856, vol. A-1 [23 December 1805–30 August 1834], *The Joseph Smith Papers*, <http://josephsmithpapers.org/paperSummary/history-1838-1856-volume-a-1-23-december-1805-30-august-1834?p=189>.

I could not understand it.”¹²¹ When this poetic rendering of the vision was first published, John Taylor drew attention to its “curious poetic composition” that was at “once both novel and interesting.” He acknowledged that “the common landmarks of modern poetry are entirely disregarded” but marveled that “there is something so dignified and exalted conveyed in the ideas of this production.”¹²²

I will go, I will go, to the home of the Saints,
Where virtue’s the value, and life the reward;
But before I return to my former estate,
I must fulfill the mission I had from the Lord.

Wherefore, hear, O ye heavens, and give ear O ye earth;¹²³
And rejoice, ye inhabitants, truly again;
For the Lord he is God,¹²⁴ and his life never ends,
And besides him there ne’er was a Saviour¹²⁵ of men.

His ways are a wonder, his wisdom is great;
The extent of his doings, there’s none can unveil;
His purposes fail not; from age unto age
He still is the same,¹²⁶ and his years¹²⁷ never fail.¹²⁸

His throne is the heavens, his life-time is all
Of eternity *now*, and eternity *then*;
His union is power, and none stays his hand,
The Alpha, Omega, for ever: Amen.

For thus saith the Lord, in the spirit of truth,
I am merciful, gracious,¹²⁹ and good unto those

121. *Deseret News*, September 14, 1852, 24

122. *Times and Seasons* 4, no. 6 (February 1, 1843): 81.

123. See Isaiah 1:2.

124. See Joshua 22:34; Jeremiah 10:10.

125. See Isaiah 43:11.

126. See Hebrews 13:8.

127. See Hebrews 1:112.

128. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:2–4.

129. See Exodus 34:6.

That fear me, and live for the life that's to come:
My delight is to honour the Saints with repose;¹³⁰

That serve me in righteousness true to the end;
Eternal's their glory and great their reward;
I'll surely reveal all my myst'ries to them,—
The great hidden myst'ries in my kingdom stor'd;¹³¹

From the council in Kolob,¹³² to time on the earth.
And for ages to come unto them I will show
My pleasure & will, what the kingdom will do:
Eternity's wonders they truly shall know.

Great things of the future I'll show unto them,
Yea, things of the vast generations to rise;
For their wisdom and glory shall be very great,
And their pure understanding extend to the skies.¹³³

And before them the wisdom of wise men shall cease,
And the nice understanding of prudent ones fail!
For the light of my spirit shall light mine elect,
And the truth is so mighty 'twill ever prevail.¹³⁴

And the secrets and plans of my will I'll reveal,¹³⁵
The sanctifi'd pleasures when earth is renew'd;
What the eye hath not seen, nor the ear hath yet heard,¹³⁶
Nor the heart of the natural man ever view'd.¹³⁷

I, Joseph, the prophet, in spirit beheld,
And the eyes of the inner man truly did see
Eternity sketch'd in a vision from God,
Of what was, and now is, and yet is to be.¹³⁸

130. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:5.

131. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:5-7.

132. Kolob is the star nearest the throne of God. See Abraham 3:3, 4, 9, 16.

133. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:8-9.

134. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:9-10.

135. See Daniel 2:28.

136. See Isaiah 64:4.

137. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:10.

138. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:11-13.

Those things which the Father ordained of old,
 Before the world was, or a system had run,—
 Through Jesus, the Maker and Savior of all;
 The Only Begotten, (Messiah) his son.

Of whom I bear record, as all prophets have,
 And the record I bear is the fullness,—yea, even
 The truth of the gospel of Jesus—*the Christ*,
 With whom I convers'd in the vision of heav'n.¹³⁹

For while in the act of translating his word,
 Which the Lord in his grace had appointed to me,
 I came to the gospel recorded by John,
 Chapter fifth, and the twenty-ninth verse, which you'll see.¹⁴⁰

Which was given as follows:

“Speaking of the resurrection of the dead,—
 “Concerning those who shall hear the voice of the Son of
 Man:—
 “And shall come forth;—
 “They who have done good in the resurrection of the just.
 And they who have done evil in the resurrection of the
 unjust.”¹⁴¹

I marvell'd at these resurrections, indeed!
 For it came unto me by the spirit direct:—
 And while I did meditate what it all meant,
 The Lord touch'd the eyes of my own intellect.¹⁴²

Hosanna, for ever! They open'd anon,
 And the glory of God shone around where I was;
 And there was the Son at the Father's right hand,
 In a fulness of glory and holy applause.¹⁴³

139. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:14.

140. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:15.

141. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:16–17.

142. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:18–19.

143. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:20–21.

I beheld round the throne holy angels and hosts,
 And sanctified beings from the worlds that have been,
 In holiness worshipping God and the Lamb.
 For ever and ever, amen and amen!¹⁴⁴

And now after all of the proofs made of him,
 By witnesses truly, by whom he was known,
 This is mine, last of all, that he lives; yea, he lives!
 And sits at the right hand of God, on his throne.¹⁴⁵

And I heard a great voice bearing record from heav'n,
 He's the Saviour and only begotten of God—
 By him, of him, and through him, the worlds were all made,
 Even all that careen in the heavens so broad.¹⁴⁶

Whose inhabitants, too, from the first to the last,
 Are sav'd by the very same Saviour of ours;
 And, of course, are begotten God's daughters and sons
 By the very same truths and the very same pow'rs.¹⁴⁷

And I saw and bear record of warfare in heav'n;
 For an angel of light, in authority great,
 Rebell'd against Jesus and sought for his pow'r,
 But was thrust down to woe from his Godified state.¹⁴⁸

And the heavens all wept, and the tears dropp'd like dew,
 That Lucifer, son of the morning, had fell!
 Yea, is fallen! is fall'n and become, oh, alas!
 The Son of Perdition, the devil of hell!¹⁴⁹
 And while I was yet in the spirit of truth,
 The commandment was—"Write ye the vision all out,

144. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:21.

145. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:22–23.

146. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:23–24.

147. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:24.

148. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:25.

149. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:26–27.

For Satan, old serpent, the devil's for war,—
And yet will encompass the Saints round about."¹⁵⁰

And I saw, too, the suffering and misery of those
(Overcome by the devil, in warfare and fight.)
In hell-fire and vengeance, the doom of the damn'd;
For the Lord said the vision is further: so write.¹⁵¹

For thus saith the Lord, now concerning all those,
Who know of my power and partake of the same;
And suffer themselves that they be overcome
By the power of Satan; despising my name:—¹⁵²

Defying my power, and denying the truth;—
They are they—of the world, or of men most forlorn,
The Sons of Perdition, of whom, oh! I say,
'T were better for them had they never been born!¹⁵³

They're the vessels of wrath, and dishonour to God,
Doom'd to suffer his wrath in the regions of woe,
Through the terrific night of eternity's round,
With the devil and all of his angels below:¹⁵⁴

Of whom it is said no forgiveness is given,
In this world, alas! nor the world that's to come;
For they have deny'd the spirit of God,
After having receiv'd it; and misery's their doom.¹⁵⁵

And denying the only begotten of God,—
And crucify him to themselves, as they do,
And openly put him to shame in their flesh,
By the gospel they cannot repentance renew.

150. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:28–29.

151. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:30.

152. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:31.

153. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:32.

154. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:33.

155. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:34–35.

They are they who must go to the great lake of fire,
Which burneth with brimstone, yet never consumes,
And dwell with the devil, and angels of his,
While eternity goes and eternity comes.¹⁵⁶

They are they, who must groan through the great second
death,
And are not redeemed in the time of the Lord:
While all the rest are, through the triumph of Christ,
Made partakers of grace, by the power of his word.¹⁵⁷

The myst'ry of Godliness truly is great;—
The past, and the present, and what is to be;
And this is the gospel—glad tidings to all,
Which the voice from the heavens bore record to me:¹⁵⁸

That he came to the world in the middle of time,
To lay down his life for his friends and his foes,
And bear away sin as a mission of love:
And sanctify earth for a blessed repose.¹⁵⁹

'Tis decreed that he'll save all the work of his hands,
And sanctify them by his own precious blood;
And purify earth for the Sabbath of rest,
By the agent of fire as it was by the flood.¹⁶⁰

The Saviour will save all his Father did give,
Even all that he gave in the regions abroad,
Save the Sons of Perdition: They're lost; ever lost,
And can never return to the presence of God.¹⁶¹

They are they who must reign with the devil in hell,
In eternity now, and eternity then,

156. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:36.

157. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:37–38.

158. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:40.

159. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:41.

160. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:41–43.

161. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:44.

Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quench'd:—
And the punishment still is eternal. Amen.¹⁶²

And which is the torment apostates receive,
But the end or the place where the torment began,
Save to them who are made to partake of the same,
Was never, nor will be, revealed unto man.¹⁶³

Yet God shows by vision a glimpse of their fate,
And straightway he closes the scene that was shown:
So the width, or the depth, or the misery thereof,
Save to those that partake, is forever unknown.¹⁶⁴

And while I was pondering, the vision was closed,
And the voice said to me, write the vision: for, lo!
'Tis the end of the scene of the sufferings of those,
Who remain filthy still in their anguish and woe.¹⁶⁵

And again I bear record of heavenly things,
Where virtue's the value above all that's priz'd,
Of the truth of the gospel concerning the just,
That rise in the first resurrection of Christ.¹⁶⁶

Who receiv'd, and believ'd, and repented likewise,
And then were baptiz'd, as a man always was,
Who ask'd and receiv'd a remission of sin,
And honoured the kingdom by keeping its laws.¹⁶⁷

Being buried in water, as Jesus had been,¹⁶⁸
And keeping the whole of his holy commands,
They received the gift of the spirit of truth,

162. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:44.

163. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:45-46.

164. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:47-48.

165. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:49.

166. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:50.

167. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:51.

168. See Matthew 3:16.

By the ordinance truly of laying on hands.¹⁶⁹

For these overcome, by their faith and their works,
Being tried in their life-time, as purified gold,
And seal'd by the spirit of promise to life,
By men called of God, as was Aaron of old.¹⁷⁰

They are they, of the church of the first-born of God,—
And unto whose hands he committeth all things;
For they hold the keys of the kingdom of heav'n,
And reign with the Saviour, as priests and as kings.¹⁷¹

They're priests of the order of Melchisedec,¹⁷²
Like Jesus (from whom is this highest reward),
Receiving a fullness of glory and light;
As written: they're Gods; even sons of the Lord.¹⁷³

So all things are theirs;¹⁷⁴ yea, of life or of death;
Yea, whether things now, or to come, all are theirs.
And they are the Saviour's, and he is the Lord's,
Having overcome all, as eternity's heirs.¹⁷⁵

'Tis wisdom that man never glory in man,¹⁷⁶
But give God the glory for all that he hath;
For the righteous will walk in the presence of God,
While the wicked are trod underfoot in his wrath.¹⁷⁷

Yea, the righteous shall dwell in the presence of God,
And of Jesus, forever, from earth's second birth—

169. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:52.

170. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:53.

171. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:54–56.

172. See Hebrews 5:6.

173. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:57–58.

174. See John 16:15.

175. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:59–60.

176. See I Corinthians 3:21.

177. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:61–62.

For when he comes down in the splendour of heav'n,
All these he'll bring with him to reign on the earth.¹⁷⁸

These are they that arise in their bodies of flesh,
When the trump of the first resurrection shall sound;
These are they that come up to Mount Zion, in life,
Where the blessings and gifts of the spirit abound.¹⁷⁹

These are they that have come to the heavenly place;
To the numberless courses of angels above:
To the city of God; e'en the holiest of all,
And the home of the blessed, the fountain of love:¹⁸⁰

To the church of old Enoch, and of the first-born:
And gen'ral assembly of ancient renown'd,
Whose names are all kept in the archives of heav'n,
As chosen and faithful, and fit to be crown'd.¹⁸¹

These are they that are perfect through Jesus' own blood,
Whose bodies celestial are mention'd by Paul,¹⁸²
Where the sun is the typical glory thereof,
And God, and his Christ, are the true judge of all.¹⁸³

Again, I beheld the terrestrial world,
In the order and glory of Jesus go on;
'Twas not as the church of the first-born of God,
But shone in its place, as the moon to the sun.¹⁸⁴

Behold, these are they that have died without law;
The heathen of ages that never had hope.

178. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:63.

179. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:64–66.

180. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:67.

181. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:67–68.

182. See 1 Corinthians 15:40.

183. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:68–70.

184. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:71.

And those of the region and shadow of death,
The spirits in prison, that light has brought up.¹⁸⁵

To spirits in prison the Saviour once preach'd,
And taught them the gospel, with powers afresh;
And then were the living baptiz'd for their dead,
That they might be judg'd as if men in the flesh.¹⁸⁶

These are they that are hon'able men of the earth;
Who were blinded and dup'd by the cunning of men:
They receiv'd not the truth of the Saviour at first;
But did, when they heard it in prison again.¹⁸⁷

Not valiant for truth, they obtain'd not the crown,
But are of that glory that's typ'd by the moon:
They are they, that come into the presence of Christ,
But not to the fulness of God on his throne.¹⁸⁸

Again, I beheld the telestial, as third,
The lesser, or starry world, next in its place,
For the leaven must leaven three measures of meal,
And every knee bow that is subject to grace.¹⁸⁹

These are they that receiv'd not the gospel of Christ,
Or evidence, either, that he ever was:
As the stars are all diff'rent in glory and light,
So differs the glory of these by the laws.¹⁹⁰

These are they that deny not the spirit of God,
But are thrust down to hell, with the devil, for sins,
As hypocrites, liars, whoremongers and thieves,
And stay 'till the last resurrection begins.¹⁹¹

185. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:72-73.

186. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:74.

187. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:75-76.

188. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:77-79.

189. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:81.

190. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:82.

191. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:83-85.

'Till the Lamb shall have finish'd the work he began;
 Shall have trodden the winepress¹⁹² in fury alone,
 And overcome all by the pow'r of his might:
 He conquers to conquer, and saves all his own.¹⁹³

These are they that receive not a fulness of light,
 From Christ, in eternity's world, where they are,
 The terrestrial sends them the Comforter, though,
 And minist'ring angels, to happify there.¹⁹⁴

And so the telestial is minister'd to,
 By ministers from the terrestrial one,
 As terrestrial is, from the celestial throne;
 And the great, greater, greatest, seer's stars, moon, and sun.¹⁹⁵

And thus I beheld, in the vision of heav'n,
 The telestial glory, dominion and bliss,
 Surpassing the great understanding of men,—
 Unknown, save reveal'd, in a world vain as this.¹⁹⁶

And lo! I beheld the terrestrial, too,
 Which excels the telestial in glory and light,
 In splendour, and knowledge, and wisdom, and joy,
 In blessings and graces, dominion and might.¹⁹⁷

I beheld the celestial, in glory sublime;
 Which is the most excellent kingdom that is.—
 Where God, e'en the Father, in harmony reigns;
 Almighty, supreme, and eternal in bliss.¹⁹⁸

Where the church of the first-born in union reside,
 And they see as they're seen, and they know as they're known

192. See Isaiah 63:3.

193. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:85.

194. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:86–88.

195. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:88.

196. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:89–90.

197. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:91.

198. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:92–93.

Being equal in power, dominion and might,
With a fulness of glory and grace round his throne.¹⁹⁹

The glory celestial is one like the sun;
The glory terrestrial is one like the moon;
The glory telestial is one like the stars,²⁰⁰
And all harmonize like the parts of a tune.²⁰¹

As the stars are all different in lustre and size,
So the telestial region is mingled in bliss;
From the least unto greatest, and greatest to least,
The reward is exactly as promised in this.²⁰²

These are they that came out for Apollos²⁰³ and Paul;
For Cephas²⁰⁴ and Jesus, in all kinds of hope;
For Enoch and Moses, and Peter and John;
For Luther²⁰⁵ and Calvin,²⁰⁶ and even the Pope.²⁰⁷

For they never received the gospel of Christ
Nor the prophetic spirit that came from the Lord;
Nor the covenant neither, which Jacob once had;
They went their own way, and they have their reward.²⁰⁸

By the order of God, last of all, these are they,
That will not be gather'd with saints here below,
To be caught up to Jesus, and meet in the cloud:—
In darkness they worshipp'd; to darkness they go.²⁰⁹

199. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:94–95.

200. See I Corinthians 15:41.

201. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:96–97.

202. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:98.

203. See Acts 18:24–25; I Corinthians 3:4–5.

204. Simon, the son of Jona. See John 1:42.

205. Martin Luther, Protestant reformer from Germany.

206. John Calvin, Protestant reformer from France.

207. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:99–100.

208. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:101.

209. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:102.

These are they that are sinful, the wicked at large,
 That glutted their passion by meanness or wrath:
 All liars, adulterers, sorc'ers, and proud,
 And suffer as promis'd, God's wrath on the earth.²¹⁰

These are they that must suffer the vengeance of hell,
 'Till Christ shall have trodden all enemies down,
 And perfected his work, in the fulness of time,
 And is crowned on his throne with his glorious crown.²¹¹

The vast multitude of the telestial world—
 As the stars of the skies, or the sands of the sea;—
 The voice of Jehovah echo'd far and wide,
 Every tongue shall confess²¹² and they all bow the knee.²¹³

Ev'ry man shall be judg'd by the works of his life,
 And receive a reward in the mansions prepar'd;
 For his judgments are just, and his works never end,
 As his prophets and servants have always declar'd.²¹⁴

But the great things of God, which he show'd unto me,
 Unlawful to utter, I dare not declare;²¹⁵
 They surpass all the wisdom and greatness of men,
 And only are seen, as has Paul where they are.²¹⁶

I will go, I will go, while the secret of life,
 Is blooming in heaven, and blasting in hell;
 Is leaving on earth, and a-budding in space:—
 I will go, I will go, with you, brother, farewell.

IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 6 (FEBRUARY 1, 1843): 82–85.

210. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:103–4.

211. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:105–8.

212. See Phillipians 2:10–11.

213. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:109–10.

214. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:111–12.

215. See 2 Corinthians 12:4.

216. See Doctrine and Covenants 76:114–15.

“The Kidnapping of Gen. Joseph Smith”

Eliza R. Snow

Joseph Smith was arrested on June 23, 1843, by Joseph Reynolds, a sheriff from Independence, Missouri, and Harmon T. Wilson, a constable from Carthage, Illinois. The officers tried to extradite Joseph, but their plans failed when Joseph’s friends intercepted them en route to Missouri and brought them all back to Nauvoo. Joseph was swiftly cleared in Nauvoo. Joseph, who had been threatened at gunpoint, invited the officers to dine with him and Emma at the Mansion House.²¹⁷ This poem celebrates the Prophet’s speedy release.

Like bloodhounds fiercely prowling,
 With pistols ready drawn—
 With oaths like tempests howling,
 Those kidnapers came on.

He bared his breast before them,
 But as they hurried near
 A fearfulness came o’er them—
 It was the coward’s fear.

Well might their dark souls wither
 When he their courage dared—
 Their pity fled, O whither?
 When he his bosom bared?

“Death has to me no terrors,”
 He said, “I hate a life
 So subject to the horrors
 Of your ungodly strife.”

217. For a fine summation of the rather complex events surrounding Joseph’s arrest, partial extradition, and subsequent rescue and release, see Richard Lyman Bushman, *Joseph Smith: Rough Stone Rolling* (New York: Knopf, 2007), 505–7. See also the editorial introduction to this poem in Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 244.

“What means your savage conduct?
Have you a lawful writ?
To any LEGAL process
I cheerfully submit.”

“Here,” said these lawless ruffians,
“Is our authority”
And drew their pistols nearer
In rude ferocity.

With more than savage wildness—
Like hungry beasts of prey;
They bore, in all his mildness,
The man of God away!

With brutish haste they tore him
From her he loves so well,
And far away they bore him
With scarce the word “farewell”!

Their hearts are seats where blindness
O'er foul corruption reigns—
The milk of human kindness
Flows not within their veins.

Their conduct was unworthy
The meanest race of men;
'Twould better fit the tiger
Emerging from its den!

Missouri! O, Missouri!
You thus prolong your shame
By sending such as Reynolds
Abroad to bear your name.

Could Jackson County furnish
No finer shrub than he?
Must legal office burnish
Such wild barbarity?

Go search the rudest forests,
 The panther and the bear
 As well would grace your suff'rage—
 As well deserve a share.

Then might the heartless Wilson,
 Thy shame, O Illinois!
 Become confed'rate with them
 And teach them to destroy.

So much ferocious nature
 Should join the brutish clan,
 And not disgrace the features
 That claim to be a man.

But hear it, O Missouri!
 Once more "the prophet's free"—
 Your ill-directed fury
 Brings forth a "jubilee."

IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 18 (AUGUST 1, 1843): 288.

"Farewell, on Leaving Nauvoo" Lyman O. Littlefield

At the April 10, 1843, general conference in Nauvoo, more than one hundred brethren received mission calls. Among their number was Lyman Littlefield, who was called to Alabama.²¹⁸ Before leaving, Littlefield wrote the following poem in farewell to Nauvoo.

Farewell my home: farewell, my friends!
 A short farewell I bid you all;
 My God my future course commands—

218. *History of the Church*, 5:347.

I go, submissive to his call,
Now as I bid the last adieu
To friends, to me, forever dear,
Let us our covenants renew
And wipe away each starting tear.

Now as I turn my face upon
Your city, now a place of rest;
Eternal prospects seem to dawn
And say for "ye shall be blest."
Then glad I go, and grieve no more
To leave my friends and kindred all,
I gladly hasten from your shore—
No dangers drear my heart appall.

The gospel tidings shall be told,
Unto a world embew'd in sin;
To them its truths I will unfold
And make its simple mysteries plain.
For this I leave all earthly ties;
For this let persecution rage!
A boon, I ask it from the skies
Keep me from sin and wicked ways!

Then as my distant steps I tend
To preach the word, where troubles press,
May I God's holy cause defend
And walk in truth and righteousness,
Let me not fear to speak his name
To do his will and own his cause:—
I'll feel no pang, no guilt or shame—
I'll stand supported by his laws.

“Farewell Illinois,
I Must Leave Thee Awhile”
Wilson Law

*A*t the April 10, 1843, general conference held in Nauvoo, Wilson Law was called to serve a mission in New York. Ebenezer Robinson accompanied Law on his eastward journey to New York and described Law as “a very pleasant and agreeable fellow traveler, and an able defender of the truth.”²¹⁹ As in the previous verse, in this poem Law bids farewell to Illinois and his loved ones in Nauvoo.

Lake Huron, August 8, 1843.

Elder Taylor, Dear Sir:—

With pleasure I spend a few moments in giving a short sketch of the mission I took this summer and fall. At the April conference I was called upon to take a mission to Lawrence county, New York; consequently I made arrangement to leave as soon as possible, and on the last day of July, left Nauvoo, in company with Gen. Wilson Law, for the east, via. Chicago and the lakes. We had a very pleasant time, many very anxiously inquiring after the principles of our holy religion, but none opposed.

While upon Lake Huron, Gen. Law composed the following beautiful lines, which I cheerfully submit for publication.

Farewell Illinois, I must leave thee awhile,
Tho’ thy fields of the woods, do so charmingly smile,
Deck’d with sweet blooming, herbage so fair to the view;
Like a wild flower garden, from the lake to Nauvoo.

219. E. Robinson, “With Pleasure I Spend a Few Moments . . . ,” *Times and Seasons* 5, no. 2 (January 15, 1844): 413.

Dear city of Zion, when I mention thy name,
 How my heart does exult in thy glory and fame;
 For thy glory shall shine, and thy fame spread too,
 'Till the Queen of the West, will be lovely Nauvoo.

For Jehovah has said that his people should come,²²⁰
 And gather together and make there a home,
 And build him a Temple²²¹ and worship him too,
 In spirit and power in the city of Nauvoo.

And when 'tis erected, so lovely to see,
 And 'God of our fathers,' dedicated to thee;
 Great power thou w'lt bestow on the saints that are true,
 And the glory shine forth in thy house at Nauvoo.²²²

But farewell dear friends, that I now leave behind,
 I'm going to see those who're still loving and kind;
 And I'll tell them the tidings, so joyful and true,
 And perhaps they'll believe me and come to Nauvoo.

For my prayers are unceasing to Israel's God,
 Since I sailed on the waters of Michigan broad,
 And now on Lake Huron, so lovely to view,
 They ascend that my kindred may come to Nauvoo.

For there is the place where the living may learn,
 How the hearts of the children to their fathers shall turn,²²³
 And do that work for them, which they could not do,
 Even save them by baptism at the city of Nauvoo.

IN *Times and Seasons* 5, NO. 2 (JANUARY 15, 1844): 412–13.

220. See Doctrine and Covenants 124:25.

221. See Doctrine and Covenants 124:27, 55.

222. See Doctrine and Covenants 124:34.

223. See Malachi 4:6.

“Thou Great Eternal of Eternity: The Life
of President Joseph Smith—Two Chapters”

Eliza R. Snow

Eliza R. Snow composed a poetic rendition of Joseph Smith’s early life similar to the historical accounts printed in the Times and Seasons. Her poem begins with an invocation, much like the opening of classic epics. Yet unlike Virgil or Homer, who invoked the muses, Snow invokes the God of heaven for inspiration.²²⁴ Snow’s two poetic chapters tell of Joseph Smith’s birth, First Vision, and prophetic calling. Unfortunately, Snow never completed this work. In 1858 the poet Edward Tullidge also began what appeared to be a promising epic based on the life of Joseph Smith but stopped after only two chapters.²²⁵ Decades later, Hannah Tapfield King published “An Epic Poem” based on the history of the Church, and Elder Orson F. Whitney penned “Elias: The Epic Of Ages,” an epic in which Joseph Smith factors as a central figure.

INTRODUCTORY INVOCATION

Thou Great Eternal of Eternity,
Thou god of Abraham, I look to thee:
Thou Omnipresent one! incline thine ear,
And me, a child of dust, vouchsafe to hear.

The Seer and Prophet of the latter days
Is now my theme—his hist’ry help me trace;
And thy approval, Lord, shall prompt my pen,
Regardless of the praise or blame of men.

224. See the editorial introduction to this poem in Derr and Davidson, *Eliza R. Snow: The Complete Poetry*, 248.

225. See Edward W. Tullidge, “A Chapter from the Prophet of the Nineteenth Century,” *Millennial Star* 20, no. 1 (January 2, 1858): 14–15; Edward W. Tullidge, “First Book of the Prophet of the Nineteenth Century,” *Millennial Star* 20, no. 8 (February 20, 1858): 126.

Wisdom and knowledge, light and truth are thine—
 Let thy intelligence upon me shine:
 Give pow'r of thought this matter to indite²²⁶—
 Instruct me *what*, instruct me *how* to write.

With Truth's bold eloquence, my mind inspire,
 And warm my minstrel with celestial fire:
 Thy approbation, is the boon I claim;
 With *that*, it matters not who praise or blame.

CHAPTER FIRST

Description of the religious world—The order of God, in communicating to the human family, the same in all ages—The work of the Lord in the last Days—The instrument of His Choice—His parentage, &c.

The nineteenth century was spreading out
 Its ample fold—Improvement's rapid march
 Was heralded—Intelligence was borne
 On downy pinions o'er the face of earth:
 And yet, in spite of all the noisy boast,
 It was an age of darkness. Shadows dark
 Envelop'd deeply the broad scenery
 Of the religious world. The praise of Truth
 Was loudly trumpeted by multitudes;
 And multitudes before its empty *name*—
 Some for the sake of honor, some for ease,
 And some by motives pure as heaven inspir'd,
 But more, far more, for "filthy lucre's"²²⁷ sake—
 Were daily bowing down and worshipping.

226. One definition of *indite* is "to compose; to write." Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. "indite."

227. See Titus 1:7, 11; 1 Timothy 3:3, 8; Alma 11:24.

The people had heap'd up unto themselves
Teachers with "itching ears."²²⁸ All Christendom
Was groaning underneath the ponderous weight
Of priests without a Priesthood. Every form
And shadow of authority which they
Held in possession, had been smugg'ld from
The great apostate Mother Church of Rome!

The heavens above were sealed—The glorious lamp
Of Inspiration had withdrawn its rays
Of pure supernal light—Jehovah's voice
For centuries by man had not been heard.
The light that God ordain'd to emanate
From the long-treasur'd page of "Holy Writ,"
By human sacrilege and foul abuse,
By adding shade to shade of mysticism,
Had been adulterated and obscur'd.

Faith had become exterminated: Faith,
The principle of power pertaining to
The Holy Priesthood, which the Lord conferr'd
On man in former times—the power by which
He rent the veil and gaz'd on heavenly things,
Or drew the curtain of futurity
Aside, and converse held with distant scenes,
Closely envelop'd in the years to come.

Some truly thirsted for the precious gifts—
The light, the glory and intelligence
Of ancient times; while others vainly thought
The history contain'd the essence of
The things declar'd—that the rehearsal of
Those blessings had transferr'd the blessings down:
As though a hungry man could satisfy

228. See 2 Timothy 4:3.

His appetite upon the bare *belief*
That other starving people had been fed.

The Priesthood gone—the Church was but a wreck;
And like a ship without a rudder, toss'd
Upon the boist'rous waves of changeful Time,
Until the "Ancient Order" was extinct.
The Urim and Thummim hid away—
The human mind was left to wander through
The mazy fields of erring reason, and
To float at large upon aerial forms;
Borne onward by contingence' fickle breeze.
Hence mental aberrations oftentimes
Assum'd a threat'ning aspect, and appear'd
Impervious as the darksome catacombs
Of ancient structure; sometimes swelling to
Gigantic size; on which was sacrific'd
A sum of happiness of more amount
Than could be purchas'd with the price of all
The hecatombs that have been offer'd yet
In sacrifice to heathen deities.

The God of Abra'm has a purpose, which
From all eternity He has decreed
To execute upon the earth. The Lord
Makes use of human instruments for the
Accomplishment of His designs on earth—
In every age in which He has perform'd
His mighty works, He rais'd up chosen men,
Commission'd by Himself—invested with
His own authority; through whom He spoke
To earth's inhabitants; and by whose means
He mov'd—He roll'd His mighty purpose forth.

Noah was call'd in his degen'rate age,
 To teach the principles of righteousness
 To a corrupt, stiff-necked race of men—
 To seal the testimony and bind up
 The law.

When God would call his people out
 From under Egypt's yoke, He gave command
 To Moses, whom he had rais'd up, to lead
 To Canaan's land, the tribes of Israel.

The ancient Prophets all have testified
 That in the latter days the Lord would do
 A work, in magnitude and interest
 Surpassing every work perform'd below,
 Since earth was moulded in its spheric form.

At length the time the chosen time arriv'd
 For the commencement of the glorious work—
 “The restitution of all things;”²²⁹ which will
 Restore the earth to its primeval state,
 And usher in the long-expected reign
 Of Jesus Christ.

But where's a righteous man,
 Like unto Enoch, Noah, Abraham,
 And Moses, who can stand in battle's front,
 Amid the persecuting rage of men,
 And guide the helm to turn and overturn,
 Amid the wreck of every human scheme,
 While God shall revolutionize the world?
 Jehovah knew: His eye was fix'd on *one*
 Whom He had chosen from eternity;
 And in His choice He counsell'd not with man!

229. See Acts 3:19–21; Doctrine and Covenants 27:6.

And he, of all mankind, whom God ordain'd,
Is now the subject of the writer's pen.

Was he an earthly prince—of royal blood?
Had he been bred in courts, or dandled on
The lap of wealth and luxury? Or was
His name emblazon'd on the spire of Fame?
No, no: he was not of a kingly race,
Nor could he be denominated great,
If balanc'd in the scale of worldly rank.

Though not like Jesus in a manger born,
He was of humble birth: his parents were
Honest, upright, industrious, and poor,
And grac'd the narrow sphere allotted them.
His father was an husbandman; and he
Was call'd, like old Elisha, from the plough,
To be a Prophet of the living God.

CHAPTER SECOND

The nativity of Joseph Smith—Religious revival—His impressions—Vision—Announcement—Effects on his former friends—Reflections.²³⁰

Vermont, a land much fam'd for hills and snows
And blooming trees, may boast the honor of
The Prophets birth-place.
Ere ten Summer's suns
Had bound their wreath upon his youthful brow,
His father with his family remov'd;
And in New York, Ontario County, since
Call'd Wayne, selected them a residence;
First in Palmyra, then in Manchester.

230. See Joseph Smith—History 1:1–20.

Religion was the fashion of the day—
 Religious vot'ries and religious sects,
 From time to time, like bees in Summer, swarm'd.
 In Manchester a great excitement rose,
 And multitudes of converts join'd themselves
 Unto the sects; and Joseph's tender mind
 Was deeply and most solemnly impress'd
 With the importance of eternal things.
 But then, amid the strange confusedness
 Of cleric strifes and proselyting schemes,
 His mind was left to wander in the dark
 Impenetrable maze of doubt and deep
 Anxiety; to ascertain the *one*
 Of all the various sects, that God approv'd.

The recklessness of childhood was but just
 Diverging into youth—his tender years
 Were yet unripen'd with the radiance of
 His fifteenth Summer's sun.

"Which way is right?"

Was the inquiry of his anxious mind;
 When loud as though an angel's whisper came
 Upon the breeze, a clear suggestion spoke
 With more than mortal meaning, to his heart—

"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask

Of God who giveth lib'rally to all,

Upbraiding not."²³¹

All human aid was vain—
 No earthly counsel could avail him aught;
 And in his heart he purpos'd to obtain
 The wisdom from above.
 One beauteous morn,

231. See James 1:5.

When not a cloud was seen to hover o'er
The broad horizon—when the vernal sun
Pour'd his reviving rays on Natures crest,
Already deck'd with sweetly scented flowers—
He sought retirement in the woodland shade;
In secret there to lift his heart and voice
To God, in prayer. In all his life before,
He had not shap'd his thoughts and his desires
For vocal supplication. In the depth
Of nature's wild retreat—where secrecies
Of thought pour'd forth, could only reach the ear
Of Him to whom the secrets of all hearts
Are known—he spread the burthen of his soul
Before the Lord. He scarce had bow'd himself
In humble posture, when, with iron grasp
A power invisible laid hold on him.
His prayer was interrupted, for his tongue
Was suddenly in speechless silence chain'd.
Thick atmospheric darkness gather'd round—
Destruction seem'd inevitable, and
Into the deep recesses of his heart
Despair was fastening its poison'd barb.
Then, with a mighty effort of his mind,
He rais'd his struggling heart to God, and sought
Deliverance from above; when suddenly
A pillar, brighter than the noon-day sun,
Precisely o'er his head, descending, fell
Around him; and he felt himself unbound
And liberated from the terrors of
The strong, unearthly grasp with which he was
Most fearfully enchain'd.
No sooner had
The glory from on high around him shone,

And the demoniac grasp disappear'd, than
 He saw two glorious personages stand
 Above him in the air; surrounded with
 The light that had envelop'd him. With joy,
 Wrapt in astonishment, he heard himself
 Address'd. Address'd by whom? Address'd by what?
 Was that indeed a voice he heard; or was
 Imagination, with its frenzied harp,
 Playing upon the organs of his mind?
 Was that the speech of fancy which he heard?
 And was it the soft echo of the strains
 Of phantom-music on his ear? And were
 The glorious figures which he saw, the forms
 Of airiness and wild delusive thought?
 O no: the heavens had verily unfurl'd
 The sable curtain which defines the bounds
 'Twixt earth and immortality; and he
 Was gazing on celestials, and he heard
 The voice of the Eternal.

One of the
 Bright personages whom he saw referr'd
 Him to the other, and address'd him thus,
*"Joseph, this is my well beloved Son,
 Hear him."*²³²
 To know his duty, was indeed
 The burthen of his mind—the theme of all
 His soul's solicitude. Accordingly,
 No sooner had he got possession of
 Himself, with power to speak, than he inquir'd,
 "Which of the sects is right?" for yet the thought
 That *all were wrong*, had not occur'd to him.
 And what was his astonishment, to hear
 The being who address'd him, say, "*None of*

232. See Joseph Smith—History 1:17.

The various sects are right; and all their Creeds
Are an abomination in my sight."

He said that the professing world was all
 Corrupt. "*They with their lips draw near to me,
 And while their hearts are far away, they teach
 For doctrines the commandments of mankind.
 They have the form of godliness, but they
 Deny the power thereof.*"²³³

A second time

He said to Joseph that he should not join
 Himself to any sect. Much else was said;
 And then the heavens were curtain'd from his view.

With all the frankness, and simplicity,
 And unsuspecting nature of his young
 And in experienc'd heart; like Paul of old,
 He soberly declar'd the novel fact—
 Novel to modern ears—that he had seen
 A heavenly vision; and the consequence
 Fell heavy on him!

Did those Christian friends,
 Whose pious zeal had prompted them before,
 To proffer him a fostering guardianship,
 Approach him then, with hearts—with bosoms, warm
 With charity and tenderness? Did those
 Professing to believe the record of
 The visions, prophecies, and gifts of Saints
 In ancient times; rejoice with him to hear
 That God was still the same to answer prayer—
 To open heaven, and show the secrets of
 Eternity? Ah! no. the very fact
 That he had seen a vision, broke the bond
 Of friendship; and an awful avalanche
 Of persecution fell upon him, hurl'd

233. See Joseph Smith—History 1:19; and 2 Timothy 3:5.

By the rude blast of cleric influence!
 Contempt, reproach, and ridicule were pour'd,
 Like thunderbolts, in black profusion, o'er
 His youthful head; as if to blast the bud
 Of character—to wither reputation, ere
 It could be strengthen'd by maturing years.
 And all for what? Ah! wherefore all this aim
 Of high and low, to strike a blow at one
 So young, so innocent, and so obscure?

Because that he, in faith and confidence,
 Pray'd unto God, and God had heard his prayer;
 And, faithful to His promise as in times
 Of old, had pour'd the blessings out to him
 According to his faith. Such was his *crime*—
 Such was the character of that misdeed
 Which the religious world reported such.
 But what avail'd the malice of the world
 With him? He'd seen a heavenly vision, and
 Had heard the voice of Him who does not lie;
 And all the powers of darkness, speaking through
 The human tongue, could never teach him to
Unknow what he authentically *knew*
 His eyes had seen—his ears had heard—he'd felt
 The power of the Eternal Deity.

How sweet the joys of conscious innocence:
 How peaceful is the calm within the breast,
 When conscience speaks in approbative tones
 Softer than notes that swell the harpsichord,
 And testifies within, that *all is well*
 With what a noble, heavenly feeling does
 The bosom swell; and how composedly
 The spirit rests and feels secure from all
 “The strife of tongues;” reposing on the firm,

Immovable, unchangeable defence—
The bulwark of *the favor of the Lord*.

PARTIAL PUBLICATION IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 19
(AUGUST, 15, 1843): 303. FULL PUBLICATION
IN SNOW, *Poems I*, 15–26.

“Come Listen to a Prophet’s Voice”
Joseph Murdock

*L*ike other Latter-day Saints who flocked to Nauvoo, Joseph Murdock viewed Joseph Smith as a Prophet of God. Murdock rejoiced in the revelations Joseph received. He poetically penned, “We’ve found the way the prophets went / Who lived in days before; / Another prophet now is sent / This knowledge to restore.” Written with the passion of a man who knew the Prophet, Murdock’s words remain relevant to believers and are still printed in contemporary versions of the hymnal of *The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*.

Come listen to a prophet’s voice,
And hear the word of God;
And in the ways of truth rejoice,
And sing for joy aloud.

CHORUS

We’ve found the way the prophets went,
Who lived in days before;
Another prophet now is sent
This knowledge to restore.

The gloom of sullen darkness, spread
Through earth’s extended space,
Is banished by our living head,
And God has shown his face.

Through erring schemes in days that past
 The world has gone astray,
 Yet saints of God have found at last
 The straight and narrow way.²³⁴

'Tis not in man they put their trust,
 Or on his arm rely;
 Full well assured, all are accused
 Whom Jesus Christ deny.

The Savior to his people said,
 "Let ALL my words obey,
 And signs shall follow you on earth,²³⁵
 Down to the latest day."

The sick, on whom the oil is pour'd,²³⁶
 And hands in meekness laid,
 Are, by the power of God, restor'd,
 Thro' faith, as Jesus said.

No more in slavish fear we mourn;
 No yoke of bondage wear;
 No more beneath delusion groan;
 Nor superstitious fear.

Of every dispensation past;
 Of every promise made;
 The first be last,²³⁷ the last be first—
 The living and the dead.

Saviors shall to Mount Zion²³⁸ come—
 Their thousands bring to rest

234. See Matthew 7:13-14; Doctrine and Covenants 132:22.

235. See Mark 16:17.

236. See James 5:14; Mark 6:13.

237. See Matthew 20:16.

238. See Obadiah 1:21.

Throughout the great Millennium—
They Eternally to be bles't.

IN *Times and Seasons* 4, NO. 21 (SEPTEMBER 15, 1843): 335.

“The Goodly City of Nauvoo”

*William W. Phelps*²³⁹

In 1843 William W. Phelps was a clerk, a writer, and a friend to the Prophet Joseph Smith. In these capacities, Phelps was aware of Joseph's administrative responsibilities as trustee of the Church and mayor of the city. Part of Joseph's responsibilities entailed helping partition lots in town. In this poetic letter, the Prophet is asked to “bless my wife with something, too / . . . deed her a lot; and that will do.”

The goodly city of Nauvoo
November 7. (and that will do.)
President Smith; how do ye do?
From me this line will speak with you
Health, peace and grace, and all things, too
Be unto thee, till life is through.
A blight o'er me, has shadow'd you;
But still my soul to you is true;
I ask no wealth of old or new,
But come what will, I'll make it do.
I cannot lie as others do,
And be a half a man with you:
I am a man, as men can view

239. Though it is difficult to discern the name on the letter containing this poem, based on comparisons of handwriting samples and from the clarity of the name “Phelps” in the last line of the poem, we have assumed here that William W. Phelps is the author.

And god will let me die or do!
 You bless the Twelve with things anew
 So bless my wife with something, too.
 Twelve years she's waded through
 The sea of woe without ado,
 And still remains the same—and true;
 Deed her a lot; and that will do:
 (Clayton knows the one in view,
 May God your path with honor strew
 Is Phelps' poetry to you.

LETTER TO JOSEPH SMITH, DECEMBER 27, 1843,
 IN LETTERS RECEIVED, BOX 3, FOLDER 5, 86–88, JOSEPH SMITH
 COLLECTION, CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY.

“Our Union Then, Will Be Increased” *Vilate Kimball*

In May 1843 the Lord revealed that “Those who are married by the power and authority of the priesthood in this life [will] continue to increase and have children in the celestial glory.”²⁴⁰ In this short verse Vilate Kimball confides in her husband, Heber C. Kimball, “We never shall part again.”²⁴¹

Our union then, will be increased
 With an immortal flame;

240. M. Guy Bishop, “Sex Roles, Marriage, and Childrearing at Mormon Nauvoo,” *Western Illinois Regional Studies* 11, no. 2 (Macomb, IL: Western Illinois University Libraries, 1978): 36; see also Doctrine and Covenants 131:1–4.

241. According to an 1841 account, the Prophet Joseph Smith asked Heber C. Kimball “to give Vilate to me to be my wife.” A few days later, Heber said to Joseph, “Brother Joseph, here is Vilate.” According to the account, “The Prophet wept like a child . . . and after he had cleared the tears away, he took us and sealed us for time and all eternity.” See Stanley B. Kimball, “Heber C. Kimball and Family, the Nauvoo Years,” *BYU Studies* 15, no. 4 (Summer 1975): 447–79.

We shall meet, our joy complete;
 We never shall part again.

VILATE KIMBALL TO HEBER C. KIMBALL,
 NOVEMBER 11, 1843, CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY.

On January 17, 1847, at Winter Quarters, Vilate Kimball composed a similar poem addressed to her husband, Heber C. Kimball. Brother Kimball inserted this poem in his 1843 diary entry pertaining to Latter-day Saint temple worship.

Our union then, will be increased
 With an immortal flame;
 We shall meet, our joy complete;
 We never shall part again.

No being round the spacious Earth
 Beneath the vaulted arch of heaven
 Divides my love, or draws it thence
 From him to whom my heart is given.

Like the frail ivy to the oak
 Drawn closer by the tempest driven
 Through sorrows flood he'll bear me up
 And light with smiles my way to heaven.

The gift was on the alter laid
 The Plighted vow, on earth was given
 The seal eternal has been made
 And by his Side, I'll reign in heaven.

HEBER C. KIMBALL, DIARY, PART TWO
 (JUNE 10, 1843, TO OCTOBER 19, 1843).

“A Song of Zion”

W. W. Phelps

William W. Phelps penned this poem after receiving his endowment on December 3, 1843. The poem’s explicit allusions to anointing oil, robes, white attire, and “hidden manna” are likely references to Latter-day Saint temple worship. First printed as a broadside, this poem speaks of the spiritual communion with “Saints that fear the Lord, / And strive, in perfect union, / To gain the great reward . . . sing the great hosanna / Where God and Christ are one.”

How sweet is the communion
 Of saints that fear the Lord,
 And strive, in perfect union,
 To gain the great reward.
 ’Tis like the oil on Aaron
 Anointing him a priest,
 Perfumed with rose from Sharon,²⁴²
 And Cassia from the east,²⁴³

’Tis like the dew of Hermon,²⁴⁴
 Where God began to bless.
 And promised in his sermon,
 Eternal happiness.

’Tis like the precious ointment
 That God Almighty had
 At Jesus Christ’s appointment.
 Which made his heart so glad.

242. Sharon is a “maritime plain” about fifty miles long. The plain stretches from Carmel to Joppa (Isaiah 33:9). See Bible Dictionary, “Sharon,” 773.

243. Cassia is an “aromatic plant” product or an ingredient used in anointing oil (see Exodus 30:24). Cassia was imported to Tyre by Greek merchants (see Ezekiel 27:29). See Bible Dictionary, “Cassia,” 631–32.

244. Hermon is a mountain located in the “extreme northeast” section of the Holy Land. Mount Hermon is approximately 9,400 feet high (see Psalm 89:12; 133:3). See Bible Dictionary, “Hermon,” 700.

'Tis like a little leaven
 The Woman hid for good,
 When she, as queen of heaven,
 In gold of Ophir stood.²⁴⁵
 'Tis like the court of Zion,
 Where garments all are white;
 Who'll reign like Judah's Lion,
 In everlasting light.

Their robes alike in beauty,
 Their hearts and faith agree,
 They'll ever be on duty
 Till all their race is free,
 They'll eat the hidden manna,
 Receive the precious stone,
 And sing the great hosanna
 Where God and Christ are one.

IN *Times and Seasons* 5, NO. 3 (FEBRUARY 1, 1844): 431.

PUBLISHED AS A BROADSHEET IN 1844.

“Missouri”

Eliza R. Snow

The final Missouri petition seeking redress was dated November 28, 1843, and addressed to US Congressmen. The petition read in part, “From a very early period after the settlement began [in Missouri], a very unfriendly feeling was manifested by the neighboring people . . . it degenerated into a cruel and unrelenting persecution, and the society was at last compelled to leave the county.” After citing

245. Ophir was a country, probably located in southern Arabia. Ophir was known for its gold (see Genesis 10:29; 1 Kings 9:28). See Bible Dictionary, “Ophir,” 740.

specific grievances, the petitioners asked legislators to “grant relief.”²⁴⁶ The request, however, was evidently ignored. In this poem, poet Eliza R. Snow criticizes the state of Missouri and civil leaders for ignoring the suffering of the Latter-day Saints.

What aileth thee, Oh! Missouri! That thy face should
gather blackness, and why are thy features so terribly
distorted?

Rottenness has seized upon thy vitals—corruption is prey-
ing upon thy inward parts, and the breath of thy lips
is full of destructive contagion.

What meaneth thy shaking, and why art thou terrified?
Thou hast become like the trembling Belshazzar.
‘Mene, mene, tekel upharsin’²⁴⁷ is indeed written against
thee; but it is the work of thine own hand—the char-
acters upon thy wall, are of thine own inscription,
and wherefore dost thou tremble?

Wouldst thou know the interpretation thereof? Hast thou
sought for a Daniel to declare it unto thee? Verily,
one greater than a Daniel was in thy midst; but thou
hast butchered the saints, and hast hunted the proph-
ets like Ahab of old.

Thou hast extinguished the light of thy own glory—thou
hast plucked from thy head the crown of honor—thou
hast divested thyself of the robe of respectability—thou

246. “Memorial of the Inhabitants of Nauvoo in Illinois, Praying Redress for Injuries to the Persons and Property by Lawless Proceedings of Citizens of Missouri (Joseph Smith, et al), 11/28/1843,” found in the Records of the US Senate, <http://research.archives.gov/description/306415>.

247. See Daniel 5:25. This was the writing on the wall interpreted by Daniel (see Daniel 5:25–29). According to the account, mene was interpreted: “God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.” Tekel meant “Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting,” and the last interpretation was, “Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and the Persians.”

hast thrust from thine own bosom, the veins that flowed with virtue and integrity.

Thou has violated the laws of our sacred constitution—thou hast unsheathed the sword against thy dearest national rights, by rising up against thine own citizens, and moistening thy soil with the blood of those that legally inherited it.

When thou hadst torn from helpless innocence its rightful protectors, thou didst pollute the holy sanctuary of female virtue, and barbarously trample upon the most sacred gems of domestic felicity!

Therefore, the daughters of Columbia count thee a reproach, and blush with indignation at the mention of thy name.

Thou hast become an ignominious stain on the escutcheon of a noble, free and independent republic—thou art a stink in the nostrils of the Goddess of Liberty.

Thou art fallen—thou art fallen beneath the weight of thine own unhallowed deeds, and thine iniquities are pressing as a heavy load upon thee.

But although thy glory has departed—though thou hast gone down like a star that is set forever; thy memory will not be erased—thou wilt be had in remembrance even until the saints of God shall forget that the way to the celestial kingdom is ‘through great tribulation.’²⁴⁸

Though thou shouldst be severed from the body of the Union, like a mortified member—though the lion from the thicket should devour thee up; thy doings

248. See Acts 14:22; Revelation 7:14.

will be perpetuated—mention will be made of them by the generations to come.

Thou art already associated with Herod, Nero and the ‘bloody Inquisition’—thy name has become synonymous with oppression, cruelty, treachery and murder.

Thou wilt rank high with the haters of righteousness and the shedders of innocent blood—the hosts of tyrants are waiting beneath to meet thee at thy coming.

O ye wise legislators! Ye executives of the nation! Ye distributors of justice! Ye advocates of equal rights! Arise and redress the wrongs of an innocent people, and redeem the cause of insulted liberty.

Let not the contagious spirit of corruption with the sacred wreath that encircles you, spread a cloud of darkness over the glory of your star spangled banner.

Lest the monarchs of the earth should have you in derision—lest you should be weighed in the balance with the heathen nations, and should be found wanting.

Lest the arm of the Lord should be revealed in judgment against you—lest an arrow of vengeance from the Almighty should pierce the rotten fabric of a once sheltering constitution, and your boasted confidence become like an oak dismembered of its branches, whose shattered trunk is torn piecemeal by the uprising of the tempest.

For the cries of the widow—and fatherless—the groans of the oppressed, and the prayers of the suffering exile, have come up before the Lord God of Hosts, who brought our pilgrim fathers across the boisterous

ocean, and raised up a Washington to break the yoke
of foreign oppression.

IN *Times and Seasons* 5, NO. 3 (FEBRUARY 1, 1844): 430.

“Farewell to Nauvoo”
*unknown poet*²⁴⁹

*In 1844 Hyrum Smith said, “Men’s souls conform to the society in which they live . . . and when men come to live with the Mormons, their souls swell as if they were going to stride the planets.”*²⁵⁰ *The author of this poem expresses similar enthusiasm for the Latter-day Saint community. Expressing disappointment at having to leave the community, the author laments the return to “gentile bondage.” No explanation is provided for the poet’s departure.*

Fair city of the saints! my heart to thee
Will often turn with sadness and regret,
When far away my dwelling place shall be,
For there are scenes I never can forget,
Connected with the memory of Nauvoo;
Scenes which my heart will often dwell upon.
And memory to her station ever true
Will bring them back to me when I am gone.
These scenes with mournful pleasure recollected
In memory’s glass will often be reflected.

Though the obliterating hand of time
Has from the mind a thousand things effaced,

249. The author is identified only by the letters “L. S.,” which may stand for Lorenzo Snow or Luman Shurtliff.

250. Address of Hyrum Smith, April 7, 1844, in *History of the Church*, 6:300.

Yet principles eternal and sublime,
When once imprinted cannot be erased.
These principles have now become to me
Part of myself—a portion of my mind,
And I must lose my own identity
Before such principles can be resigned.
When once received, in spite of all resistance,
They form the essence of the soul's existence.

Fair city of the saints! I love thee well;
To me thy memory will be ever dear.
I would to God I could forever dwell
Amidst thy pleasant scenes where I could hear
The words of inspiration every day,
And hourly treasure up within my heart
Wisdom and knowledge that will not decay;
Light and intelligence that will impart
New glory to the beauties of creation,
Filling the mind with wondering admiration.

O! I have listened with suspended breath
To hear the words of wisdom as they fell
From lips inspired, and felt that life nor death,
Nor all the powers combined of earth and hell
Could never force my heart to turn aside
From principles so holy and sublime.
Truth be my only creed, and God my guide,
And I shall safely pass the storms of time,
And gain at last a high and holy station,
Among the ransomed in the new creation.

Farewell, Nauvoo! I must again return
Back to my gentile bondage as before,
But oftentimes my heart will sadly yearn
To hold communion with the saints once more
How I shall long the prophet's voice to hear—

The words of wisdom flowing from his tongue
 Truths most sublime are made so plain and clear
 That oftentimes enchanted I have hung
 Upon his words, which forced the exclamation—
 These surely are the words of inspiration!

IN *Nauvoo Neighbor* 1, NO. 42 (FEBRUARY 14, 1844): 1.

“An Acrostic on the Great Mormon Prophet” *unknown poet*

“*If we are suffered to remain [in Nauvoo],” Joseph wrote, “there’s every prospect of its becoming one of the largest cities on the river, if not in the western world.”*²⁵¹ By 1844 Nauvoo had some twelve thousand residents,²⁵² which rivaled the estimated population of Chicago.²⁵³ “Haste all ye pilgrims,—fill our fertile plains,” the poet writes, “Enlarge our borders,—find us a home . . . Reject the creeds, that long have kept you bound, / Enter our sanctum Nauvoo’s holy ground.” The first letter from each line of the poem spells out: JOSEPH THE GREAT PROPHET OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE OF SAINTS.

Jehovah’s voice let every nation hear!
 On mighty winds, his chariot wheels doth roll!!
 Sing loud his praise, and let the heathen fear
 Earth tremble—heaven inspire the holy soul
 Proclaim his will as *now to me* ’tis giv’n
Heaven’s last direction in the way to heaven!

251. Joseph Smith to John C. Bennett, August 8, 1840, *The Joseph Smith Papers*, <http://josephsmithpapers.org/paperSummary/letter-to-john-c-bennett-8-august-1840?p=2>.

252. Susan Easton Black, “How Large was the Population of Nauvoo?,” *BYU Studies* 35, no. 2 (1995): 91–94.

253. Homer Hoyt, *One Hundred Years of Land Values in Chicago* (Chicago: University of Chicago, 1933), 49–50.

The Spirit cries to my standard, come,²⁵⁴
 Hasten all ye pilgrims,—fill our fertile plains
 Enlarge our borders,—find us a home,
 Gain peace and joy, where heavenly pleasure reigns!
 Reject the creeds, that long have kept you bound,
 Enter our *sanctum Nauvoo's holy ground*.

Attend ye nations to his great command!
 The time is *now* when men must rise or fall,
 Proclaim his will—the judgment's near at hand!
 Regain *your* freedom and obey *this* call—
 On Zion's shore doth hope and virtue dwell,
 Peace to the righteous that no tongue can tell!

Hosanna to the Lord who guards our host—
 Encamped with gospel armour purely bright,
 'Tis with the *sword of truth*²⁵⁵ we conquer most,
 Our *foes* shall *perish*, when they dare to fight.
 Fierce bigots with their creeds dare not contend,
 They fall beneath the *truth* and find their end.

Hold fast ye *saints*, and keep your eyes on heav'n—
 'Ere long you'll hear the mighty trumpet sound!
 Woe to the men who are not then forgiv'n
 Each cries for pardon, when it can't be found.
 See cloud on cloud in august grandeur roll!
 To judgment come, to judgment every soul!!

Earth's mighty mountains then shall disappear—
 Rivers and seas to mingled blood shall turn,
Night's awful reign is now approaching near,
 Each saint rejoices while the wicked mourn!
 'Midst flaming worlds, thy servants God of Love,
 Pass on unharmed, to glorious realms above!

254. See Isaiah 5:26.

255. See Ephesians 6:17.

In Christ believe and God who dwells on high:
 Repent and pray your sins may be forgiven;
 Escape the death that's never doomed to die,
 On wings of faith your souls shall soar to heaven—
 Farewell to Earth—now joys immortal rise,
 Sing loud hosanna's as you mount the skies.

Almighty Power! protect our little band,
 Increase our faith, our virtue and our love,
 Nor let our foes e'er get the upper hand,
 To drive our people from their chosen land—
 Surround us with a HALO from above.

IN *Times and Seasons* 5, NO. 5 (MARCH 1, 1844): 461–62.

“Lines Suggested on Seeing an Ancient Fortification in Wayne County, N. Y.”

Stephen Post

In 1841 Benjamin Winchester observed, “When the antiquarian traverses the Western wilds, he has the privilege to behold the relics of a once enlightened nation; . . . he gazes upon numerous forts, mounds, obelisks, and catacombs, which he marks with wonder and amazement.” According to Winchester, these antiquities were “sufficient evidence both circumstantial, and scriptural, to establish the authenticity of the Book of Mormon.”²⁵⁶ In his poem, Stephen Post muses about the ancient peoples of the Book of Mormon after “seeing an ancient fortification in Wayne County, N[ew] Y[ork].”

What thoughts do in my mind abound,
 Whilst I behold these aged uses,

256. Benjamin Winchester, “The Claims of the Book of Mormon Established,” *Gospel Reflector* 1, no. 5 (March 1, 1841): 105–6.

Upon this ancient battle ground,
Which has survived times ravages?

Tho' age on age has roll'd apace.
Since this fort here may date its birth;
The eye can still distinctly trace—
Its gateways and its banks of earth.

Oh! Could these banks but speak, and tell,—
What scenes to us they might unfold;
Things that they would remember well,
Which did transpire in days of old.

The men are gone, their works remain,
Much labor has been spent to know—
What race they were, and how they came,
On this part of the earth below.

The ancient prophecies will view,
To see what light they will afford;
Which speak in strains forever new,
And tell the wonders of the Lord.

Said Jacob to Joseph his son;²⁵⁷
Thy branches shall run o'er the wall,
A fruitful bough thou shalt become,
A fruitful bough o'er by a well.²⁵⁸

Isaiah saw in vision clear,
A nation should to dust be brought;²⁵⁹
Forts should be raised—we find them here,
Upon the land our fathers sought—

257. See Genesis 48:15-16.

258. See Genesis 49:22.

259. See Isaiah 29:4.

When o'er the sea they made their way,
 Drove from their tents the sons of Shem;²⁶⁰
 And then resorted to Africa—
 For Canaan's sons to toil them.²⁶¹

Then Shem's descendants, Joseph's seed,
 Did cross the sea in very deed,²⁶²
 And rear these works with pain and toil.

COMPOSED APRIL 10, 1844.

IN *Nauvoo Neighbor* 2, NO. 8 (JUNE 19, 1844): 1.

“Hail Columbia, ‘Free and Equal’”

Joseph Smith Jr.²⁶³

On January 29, 1844, Joseph Smith announced his candidacy for president of the United States: “I would not have suffered my name to have been [nominated] by my friends . . . if I and my friends could have had the privilege of enjoying our religious and civil rights as American citizens.”²⁶⁴ Joseph campaigned for

260. Shem was the son of Noah and the “traditional ancestor of the Shemitic or Semitic races,” which include the Arabs, Hebrews, Phoenicians, and Syrians. See Bible Dictionary, “Shem,” 773.

261. Canaan was the fourth son of Ham. The Canaanites inhabited the lowland “toward the Mediterranean coast of Palestine.” See Bible Dictionary, “Canaan,” 629.

262. See 1 Nephi 6:2; 1 Nephi 18:23.

263. Though Joseph Smith is listed as the sole author of the newspaper article in which these verses appear, at the time, William W. Phelps served as Joseph’s clerk and writer. It is possible that Phelps helped compose the poem and the article. See Samuel Brown, “The Translator and the Ghostwriter: Joseph Smith and William Phelps,” *Journal of Mormon History* 34, no. 1 (2008): 26–62.

264. Andrew Jenson, ed., *The Historical Record*, vol. 7, no. 1–3 (Salt Lake City: Andrew Jenson, 1889), 541; see Margaret C. Robertson, “The Campaign and the Kingdom: The Activities of the Electioneers in Joseph Smith’s Presidential

religious freedom, the abolishment of slavery, and the establishment of a national bank.²⁶⁵ The text of this poem speaks of these campaign issues and endorses the ideals expressed in the Declaration of Independence. The poem cleverly alludes to a popular celebratory national anthem of the time, “Hail, Columbia.”

Hail Columbia, “free and equal”—²⁶⁶
 Lo, the saints, the Mormons, bless ye;
 Felt thy glory most severely,
 When Missouri gave them Jesse²⁶⁷

Hail Columbia, “free and equal”—
 Negro slaves, like common cattle,
 Bought and sold for cash at auction;
 Prayers and chains together rattle!

Hail Columbia, “free and equal”—
 “Liberty,” (as patriots won it);
 Crown’d the “head” of freemen’s money:
 Now the goddess sits upon it!

Hail Columbia, “free and equal”—
 “Gold and silver” is thy “tender;”²⁶⁸
 Treasury notes, (aside from Biddle),²⁶⁹
 Foreign loans, and fallen splendor!

IN *Times and Seasons* 5, NO. 8 (APRIL 15, 1844): 510.

Campaign,” *BYU Studies* 39, no. 3 (2000): 147–80.

265. Joseph Smith, *Views of the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States* (Nauvoo, IL: John Taylor, 1844).

266. The phrase “free and equal” is found in John Adams’s Massachusetts Constitution of 1780. The phrase also reflects the work of Thomas Jefferson and Adams in the Declaration of Independence.

267. *Jesse* means “to beat him or to scold him or to scold him violently.” See examples of nineteenth-century usage of “jesse” in Richard Hopwood Thornton, *An American Glossary* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1912), 493.

268. *Tender* means “currency, money, as in legal tender. Money offered for non-payment.” Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. “tender.”

269. Nicholas Biddle was president of the Second Bank of the United States. He resigned his office in 1839, two years before the bank closed.

“To Miss Barbara Matilda Neff”

William W. Phelps and Joseph Smith

Two years after joining The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in 1844, John Neff, his wife, and his daughter, Barbara, visited the city of Nauvoo. They met Joseph Smith and William Phelps, among others. Barbara even obtained their autographs as well as some poetic advice, printed below.²⁷⁰

May 1844

To Miss B M Neff

Two things will beautify a youth
That is: Let *virtue* decorate the *truth*
And so you know; every little helps
yours

W. W Phelps

Joseph added the following lines, continuing Phelps’s thought:

The truth and virtue both are good
When rightly understood
But Charity is better Miss²⁷¹
That takes us home to bliss
And so forthwith
remember Joseph Smith

On March 14, 1901, Joseph F. Smith, about six months before becoming President of the Church, found this poetic exchange and added his own four lines:

Let truth and virtue, hand in hand
Together shine, and charity them both

270. See introduction to this poem in Dean C. Jessee, *Personal Writings of Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1984), 597–98.

271. See I Corinthians 13.

Adorn, and all, together bow
At lovely Mercy's shrine.

AUTOGRAPH TO BARBARA MATILDA NEFF, MAY 1844,
CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY.

"A Question on My Mind Appears" Robert A. H. McCorkle

In April 1844 Robert McCorkle journeyed to "Nauvoo with an honest desire to ascertain whether the virtues of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints were apparently greater, than are common amongst the different sectarian churches."²⁷² Although McCorkle was unable to speak with Joseph Smith directly, he listened to him sermonize.²⁷³ After returning to his home in Yorkville, Tennessee, McCorkle wrote a letter and poem to Joseph Smith describing his impression of Nauvoo and inquiring about the validity of Joseph's prophetic gifts.²⁷⁴ Though McCorkle anticipated a reply in verse, Joseph did not respond. After Joseph's death, McCorkle named one of his sons Joseph Smith McCorkle in honor of the Prophet.

A question on my mind appears
Which has been hanging there for years,

272. See Robert A. H. McCorkle to Joseph Smith, May 10, 1844, in Received Letters, mss 155, box 3, folder 7, Joseph Smith Collection, Church History Library.

273. In this letter, McCorkle is likely referring to the April 6–9, 1844, general conference in Nauvoo. See Joseph Smith History, vol. F-1, 1968–1979; and the draft amalgamation of the 7 April 1844 sermon in "Sunday April 7, 1844. Discourse by President Joseph Smith," Joseph Smith Collection, Church History Library.

274. The type of poetic dialogue suggested by McCorkle was a fairly common practice. For example, sixteenth-century English poet and playwright Christopher Marlowe composed "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love," to which Walter Raleigh replied with "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd." In 1843 William W. Phelps penned the poem "Vade Mecum ('Go With Me')." Joseph Smith replied with "The Vision," a poetic version of Doctrine and Covenants section 76, which begins, "I will go" (see page 145 herein). The Phelps poem and Joseph's reply were published in the *Times and Seasons* 4, no. 6 (February 1, 1843): 81–85. Perhaps McCorkle had read this exchange and anticipated a similar reply.

And for to bring it to your view
My pen will write it all out new.

I come to you the truth to find,
All hearsays I will leave behind,
For this I know, That all is not true,
That I have heard about Nauvoo.

Then let me hear the truth from you,
Bring nothing but the truth to view.
Do you possess the gifts of God,
As are recorded in his word?

To say these gifts are not for man,
To take this stand, I never can,
But this I only want to know,
Do you possess them at Nauvoo?

If from on high, you have rec'd
The gifts of God, your not deceiv'd
Then is it so, that from the Lord
An angel's brought a true record?²⁷⁵

Does this record come with a grace;
Does it reveal the Indian's race?²⁷⁶
Your manly honor I invite,
To give an answer that is right.

My heart within me now doth burn²⁷⁷
To get an answer in return,

275. A reference to angel Moroni and the Book of Mormon.

276. For more than a century, Latter-day Saints professed that the ancestors of the Native Americans were the people of the Book of Mormon. See "Introduction to the Book of Mormon" (1981): "The Lamanites, and they are the principal ancestors of the American Indians." "Introduction of the Book of Mormon" now states that the Lamanites are "among the ancestors of the American Indians" (2006).

277. This may be a reference to Luke 24:32: "And they said one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?"

For if its true, That God has given
Late revelations right from heaven,

Its also true, he's set his hands
To gather Israel from all lands,²⁷⁸
And if that's so, we all may know
All kingdoms sure, God will o'er throw,²⁷⁹

Then don't deceive my honest soul,
I want Gods law, me to control,
Then if you are the chosen few
Show it to me, while at Nauvoo,

You elders say, that you possess
The power of God, thro' righteousness,
That you've rec'd the priesthood new
An angel gave it unto you.²⁸⁰

This priesthood they pretend to say
Unveils the truth in this our day.
That by this power to man is given
An earnest²⁸¹ of the joys of heaven.

278. The gathering of Israel is presented in Ezekiel 37:21–22: “And say unto them, Thus saith the Lord GOD; Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land: And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all.”

279. The kingdom of God is presented in Daniel 2:44: “And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.”

280. On May 15, 1829, John the Baptist ordained Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery to the Aaronic Priesthood along the Susquehanna River near Harmony, Pennsylvania (see Doctrine & Covenants 13). Ancient Apostles Peter, James, and John ordained Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery to the Melchizedek Priesthood (see Doctrine & Covenants 27:12).

281. One definition of *earnest* (noun) is “first fruits, that which is in advance, and gives promise of something to come.” Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. “earnest.”

If an angel of the Lord
 Has come to man with a record
 Such record surely was design'd
 To be the blessing to mankind.

Then if it were by God design'd,
 Sent as a blessing to mankind,
 Then what am I that I should stand
 And raise objections to the plan?

But if it be a project plan²⁸²
 Invented by a cunning man,
 This truth unveil, and set me free
 And show me who the Mormons be!

If you the special gifts enjoy
 These blessings I would not destroy,
 If with these powers you have been bless'd
 Your joy far triumphs o'er the rest—

Give me some reasons to decide
 That your companions of the bride,²⁸³
 Or else come out, and plainly say
 That your deceivers of our day!

If any questions I have form'd
 Are calculated to do harm
 Then to such questions point your hand
 And I will lay them to the land.

These lines convey my mind to you
 Or any other in Nauvoo

282. One definition of *project* is “to scheme; to contrive,” or *project* (noun) “a design not practicable.” Webster, *American Dictionary*, s.v. “project.”

283. In Revelation 21:2, the holy city is depicted as a bride: “And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”

If they deserve a moments time,
You will an answer form in rhyme.

But if they like their author prove
Unworthy of your time, and love
In silence they'l remain unheard
By man! But answered from the Lord.

ROBERT A. H. MCCORKLE TO JOSEPH SMITH, MAY 10, 1844,
IN RECEIVED LETTERS, MSS 155, BOX 3, FOLDER 7, JOSEPH
SMITH COLLECTION, CHURCH HISTORY LIBRARY.

“Hymn”

John Hardy

This poem incorporates Joseph Smith’s theological teachings presented in the King Follett Discourse. “The God that others worship, is not the God for me,” the poet writes, “He has no parts nor body, and cannot hear nor see.” In the King Follett Discourse, Joseph Smith taught, “If the veil were rent today . . . you would see [the great God] like a man in form—like yourselves in all the person, image, and very form as a man.”²⁸⁴ In writing the poem, John Hardy also drew on the once popular song “The Rose That All Are Praising”: “The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me; / Too many eyes are gazing upon that costly tree; / But there’s a rose in yonder glen . . . O! that’s the rose for me, / O! that’s the rose for me.”²⁸⁵

The God that others worship, is not the God for me,
He has no parts nor body, and cannot hear nor see,
But I’ve a God that lives above,

284. “Conference Minutes,” *Times and Seasons* 5, no. 15 (August 15, 1844): 614–20.

285. “The Rose That All Are Praising,” as cited in Hicks, “Poetic Borrowing in Early Mormonism,” 137.

A God of power and of love,
A God of revelation, O, that's the God for me,
O that's the God for me, O that's the God for me.

A church without Apostles, is not the church for me,
Its like a ship dismasted, afloat upon the sea,
But I've a church that's always led
By the twelve stars around her head.
A church with good foundation, O that's the &c.

A church without a Prophet, is not the church for me,
It has no head to lead it, in it I would not be,
But I've a church not built by man,
Cut from the mountain without hand,
A church with gifts and blessings, &c.

The hope that Gentiles cherish is not the hope for me,
It has no faith nor knowledge, far from it I would be;
But I've a hope that will not fail,
Which reaches far within the veil,
Which hope is like an anchor, &c.

The heaven of sectarians, is not the heaven for me,
So doubtful its location, neither on land nor sea;
But I've a heaven on the earth,
The land and home that gave me birth,
A heaven of light and knowledge, &c.

A church without a gathering, is not a church for me,
The Savior would not own it, wherever it may be;
But I've a church that's called
From false traditions, fears and doubt,
A gathering dispensation, &c.