

P5 [DAVIS, John.] *Crefydd a grym.* (Religion and strength.) *Merthyr Tydfil: Printed by John Davis, Georgetown, [1850].*
2 p. 17 cm. *Welsh Mormon Writings* 40.

This leaflet consists of three hymns written for the Saints. The first is entitled "Religion and strength" and was to be sung to the tune of "Life let us cherish," presumably a well-known melody at that time. Its structure is four verses of four lines each, plus a four-line chorus intended for repetition after each verse.

The second hymn is identical to the first in format and carries the title of "Zion." The first two hymns are followed by the initials "J. D.," thus identifying the composer as John Davis. Both hymns are included in Davis's 1852 hymnal (see *Welsh Mormon Writings*, pp. 159–62).

The third hymn, "Joy of the Saints," has four verses of eight lines each plus a two-line chorus. "T. H." are the initials that follow. These could refer to Thomas Harris, who had composed other hymns and poetry appearing in *Zion's Trumpet*.

RELIGION AND STRENGTH.

TUNE—"Life let us cherish."

LET everyone lift up his head,
The dawn is casting its feeble light,
The sun will presently appear,
And fill the world with its brightness.

We have received a religion,
Namely a religion of divine strength;
Which makes the power of men
Into nothing.

Every cloud that darkens the world
Is made to flee, holding back so long;
Heaven must have constant light
To completely overcome the night.

The wisdom of men was for so long,
Like a fog covering our land;
But thanks be for clear light
Now to chase the fog away.

Let the pure light of heaven radiate,
Until it completely enlightens country and town,
So the wise may know Him,
Who guides heaven and below.

J. D.

ZION.

Come to the fore, Zion, climb high
To the top of the high mountain there,
And build there a house
And a city to thy God.

Thanks to the Lord,
For calling his Saints
Out of Babel,
To have the honor.

The end of days has come,
And the house will be an ensign
To strive toward full of praise,
To make it fruitful in the ways of thy God.

Lift up thy banner in every land,
To invite everyone, and give liberation,
And bring the elect seed,
To grow into a mountain of God.

May the Lord comfort thee,
May thy wilderness become like Eden,
And in thee thou shalt have pleasant delight,
And a joyful song to thy God.

J. D.

JOY OF THE SAINTS.

PURE Saints, great and small,
To the Almighty let us lift up our song,
For giving strength that has helped us,
To triumph o'er the terrible foe;
Let us rejoice from time to time,
Until we have secured a lovely land:
Let us revere God, while we live,
Yonder, yonder in fair Zion.

CHORUS.

Let us sing to Him, King of heaven;
Oh, let us sing to Him.

A lovely honor, without measure,
It will be to sing with the Saints,
In the land our Father has given
To the faithful undeniably,
Where the Saints will, one by one,
Drink happily of the new wine;
All in peace, — with beautiful appearance,
Without the evil foe and his sword.

The light of the day will be lovely;
Yonder in Zion we shall be free,
With no pain, throughout all the land,
But to give praise for the truth;
Saints of God, let us go, let us go,
There we shall have deliverance,
Where there is no contention,
Or anyone to make afraid.

By and by Jesus will come;
He will vanquish the frightful king,
And those who have faith
Will be happy to see the day;
Then there will be no rebuke for rebuke,
They will reign with their Head,
Everything in peace, in his countenance,
Having no fear of the grave.

T. H.