

# 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  
Nauwoo to live again,  
That our "All is well"  
Will sound once more,  
Someday in thee—  
Someday in Nauwoo. ■*

