

Poem Composed at the approach of U.S. Army on Utah.

What sound is that which now we hear
 Re-echoing from the plains!
The troops, they say, are drawing near'
 With all their wagon trains.
They come with sword and rifle too
 And deadly bayonet
And swear to exterminate the few
 Who dwell in Deseret

Chorus:

Then we'll fight for God and Liberty
 Our powder keep from wet
And when we've gained the victory
 We'll rule in Deseret

They know not that a God of power
 Will for His people fight
If they in every trying hour
 Will only do what's right.
For Satan has them in his chain
 And all his plans are set
To shed the blood of those who reign
 In peaceful Deseret

They say "your prophets are all false
 Their teachings all a sham.
They've got your money in their hands
 And do not care a d--n.
They're traitors to the Government
 With blood their hands are wet,
And soon the gallows we'll erect
 In peaceful Deseret."

But these are lies that they have told
 For we have broke no law;
The constitution we uphold
 For it our swords we draw.
Then come, ye hireling sons of hell,
 your dues you'll quickly get
Whene'er you venture on the soil
 Of peaceful Deseret

For God has said you shall not come
 To persecute his saints
For He has heard the martyr's groan,
 The widow's sad complaints.
There's guiltless blood upon the ground
 that smokes for vengeance yet,
Oh, god! avenge thy servants wrongs
 Thyself in judgment set.

Ye sons of God, your weapons take
 And stand for Zion's rights!
We'll make the wicked fear and quake
 And put them all to flight.
We'll stand, our leaders' lives to save
 For heaven's celestial law,
For wives and children whom we love
 For truth the sword we'll draw.

James Martineau diary, September 28, 1857. Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino,
California