Pioneer

Ed D. Lauritsen

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Pioneer

Ed D. Lauritsen

Hear the midnight mobs still hounding,
    Hear the gunshots still resounding,
Hear the fists on doors still pounding,
    Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Smell the smoke of Nauvoo burning,
    Feel the Mississippi churning,
Taste the tears of grief and yearning,
    Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Feel the icy night wind screaming,
    See your breath in lamp-light steaming,
Keep awake! There's death in dreaming,
    Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Chip a frozen grave for brother,
    Grip the trembling hand of mother,
Live one day, and then another,
    Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Lash and bend and drag and carry,
    Ration every root and berry,
Grit your way across the prairie,
    Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .
Storm the mountains, steep and looming,
Hear the crashing boulders booming,
See the oxen straining, fuming,
Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Gaze at last with soulful sighing,
See the object of your trying,
Join the thankful singing, crying,
Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Tame the desert, bring the waters,
Raise up Zion’s sons and daughters,
Steady them while mammon totters,
Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Send your stripling missionaries,
Send them over seas and prairies,
Send them while the Spirit tarries,
Pioneer, oh pioneer. . . .

Watch us now from where you’re waiting,
See the millions congregating,
Shout in holy celebrating!
Pioneer, oh pioneer.

In commemoration of the sesquicentennial anniversary of the arrival of the Mormon pioneers, July 24, 1847.