

**P13** THOMAS, Jonathan J. *Dwy gân. (Two songs.) Merthyr Tydfil: J. Davis, Printer, Georgetown, 1851.*

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"Published, by permission, April 26, 1851" follows the two songs on page 4. Whether the publication was made at the request of the author or the printer is not clear. Other poetry of Jonathan J. Thomas (or "Dark Nathan," his pseudonym) appeared in *Zion's Trumpet* over the years.

The first of the two songs is entitled "The message" and is presented in seven stanzas of six lines each. The subject matter is the restoration of the eternal gospel in modern times.

The second song, entitled "The treasure from the mountain," has two major divisions of twenty-four lines each. It deals with the significance of the "treasure" (the gold plates which an angel delivered to Joseph Smith) that came out of the "mountain" (the Hill Cumorah, where the gold plates were hidden) for the benefit of mankind.

# TWO SONGS.

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BY JONATHAN J. THOMAS,

(NATHAN DDU FROM LLYWEL.)

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THE MISSION.

TUNE—*The Three Strokes.*

WHEN bad deeds  
Were committed under heaven,  
Treacherous deceit, and riots among the hosts of the earth;  
And the honest, despite sadness,  
Under erroneous darkness,  
Walking in arrogant confusion.

The Lord God in his tenderness,  
Sent from above,  
His pure message, to delight all the people,  
The eternal gospel,  
Good, faultless, consoling,  
This was the primitive message that Jesus had.  
From Jesus, gracious monarch,

Truly generous, is the rule,  
 An unchanging and vigorous one for the world;  
 By this rule the believer  
 Would have his comforting gifts,  
 And his beautiful and powerful Spirit was not refused.

Entirely good will  
 The Holy One\* of heaven to the injured,  
 Gives lovingly his sweet good gift;  
 A better treasure than fine gold,  
 Which is imparted to the unwise,  
 Of the wealth of beautiful wisdom of our Generous Father.

When the gift is given to men,  
 The angels will rejoice;  
 And the saints on high, the numerous host of the Father,  
 Will also rejoice sweetly, —  
 Every soul, all will unite,  
 To give praise in song.

To the splendid waters,  
 You will be invited pleasantly,  
 A host made up of the thirsty, the hungry, and the burdened;  
 All the virtues they have,  
 Your pains will they succor,  
 You will be certain they will not fail to nourish you.

The devil and his servants  
 Are shaping their plans,  
 To obstruct God's blessings to men;  
 Despite that their powerful light,  
 Like an invincible stream,  
 Will flow increasingly, I know, today.

\* Lord

## THE TREASURE FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

TUNE—*Belisle March.*

FROM CUMORAH was taken,  
     And given to us for free,  
 O great love, peerless treasure,  
     Pure way by the Lord, our Father;  
 By sending an angel, as when anguish will befall  
     The hosts down on earth,  
 Who had what they believed to be security  
     In the day of the great anger.  
     The fair beloved gospel  
     The Lord sent to us,  
 As pure authoritative protection,  
     Good, royal from on high,  
 Against the sorrowful rush of terrible devils,  
     Together with the grievous wolves  
 Which hunt their sustenance as they conspire,  
     Pretending to deceive mankind.  
     And the splendid priesthood,  
     According to the order and plan of the Son of God,  
 Power from life everlasting,  
     Virtuous, gracious kind,  
 Power of the first resurrection,  
     Strength of great Jehovah;  
 This is the treasure entrusted  
     To clay vessels on earth.

This is the kingdom that Daniel saw  
     Unequaled in its course,  
 Which so graceful cheered  
     The wonderful old prophets of yore;  
 For this, with solemn heart,

All the brave servants of God awaited,  
 And for which dear Jesus earnestly and constantly  
     Pleaded and prayed.  
 The great dispensation  
     Publicly, so fair its dawning;  
 The cheerful fulness of times  
 To restore earthly hosts;  
 And usher in the glory of the millennium  
     In happy success,  
 And crown Jesus majestic monarch,  
     A royal way, before them.  
     According to this holiness will be  
     On the bridles of the free warhorses,  
 And true peace, gentle civilized,  
     According to his liberal rule.  
 Mourning and weeping will end,  
     The terrible war and the pestilence;  
 The peace of the Godhead will be between beasts,  
     To the surprise of all the Saints.

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