When First the Glorious Light of Truth

1. When first the glorious light of truth Burst forth in this last age, How few there were with heart and soul
Tobey it did engage; Yet of those
hon¬est hearts, too good to live In such a wick¬ed place; And are they

drows of faith¬ful Saints have found A cold, yet peace¬ful grave; And there they

2. How ma¬ny on Mis¬so¬ri's plains Were left in death's em¬brace,— Pure,
left in sor¬row And doubt to pine a¬way? Oh, no; in peace they're
now are sleep¬ing Be¬neath the si¬lent clay; But soon they'll share the

3. And in Nau¬vo, the cit¬y where The Tem¬ple cheered the brave, Hun¬
sleep¬ing Till the res¬ur¬rec¬tion day! Till the res¬ur¬rec¬tion
glo¬ries Of a res¬ur¬rec¬tion day! Of a res¬ur¬rec¬tion
day! And in their graves are sleep¬ing Till the res¬ur¬rec¬tion day!
day! Oh, no; in peace they're sleep¬ing Till the res¬ur¬rec¬tion day!
day! But soon they'll share the glo¬ries Of a res¬ur¬rec¬tion day!

Music: Marion Dix Sullivan (1802–1860), ca. 1846
Music adapted by William Clayton (1814–1879), 1889
Tune Name: 'Clayton'
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