

# When First the Glorious Light of Truth

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1. When first the glo - rious light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How few there were en -  
 2. How man - y on Mis - sou - ri's plain Lie prone in death's em - brace, Pure hon - est souls, too  
 3. And in Nau - voo, that cit - y where A Tem - ple cheered the brave, A mul - ti - tude of  
 4. Our Pa - tri - arch and Prop - et, too, Were mas - sa - cred; they bled To seal their tes - ti -  
 5. And here in these sweet peace - ful vales, The shafts of death are hurled, And man - y faith - ful  
 6. Why should we mourn be - cause we leave These scenes of toil and pain? Oh, hap - py change! the

rolled their names Up - on its sa - cred page! And of those few how man - y Have  
 good to live In such a wick - ed place! And are they left for - ev - er Be -  
 saint - ed souls Have found a rest - ful grave. And there they now are sleep - ing, But  
 mo - ny, and Were num - bered with the dead. Ah, tell me, are they sleep - ing? Me -  
 Saints are called Un - to a bet - ter world. And friends are oft times weep - ing For  
 right - eous go Ce - les - tial crowns to gain; And soon we all shall fol - low To

passed from earth a - way, And in their grave are sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion  
 neath the si - lent clay? Ah, no; they are but sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion  
 shall not sleep al - way; For soon they'll share the glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion  
 thinks I hear them say: "Death's i - cy chains are burst - ing! 'Tis the res - ur - rec - tion  
 friends who've passed a - way, And in their graves are sleep - ing, Till the res - ur - rec - tion  
 realms of end - less day, And taste the joys and glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion

day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! And in the grave are sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!  
 day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! Ah, no; they are but sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!  
 day! Of a res - ur - rec - tion day! For soon they'll share the glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion day!  
 day! 'Tis the res - ur - rec - tion day!" "Death's i - cy chains are burst - ing 'Tis the res - ur - rec - tion day!"  
 day! Till the res - ur - rec - tion day! And in their graves are sleep - ing, Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!  
 day! Of a res - ur - rec - tion day! And taste the joys and glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion day!

Text: William Clayton (1814–1879), 1853  
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