

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,
 2. How man - y on Mis - sou - ri's plains Were left in death's em - brace,—
 3. And in Nau - voo, the cit - y where The Tem - ple cheered the brave,
 4. Our Pa - tri - arch and Pro - phet too Were mas - sa - cred; they bled
 5. And here, in this sweet, peace - ful vale, The shafts of death are hurled,
 6. Why should we mourn be - cause we leave These scenes of toil and pain?

How few there were with heart and soul To - bey it did en - gage;
 Pure hon - est hearts, too good to live In such a wick - ed place;
 Hun - dreds of faith - ful Saints have found A cold, yet peace - ful grave;
 To seal their tes - ti - mon - y, They were num - bered with the dead.
 And man - y faith - ful Saints are called T'en - joy a bet - ter world.
 O hap - py change! the faith - ful go Ce - les - tial joys to gain;

Yet of those few how man - y Have passed from earth a - way,
 And are they left in sor - row And doubt to pine a - way?
 And there they now are sleep - ing Be - neath the si - lent clay;
 Ah, tell me, are they sleep - ing? Me - thinks I hear them say,
 And friends are of - ten weep - ing For their friends who pass a - way,
 And soon we all shall fol - low To their realms of end - less day,

And in their graves are sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!
 Oh, no; in peace they're sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day!
 But soon they'll share the glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion day!
 "Death's i - cy chains are burst - ing! 'Tis the res - ur - rec - tion day!
 And in their graves are sleep - ing Till the res - ur - rec - tion day;
 And taste the joy - ous glo - ries Of a res - ur - rec - tion day;

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 Till the res - ur - rec - tion day.
 Of a res - ur - rec - tion day.

Text: William Clayton (1814–1879), 1853

Music: Marion Dix Sullivan (1802–1860), c. 1846

Music adapted by William Clayton (1814–1879), 1889

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