

Verse

contained in a letter of Martha S. H. Haven, Nauvoo, Illinois,
to her mother, Abigail Hall, of Sutton, Massachusetts,
on the Mormons' plans to head west, July 4, 1846

1. Come go with me, come go with me
Ye Saints of God, come go with me
The time is come we must away
To distant lands where God shall say
No longer let us linger here.
The world is doomed to woe and fear
This *Gentile* race the *Priesthood* hates
We have no home within the States
Let us away to seek our rest
Our home's not here; it's in the *West*.
2. My kindred come, come go with me,
All friends of truth where'er you be;
Ye poor, ye lame, ye halt, ye blind;
Ye need not one be left behind.
Come go with me, I'm Westward bound
Where mobbers blasts shall never sound;
Where truth will spread and justice flow;
Where party sects will never grow;
Where God shall be our priest and king;
And Saints to him their offerings bring.
3. Come, them, oh come; no more delay;
The Spirit whispers, haste away.
This *Nation* now has sealed its doom
And soon with wrath will be o'erthrown.
The Prophet's blood has stained the land;
He fell by cruel mobbers hand.
Although the rulers pledged their faith
That *he*, with them, should be kept safe,
Their pledge they broke; they spilt his blood,
And forced his Spirit back to God.
4. We'll go away from this vain world
With freedom's banners wide unfurled
To a land of peace and liberty
Beside the great Pacific Sea.
There we will sing in joyful strains,
And shout Hosanna o'er the plains
Where mobs and strife shall be no more
Upon the great Pacific shore,
Sweet praises to our God will give
While in our peaceful tents we live.
5. We'll bid adieu to party clan
And rend asunder all their bands;
We'll leave them to their wretched fate
Because they do the *Gospel* hate.
We'll leave these scenes of strife and woe
To milder climes we all will go,
Where right will rule and justice reign;
We there will break this *Gentile* chain;
No more we'll wear their *cursed* yoke
For God has said it shall be broke.
6. Then come, ye Saints, no longer stay.
In forty-six we'll move away
Our God shall be our constant aid
His arm is bare, be not afraid;
The journey's great and arduous, too,
But dread it not; there's peace in view.
Though wicked men may rage and foam,
The silent West shall be our home
God says he'll be our guide and shield
And for his Saints his power will wield.