Pioneer Farewell

By Don L. Searle

I look to thee, City Beautiful, Beyond the river, lost. Lost, now, my home there, Wrought in aching toil, Where tiny bone of my bone Rests beneath the prairie sod. That life is past. My face is west, And my heart will follow, Because I know His voice. It is the Captain of my captain Who calls me to go on, And my hand is with the hand Of the chosen of the Lord. Oh, Joseph! What did you see On our horizon? Oh, Brigham! What do you know Of sorrow yet to come?

I leave thee, City, Without an answer, For my soul is settled. In camp I echo, “All is well,” And I move on, To journey, labor, plant, For years, or for a life. My steel is forged, The fire can only temper more. But the journey and the years Ne’er will dim my view Of thy temple on the hill, And, hand to plow, I sow the hope That toil and time will bring Nauvoo to live again, That our “All is well” Will sound once more, Someday in thee— Someday in Nauvoo.