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EBK

Vol. 12

G. H. Campbell
1863

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Our Mother's gentle spirits near, I hear her soothing

ing voice, saying come my children every one,

And in my love rejoice.

You over all I'll pour my balm, And spread my

healing wings, To bear your spirits up from earth

To dwell mid better things. Sung in meeting by the Elders.

||: pub. by the Jan. 23, 1859.
Chh. Holy Ground.

The hour of all hours, the hour of devotion, When raptures

of heaven my spirit do swell, When to all earthly cares, all sorrow

and burdens, I can for a season bid peaceful farewell.

Then I'll drink in that joy which knoweth no ending, And shout in the

victory of right over wrong, While the powers of love are widely extending

Be feasting my spirit arise and be strong.

Chh. Holy Ground.
||: Jan. 25, 1859.

O weep no longer, mourn no more, As hopeless souls may do,

3 My love shall every one restore To life that's fresh and new.

Take hold of promise, hold of strength And make your vows pure

And as I live, your souls shall find An anchor safe and sure

Given by the spirit of Mother Hannah, and sung in meeting at New June 29, 1859.

Thanks thanks for heaven's blessings, Thanks for gifts so freely given

3 May we realize these treasures As substantial food from heaven.

Give O give us an abundance, For we love it more and more;

Open wide thy holy portals, That thy gifts may freely pour.

Chh. Holy Ground. Jan 30, 1859.

O I've come filled with love, O I've come in the gift; Do receive
free as I give, I will raise your spirits a lift. Heaven is new, heaven is pure,

Heaven's a mansion of peace, Earth is a home for us to prepare

dwell in this haven of bliss. Received of the spirit of Dr. Wm. Bennett.

d e | e l | c c ||: *Jan. 30, 1859. Chh. Holy Ground.*

His love love, more love, Brethren and sisters, 'tis love

3 } #: *a d c a | a c | l e d c c a | c*
love we need. Deal gently, speak kindly, yea loving to all,

e d # c : : d d e a a a a a | c c c c |

O 'tis love love love we need. Chh. Holy Ground.

1 a c | e d d # c ||: *Jan. 31, 1859.*

Here I kneel in prayer to thee, O my Savior, pity me;

3 } #: *c d e d | d a a | a a a e | c d e |*

Let me feel thy holy power, Rolling, falling like a shower.

1 a a a e | d a a | c a a | d a a |

Blessed Mother draw me nigh, While I at thy feet do lie,

1 c c d d | e d e | c d a a | a a e |

Guide me with thy light divine, Seal me, own me ever thine.

*1 c d e d | d a a | c a a a | e d e ||: *Chh. Holy Ground. Feb. 9, 1859.**

O give me one drop from the life-giving fountain, O Mother

2 } #: *a e c b d a b d | f d d c c a a a*

my parent, do reach forth thy hand; Do feed thy poor children

1 a a a d a a a a | a a a e e

while unto thee we bow, Cause our feet on the permanent rock to firmly

d e | c c d e d a c | d e l a l f d b d e | stand.

O why should we falter, or why should we faint? Why

should we faint, or grow weary at all? The pool of re-

pentance is opened, its waters are cleansing and free,

let us all to the brink humbly fall. Beh. Holy Ground.

Jan. 1859.

O Zion how refreshing is the work of God progressing,

which we have lived to see, Thy inmates coming lowly, by

love they are made holy, From sectarian shackles free.

Let's praise and honor Mother, yea love and blep each other,

For God is in our midst we see, Profession cannot cover a

sister or a brother, Works, righteous works are for me.

Beh. Holy Ground. June 1859.

Beh. Holy Ground.

May 2, 1859.

The angels of heaven around us do hover, I see them
B descending from mansions on high They are taking

abodes with the children of Mother, While peace and

good will they loudly cry, They are taking abodes

with the children of Mother, While peace and

good will they loudly cry. O I'll be an angel of

comfort and mercy, A beam of bright joy to the

sad stricken world To make paradise where there's

been desolation, A holier mission no theme can

unfold.

Oh, Holy Ground.

Feb. 1859.

} ||: c2 | q9 q | a q e d | c | q a b c d | c c | e d e f | g | a g f e d | e q q a | q q | f e d b c | d e f g
 a c | q q | d b b | e c c | q | q e d c c | d e b c | d e b a g | c c | c e g c c | q | e c q | q q
 f e d e | d d | q e c d | c e g q | c d e f | d e | c c || h Canterbury N.H.

Today today is thy own time, Tomorrow cant
 be reckoned, And what is past cannot return, Though

much it is regretted. Then let me well improve
 this day, And lay me up a treasure That will not
 rust or wear away, But dwell with me forever.

Chm. Holy Ground. Feb. 1859.

Where the waters are deep and rolling I do not fear
 to go; Their cleansing is so consoling, May it over and
 over me flow. My garments may rend and be scattered

I fear not the loss of my all Since with Christ my soul
 may be gathered, Redeemed from the powers of the fall.

Chm. Holy Ground. Feb. 1859.

Work my children, work in earnest, Do that work

3
#:
c c a a | c e d c | c c c
you're called to do; God is truth, and cannot varnish

d | c a a | e g g q a | r r l e |
With deceit the work for you. Slight it not, but dwell

l d d q e | e d e c :: l a q r c | c a
in union, Make each vessel clean and pure, Say up

c a a | c c c e | d c d | e g g
treasures firm, substantial, Riches such as will endure.

r r | r e l d | r c d e | e d e c ::
Chin. Holy Ground. Feb. 19. 1859.

O kind guardian ^{angels} and happy spirits, do lend

3
#:
c c c b c # d g q l f e l e c | d q
a listening ear and hear my earnest prayer, Do let true

g r r | r r a a a a g | r r r e l
repentance roll on and fill my soul, I am poor, I am

e d c e f c b a g # q g e c | d d d |
needy, do let thy power roll. I know I am unworthy in

l e g q r f e e d d # e :: e f r r r r r | i r q r
your mercy to share, But I'm willing to work, O I'm willing

g | a r a q | r r l e l e | d c c e d e
to bear, Till my vessel is cleansed from every stain, Till overcom-

e f q r a g | l e d c a a c e a g # q c | d d d
ing power I fully obtain.

d r r r r r d d e ::
Chin. Holy Ground. Feb. 1859.

Know ye who mourn, repent and cry, To you the
 Savior does draw nigh, And from his wings on you
 he'll shower His healing balm and holy power.

Then fear fear not to drink drink deep The bitter cup
 that is for you; For God knoweth why this He requires,
 Therefore each one do have your share. Chh. Holy Ground.

Feb. 1859.

There is a treasure I love, a treasure which doth all
 the glitter of gold outshine; 'Tis a treasure I love, a
 beautiful gift, 'tis heavenly union divine. O I want this
 treasure, I love its sweet influence I want it to fill up my
 soul, My words to refine, I'll humor to bind and always
 my tongue to contrail Chh. Holy Ground Feb. 1859.

When the desert blossoms and the waste places

flourish, When the crooked are straightened and the
 haughty bow down, When the wounded are healed and
 the blind made to see, Then know of a truth I your

Savior am here. When love holy love rules our thoughts
 and our actions, When the fire of truth penetrates every

soul. When all are thankful to bow to his order, Then
 peace, love and union will supremely rule.

The call of God is unto all, The gospel trump is sounding

Come banish slumber from your eyes, The day is just a dawning.
 A day of freedom O how sweet The heavens gather near,

Lord may we feel thy living power And keep thy holy fear.

Chas. H. Johnson 1859.

Zion mourn, and let thy tears Roll like rivers down
 thy streets, Mourn and weep until thy prayers Rend the
 heavens and fill the earth. See thy people widely
 scattered, ~~See thy people widely scattered,~~ See thy jewels
 some afar, While the tidings of thy doings Does thy
 name and glory mar.

Chorus. Holy Ground.
 In singing meeting Feb. 12, 1859.

Freedom vs. Oppression.

Praise ye your voices and cry, Praise ye your
 voices and cry, Until righteousness reigns thro' my
 temple, and Wisdom the scepter doth sway.

Let the voice of mercy roll, Until liberty and freedom

∴ c d | e d e | f g | h i | a b | c d | e f | g h | i j | k l | m n |

hath reached every soul, Till the wants of the needy

are supplied, and Zion from oppression is free.

Chh. Holy Ground. March 1st, 1859.

O halleluiah, the saints and angels sing,

3 H: | g | e | e | e | d | d | d | e | d | e | f | g | h | i | j | k | l | m | n |

O glory halleluiah will make the heavens ring.

For Mother now is with us, we feel her presence near;

∴ c | a | a | a | g | e | d | e | e | e | e | f | g | h | i | j | k | l | m | n |

We love and bless our Mother, her holy name adore.

Shout blessed Mother, do O do receive our love.

Chh. Holy Ground. 1859.

O Mother blessed Mother, we love thy pure way

3 H: | c | e | e | e | g | e | g | a | c | a | a | d | b | g | h | i | j | k | l | m | n |

O guide me and protect me dear Mother I pray.

∴ a | f | g | a | g | e | e | f | g | e | d | e | f | g | h | i | j | k | l | m | n |

Sung by worthy sister Lucy Williams at 81 yrs. Chh. Holy Ground

Feb. 29, 1859.

Dear brethren and sisters, I'm anxious to go

Down down where the wells of salvation overflow

Where the breezes are balmy and fragrant with love

And heavenly virtues do flourish and thrive.

I can't go alone through this world so dreary,

Don't leave me behind though oft faint and weary

On your strength I depend, O give unto me,

Expiled from your union I never could be.

Behold the trumpeters ever on their flight, They

turn not while they're moving; They steer their course

with holy angels bright, Come lets be up and a going.

Wm. H. Ground
Mar
1857.

My brethren and sisters, my hearts dear relation,

3
||: cd | e e d q q c | e e d de a ~
With you I will joy, your sorrows are mine;

g | a c d e ed # c d ed # d ~
Though you are called to walk in deep tribulation

e e e | q q e c e | d d c ca a ~
With you I am bound to suffer in time.

g | a c d e ed # d d c # c : :
If repentance you share O give me a part

: : q q # a a a || a ca qe e d | d ~
To taste of your comforts a fullness insure

c d e e | e q a q e eg q # ca ~
There is nothing in science, no polish of art,

a q || e e d d c d | c d e de ~
Can yield satisfaction like love of the pure.

eg | a q e d c d | e d de c : : || ~
Chin. Holy Ground. Feb. 1859.

O shout halleluiah, O shout praise the Lord;

3
||: ce | q a q | qe c e | q e g | q ~
O shout all ye virgins, shout ye with one accord

eg | q a q | qe c c | a a a c | c : :
For to the Savior cometh upon ^{us} like a dove,

: : a | c c c d c | a a e g | a q a | q ~
And Mother is spreading her wings of healing love.

qa | c c e | q a q | qe e d c | c : : || ~
Chin. Holy Ground. Feb. 1859.

The blessings of heaven, O how refreshing to my

3
#i: g | c e c || e e e g g # g e c c | ~

needy soul; It gives me animation, sweet peace and
e # d g | c e c c | # d d | e e ~
consolation, When trials round me roll.

e # | g e c || i i d d c # e : ~

O this most holy power will uphold in every hour

#i: e | g g g # g g a a | d e | g # g g ~

And bring salvation I trust; I feel it now descending

e || c c c c c # g g | c c c d | e d ~

may this influence have no ending, For 'tis genuine

d d | e e e g g | a g c c | d d e ~

and just. Ohm. Holy Ground. Feb. 1859.

e | e #i: ~

I am bent on salvation, whatever my station, Whatever

4
#i: c e | g g l e d c | c e b a g || e e ~

my trials or pains; 'Tis here I was gathered, and here I have

e a a g g # g g g l e d c | d d e ~

tried With no other purpose to gain.

l e g | a a g g g l # e : ~

The world hath its follies, its interests and duties,

#i: g || c c c e e e | d e d d c e ~

But I have been called therefrom; To build up Mount

g | a a a | g a # g g || e e d ~

Zion, and here I will try on, Till all I can do

is well done. Chdn Holy Ground. Feb. 20, 1859.

Handwritten musical notation: e d | G: ||:mi

I am with you my dear children, my spirit is near,

I have come to comfort the afflicted and the mourner

to cheer. I give you of my blessing, I give you of my

comfort and love; O do be faithful and meet with me above

Handwritten musical notation: le d e | d q | e d | e q | d d e d | e q | Chdn G. 1859.

We've enlisted in the battle, let us fight with might

and power. Valiant soldiers of the cross we will never flinch nor

cover. We will raise our flag of freedom and our

stripes and colors show; While the enemy's retreating,

boldly strike another blow. Chdn Holy Ground.

Handwritten musical notation: q q | e h e d | e ||:mi 1859.

I will be progressing, I cannot stand still

3 } 3 } *q* | *e* | *q* *q* *e* | *q* *q* | *e* *d* | *q* *u*

The work is increasing and I must go on

q | *e* | *e* *e* *e* *d* | *e* | *e* | *d* | *d* | *d* | *u*

For tis harvest time surely, I'll labor with care

q *q* | *q* *q* | *e* | *e* *e* | *e* | *d* | *u*

To gain my full portion of these blessings so rare.

q *q* *q* | *q* | *e* *e* *e* | *d* | *e* | *d* | *e* | *u*

There's power in the gospel all sin to destroy.

q *q* | *q* *q* *q* | *e* *e* *e* | *e* | *e* | *d* | *u*

There's power o'er evil, this gives me true joy

e | *e* *d* *e* | *q* *q* *q* | *e* *d* | *d* | *u*

To know that I can if I'm faithful and true

d | *q* | *d* *d* *q* *q* | *q* | *a* *q* | *q* | *u*

Stand stand my dear brethren and sisters with you,

q *q* | *q* *q* | *e* *e* *e* | *e* | *d* | *u*

And my heaven on earth begin. Chorus Holy Ground.

e | *q* *q* *q* | *e* | *e* | *e* | *u* 1859.

Come forth in my power, let every soul be free; Stop

15 } *e* | *e* | *q* *q* | *q* *e* *q* | *q* *q* | *e* | *q* | *q* | *u*

not for ease, but labor Till you've overcome the enemy.

d *d* *d* | *e* *v* *e* | *d* | *e* *e* *e* | *d* *e* | *u*

q | *e* | *q* | *e* | *d* | *q* | *q* *q* | *e* | *e* | *q* | *e* | *d* | *q* | *e* *e* | *u*

Chorus Holy Ground. 1859.

O the sweet hour, blest hour of prayer!—My soul feels

refreshed when I'm bowed down in prayer To thee

holy Savior and blessed Mother, For thy gentle spirit I

feel gather near. While I am sailing o'er troubled

waters, While I am on the rough sea of time, Will thou

in mercy kindly watch over me? O do own me and

seal me for thine.

Chh. Holy Ground. 1859.

Beyond this vain world I am seeking a treasure, Where moth

will not corrupt, where rust cannot destroy; 'Tis with the pure in

heart I ever will abide. I will bathe in these waters while they're flowing

so freely. And the hand of rich blessing is widely extended To the poor and the needy,

I will gather I will gather these beautiful treasures, And fill up my measure

with pure union & love.

Chh. by Mar. 19. 1859.

1 It is heaven upon earth I would be enjoying,

³
| Hi: q̄ a | q̄ q̄ e q̄ a | c̄ d | ē a a a c̄ c̄ w̄
Those life giving breezes that whispereth hope,

ca | q̄ e q̄ a a | c̄ d | ē c̄ q̄ a c̄ | v̄
Those heavenly joys ever bright and enduring,

| c̄ d | ē c̄ d c̄ c̄ d e | q̄ c̄ q̄ a c̄ v̄
Sustaining in trials and still pointing up.

ca | q̄ q̄ e d | c̄ c̄ a q̄ | q̄ a c̄ c̄ : || w̄
My pilgrimage here may be through shades and tempests

My pathway be laid where the twilight is gone;

ca | q̄ e d e d d | e q̄ q̄ q̄ q̄ | w̄
Then let me gain power now in days of leys trials,

aa | q̄ q̄ q̄ e d | d c̄ a a c̄ c̄ e a | a q̄ q̄ w̄
That shall pierce the gloom and outside every storm.

g a g a b | c̄ c̄ d e a q̄ a c̄ | c̄ : || w̄

Behn Holy Grounds Mar. 1859.

The armies of heaven are hovering round

³
| Hi: c̄ d | e e | e d c̄ d | e q̄ q̄ a w̄

q̄ | a b a q̄ | c̄ d | d c̄ d e e | c̄ d c̄ d e q̄ | a q̄ a b a q̄ | e d c̄ e c̄ | c̄ d | c̄ c̄ e d c̄ | w̄

| a a a c̄ | d d d d | d d c̄ d | e e e d | a a a b a q̄ | e e e d c̄ e c̄ | c̄ : || w̄
Holy Mount. 1858.

Here's my home and here's my treasure, Here's

my interest with you all; Here I'll live a life of
pleasure, And with you I'll give up all.

I will be a child of Mother In the way and work of God
That when here my work is ended I may reap a rich reward.

Speak kindly to all, let love be our theme, It will soothe
in affliction, every wound it will heal; When hungry

it will feed us, our souls it will cheer, O love is a
solace that each one may feel. Its influence dispelling

all malice and wrong, Will spread o'er life's pathway
true heavenly joy; O may this be mine, may it shield me

from harm, When grief and tribulation my spirit annoy.

Oh Holy Ground. Apr 1859.

Oh Holy Ground. Apr 1859.

O it is I, be not afraid Your Mother's come with

3
milk and bread, To raise your spirits and renew
Your covenant of love with you.

And when afflictions round you roll, And bitter

waters lash the soul, Remember you've drank peace
with me And pledged your strength through adversity.

Ch. H. Holy Ground.

Love love the sweetest of love the purest of love I'll

fill up my measure with this precious treasure, I

feel it flowing from heaven above. I'll gather and gather

the love of my Mother, just give me one crumb: The

spirit of Mother is gentle and loving, For this I will

labor, it shall be my own.

Ch. H. Holy Ground.
Feb. 1859.

1. May I bathe at the holy fountain, And drink at Mother's

living spring; May I wash in true repentance And cleanse

my soul from every stain, That I may find in mansions

holy There an humble place for me With the righteous,

meek and lowly When I've crossed the foaming sea.

O come my dear children, O come now with me, And

bathe in the pool of humility; There's comfort sweet comfort,

rejoice evermore, And praise our dear Saviour who hath

opened the door.

opened the door.

opened the door.

Paulina Boyer
Pleasant Hill
Wyo. S. H. A.

Eternal wisdom guide us while on our journey home-

3
H: q̇ | ċ ċ ė q̇ | ċ ċ ė | ḋ ċ ḋ ė | ḋ ẇ
ward, keep us devoted to thy will and prayerful every hour.

ḋ | ċ ḋ ė ė | ċ ḋ ċ ċ | ȧ ḃ ċ q̇ q̇ | q̇ ȧ q̇ ȧ q̇ ṅ
Thus when the rolling billows and tempests do assail us

q̇ | ċ ċ ė q̇ | ċ ċ ė | ḋ ċ ḋ ė | ḋ ḋ ṅ
If thou art still our constant friend nought can prevail

ė | q̇ q̇ ė q̇ | ċ ċ | ḋ ė ė ė | ḋ ẇ
against us.

ḋ ċ | ċ : ċ ė | q̇ ȧ ȧ q̇ q̇ | ȧ ȧ ḃ q̇ | ċ ċ | q̇ ȧ ḃ | ċ ḃ ȧ q̇ | ḋ ḋ ḋ | ṅ

From James Rankin Pleasant Hill, to Elder Abraham Perkins.

ḋ ė | ċ ċ ċ ċ | q̇ q̇ q̇ | ȧ ḃ ȧ q̇ | q̇ q̇ q̇ | ȧ ȧ ḃ q̇ | ċ q̇ | ė ḋ ḋ | ė : || ṁ

There we go, here we go

3
H: ċ ė | q̇ q̇ ȧ | q̇ ė q̇ | ȧ ȧ ḃ | ȧ q̇ ċ ȧ | q̇ q̇ ȧ | q̇ ė ḋ ė | ė ḋ ė | ċ : ṅ

This is a pleasant band who are moving on to the promised

: ḋ | ė ḋ ḋ | ḋ ċ | ċ ȧ q̇ ȧ | q̇ ȧ ȧ | ċ | ḋ ė ḋ ė | ḋ ċ | ṅ
land, Victory is sure to those who will endure.

ḋ | ȧ q̇ | q̇ ȧ ḃ | ċ ȧ ȧ | ȧ q̇ q̇ | ȧ ḃ | ċ ȧ ċ ȧ | q̇ q̇ ȧ q̇ | ṅ

q̇ q̇ ȧ q̇ | ė ḋ ė | ċ : || ṁ Bhd. by. Ap. 1859.

5
H: ȧ | ċ ḋ ė ė | ė ḋ ė | ȧ ȧ | ċ ḋ ė ė | ė ḋ ė | ė ḋ ė | ė ḋ ḋ ė | ė | q̇ ȧ ḃ ė | ȧ ȧ : ċ

Bhd. by. Ap. 1859.

q̇ ȧ | ė ḋ ė ḃ ȧ | ė ḋ ė | ė ċ | ė ḋ ė | ė ḃ ȧ q̇ | ȧ ȧ q̇ | ė ḋ ė | ė ḃ ȧ | ė ḋ ė | ė ḃ ȧ | ȧ : || ṁ

I will be pure, I will be free, I'll war till no sin's
 left in me; I will not stand and try to shirk, And
 effect the fruits of others' work. But I will rise in
 power and might, My enemies to put to flight, For
 it is my desire and prayer Salvation with the just
 to share. Amen by.

Ch. Holy Ground. May 1859.

1 Faithful ^{sisters} brethren take our love, Take our love & blessing;
 Yours shall be a measure filled, Running down and pressing.
 Thus will live and thus will love, And thus the world will
 conquer, Honor God in truth and love, Daily growing stronger.

Ch. Holy Ground. May, 1859.

O I will come down in the valley that's low,

*f*³ *b*: *c* *d* *e* *c* *c* *c* *c* *e* *f* *g* *w*
Where heavenly flowers and precious fruits grow,

a *c* *g* *g* *a* *f* *d* *e* *e* *f* *g* *w*

Where the pool of repentance its subjects will save,

a *a* *g* *f* *d* *e* *c* *c* *d* *e* *f* *g* *w*

Its waters are healing, O here I will bathe.

g *a* *g* *f* *e* *d* *c* *d* *c* *b* *c* *||* *w*

O how good to my soul, how delicious and sweet

g *a* *c* *d* *c* *e* *a* *b* *c* *g* *g* *g* *w*

Is this heavenly fruit, O come all and eat,

f *f* *f* *g* *a* *c* *g* *g* *e* *g* *g* *w*

O come all who're hungry and hunger no more,

e *e* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *e* *c* *d* *e* *g* *w*

O come all who're needy and get a full store. Chh. Bg

a *c* *g* *g* *a* *f* *d* *e* *d* *d* *c* *||* *Hum* *May* *59.*

While pure love is rolling rolling, Let me fill my

*f*³ *h*: *c* *e* *c* *e* *f* *g* *a* *g* *e* *c* *d* *d* *d* *c*

vessel full; Gain a substance that is lasting, Good and

a *e* *g* *f* *g* *g* *g* *g* *f* *c* *c* *c* *d* *e* *g* *w*

Nothing for my soul. And when afflictions do assail me

a *f* *d* *d* *c* *c* *||* *c* *f* *c* *a* *f* *f* *f* *a* *a* *f* *w*

And the times are hard to bear, I will trust to this

e *f* *g* *g* *f* *g* *e* *g* *f* *c* *c* *c* *c* *d* *w*

sure anchor, say and do all things with care.

c d e | q q e c | q ab c ||:||

Chh. Holy Ground, June 1859.

The heavenly hosts are gathering near, I feel their
 strength and power; They bring glad tidings, comfort and love,

||:||: ce | q q q q ed | c ac | c q q ab |
 c ag | c c | cd e e | ed ce a c c | q n

While the blessings of heaven they shower.

c d e e | q e e d c fa :||

O wait wait my spirit there To drink my fill of glory,

||:||: f f f f e q q e ed c e q | q. r q a c | q q n

Mid your bright ranks O let me join the anthems of the holy.

| cd e e | ed ca c | q. l e r | ed a e j m

Chh. Holy Ground June 1859

I love the love right here at home, It gives me honest
 pleasure; For here I labor, here I'm known, And here I'll fill

my measure. Pray what is foreign praise to me, Without a
 home-made blessing? My life I'll square, my habits change,
 Till this I am possessing.

Chh. Holy Ground June 1859.

q | a q a d | c c m

Let us toil on pray on brethren we can

overcome Let us toil on pray on sisters

we can all be free So we'll all work

together in the love of blessed Mother

And seek to help each other to gain

the victory

Canterbury N.H. June 59.

I want to spread my love around on you my gospel

friends. To old and young to rich and poor my simple

gift extends This would have not the charm for me

which I behold in you My life my love my hope

my joy just center right with you.

Bhb. Canterbury May 1859.

What a monster is self! Ever craving, yet disputing

3 *4* c e | q e d | c c e | q e q q ^{cc}

Though with abundance blest, Seldom happy, yet

e e d | c a c | c a q | e

complaining That the fault lies with the rest,

c e q | q l e | d e d | c f

O brethren and sisters, let me look about and see

|| e d | e e f | e c c e f | q a q e f | q

How much of this foul nature is remaining

q e | c q q | e d c a c | c c u

with me; Though mighty the contest, I

d | c e d | e e f | e c c e

mean to expose And overcome and conquer

| q a q e f | q q c | c q a q | e

this the worst of my foes.

d c | c d d | c u

Chh. Canterbury 18th June 1859.

W.C.

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21
1885

I want to ascend, I cannot stop here;

G | *c* *g* *a* *g* *i* | *e* *c* *b* *c* -

The work is increasing and I'll persevere,

i | *c* *g* *g* *g* *g* | *f* *g* *a* *g*.

My march is right onward, salvation's my

f *g* *f* *g* *g* *g* | *f* *d* *d* *e* *e* *e* *d*

purpose, And short of a fullness I'm not

f *d* *d* *g* *g* *g* | *g* *c* *d* *e* *n*

satisfied, I'll hasten my journey, I want to be

c *c* | *c* *g* | *a* *f* *f* *f* *g* *a* | *a* *g* *g*

moving, To join with the justified - strong;

g *g* *g* | *f* *d* *d* *e* *e* *e* *d* | *d* *n*

I can listen no longer to Satan's fine strains,

g *a* | *g* *f* *e* *d* *e* *f* | *g* *c* *c* *g* *g*

Or join in his fanciful songs

g | *f* *e* *e* *g* *a* *b* | *c* *W*

Oh Holy Ground &c. June 1839.

O joyfully I've turned from the follies of time,

f *c* *g* *c* *d* | *c* *e* *f* | *d* *e* *d* | *c* *n*

And I'm seeking a treasure in heaven's fair clime

b *c* | *d* *d* *d* | *e* *g* | *c* *g* *a* | *g* *n*

That will hold in trial, temptation and grief,

g *c* | *c* *c* *d* *e* *d* | *d* *d* *d* |

And will give to my spirit the balm of relief.

c b a a b c c a a | e c c | c i

Here is found the true substance which cannot decay,

b c | d d | l q a | q e e | e

Though rough storms and tempests bedim my way,

c | d d | l q a | q e e | e

I'll be true to the cause, determined for one

a c c c c c | e q | e d d |

Endure the heat of the noon day sun.

c a b | c a q | e c | c i

Engfield
Chh

O what is the treasure that is sweetest to the soul?

14
d i e | q q q | q i q q q a q

What solace kind and cheering when heavy trials roll,

c d d d | b e d c e | q q q a q

Diffusing life and pleasure, casting every fear away,

c d e d d | e q q q | a c b a q

Turning sorrow into gladness and darkness into day?

a b | c b a q | e d e a | q b e d a

'Tis not the costly jewels that adorn the princeps' brow;

c d d d | e e d e | d e | e d

'Tis not the wealth of nobles with all their pomp or show

e q b | e d e e a | q a c e q

'Tis neither gold or silver, nor yet the diamond fair,

q d e i e e | l l d d | e a a e q

There's

There's nothing on the earth that with it will compare

g̣e d e b g̣e c e d e b t # e ~

Ah may! 'tis love pure love.

g̣e | a g̣e g̣e | e d e | e ::||: Enfield Chh. 1859.

Come on dear companions, no longer will tarry,

g̣e | a b g̣e a a c d | e e e e b b ~

The work is progressing, the call is move on;

b a | a a a c d e | g̣e e g̣e a ~

No troublesome burdens will we try to carry,

e | g̣e g̣e g̣e e a a | e e d e e ~

But leave them in rear as we journey along.

e | a a c d | e e e | a a a g̣e a :: ~

e | g̣e a a a a e | g̣e e d d e g̣e g̣e | g̣e a a a a e | g̣e e d d ~

We'll patiently travel the road that's been paved

e | a a c d e | a c a g̣e a e ~

Through deep tribulation and sorrow of soul.

e | d e e a a c d | e e b a a ::||: ~

2.

If we think to recline on our soft downy pillows,

By breezes of pleasure be wafted along

We shall miss of the prize at the end of our journey

Not reach the fair port where our parents have gone.

(Notes) The crown will obtain by the cross of the Savior
And gain our redemption as Mother has done.
Enfield Chh. 1859.

Rejoice O my chosen and be not disheartened
For my right arm of power shall bear you along
I will be unto you as a well of living waters
And you shall reign victorious over all that is
wrong.
Enfield Chh

Let us toil on, pray on, Brethren we can overcome; Let us
toil on, pray on, sisters we can all be free.
So will all work together, In the love of blessed
Mother, And seek to help each other To gain the
victory.

Second family Canterbury N.H. 1859.

I am thankful that I have been led to pursue

3
#:
} 2 2 1 c c c | c f e l d e e | c "

The only way of life, the path that opens new

f l e d d d l d 2 1 2 c b | c "

To glories never ending as earthly hopes decay,

f l e d d d | c c c | c d e f | 2

I'll hasten hasten on in the self-denying way.

c d c d e | 2 2 2 2 1 2 c b | c "

O earth, thy seeming pleasures I freely will forego,

e l d c c c | 2 2 2 2 c b d d "

Thy glittering enchantments are perishing I know,

d c b a 2 2 2 2 | c 2 2 2 2 "

They give no future hope, but a bitter deep remorse,

e l d d 2 e | c c e l l e d d l d "

O blessed way of freedom, I glory in the cross.

2 2 2 c c c e d d d b | c ::|||

In his power I trust who is mighty to save,

Who ever will be near to calm the troubled wave;

My faith in Him reposing is here my guiding star,

That sorrow cannot darken or yet its glory mar.

In Him I find an anchor and never failing friend

And on his loving mercy I ever will depend;

I'll freely give up all salvation's pride to gain

In never ceasing accents I'll praise his holy name.

Confield Chh.

Come brethren and sisters come, I want to
 feel more love love, I want a shower of
 spiritual good Right from the heavens above.
 I want to feel from every heart A living
 real and union, For this will bring the angels
 nigh to bless our sweet communion.

*Wm. Holy Ground
 June 1850.*

X

Come love, come love, thou balsam of
 life, for we're needy; Encourage the strong to
 journey along, And comfort the weak and
 weary. Roll on rivers of love, roll on from the
 fountain; Waft, waft, ye angels of love, O waft to
 us this rich blessing.

*Wm. Holy Ground.
 June 1850.*

The kingdom of God on earth is established,

And Zion is raising her standard of truth;

No falsehood or flattery will give satisfaction;

But plain honest dealing with aged and

youth. The Lord hath decreed this, and who

can gainsay it? Or who can expect to prosper

at all, unless by the plumb their lives are

well squared, They root out all evil and

rise from the fall? Chh. Holy Ground.

May, 1859.

Roll over me ye cleansing waves and let

3 } 3 } 3 } e t | d e e. d # c a # a i a g l e n
my spirit drink I want to plunge into the

He d e t q # a i a g l e d d. i | e l d e n
stream For fear to leave the bank O

e. o | t | e q b t o # a i : a g l n
wash me clean from every stain And

3 } 3 } 3 } l e d d. i # d e t e d l u
leave me in the valley And here good angels

ll e d e t q # e d. q || a a a a q | n
bring me food and robes of earthly beauty.

l c d e t e e b a q b | a a i : n
Oh Holy Ground. June, 1859.

God is love God is love And he will

3 } 3 } 3 } q q q # q l d d | e e e n
have a people who truly serve him in

c c b a a | l a q b b | n
love Praise the Lord O my soul forever

l e : q c c b e | d e d d | n
Praise him while thou hast breath and

l b a b c d | b a w
strength Bring in an offering of praise to

q l l a a a e e | e a n
his altar and join in the song of love.

a a q q | q e d a b | e : n July 24, 59.

I hear the call of God to me Come out
 and live more honestly I mean to heed
 this call with care And shun each foe and
 temptation more I do not mean to be caught
 with guile The seeming friend or the flat-
 tery smile But with a courage firm
 and strong I will resist and conquer
 wrong.

Wm. Child Holy Ground. Dec., 1858.

O sweet sweet to me are the pure gifts
 of heaven The food of holy angels and
 happy saints above Oh may this treasure be

Roll over me ye cleansing waves and let

3
4
3
e t | d c e. d # c a # a i a g l e n

my spirit drink I want to plunge into the

3
4
d e | g # a i a g l e d d. i l d e n

stream For fear to leave the bank O

3
4
e. d | e | g b t o # a i a g l n

wash me clean from every stain And

3
4
l e d d. i # d e t e d l u

leave me in the valley And here good angels

3
4
l e d e | g # e d. g l l a a a g l n

bring me food and robes of cullis beauty.

3
4
l e d e. d | e. e. b a g b | a a i l l n

Wh. Holy Ground. June, 1859.

God is love God is love And he will

3
4
g g g # g l d d | e e w

have a people who truly serve him in

3
4
e e b a a l l a g b b l n

love Praise the Lord O my soul forever

3
4
l e i l l g c c b c | d e d d l n

Praise him while thou hast breath and

3
4
l b a b c d | b a w

strength Bring in an offering of praise to

3
4
g l l a a a e e | e a w

his altar and join in the song of love. Wh. Holy Ground July 24, 59.

I hear the call of God to me Come out
 and live more honestly I mean to meet
 this call with care And shun each foe and
 tempting snare I do not mean to be caught
 with guile The seeming friend or the flat-
 tery smile But with a courage firm
 and strong I will resist and conquer
 wrong.

illu. Chh. Holy Ground. Dec., 1858.

O sweet sweet to me are the pure gifts
 of heaven The food of holy angels and
 happy saints above Pray this treasure be

mine is my earnest desire I ask for

nothing more I seek for nothing higher
In humility my daily walk must be

Be upright and holy faithful and true
The path of my Savior in meekness pursue.

Chh. Holy Ground. 1859.

It is love that makes the way easy 'Tis union

that makes us feel strong When brethren and
sisters will labor for that which will help

us along Be honest be kind and forgiving

when trials and troubles we meet

take the bright side and trust heaven

g g g | c g g e g w

And naught shall our purpose defeat.

g | e c d e c b | c
 Oh Holy Ground. June 12, 1859.

The Heavenly waters roll, Angels are bringing love;

3/4 c.e: g g g | e d c | c d c | d e d | w

Now is the feast prepared, Come fill your measure

1 c c g | a g g | d g | e d w

full. Welcome ye messengers, Welcome the gifts ye

c :: e e c | e g g | c d c | d e c

bear, O blest and happy day, Saints with the angels share

d c c g | a g g | d g | e d c :: w

Oh Holy Ground. June 12, 1859.

What a blessing to meet for the worship of God,

3/4 c d | c c d c e g g | f d c c

With brethren and sisters who are good and

c | e e f g c d | e d c

true, Whose faces are set as a flint heaven

a | e e d c c c f a g | w

ward, Determined each enemy yet to subdue.

1 g g g c c | c g g e d d | c :: w

Just let me be numbered with this precious few

:: e f | g c d c e e | d d c g w

Afflictions and trials I'll count of great worth.

q | q a a a a | T. q a q q |

If I can be daily accepted of God Through.

1 | q q c c | c c c q a a | q q w

that true anointing He holds here on earth.

c d e | 1 | q q c d | c | c ::||m

Chh. Holy Ground. Jan 1859.

O praise praise the Lord all ye virgin sons and

3 | c | q q | e e e | d d e d | w

daughters, O shout halleluiah, praise Him again;

1 | c q | e q a q q | c b d | c w

Come let us rejoice for the means of salvation,

c | e e c c | a c | c a | q e w

Give thanks unto Mother for this glorious plan.

c | d d e | e q c d | e d d | c ::

O Mother we love thee, we will praise thee forever,

c | c e | c c a c | c c a | q e w

We will honor thy gospel by good works alone,

c | c | d d e | f f a | q q l | e w

Ever mindful of the blessings bestowed on us daily

e d | e e e e | d c c | c q q | q e w

From the fountain of good, from thy holy throne.

1 | q | a a a | a c | e e d | c ::||m

Chh. Holy Ground. 1859.

Be comforted my chosen, though affliction

be your portion, Though heavy tribulation roll

on and fill your souls, It will serve your robes

to whiten and your crowns in glory brighten,

Know you have the strength of heaven as you

suffer day by day. For your untiring labor

you will surely have God's favor, And your

heavenly Parents, ^{ever,} will bless and prosper you

So rejoice ye my beloved, your integrity I've

proved, And with you I am well pleased,

says your Mother kind and true.

Chh. Holy Ground. July, 1859.

O: Who will stand in the day of trial? Who will

practice self denial? Their evil ways be mortifying, Pride and lust be crucifying?

The enemy is sneaking here and there, For to tempt in things so fine and fair, He never will,

never will overcome me, For I am bound for liberty.

Chh. Holy Grounds Jan 1857.

O come come with me and behold in the house of God the beauty and peace, love and comfort of soul. All these shall be thine if thou'lt honor and worship me, Thy name shall be engraven True lamb of my fold.

Chh. Holy Grounds Dec 1857.

Chh. Holy Grounds

Dec 1857.

Chh. Holy Grounds

Dec 1857.

Chh. Holy Grounds

Dec 1857.

O! Flee away, flee away! Every thing that fetters;
 I've set out to serve the Lord And nothing shall
 me hinder. I've set out with purpose strong
 Every evil to put down; I've set out the cross to
 bear, And how this makes the devil stare.

Ch. Holy Ground. Jan. 1859.

Give me love, give me love, That my spirit
 may be fed; Give me wisdom and power,
 For I seek the living bread. Set me drink the
 cleansing waters. Set me walk beneath the waves,
 Trusting firmly for protection In that arm which
 freely saves.

Ch. Holy Ground 1859.

I have tasted heaven's blessing, And I want it

J³ *f* *c* *c̣* *c̣* *ā* *a* *ā* *l* *a* *ā* *a* *ā* *l* *f* *f* *u*
more and more; Roll on celestial breezes Till

f *e* *e* *f* *d* *d* *e* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *c* *u*
my vessel shall run o'er. I want a full baptism

c *l* *d* *c* *b* *ā* *ll* *q* *q* *q* *q* *q* *q* *q* *q* *u*
Of that power which can not fail For my support

f *q* *l* *a* *q* *f* *e* *f* *d* *d* *d* *d* *d* *u*
and anchor When trials do assail.

d *e* *d* *c* *l* *d* *c* *b* *ā* *ll* *q* *ll* *ll* *ll* *ll*

2. O earth withdraw thy glitter,

It is spread but to decoy;

Thy fruits, I find them bitter,

And afford no lasting joy.

I burst thy bands, and hasten

To those elements above,

Which swell the heart with joy and peace,

And fill the soul with love.

Ch. Holy Ground. Nov. 1858.

Hasten on, hasten on, Though trials be your portion,

J⁵ *f* *q* *l* *a* *a* *q* *l* *a* *ā* *l* *e* *e* *e* *e* *l* *q* *q* *u*
While the rough turbid waters are briskly passing by,

c *b* *l* *a* *a* *b* *l* *a* *i* *e* *l* *d* *i* *e* *e* *l* *f* *e* *e*

Faint not, I'll defend you, and in all trying hours

I will lend a helping hand, - cling to me, cling to me.

In my arms I've encircled you, Then why canst thou

falter? Since with me thou'st found favor, and my

strong arm can save; - Then rely on my promises,

and in each scene of sorrow I will bear you safely

through, Trust in me, trust in me.

Chh. Holy Ground. Dec. 1850.

'Tis not the progress others make that does my work I see;

Nor yet the little they attain that is expense for me.

I must put my own hands to work, And bind my heart to duty

Or know, my soul can ne'er be clothed In robes of endless beauty.

Chh. Holy Ground. Dec. 1858.

The heavens are with us I know, Its treasures in

*f*³ *f*³: q | c c c e d c | q. q e | e e e u

riches do flow, I feel all that's earthly is passing

q | e | d c c e | q q q q | e | d c u

away And I'm tasting of glories immortal.

a a q q | q a c d e d | c c : u
Bright angels around us do hover, With healing

: i | l l l l | l q a | q. q q | l q q u
our wounds they would cover, And they would

q q e q | c c | c c c u
waft, waft, waft Our spirits from toils and

c | q e e | d c l q a u
 vexations To live in their union forever.

q | q l e d c d | e d c c | c ||||

Chh. Holy Ground. 1858.

Practical Love.

*f*³ Love, love, practical love, That will appear in my
*f*³: q. q. | e d c c | l l l l | q a | u

words and my ways, Love that will clothe me
l q e d d. | q q q q | c u

and help me to speak Kind to the strong and
o | q l e d e | q e d q e c | u

wise to the weak. O this is my labor, this shall

l d e d c c : a | q q q q c a | q u

be my gain, No halting, no shirking until I obtain

e f a g l a a a a b e | d c b g |
Power o'er evil, and passion no more can be

l c c c c g g | c d e d | g |
bestirred in me though trials are sore.

g g g c c | d e d c c :||

O holy angels lend an ear, The pilgrim's humble

3 ||: e g a a b c c | a g a e d | c c e g g |
cry to hear, O guardian spirits list, we pray, Unto

l e d e | e g a a | a e d c d | e e a
our intercession. Pause in your flight to realms

g l a b a l a : c d | e e e e | c w
above, And waft my soul to streams of love;

a a a e l d d d c d | e e g a | w |

For earth indeed is cold and void Without this

l e g a a | a e d c d | e d e e |
sacred blessing. Ch.h. Holy Ground.

l d c a l a :|| 1858.

2 ||: g c c d e d c b c a | l a a d d c b b c a | || d e | c d e | g g | a d d e | g g :||

: e l f f f f | g g a a b g | g c c d | e b a a b g | || d e | c d e | g g | a d d c b | c e :||

Ch.h. Holy Ground. 1858.

The Spirit of Lebanon.

May I softly walk and wisely speak, lest I

harm the strong or wound the weak, For all these
wounds I yet must feel And bathe in love until

they heal. Why should I carelessly offend, Since

many of life's joys depend On gentle words and
peaceful ways, Which shed such brightness o'er

our days?

Chh. Holy Ground.

Jan. 28, 1859.

It will never do for me I plainly see To mind

what others are doing, Or seek to make use of
such an excuse For my own missteps or errors.

If faith points the way, and I disobey, No mat-

ter what the place or companion; I've departed

from right, and must bring it to the light
 g | f | d e | g a g | g w

Before I can travel in union. Ch. Holy Ground.
 e g g g | g a c c c ||:|| Jan. 1859.

The fountains of the deep are broken, And the
 }³ ||: g c | c d c d | c d c d | e f w
 tide comes rolling on, Bringing love love,
 g g | g g | g a b c c w

Mothers blessing To her children every one.
 | d d c g | e f g | e² d² c² g² :||

We'll gather, gather, for 'tis healing, Every heart
 :|| f | e f e f | e e d c | c d e
 may be restored; Eat and drink and be ye clothed
 d | e f g | g a b c c d d c g |

Without measure it is poured. Ch. Holy Ground
 | e f g | f | e d c ||:|| June 1859.

I want to be a blessing

while I tarry here below

I want to be a fountain

from which living waters flow

I want the desert places

with life and love to bloom

The rays of joy and gladness

to dispel the shades of gloom

O then let my heart be pure and all
my wants be chaste And with divin

humility O let my heart be blest

Then I'll comfort the afflicted

And give the mourner joy

Diffusing light and heavenly love

be my serene employ.

Chh. Canterbury N.H.
July 1859

The comforts of the gospel will fill
every soul. The floods of vexation do
often round them roll. Come taste
of their goodness. Come taste of their
joy. This overcoming power will all
evil destroy.

W. Mount 1st Order, ~ 1859

O the privilege how great to do good

The field of labor how wide

Arise O my soul in thy strength

Plant goodness on every side

And though tis but little I do

That little I'll do with delight

Will knowing that small drops at length

Form the Ocean of power and might.

Song and words received by Elder Sister S. A. S.
between Springfield & Hancock. Aug 5th 1859.

Love love tis a song of love The heavenly

hosts are singing Love love tis a song of love

unto our hearts they're bringing

$\frac{1}{2}$ | e a a e | e e |

We'll gather, ^{well} gather this beautiful treasure

g | e e e e | a a | e e

The fountain is ample our wants to supply

e | e a e | e a e | e e e e |

It's comfort including salvation securing

g a b e e | e a e e | e a a | e e e a

All who drink to fulness never shall die

| a e e a | e e e e | e a e | e |

Received by same in 1st & 2nd Order meeting at New Lebanon
 Sabbath, Aug 7. 1859.

I've tasted the fruits of the spirit Enjoyed a

e g | a b e b a g | a e e e e e

season of love The angels have opened before me

| a e a e | e e e e | e a e e a

The gate to the city above And I care not at all

g | a b e a g e g | e e e e e e |

for vain grandeur Nor aught that this world can

e e | b a a a e a e | a e

hold forth The heavens of glory and splendor
d e e e t b e a a e a

Have weaned me away from this earth

a | b e b a a g e y a

Received in the cars near Mt Morris, Aug. 12. 1859.

My Mother's voice I hear Those tones do reach.

My soul And draw my spirit near So her
g | g e g e | y e a y e d e

who has made me whole O live live for my work
e g e d | e e | g e' g e e g

So Zion's law be true And as I live I will

b d b d d | d e y | a a a e y g

Most kindly watch over you.

e d | e e e d e d e | e

Received in the Meeting house Waterloo, Aug. 21. 1859.

What though my cup is bitter My Saviour

drank before When let me taste with cheer-
fulness Others have suffered more O heaven of

rest realms of pure joy I've fixed my hope in thee
So quit that post I'll freely toil Patient and

faithful be.

Chh Holy Ground. 1850.

My faith binds me here my calling to obey

My thirst for salvation binds me in the narrow
way So I cannot turn aside though trials roll

mountain high I can't despise my Lord

And my faith and call deny

I give you my hand and my heart goes out

with it ^Wo live unto God you endure to the end

In the cool of the morning the sun heat at noon
day I stand to my post a support and a friend

Great great great is the work ^Which we are
called to keep Zion pure and her walls firm

and strong No time to be selfish give all to
the service ^Wo you and to me does this burden belong

Ch. Holy Ground, Nov. 1857.

There's a name from among the many

that chiming on mine ear with accents pure

'Tis fairer than rubies I mean to possess it

'Tis prettier far than king or queen

a | g g g a d d | e d e :

'Tis a good believer a good believer Roll it over

|| g g e e d e e d e | g g d d | g g

and sound it again A good believer there is

a g e e | g g e e | e e d e d | e

no tittle Half so pretty in the language of men

e g e | e e g a g | e d d e

Chh. Holy Ground Nov. 20. 1852.

Who can love like good believers who can bless

|| g a e | d g e d e | g a e d

as they can bless Who can praise our Brother's

d e d e | g a e d | e d e

gospel save those who do this open popes surely

g g g g d e g | g e d e e

none then gospel hindered we'll love each other

e e | e l g l a d | d e g e

by the way Every one can give a kind word

g g g g e g g e | e l g e g g

A helping hand or cheering ray.

g d e g | g e d e

Chh. Holy Ground 1857.

Rise my Zion hasten forward great the work

those hast to do Great thy call and great thy
bleping Here's my law and covenant too

Turn thy

lumps make faint thy walls Let thy light be

shining clear For my glory and salvation Wondrous

thou I'd make appear

Chh Holy Ground, Aug. 1856

Trust trust in my power O ye ^{daughters} sons of my name

You believe me your Father Son forever the same

Though my wisdom is hidden my ways past finding

not Can the soul that has known me turn aside

with fear and doubt

and the music is sweet

g g | q a c | c || *Chh. Holy Ground.*

April, 1857.

How shall Zion be supported her sacred hono

e. e | e q e e || e e || e e || e c

how maintained? How her interest grow and

| q. g | q. || q. e e e || d c

flourish And her greatest good be gained

e d || q e q e d | e d e |

When as one are all united To support her

: p. l l l || p. l l l || e l q q

righteous laws Sons and daughters live the motto

| q a q | q c c c c | d. e e e

ought for self all for the cause When will see her rise

| q. e q || e c e || e c e e | b

in honor And her strength shall be a host

d d d | d e l a | q q q

When will see her shine with beauty Such

| e q a b | e q e c | d

as Babel cannot boast.

e d e | e c c || *Chh Holy Ground*

Aug. 1858

I have found a rich prize of its virtues I

e y | . y e y | a e d | e e e

would sing May the hills and the valleys

e | a e | a a a || e d

the sweet who sing *Th*is a Mother O a Mother!

e # d d e | e e | y e y y | a d

no more an orphan I am For I've found

e d e # a a e | y y e y | y

a true Mother and she's gathered me home

y a e || d d e d # e a y | a d ;

Heroes and sages may have names of renown

y y a || e y y a # e a a # y

Which long to posterity may be handed down

y | e e e | d e d | e y y y | d

But they wake no such emotions *Th*ey'll be

e l | y e e e || d d d e

rolled as a scroll Where the pure name of

| a a a e | y e y | y y y a

Mother findeth rest in the soul.

|| e d e d # e a y | a e || m

Chh. Holy Ground, July. 1851.

Home Relation

There are none like unto you Mid the joys

and seasons new For I've proved and found
you true Here I'll keep my station Here my
aged Parents dwell Here the friends I love so well

And the youth and children fill out the home
relation.

||: c e ||: m

Sung by Elder Sister Mary in our last meeting
previous to their journey Aug. 5th 1859.

One impulse moves each loving heart One

wish pervades each mind That you be prospered
blest throughout your journey dearest friends

We'll go with you o'er mount and vale

We'll think of you each day At bedtime we

t | e' t e' g | c e' g g | g | g

will not fail to bow the knee and pray

f e | d g. e' t | e' d e

That these our joy our light our love

e | e e' e' | e' g a' g g

In safety return again

g | g | e e' e'

Trust Gods special care and trust

e' g g | g g g e' e' g g

We place you all Amen.

g | e' g g | d e' e' e' |||

Sung on parting with Dr David & company, Aug. 5th. 1859.

The voice of the Savior now sweetly is

|| d e | e' e' d e' t e' g' g

calling Come to my Lion and wander on

g | e' e' (g) g' g' g' e' t e' g'

more Wash in the fountain and be ye made

g' d e e' t d e' e' t e' g' g'

clean And be my disciples henceforth.

g e' (g) g' g' g' e' t e'

evermore Hearken ye nations

d. d e' || g e' e' e' d e'

for lo! the trumpets sounding To awaken

the souls in darkness now bound

From Zion's high tower the tramp is

resounding Come haste to the feast that

In Zion's fount

New England

My gospel companions and dearest relations

The joy of existence is with you to live

With you I will pass thro' the fields of temptation

And all I profess to the cause I will give

In oceans of prosperity comfort & pleasure

I will be a sharer with you have a part

And when stern adversity filleth your measure
 Gladly will give you my hand & my heart

✦ *Mothers Blessing*
 My blessing says Mother shall cover
 you over I'll be your protection My
 innocent lambs In times of affliction
 When grief is your portion For your
 consolations So I will appear

The heavens are shining with life
 and salvation The heavens are showing

Bright glories On those who are faithful
 to keep in the fold And walks in the
 path of our Savior O guide me O guide
 me Pearnestly pray My heavenly
 Father in thy holy way

|| Second Order

When the dark clouds hang over us
 And afflictions roll on May the Lord
 help us to stand thro' the impending
 storm Let us walk in the valley
 Where protection is found Keep a
 union that's holy On this consecrated
 ground

|| Hancock.

O thou pure & cleansing waters continual
e d e e e d e c e d d

to roll Till my soul is purified from
e d e d e e e d e a u

naught vile control Here low in the

vally Fear will dwell That good
g a e d e e e g a u g

Angels may feed me with the true
e g e d e e e d e

living bread

a g a || Second Order

cemented in the bond of peace
e g a d e e e

The righteous move together
a g e e e e e e e e e e

e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e e
Canterbury

How pure and holy are the saints
e d e e e e e e e e

of God arrayed in garments clean &
 white they're marching to glory filled
 with power and gospel might

Canterbury

Gloucester

Gloucester

Gloucester

Gloucester

Come good Angels gather near me

O'er me wave thy banner of peace

Or what is love worth that is not purified
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

For times of affliction it will not abide
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

But will certainly fail But love that
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

is gained by bearing the cross
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

And enduring the furnace that burns up
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

all drops Will abide when all other loves fail
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

Elder Br. Calvin

When tribulation fills my way And trying
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

scourge surround me I'll bow my soul before
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

the Lord his blessings will sustain me
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

O Lord do hear me do guide me do perfect me
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

For I am poor and needy
 ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♧ ♨ ♩

Elder Br. Calvin

Here is the bread of heaven Will you eat
 it Here are the waters of life Will will
 you drink Come each hungry soul eat
 Eat with pleasure Come all who are
 thirsty Drink and live forever

Chor Br. Calvin

My all I have given unto God
 My time my strength All devote
 For honor to the cause And the uplifting
 of Zion here below This this is my
 labor to work for the Lord in his
 vineyard here below To honor the gospel

And keep things in order And let

nothing waste That's devoted to the
Lord

Second Order ^{A.B.W.}

Work by the pattern use the golden

rule of justice and truth Right weights

And just measure will add to our

treasure And all who deal justly have

nothing to fear O then we'll work by

the pattern I'll deal justly with all

The golden rule my motto shall be True

to the weights and just in the measure

This precious example my Saviour's name

O My Savior my Redeemer In
 thy boundless love draw near
 Condescend to lead and guide me
 In thy holy way draw near to stir
 I am surely poor and faint
 Do thy gracious love impart

Let thy holy spirit shield me
 And redemption fill my heart
 Gloucester

c i d e f e d e d e d e d e g g e g g a a e u b a a g e l e e e d d e d e e e ?

i a e d e a u b a a g g g a e a i g q a e d e d e d e e d e d e e e f f i
 David Lyall

How oft within these sacred walls

How I've been heard to say For God's

pure work to keep his laws I'll give

My life away How oft give witness

here dear friends My form to worship

given I pledge that I still keep my

faith my hope my trust in heaven

These solemn sayings still are mine

Once more I would record In heaven

above on earth beneath That I will

serve the Lord

e de e ||

Thro shades of deepest sorrow
el q. gg e e dē φ

Thro' scenes which rend and tear
q ai c ed e #

I see my Father's blessing
eē e. gg ag el q q

My Mother's care espy
ed. e. q e dē φ !

I will not doubt my father
ch e. c ed e dng q

Just let me faithful be
q " c q at φ

And well I know my parents
ca q. e d e (e) (a)ē

Will remember me
c l e dē φ ||

Canterbury

Break forth into joy & gladness

Song of triumph sing
q e e e ag q 2
l e d ed e d

For the Lord hath appeared
e l 2222 l e l l

And his saints pure offerings bring

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of the hymn.

Let us unite and firmly stand ^{East}

The crosses do abound The Lord will

strengthen every hand His blessing will

surround Let us comfort and strengthen

each other O children of our Blessed

Mother Thus we as kind Sisters

and Brothers The heavens will certainly

believe

Second Order 57

As the rising of the morning

With the sun in glory shine

Beaming forth in every nation

Holy power and love divine
transposition

Decorative musical notation consisting of a series of rhythmic notes and rests.

So the spirit kind goes leaving all that is behind

Decorative musical notation consisting of a series of rhythmic notes and rests.

Unto Earth till bid adieu for all her joys

are fading

Elizabeth Siddle
Decorative musical notation consisting of a series of rhythmic notes and rests.

Decorative musical notation consisting of a series of rhythmic notes and rests.
C.B. 59

Dearest friends companions ~~and~~
With you my cross I'll bear that
with you I may share the blessings
prepared for the faithful crossbearing
souls. Yea my all I'll devote unto
God's holy way my life I will spare
spend in obedience each day

Where repentance' healing streams
overflow Thru my soul is bound to go
I'll bathe and drink I'll bathe and drink
Nor from its mortifying springs

O lead me to the fountain head
 To bathe therein I do not dread
 If from my soul the drop I clear
 To loose my all I do not fear

O love pure love roll on from the fountain
 And continue to roll Babbiting our spirits
 With the fire that refineth and cleanseth
 from every tetter For thy gentle effusion
 as balm to the wounded relieves from
 the troubles and cares which encumber the
 mind O Perave thy sweet influence

to guide and waft me onward

Beyond the afflictions of time

New England

Come holy Angels bear me onward

thru this transient vale below

Let me feel thy sacred influence

free as living waters flow

ly

lll ec eg ag

date long gah c

New England

Hear the Angels voices in gentle

whispers say from all that's vain and

earthly O quickly come away

Place not your interest there
 On false and fading things
 Its friendships yet may fail you
 Its riches may take wings

Each
 Welcome good Angels I feel your care
 With heavenly love This my spirit
 does cheer This my spirit does cheer

While I am sailing o'er life's stormy
 sea O good Angels watch over me
 watch over me

Handwritten musical notation consisting of a series of rhythmic symbols and notes.

Handwritten musical notation consisting of a series of rhythmic symbols and notes, ending with the initials "C.B.P."

Sturles and bold Snow will be
at c c a a d d a

And conquer every enemy
a e j d e j de d f

For higher joy than earth can give
f g h i k u c ag e

A life of purity I'll live
e e ve c lta y au

Innocence
Sweet innocence My life my all
d de d d d d f d f

I've pledged for thee And surely
d c j ag au ag e

nothing I can claim He as divine
e d c la a ag ed d)

a charm for me
e f la au || Canterbury

O Earth how vain are thy bubbles
e d u c d d d e

How needless thy troubles to me
f d e

My soul is securing a mansion enduring
f a u e t p a a e f e

At home with the happy and free
 I join with the living in songs of
 thanksgiving O God I will every
 praise thee For thy holy blessing of
 peace and salvation Bestowed on
 the humble and free
 || Canterbury

Vi vo vive vum Vuo vive vum Our Mother
 has come To bless her dear children
 So fear not beloved I will mark the
 way before you Untill you arrive safely home
 Willson Hunt

With you I am bound with you I will
g. e d c c e e d e

go my gospel relation with you
g. f e d c b a g.

I will go thro affliction and trials that
e d e g g e e c c d e

await The heavenward traveler below
f g g c g g g e d e.

With you I am joined with you is my
g. g c c c e g c d e

interest My life and my treasures with you
g g g g g g g a c e.

For the prize of salvation I'm willing
e g a f e g a g c e

to suffer To honor the gospel shall
e d g g a g g g e d

be my delights
e c c c ||

O Come ye lovely virgin band
g c e c d e f g g

Let us be onward moving
g e c e d e e f e

Towards the blessed Promised Land

Where heavenly fruits are growing

Leaves Eden's cold and dismal plain

And press ye on with vigor

Break every fetter every chain

That would our progress hinder

North Family

I want to feel the power of God

In this pure devotion I want to feel

his holy love that sets us all in motion

I will be earnest and press on Every foe

will conquer I will be firm I will

be strong And be an overcomer
i e d e d e d e e ||

x North Family

I will not lay my weapons by
g a o b e d e a e
Tho' sorrows oft may roll
e d e g ye

My stronger former will I grasp
e a a u e a g g g

And keep a right firm my hold
e d e

I'll raise the banner of liberty
e g a a b e a f e g g

And with the brave I'll join
e e g g a

I'm singing the song of ~~liberty~~ victory
a a a b e d e a a

As we march to the heavenly chime
e d e e e a g a ||

North Family

With a devoted fervent spirit

We will serve our God above

Who has called us to inherit Peace and

everlasting love We will honor and adore

him And will sing his wonders o'er

And with loud hosannas praise him

Henceforth And forever more

North Family

Bright river of love roll on holy love

pure love Oh Long how Long to bathe

more in the river of love That will wash

That will wash and make clean That will

Purify and redeem O roll on roll
forever thou lovely and beautiful river

North Family
Come my dear companions hie away

Fareway not tarry not make us delay

For beauties heavenly beauties lie just before us

And by pressing onward will make them
ours

North Family
I fill my soul Almighty God
With thankfulness to thee

For thy great mercy and thy love
Which is bestowed on me

Thy resurrection power of life

That saves my soul from sin

In thankfulness I will rejoice

And praise my God and King

Hancock

I will lead you on to the living fountain

Where doth flow pure love divine

There ye may feast on choicest treasures

And regale on milk and wine

Where the fleeting charms of nature

do appear as mops and drops that by

touch is quickly broken And they soon

will fade away
e c t e || Hancock

Behold this bright tho' earthly band
ag c t c ag ac ca 1

All moving on together
ag c c t c d c e e

They can join the ranks of the Angelic throng
e d c i e a g a c a g

And praise the Lord forever
ag e e e g g a a

Their hearts are pure their hands are clean
ca g g g ag e e e

Challemia to Mother
e g a b ag e g a a

Sing glory to God for the victory obtain
g a g e d d c g g c

Over sin they triumph eternal
a b c e g g g a a |||

X

Shower down O Heavenly Father

7 e 7. 7 a A 1 e

Thy holy gifts and power divine

7 7 7. e d d d c

Let the waters of repentance

c. d e l 7 7.

Strengthen every tender vine

7 7 d e e i

Lead us to the lowly valley

e b e d e f c 7 7

Where our Saviour's spirit rests

u 7 d e 7 a 7 7

There in humble supplication

e e e 7 7 7 e

May we feel that we are blest

d e e t e t e m

H.C. 1st Order

Shake off break away every band and fetter

e. e. a 7 7 e e e d e e e

Steps quick praise the Lord with music

e 7. e e e e d e

And with dancing

e d e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

7 e d e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

Come bright Angels of love Descend
from above And feed me with love
purifying love O let me feel thy saving
power O grant it to me every hour

Roll on sweet love
South Family

I went to bow and gather love
In simple devotion I went to feel
it rolling on Boundless as the ocean
Let the holy tide of love Obb and
flow forever To join us in one solid
band That nothing can sever
Ind Family

Love me longer love me stronger

That I may not go astray

Bless me that I may be able

To bear the trials of my day

Let your charity surround me

Tho' in duty oft I fail

Still encouraged by your goodness

I shall finally prevail

D. A. D.

Canterbury

Lord do hear my prayer

My soul does cry unto thee

Help me stand in trying hours

Help me go the journey thro'

Let me feel thy holy power let it flow

in my soul Let it purify like fire

Let it thro' and thro' me roll

X

Andrew Barrett

O my soul awake call upon the Lord

Humble thyself before him & seek for his mercy

O Lord in mercy hear humble my spirit

Grant me pure desires

For my privilege in the gospel and my

beautiful home My thanks shall flow

unceasing while onward I move

Wave Oye holy Angels

O'er us wave your things of love

Condescend to lead and guide us

While we soar to worlds above

Union pure is our strength

O'er want this treasure

True O give of love pure love

It will make us stronger

The Angels of heaven are praising God

How beautiful how serene

And joyful the sound

Join the heavenly choirs

And sing the blissful song

Move on my soul towards them

Move more eternally on

Irish Order

As a rose in the wilderness

Blooming and fair

Even so shall thou My Lion appear

As the hosts of heaven Thy strength

shall be And the weary & hungry

shall come unto thee

Handwritten musical notation at the bottom of the page, including various notes and rests.

Holy Savior our messiah the redeemer of men

To do in his wisdom has appeared again

All who will may now enter to the perfect work

begin to purify the soul from the nature of sin.

O let us bow in reverence to his most holy

name Let us worship & adore him who is

always the same For he has not salvation.

His banner is unfurled The gospel trumpet

sounding come out from the world

O then let us shout Amen amen He has

promised the victory to gain

Alleluia Amen

As a rose in the wilderness blooming fair

Over so shall thou my Lion appear

As the hosts of heaven thy strength shall be

And the weary and hungry shall come unto

thee

Handwritten musical notation for the first line.

Handwritten musical notation for the second line.

Holy Angels Obey me and guide my spirit

on earth to reach my happy home in man

far above there we will join the living chorus

sounding praises pure and divine

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of the second hymn.

Handwritten musical notation for the second line of the second hymn.

Dear brethren and Sisters with you Pass
bound Eternal life and heaven to enjoy

accepted charity

Feel the holy influence spreading
Over Zion's faithful few

Feel the love of heaven thrilling
Thro' my soul and body too

Come come each child of Mother

Let us on our journey move

We are bound to love each other

By the cords of heavenly love

S. A. Lewis

On the rough rugged paths of progression
 e d x e e | t d u t

Many weak souls fall by the way
 g b g g e d t f

They lack the stern will of the victor
 (e) e u e d t e a.

The courage for the heat of the day
 f a g g l e e t f

Slaving battles to encounter
 g g e c o c e u.

A campaign to go thro' O! O! this is
 (a) e d f g a b e g a

the sacrifice who'll give it who! O who!
 d e g d d f e d f!

'Tis the wise tis the honest the exalted
 | e t e e e d e l g g

noble soul whose examined well and
 e t e g g a a a t

counted the expenses Ah! the whole
 e t e e e b e a g

Who has mustered christian fortitude
 g e c d d f t a

put on the uniform With the will
 g l t e l g e e e

and word I'll give it I will brave the
rudest storms

Canterbury

Move on move on Oye chosen number

Come arise and be strong burst your

bands assunder

|||

c. d. d. e. d. c. c.

||| Canaan

Life life liberty freedom and simplicity

come come dwell with me In this present

hour

||| Canaan

Flow down heavenly love from the eternal fountain

|||

Oh it is by trying That we all may be gaining

To we'll try on with courage and zeal ever more

To possess the heavenly treasure the pearl of salvation

In cheerful obedience the victory to win

||| *[Decorative flourish]* |||

Let us all be glad to see the water of life

Oh join in the dances every living soul

Let freedom flow as the waves of the ocean roll

[Decorative flourish]
Sarah A Lewis

Let us be alive quickened by the spirit

Gaining Mothers power to resist evil

Shout to God eternal praise give to him the
glory And he will bear you safely thro'

With the sword of the spirit and the bright
shield of faith We will boldly go forth
And the enemy oppose You will fight till
we've conquered the power of death

And in triumph do reign over every foe

Mary Heaton

And the enemy oppose You will fight till

we've conquered the power of death

And in triumph do reign over every foe

And the enemy oppose You will fight till

we've conquered the power of death

And in triumph do reign over every foe

I want to be joined to my gospel relation

In the bonds of love and sweet union

And bathe with them in the streams of

Salvation And dwell in a heavenly communion

I'll walk in the lowly valley of peace

The path which the Savior has trod

And I will daily strive to increase

In the precious way of God

How lovely appear the true followers of Christ

They shine with resplendent brightness

No glory of earth in the least can compare

With those who stand in a brightness

Then I will strive daily this treasure to gain

By walking the low & humble vally

For all earths pleasures like bubbles appear

Compared with this treasure so holy

My dear gospel kindred how lovely you are

With you I will suffer with you I will bear

All crosses and trials that appear in my way

As we journey together in this beautiful day

The race is set before me I will patiently run

Untill I the victory completely have won

No earthly endowment no jewels so fair
g e e a d d e e e c d d d

That seem with the price of redemption
c d e e d e e g g c d e f

Let the earth keep silence for the Lord of
e d e i u o c c d d

glory Has come to his temple again
g g e l e d c d f

Jerusalem is now a rejoicing city
g e c c f f e g f

For the King of Lions doth reign
o c d e e e c

At his right hand stands the Queen
g e c a f d e f

all glorious In fine raiment white & clean
g f e f e d g g a g g g

And a band of pure virgins all victorious
g e c c c c i d d e g g

Shout praises to their King and Queen
g e l e d d e c e f m

Wing wing your way thou bright holy Angel
g a g e e d e e d

Unto the throne of our parents above
g a g e e e d e e d

There thou make known our humble petition
g a g e g e e d e e d

The wants of our souls and the depths of our love
g a g e e e d e e d

A suppliant for mercy before thee comes bending
d e e e g e e d

for mercy *With cries that increase of goodness*
d e g g e e e e g e e d

may be *Enlarge in our hearts the chambers of*
g g e e d e a e g a g

wisdom *That we may be better accepted of thee*
e g g g a g e e e d e e d

I hear the voice of an angel band
g a a a g a e d

Saying praise the Lord your maker
e d e e a a a e e

While the sunbeams early light thy land
g g a a g e e d d e

O Youth defer not later

Commence thy journey with a thankful lay

And praise the Lord thro' the well spent day

Intense as light of the sun at noon
 In thy course like a mighty river
 Tho' storms and tempests in darkness glow

So be thy strength and vigor
 Renew thy journey with a joyful lay
 And praise the Lord thro' the well spent day

'When toils of earth with thee shall cease
 And thy sun doth set in splendor
 While the evening breeze speaks thy release
 Thru earth to earth we reverent
 Creation join in a peaceful lay
 And praise the Lord thro' Eternal day

It is only by sufferings my way can be paved

And only by sufferings that souls can be saved

Then cheerfully labour my children below

And crowns of rejoicing on you I'll bestow

O then drink of my cups drink of my cup

and be pure I shrank not from sorrow

I feared not to grieve Nor from tribulation did

ask a reprieve But filled up the measure

my Father had given And for my Disciples

prepared a new heaven O then drink of

my cup Drink of my cups and endure

Poland

Thro' deep tribulation and sorrow Bless O Mother

my cup is bitter I know But in thy sweet

presence and love there is power To hold

and sustain me in each darkest hour

Thy spirit like mine once tasted of grief

And none but Jehovah could give the relief

Then unto my Father I will bow the knee

And cry O my God do listen to me

Poland

Let the lily bloom and the rose be from

fair Cultivate each tender plant & prune

each vine with care For lo! I come

Publish it in Jerusalem declare it in my
name I am coming to my vineyard mine

own with usury to claim The balmy morn
the noon day light The evening shade of the

orb of night I shall witness my call

Second Order

Hear ye not my chosen number My right
hand shall you uphold When you feel the

furnace remember None are mine save
well tried souls Rolling seas nor sandy

desert Barren plains and mountains
night Never shall stop your onward progress

While to God for help you cry

From
Lord Order

O the Ocean of love is in motion From ^{high} ~~feet~~ it
 waves rolling high O come to the brink
 and there let us drink a full and endless
 supply No roughness is seen on the surface
 With calmness and beauty each wave does rest
 This pure love of heaven unto us is given
 To cheer and comfort the soul

O the power of God is a balm to me
 It is found in the valley of humil'ty
 For the poor and afflicted I will

Heal every wound Swift strengthen
and support them when trials abound

Handwritten musical notation consisting of several lines of notes and rests.

With gospel friends I love to meet in spirit
of devotion With those who do each other
greet in bonds of sweetest union

We have love and will exchange it
It's our heavenly treasure If we keep
it circulating It will increase forever

Waterbury

O the sweet name of Mother shall roll
 thro' the land till those who in darkness
 do lay shall flock unto her to learn
 her commands And flee out of
 nature's broad way Turn the bright
 Angel that stood by her side when
 she crossed the tempestuous sea
 Was with her in danger and now
 could divide my spirit from Mother

Ann Lee

And now O ye children of Mother pray
 Be thankful that you are her heirs
 Break forth into singing and dancing
 this day Rejoice and dispell all your fears

For lo! thro' the heavens of love you shall fly
On wings pure celestial divine
When this earth and its sorrows you all
have laid by With Mother in glory you'll
Shine

I love thee I do love thee My people saith
the Lord And I'll guard and protect
you from the evils abroad Rely on
my power Rely on my word And I'll
safely direct you In my way
saith the Lord

of Am Aaron Woods

Lo! samson's layne is right in sight
We'll hasten onward with delight
To join the armies on her coasts

We are singing praises to the Lord of
 Hosts Tho' the billows rise and the
 tempest roar We will not fail to gain
 the shore For he who calmed the trouble
 tide His true disciples yet will guide
 Anna White

Bring me no trophies from far distant land
 Bring me no diamond from mountain or stream
 But bring me pure love Bright Angel of light
 And gather my soul from the darkness of night

Pray that pure wisdom may strengthen my mind
 Pray that your power in my heart Pray find
 And thus you may help me to travel from loss
 And bow to the rod and to bear a full cross
 North House

The call of the Lord is come come to judgment

So cleanse ye your hands and your hearts purify

And he will refresh his people with power

Baptize them with fire and with gifts from on high

Cash

Praised be God I will sound it again

The heavens are opening Bright Angels descend

On their bright golden wings they bear unto me

The blessings of peace and sweet purity
I hear their sweet music as if from afar

The sound is so cheering its echo is love

O love one another as I have loved you

In the voice of your Saviour and dear Mother too

Dear children say your Motto. Be firm to

love each other For this will God accept

Go hand in hand together in purity & order

Thus form a union bound which Satan can

not break. Plead bless this true communion

this holy gift of union by Wisdom planned

Her walls are well erected Yet none can

be perfected Unless the base is truth the

building cannot stand

Let us sow to the spirit of love the faults of each other forgive

Forget the sorrows & woes of the past that nearer to God we may

Undo every burden Let the oppressed go free Thus in blessing

Let our souls shall be blest

While thro' life's rugged path I'm journeying
Faith buoy, my spirit up and love cheers me
on Strengthens my soul and inspires my
spirit me with courage To brave every danger
and face every storm Oft the love of Mother
fills my soul with raptures And blessings
of heaven upon me distill The wells of
salvation with life are overflowing All come
to the fountain and drink my fill

Swill glory in the cross for the joy it affords me
Like healing balm to my soul

It's worth more than all that this vain world
 can give A home in Zion's peaceful field
 Give me love which is pure That my soul may
 increase Give me a Mother's blessing and I will
 never cease To honor and bless Zion's cause

Guardian spirits safely bear me O'er lifes
 foaming troubled sea To the port of perfect
 freedom There to dwell in liberty Where the
 song of joy is swelling Praise the Lord for
 ever more There to join in the dance
 triumphant On that ~~last~~ eternal shore

My life my all I freely will give With you in
 uprightnes here to live That with the saints
 in heaven I may reign In joys eternal
 sublime Not all the pleasures this vain
 world can give Will tempt me a life of sin
 to live But I will be a valiant soul And
 every ^{evil} passion control
 a fine

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring various rhythmic values and clefs.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, continuing the piece with more complex rhythmic patterns.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, showing a change in the melodic line.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, including some notes with accidentals.

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, concluding the musical piece.

Tell me not of earths joys for these but
and know that they vanish away

like the morning dew that they glitter
with beauty with brightness may shine

Alas! they only leave a sting behind
Now the pleasures I seek are holy & pure

They are gained by the cross But

Handwritten musical notation at the bottom of the page, likely a continuation of the lyrics above.

will ever endure And while here in

time my employment shall be

To be laying up a treasure in eternity

North Family

From the heavenly shore I hear the sweet

sound Peace peace to the faithful in Zion

And the elements abroad may clash and

divide and Desolation spread far and

near Yet the meek shall outride the fury
of the tide and the upright soul need not

fear Trust trust ye in God he will

ever sustain you his promises he will

fulfill Tho' now he may chasten yet
 his mercy and blessing Will ever be with
 those who do his will

Thy Angel bands are with us Feel their
 influence near Their peaceful ministrance

our drooping spirits cheer Fill up your

stons ye needy For you these gifts are given

Above all earthly struggles I keep your
 hearts on heaven

Canterbury

There will be no rest no peace for any but those who in

All lions children yet will sing Praises praises to God their King
 First Order

I am going on to the angelic
band to my mamma

© Whom shall our spirits
take refuge when the

Trust in God ye faithful souls for he will
all things well controul And bring to
nought the schemes of men the right he
surely will defend His mighty power
will shake the earth from center to
circumference Then his Allpowerful
word will roll That will convince the
wandering soul
O fine Canaan

On this beautiful vale where love crowns
the lowly And streams of sweet comfort
unceasingly flow I have found a

peaceful home with the children of

Nathur secured from the fierce raging

tempests that blow

Handwritten musical notation for the first line.

Handwritten musical notation for the second line.

Handwritten musical notation for the third line.

I will not fear I will not shrink from Jordan's

cleansing stream I'll not stand doubting at

the brink but boldly step therein

Tho' dangerous looks the foaming wave

I'll not be lingering found Here is the means

my soul to save Hea here is victory found

Handwritten musical notation for the final line of the lyrics.

Amelia Calver

Worship God in spirit seek his holy power
e d c e 9.9. e d e c c

d e e d d e c e a g e d d e f e d e d e c e c d e t 9.9. e c e d a g 9.

e d e c e Sarah A Lewis

f a c c a a g e d a c c a g e a a a c c a a g e d d e d e d e c c

c d e d e d e d e d e c e d e d e g a a c c a a g e d d e d e d e c e f m

August 61

2 O I want to be moved with power from on
high I feel the bright hosts from above drawing

nigh Well laden with treasures for Zion's
refreshment O welcome blest season of joy

& delight O hasten your coming ye
ministering Angels We wait the arrival

of the Lord

of the Lord

of the Lord

of spiritual friends We seek your protection
 & that resurrection of life from the dead
 which your mission attends

2nd Family
 Oct 27 1861

Love is flowing O how cheering
 'Tis a comfort to the soul Like the gentle
 dews distilling Over us sweet influence
 roll This will bind us all together
 On the work of purity And in loving
 one another We shall grow in unity

North

Come led us all be going and to the spirit
 sowing That virtue may be growing

Free from sin's controul The power
of God's descending Heavens to the
earth is bending Light and charity
extending to the honest soul

Askin to the perishing things of time
I am bound for the meadows of glory
there to prosper with the pure in heart
refined A crown of celestial beauty
There is a place for the weary to rest
And a peaceful home for the wanderer
Joy and rejoicing shall be for the

appressed And gladness shall be for
l d l e g e e l

the mourner

F. e e from

O My lovely dear relations with you

g. of g e g. l a g. g e

Part going To that happy happy

e e e e f a a e e l e d

mansion Where sorrow is unknown

e e e l g a a a e g e

Where the flowers of paradise are forever

e g. e l e e e g e g a e e e

blooming And the sweet sound of melody

e g e e e e e g e e f

is heard to roll Earthly pleasures are

a g e e f l e d e e e a

fading they will soon pass away

e g e d e l g e g e f

but the treasures of the gospel are enduring

e d e e e l l g e a e a e e e

They will never never decay

e d e a a g e e e e

Orchfield

Her love and rejoicing dear Brethren
 and Sisters ~~Shea~~ love to the gospel so
 precious and dear ~~Shea~~ binds us together
 in one bond of union And makes us
 feel pleasant more kindly and near
 O Praise our bless'd Mother for her loving
 kindness In calling us out from this
 wide world of woe And kindly she's
 taught us and gave us her precepts
 And shown us the path where in we must

10. from Loveland

All earthly bands we will break asunder

And rise in the freedom of the spirit

An earthly mind we will leave far behind

Life eternal to inherit

Come my lovely companions be brave &

valiant A beautiful prize lies before us

We will pull down great Palls in crucify

To obtain the durable riches

North Family

Come good Angels in love watch over us

Guide our frail bark's sea life's stormy sea

When the raging tempest and storms are sore

Drawing O hear us on to the home of the free
 So that bright land where Louis gentle
 breezes Waft us along to that heavenly shore
 Where we can join in raptures that's holy
 Sounding sweet praises to God evermore
 Hill Family

I will praise thee O God for thy goodness to me
 I will love thee My Mother Thou hast
 set me free On the low ^{quiet} pleasant valley
 Where Angels reside By the streams of
 repentance With thee I'll abide
 Hill Family
 Second

Descend holy Angels and hover around
 Shower down thy blessing And let thy love abound
 May the worthy of thy tender care
 O direct my thoughts and protect me every
 Where

from Hill Family

My heart is bent on Louis' gain Be
 mind the noble bearing Of him who
 over evil reigns the conqueror's crown
 preparing I ask no mortal wreath
 to wear no crown's affading pleasure
 For brighter joys are mine to share
 And higher yet those treasures are

befall me What ever may betide

I have a lead in iron a true and

constant guide

from New Canfield

Prayer for the Captive

Dark is the cloud that hangs over the nation

Wild is the war cry that pierces the air

God's heavy judgments spread wide desolation

Strong hearts are bowed in the depths of despair

Lord may the bonds of the captive be broken

O may this struggle bring true liberty
 Teach man that love is a heaven born token
 And that the truth can alone make him free

Guide Lion's children in this trying hour
 Keep us dependant on thy love and care

Down in the valley we find thy true power
Lord in thy mercy O guide us still there

Awake awake to the coming of the Lord
For Ho! he will meet you with his word
His work is great his power is strong
I will separate the right from wrong
Then let each soul to judgment come

Before his altar one by one
shall yet be glorified With vessels clean
and purified
from Sarah Foma Co.

I hear the music of an Angel band
Who are marching on before us To a land

of repose where gently flows The clear transparent
 waters Hark hark the melody how divine
 O earth thy chains are broken Come welcome
 ye faithful to joys sublime To a final
 rest in heaven
 The North

Come join with this devoted band Whose
 onward bound for canaan's land The sword
 of truth they hold in hand They fear no
 earthly power The banner of peace they
 gently weave The God of truth they daily
 serve With his holy hand he will preserve
 And guard them from all danger
 The North

Heaven grant me inspiration To discover
right from wrong And impower me

for action Every evil to put down
In the plough deep in the furrow

Rest my hand my heart is here

As for God give my labor And
my soul shall persevere

I've but little to offer When my all does appear

Then why should I murmur or the sacrifice

fear A Heavenly Father why why not

trust thee Who has all my life time been

so good to me

The mighty flames enwrap my soul I feel

that God requires the whole of sacrifice I

my self I must or be consumed with

sin and lust Lord let thy holy power

bear away My filthy garments take

away Do clothe me with thy righteousness

Thy holy love let me possess

Arise arise come forth and sing Thy Great

Redemers praise To Him thine every offering

bring The remnant of thy days He heard

thy prayers when thou wast weak And sent

thy food prepared The waters bubbled
at thy feet And thus thy life was spared
I heard the call as it went forth Come out
and be ye separate Taste not touch not
the unclean thing And your offerings
will accept No more to Babel bow the
knee Nor worship Gods of wood & stone
But bring your all your gifts to me
And sacrifice to me alone
I grant forsake the banner now That
bears aloft my youthful vows

To follow Christ and for his sake

Each worldly tie to sever The promise

made was solemn then ^{age} reminds

the pledge again All I profess in

life or death is thine O Lord forever

Canterbury

O my chosen saith Wisdom rejoice in my love

Ye who toil in my vineyard with care shall

be blest An exceeding weight of glory shall

be thine in worlds above No mortal tongue

can utter half the beauty there expressed

O let your

voices

hands not slacken never lay your
weapons down And the prize of full
salvation shall your faithful labors
crown

From Sylvester Pappas
Lord help me suffer patiently untill my
work is done Untill with innocense
I can into thy presence come With
unconcern amidst thorns I've strayed
and see my garments marred But
Father with thy strength I'll toil
Till beauty is restored

Why should I so long delay The call of
 God to me To rise & hasten hasten on

the work is great I see My time & talents
 all are his Then why not give the whole

To thee thy holy cause promote My body
 and my soul

from Earth

I'll use my spiritual wings and soar Above
 my selfish fancies I'll praise my Maker more & more

In songs and living dances. No earthly power
 my lips shall seal While there's a God to worship

My tongue my voice in holy zeal Shall utter
 forth his praises

Lead me down down down that my
soul may enter in to Jordan's healing water
Go bathe and wash again O let me feel the
rolling of these mighty waves I pray a
living testimony So wash all stains away
From

New life and zeal I want to feel In this
pure devotion I want to feel my soul
awake alive in every motion For love love
sweetly love now is freely flowing O my
soul arise with zeal and gather while
tis snowing
From Canaan

The Angels now surround your camps

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

They're bringing blessings from on high

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

To clothe your souls and bring you nigh

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

To God the heavenly giver

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

Then rise O Lion shed thy light

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

The Lord is calling you to sway

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

The scepter of his holy power

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

Proclaiming free salvation

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯ *to side*

On one strong band we are marching on Towards

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

the holy city Rejoicing that we have left the world

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

And reign over sin triumphant

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

♩ ♪ ♫ ♬ ♭ ♮ ♯ ♯♯ ♯♯♯ ♯♯♯♯

For heaven's fair home I am traveling
 on Forsaking all joys that are vain
 The cross of my savior I'll cheerfully
 bear That with him in heaven I may
 reign Adieu then O Earth Perish
 with the delight thy pleasures are
 nothing to me Now for the sacrifice
 in that land of pure light There's a
 crown of bright glory for me

Alcalver 1st Order

O come unto me O ye lambs of my
 fold The innocent ones says Mother

Wash and be clean from the stains
 of sin & travel on together In robes lily
 white O be ye glad cast off all sorrow into
 sadness With a fearless sway press on
 your way tis a day of joy & gladness
 Mary Rayson

The work of God is now begun It will increase
 from sun to sun His power yet will roll & roll
 I will fill each heart each living soul
 Maria Manning

Thou blest redeeming power Come
flow and roll thro' my soul To renew
my spirit To overcome & conquer

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.
Alfred 60.

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.
Margt.

Triumphant victory we are gaining over
 sin and death we're reigning *Triumph & self*
 we now are attaining and we freely give up
 all Hark hear the music rolling every
 victory is consoling And we hear our Mother
 calling come on each faithful soul

Sarah A. L.

Rejoice ye volunteers for your cries have
 rent the heavens And to those who truly
 seek the power of God is given Trust in
 God for he is able and will surely lead
 you thro' Whatsoever in faith ye ask
 shall be given unto you

Mary's

So that far better land Where all sorrow
shall cease Where the joys of the faithful
eternally increase Let me go let me go
and I ask nothing more only give me
a home on that heavenly shore

O Mother do guide me with thy tender
hand Let me stand in uprightness
with that happy band For I fain would
secure and eternal abide Where moth
can not enter nor rust corrode

J. M. Kenfield

O Come Holy Angels and lead me on

thro' life's vale below To that happy
land where love joy and peace ever reign

McEnfield

While thro' life's troubled scenes I pass I

look in hope to that bright home where

faithful souls shall find sweet rest And

earthly sorrows never come O there the lovely

soul shall sing sweet songs of everlasting

love And with the Angels offerings bring

Before the holy Throne above

McEnfield

March of Triumph

I come come away I hear a voice calling
Rise from the bondage of sin be free

Earth with its pleasures and charms

grow dim While we march in triumph
the victory to win
for the East Family

Elements of Heaven

I come let's be moving In this pure &

living way Make the bonds of union strong

Break the bands of death away

I come holy power Do feed my hungry

soul With the elements of heaven May

thy influence o'er me roll

Bear On

Bear on bear on beloved friends Soar
 about all earthly care Their to gain a
 home in heaven With shining Saints and
 Angels there Never fear conflicting scenes
 Altho' trials intervene For there is a just
 reward & recompense of our God

Prospect of Follies

What can life in prospect yield the feeble child
 of pleasure Who seeks the path of selfish ease
 And passes by the tilled field Of unremitting
 labor Those who in idle ease weaken sowing
 While those who labor thro' the day Will find

Those who in idly ease repose will find the
thorn succeeds the rose The seeds of weakness
sowing While those who labor thro' the day
Will find more flowers along the way And
stronger they'll be growing
J. W. Enfield

Rise my soul higher draw nigher and
nigher At the Throne of thy Father above
There to him offer thy grateful oblations
and thy scanty meed of affection, love
Ang his protected nourished and cherished
the Safely he's led the thro' life's thorny maze

And now all that he asketh is give thy heart

to me And I'll be the light and the strength
of thy days

to be from Second Family Confield

With one tone louder than Earth ever

raising it with one voice stronger than
Angels have sang

my soul shall sing
God is good God is good I will trust

him forever I see him working in the
hearts of his people

I see them rising over
a world of evil And I'm led to sing

God is good God is good I will trust
him forever

to be from G.D.

Come Soar away to mansions fair
 And leave this fleeting world of care

One more testimony to the many given
 One more proof that I am still bound for
 heaven Here I consecrate my all
 To God thro' love and fear And where a
 duty calls my feet May works this
 truth declare

Give me peace & love with the pure & good
 e d e ed t e l y ag t

And I ask no greater blessing
 d e d e e de h h

'Wake up my soul Seek the prize in full
 e I a ag ai e d e P t

Which the faithful are possessing
 d e d e e ea ai ai

I hear the call Come give up all
 ad e ed t e y ai ha ai

In the work of self-denial
 e d e e ed d t ed

Tho' the tempest beat to the weak retreat
 e d e ed t h a a a ag ai

I am bound to stand the trial
 e d e y h ea aai

mine
 Groveland

Thy grateful children we would be O Lord

We oft will sing in love to thee

For thy redeeming word For many gifts

which all receive With praise our hearts
we will relieve How many weep for that
which we do waste Of earthly good & spirits
food there many never taste Then we our
thanks show forth by care O Lord for all

That we do share

M. Endfield

Sweet praise aboundeth where Angels
notes soundeth with joy & rejoicing their
voices they raise And in songs of thanksgiving
they welcome the living So join in the chorus
and their Maker praise With spirits all
blending In freedom's gale blending

My soul joins the concert breaks the
 the sound With Angels inviting and

heaven uniting The dead They are living

The lost souls are found
 & for Canterbury

One more testimony to the many given One
 more proof that I am still bound for
 heaven Here I consecrate my all to God

thro' love and fear And where a duty

calls my feet may work the truth

I declare

& for Canterbury.

Haste haste my soul and onward move

To heaven's peaceful realms sublime

Sorry not for earthly pleasures O'er

the fleeting joys of time By the cross

my soul shall travel In humility appear

Thy path is thro' deep sorrow In God's

way I'll persevere

Be living O my soul the sacrifice to make

Renew thy strength and courage

Thy enemies to take 'Tis by constant

care and labor the victory thou shalt

win no halting or backsliding

Giving time to self or sin

|||. Canterbury

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.

Handwritten musical notation with notes and rests.

Canterbury

How lovely are those who devote each day

Handwritten musical notation for the first line of the second stanza.

Their time and talents unto God Place

Handwritten musical notation for the second line of the second stanza.

earthly vanities far from their souls

Handwritten musical notation for the third line of the second stanza.

While traveling to their heavenly abode

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth line of the second stanza.

In robes of innocence they shall shine

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth line of the second stanza.

Brighter than the sun at noon day

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth line of the second stanza.

They're wearing a garment pure & refined

Handwritten musical notation for the seventh line of the second stanza.

They wear in Eternity

Handwritten musical notation for the eighth line of the second stanza, ending with a signature.

Most Blessed is the Lord God of Israel
 Who with a scepter of peace reedeth the whole house
 hold of his people And praised be that name
 who in truth is called righteous for by the mouths
 of her appointed Witnesses will wisdom
 be established & justice reign in all the Earth

The sweet plant of innocence I'll cultivate
 with care In the broad field of nature
 There is nothing so fair O May it flourish
 to grow in my soul Deep in my heart
 may its influence roll Angels of innocence

come dwell with me Teach me daily to
c d. e. f

be more like thee

T e c f pure Second Family

Praise the Lord O my soul Praise his
o d e f g

name forever While eternal ages roll
e f d d c d e e f d g

Praise him with fervor Glorify and
a i a j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

honor him for he is pure and holy

d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
True and just we do proclaim

Altogether lovely
e e e c c f pure North Family

O I want to feel the love of every good believer
x c e g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

And I'll labor more and more to gain
j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

this heavenly treasure O it is a precious store
e e e c c f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

Worth my all forsaking Every earthly
carnal tie To ensure this blessing
First Order

O ye valiant the spirit is pressing
Time is passing we must be progressing
Onward ^{onward} arise be strong The forward
in spirit with power move on
First Order

The call of God comes unto me I hear
the sound still louder Prepare to meet
me with your works While mercy is extended
For thro' your borders I will pass And
every wall I'll rend And unto those

who do my will My heavenly gifts
 e d d d e e a g r

I'll send

Le d d m Canterbury

Again the Cloud is lifted up from the
 y a t e u a y e e e

Ark of God tis' taken These ye tribes
 e e d e l e a u h e

of Israel move Enter the land of
 t a a y e e e e e e e e e

Canaan A fiery pillar goes before
 a a i i g a t e a a e d e e

to mark the way for souls to travel
 e e e e d e d e e e a

Then the priesthood bears along the
 e o t e a a d e e e

Covenant of the people
 e e d e a i f u e

With Mother I'll worship I bow down
 y y e y y a y e d

in prayer I'll think of her call unto me
 e e a y y y a h e

And how by her gospel my soul has
 been blest From bonds & from burdens
 made free I'll think of my early vows
 How solemn the promises given When
 full consecration was made unto my
 Father in heaven
 for Elder Abram

To the bright Elysian fields in the spirit laid
 I go Leaving all inferior joys & pleasures below
 For my spirit reaches upward to that celestial home
 Where by the power of truth the saints as victors
 stand The murmuring of the waters from

the troubled sea of time Can never reach
a d d d d d

that pure that peaceful happy clime
g g g g g g g

Where Angels the banner of love gently wave
g e e e e e e e e e e

And where saints do triumph over death
e e e e e e e e e e

And the grave
d d d f f f f f

Cleanse my soul as with fire till no drop
f e d f e d f e e e e e
does remain And before my heavenly
a a a a a a a a a a

Father I appear without a stain
f f e e e d e a e e e e

I have heard the call to quicken And my
f a e e e e e e e e e e e e

spirit would arise Tho' it takes my dearest
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

Idols I must make the sacrifice
e e e e e e e e e e e e e e

Cash

I'll never leave the battle field Nor turn
my back a traitor Unto my faith but
firmly do Resolve to be the victor

My idols all both great and small

I'll neither spare nor pity Not I but
every bond deny of friendships will or treaty

Second Chorus

Please to war my nature leave That its very
being fits none to good however dear

For perfect sacrificing And best of all

I surely know It really is consuming

Nor will I spare or care But glory in
the burning

My proud and haughty nature Fever will

subdue That I may be united to mother's

shown few I Will I will bestialous all carnal

ties to break To war against all evil

In the power of God I'll shak

Second Order

Lord may thy Holy Angels thy sacred gifts

impart Unto thy needy children May

praises fill our hearts Send thy holy ~~Equipping~~

power And true simplicity In a sweet reviving

shower that we may all be free

Second Order

An Energetic warrior I would love to be
a b e b a d d d e d e d

I feel the spirit in me Longing to be free
d a d e c d a g a g e d!

I resolutely take little mortifying acts
d e e d d d e f f f a

The haughty refs of nature effectively to counteract
a a b a b a a a e e e d

Second Order

O virtue lovely are thy charms How sweet

they are to me And if I keep this holy
e e e e e e e e e e e e

way sweet they will ever be And in those

regions of delight In one eternal day
g g a g g g e e e e e e

Thou'lt be a gem and a diadem
a e e e e e e e e e

Which ne'er will fade away

e e e e e e e e e e

I often feel thy sweet influence Gently prompt
me My aspirations to be pure My conduct

of freedom Speed triumphant day tonight
Raise a shout of free salvation Echo it
from shore to shore Backward push all
dire oppression May it fall to rise no more

South House

Parent love I will have love I feel it gently
flowing Down from Heaven it now

ascends His there I will be going
there is a land of rest for the weary
traveler when their labors are all o'er

And their journey's ended

Second Family

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O Kind Guardian
Spirits assist me ^{last}
day I help me to ~~write~~ ^{write} the
dearing no if I do not forsake me
when trials ~~appear~~ but help
me to steadfastly persevere