

Young and old, ye can still be sprightly,  
Sprightly every one!  
Heaven's blue still hanging o'er us,  
Filled with the stars above,  
While around are those who love us,  
Yes, and those we love.

No. 10.

Solo, Contralto.

(During a lull in the dance.)

Ballad.

Conceal, O heart, thine aching woes,  
Brood not on weight of sorrow,  
Lest the despair thine anguish knows  
Refuse God's aid to borrow.  
Seek to forget at pleasure's shrine—  
Just for a moment's seeming—  
The thoughts of wrongs that have been thine,  
Which through the brain are teeming.  
Seek to forget, O heart, of mine  
Things thou didst dearly cherish,  
Lest I offend God's present love,  
Brooding on what has perished.  
Seek to forget the Zion lost,  
With many a cherished treasure,  
Lest I the Zion God will give  
Fall to embrace with pleasure.  
Look thou before, O soul of mine,  
Cast not behind thy glances,  
That yet to be, and not the past  
Ever the thought entrances.  
Mourn not the seed cast in the earth,  
Look to the time of reaping;  
Glorious the harvest thou mayest reap,  
Sown in the days of weeping.

Solo and chorus.

(To Slumber.)

No. 11.

The time for mirth for the night is past,  
To slumber now, to slumber.  
Rest, for the hours will hasten fast,  
To slumber now, to slumber.  
Rest, let your dreamings now renew,  
All happy thoughts that waking knew;  
Rest till the dawn brings toil anew,  
To slumber now, to slumber.  
Craving a blessing on our sleep,  
To slumber now, to slumber.  
We in our Heavenly Father's keep  
Will slumber now, we'll slumber.  
Silence and peace around us fall  
Until the morning's cheerful call,  
Sweet, a good night to one and all,  
To slumber now, to slumber.

(Music dies away. End of Night in Camp.)

(A Call to Arms. Mormon Battalion Incident.)

Excitable music.

No. 12.

Chorus.

(What Evil Tidings.)

What evil tidings now are brought amongst us?  
The foe from whence we're driven still plot  
Against us.  
And even the land whose memory we cherish,  
Beneath its flag would call us forth to perish.  
WARREN—Our stalwart men whose valor now de-  
fend us  
They call away, who left then to befriend us?  
QUEEN—What, leave alone the mother, wife and  
daughter,  
Perchance to starve, or to the Indian's slaugh-  
ter?  
ALL—What! do they seek defenders of the ban-  
ished?  
Has from the earth all sense of justice van-  
ished?

Solo or recitative.

Baritone.

Peace! brethren, peace! Forget you who is  
Glad?  
What Heaven wills we cannot set aside.  
Be calm, nor fear, and know that all is well,  
Who, if not we, should aid the foe to quell?  
Our country calls five hundred men or more,  
To march at once to the Pacific shore.  
From our poor number, raise them all we can;  
And shall, though it require every man.  
Be not alarmed, nor think our loved ones need  
Our puny aid to shelter, guard or feed.  
God guards us all! Leave all safe in His hand,  
And journey forth still under His command.

No. 13.

(Male chorus, "Hark, my brethren.")

Hark, my brethren, hear the call!  
Our country calls for aid.  
Never shrink, be ready all,  
Her call shall be obeyed.  
Tough defended by her hand  
We never yet have been.  
We'll defend dear freedom's land  
Like true and loyal men.  
Israel's God, to thy protection  
All our loved ones now we leave.  
Raise them from their deep dejection;  
Hear their wailings when they grieve.

As we travel in the desert,  
Lead us, Father, be our guide.  
Trusting Thee, we fear no danger,  
Foes and peril we deride.  
Fall into rank, no longer tarry.  
March side by side to meet the foe;  
Think of the promise that we carry:  
"God will fight our battles where'er  
we go."  
Raise up the flag, our glorious standard;  
On to the West be our refrain.  
True to His word, God will be with us,  
Safely our loved we'll meet again.

No. 14.

Soprano and Tenor.

(Duo, "Love's Assurance.")

Know this beloved, wherever be thy lot  
My boundless love shall still forsake thee not,  
Still ever present, ever dear to me,  
The hallowed presence of thy love shall be.  
My soul with thine still hand in hand shall go  
O'er lonely paths, to share each weal or woe.  
Thou, Thou the star which Heaven has granted  
me  
To guide me true toward life's destiny.  
He—In peril, think of me, love, and be strong.  
She—In loneliness or pain, love, let my song  
Of constant love still, softly, soothe and  
bless,  
Until in fancy, feeling my caress  
Thou'rt comforted.  
Ha—Dear one, next to Heaven  
And duty, place to thee is ever given  
In every thought of mine.  
Both—Let our true hearts  
Each for the other beat while we're apart.  
Farewell, mine own. We'll meet again and  
prove  
To each and Heaven our true and bound-  
less love.

No. 15.

(Double chorus.)

LADIES.

(This first.)

Farewell, mine own, farewell to thee!  
We'll meet again, grieve not for me.  
Cheer thee and love me, then,  
God speed and bless, we'll meet again.

GENTS.

Raise up the flag, our glorious standard;  
On to the West be our refrain.  
True to His word God will be with us;  
Safely our loved ones we'll meet again.

(Both together)

PART III.

("Nearing the Mountains," "The First Glimpse,"  
"The Promised Land," Tributes.)

No. 16.

Male chorus, "Behold in yonder blue."  
Behold, in yonder blue, majestic rise  
Grand mountain peaks, piercing the skies,  
In glistening, snowy mantles crowned.  
What do they bode? Hold they a friendly nest  
Of shelter, 'mid their crags, where rest  
For the oppressed is found?  
Or do they raise in menace, hold their heads  
To stay our progress? Do we only tread  
in vain the desert's wild?  
Only to be engulfed, entombed at last  
Between their mighty rocky ridges fast,  
By freedom's hope beguiled!

Solo Baritone.

Soon we shall find, I only know, I feel  
Throughout my being freedom's pulses stent,  
As near they come to view.  
And a still voice doth whisper to my soul,  
"Press on, press on, thou soon shalt reach  
a goal,  
Yet sought or gained by few."

Chorus.

O Lender, bold, we trust, and know thee true,  
Guided by Heaven thou art. But when we  
through  
You chain of mountains reach,  
Where is the place, the land of promised rest?  
Still farther, farther in the distant west,  
Near the Pacific's beach!

Solo.

Be ye content, my own, with me to know  
We're on the path and from it cannot go.  
And we shall surely find  
The place prepared for us, and we shall see  
Fair valleys nestling near a glimmering sea,  
Fanned by the mountain winds.  
Toll on, my brethren, and the path we make,  
Shall yet be trod by millions in our wake,  
In quest of Zion's land.  
The dry and barren vales which soon we'll see  
Shall be a garden yet to feed the free,  
Touched by Jehovah's hand.

Chorus.

We feel the truth of every spoken word  
Borne to our hearts, in mercy, by the Lord,  
To cheer us in our toil.

Clear me the path, o'er mountain and through  
glens!  
Clear me the path, we'll be rewarded when  
We reach the fruitful soil.

No. 17.

Trio and chorus.

(Look, look ahead.)

Solo, 1st soprano.

Look, look ahead, is there no opening yet  
In this entanglement of mighty hills?

Solo, 2nd soprano.

A frowning barrier seems to lift its head  
Right in our path, while rise on either side  
Great mountain steepes. Yet on they press  
With dauntless step, as if the goal was near.

Trio.

O, weary way! Yet grand beyond compare.  
Could we but rest amidst in some sweet valley  
fair.

1st voice.

Look once again, where those in the advance  
Climb yonder steep. Is there no sign that they  
See something hopeful yet beyond the hills?

3rd voice.

They climb and toil, as day by day we've done,  
With faces set toward the setting sun.  
No more.

Chorus in the distance.

Behold! Behold!

2nd voice.

But hark! I hear a shout, and see, they waving,  
stand.

As if they gazed upon the promised land!

O, rapture! Rapture! See the promised land!

Trio and chorus.

Joy, joy, the promised land is near!  
Joy, joy, the blessed words we hear!  
At last, at last the home we sought is found,  
On mountain tops, God's consecrated ground!  
See! See the vale, in beauty wide extend!  
Where we shall rest—our toilsome journey end.

No. 18.

Solo, Baritone.

(The Very Place.)

This is the place for us by God prepared,  
Whence never more to exile will be driven  
God's chosen people. Here shall rise  
God's holy Temple. Here shall come the great,  
The wise, from far, to gaze on Zion's beauty.  
Girt around with everlasting hills,  
A queen—God blest. Her light shall shine  
Beyond the barren waste, still on, and on;  
Till filling all the earth with beams of holy  
truth.  
The mountain tops shall be the heaven-  
crowned home of liberty.  
See! See yon sparkling mountain rill  
Give to parched earth its balm,  
And let her drink, and bring forth glorious  
fruit,  
And blossoms fair will spring on every side,  
And fill with fragrance sweet the mountain air,  
Lethappy homes all every mountain vale  
Where they who trust in God will never fail.

Chorus.

HYMN.

"We've found the place for us by God prepared,  
Far away in the west.  
Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid;  
There the Saints will be blest.  
We'll make the air with music ring—  
Sing praises to our God and King;  
Above the rest these words we'll tell,  
All is well! All is well!"

FINALE.

No. 10.

Trio and full chorus.

O glorious freedom! Blessed peace!  
Sweet, though in exile ye are found.  
The soul leaps, joyous in release.  
The heart, freed from its sorrows, bounds  
In this pure air. From sunny skies  
Heaven's smiling welcome seems to fall,  
As round the giant mountains rise,  
Like guardian sentries over all.  
O noble heroes, ye who lead the way,  
Your faith, your courage and your trust in  
God.  
Your suffering toil, borne in the trying day,  
Gave unto us our blessed mountain sod.  
Your names we bless, your memories we revere,  
No word shall sound more sweet than Pioneer,  
While Utah's star in splendor rise and shine,  
Illumed forever with the light Divine!

A Sunday school union has been  
formed by all the Protestant churches,  
in San Jose, Cal.