





With a halo of my love I have  
encircled you With my blessing  
you shall be filled Then be  
comforted O ye chosen Ones  
your prayers I will bear  
To my Father's Throne.

Received March 4<sup>th</sup> 1864. from the Ministry

With an Almighty power And  
 with strong searching light

I have come to prove my Zion

All error to make right

And all who will receive me

Must bathe in Jordan's wave

And pass thro' Achaz's valley

Where immortal waters lave

March 8<sup>th</sup> '64 Mary B.

I have heard the call in mercy

Which biddeth me arise

Come forth in life and power

Make the sacrifice

Not longer on barren plains

On lofty heights I roam

For converting Angels

I have gathered me home

March '67.

O What will ye say O what  
 will ye say when God shall  
 call you When God shall call  
 you For God will call ye  
 call each one And all must  
 Answer One for One.

The foregoing song was sung at midnight  
 by a company of spirits attended by  
 the beating of a drum. Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> '64  
 Learned by Elizabeth Siddle.

## Quick Dances

O wrestle on ye valiant souls

*e e e a g e e*

For in each heart my power

*e e g g*

shall roll

*g a e e*

Prepare

*e e :::: e l a g g e e a g g g a g*

your courts for God has come.

*e d e e e e ::::*

How sweet are the springs of joy

*g g a g e e*

Bursting forth without alloy

*e e d e e e ::::*

Let me feel them in my soul

*e d e d e e*

Every action to controul.

*g a e t d e ::::*





We've come our Mother's work



F d e e e g e

to perform and we'll toil

d d d c d e

away thro' the adverse storm

e d c d e d c

The doubting Thomas yet shall



e a a a g c c  
know The Lord is here in spirit

d c e e e e d c

now The fainting Peter shall be

c c a a a g g c

made strong and walk on the

c d c d e e e

rolling wave alone

e e d c c ||

March 1867. Emma. J. N.

O. Let me live let me live

c d e d e g

Wholly unto the Lord

a. g qe e c a

Let me hope in His power

g a a g a c

And trust in his word.

c qe d d e :

For He hath declared

g a a e a g

I've returned to be

e g g g e g

A comfort to all

c e d e

g Who will call upon me.

e e d e d e :|||

O. M. H.

Hark hear the testimony

Lo! tis sounding loud and clear

Can ye stand with limbs unbending

Can ye turn a deafened ear

Mighty flames these truths are kind-  
ling Surely God's work has begun

And all who will be met in mercy

Shall receive an hundred fold.

April 7<sup>th</sup> 1867. Mary Hart

Hark the watchword now is sounding

Come ye valiant and ye brave

Glad in armor bright and shining

On the cause of right to save

Come O come the call is stronger

Fear not doubt not in this day

Tho' the contest seemeth heavy

God is just and sure to pay

Awake from your slumbers the

Angels are calling aloud unto all

Come away come away from the

folies of earth to glories immortal

Come come O come O come

~~come~~ come away They are

calling yet calling to every soul

Come home come home ye each

little one Or you cannot

mo

abide in the Lion of God.

g f e d e d e f i l l l l l

April 1864. C. H.

Dark shadows flee away The light of  
 f f e e e d f f f d e

heavens is gleaming Inviting on its joys  
 e g g d e f g e e e a g a g

above To one eternal day O hail happy  
 a g g e e e d e f i l l g e d e e f f l

day When the eternal truth shall shine  
 f d e e d e c a g

Unto the perfect day Then mourn no  
 c e e e d e f f c d d

more weep no more All hail happy day.  
 d e c f e f i l l g e d e f

C. H.

|| We'll praise thee O God in the  
Heavens above We'll praise the Lord  
Jesus who bringeth the word We'll  
praise the good Mother our good  
Mother Ann For thousands of  
blessings received from her hand  
Amen halleluiah we'll sing ever  
more For all the great work  
that's begun on this shore Amen

halleluiah will sing and well  
e e e a g a g e a g

pray for every thing else all is  
a a a g a g g a g

passing away.

g e d e |||... O. M.

None but the pure in heart

e a t e e  
Join in the dances Worship  
g a g e a p a e

the living God in beauty of  
d e t e d d d d

holiness

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

e e e d e d d d |||... O. M.

O. M.



How sweet to the soul is the  
fragrant balm of heaven It  
heals each wound and waft pure  
glors to our spheres O what can  
be richer and better than the  
love of a Parent who has fed  
and cared for us Her voice is  
like balsam It calms the troubled  
wave and soothes the wounded heart

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