

P9 JONES, Margaret. *Cân newydd, o ganmoliaeth i lywyddiaeth Eglwys Iesu Grist o Saint y Dyddiau Diweddaf*. (A new song, of praise to the Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.) *Merthyr Tydfil: Printed by J. Davis, [1850?]*.

4 p. 16.7 cm. *Welsh Mormon Writings* 49.

Directly beneath the title of this publication is the following information: “Composed and published, with permission, by Margaret Jones, Georgetown (namely, New Wales’s Nightingale).”

Although the title suggests just one, there are actually two poems in this publication. The first consists of six stanzas of ten lines each. The poet praises Brigham Young, the Apostles, Dan Jones, and William Phillips. She asks blessings on all of God’s servants and portrays the last days, when peace will finally reign among the Saints.

A new song is not advertised in any of the book lists during John Davis’s time as Church printer in Merthyr Tydfil (1849–1853), nor is it included in either of Davis’s collections of his publications. It appears to have been printed by Davis at the request of Margaret Jones, or perhaps her family.

It is strange that of all the poetry printed in *Zion’s Trumpet* over the years, none of it is by Margaret Jones. Davis was very selective in what he allowed to appear in his periodical and often complained about the inferior quality of the verses sent to him. The verses of *A new song*, with their imperfect rhyme and rather prosaic vocabulary, appear to have been printed by John Davis for pay, not because of their literary qualities.

A NEW SONG,

OF
PRAISE

TO

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Composed and published, by permission,

BY MARGARET JONES, GEORGETOWN,

(Namely, New Wales's Nightingale.)

GOD, bless Young and his family;
I love those people;
Thou has made him a watchman,
Over thy Church throughout the countries:
Thou hast led him through the wilderness,
Rocky mountains, and desert;
He lives still, under the protection of God,
Despite the hellish crew,
And has become a civil President,
Like Joseph, over the people.

God, bless the Apostles,
 Those whom the world counts as offscouring,
 Though they are true messengers,
 Appropriately administering the ordinances;
 Today they radiate,
 In pitch darkness,
 And still across the world,
 In the midst of the persecution of enemies,
 Proclaiming the message
 To a world of men in wickedness.

I wish for the Father of light
 To remember Jones, former president of Wales,
 He who took the firstfruits of Gwalia,
 Into the Valley of California;
 Though the people here claimed
 That Jones would sell them all in Cuba;
 It is false, the Saints live,
 Under the protection of the Almighty God,
 And content in a lovely valley,—
 Oh, that we were there also!

God, bless President Phillips,
 Together with his family to live happily,
 During their sojourn in Babel
 Oh, keep them safe each day;
 He is like a lamp burning,
 With his strong vessel full of light:
 May he go forward through water and fire,
 Fearing not the treachery of enemies;
 Before long he shall be on mount Zion,
 Among the Saints wearing a crown!

God, bless all thy servants,
Those who now speak without ceasing,
Of the wonderful days that have dawned,
For thy children to come in hosts;
We have already received,
The firstfruits of the Spirit which rests,
On thy Saints, — great is their honor!
How great will be the rejoicing
When it is poured from on high,
On every flesh in its fulness?

The oxen, and the lion, before long will graze together,
And the lamb, and the wolf, will lie together,
And the sucking child shall play busily,
On the hole of the asp, without any worry;
On the bridles of the horses will truly be seen
Pure holiness before long to the Lord;
Indeed, steel swords will,
Before long be turned into scythes;
Instead of riding horses into the midst of cannons,
They will carry the Saints to their splendid temples!

LONGING FOR ZION.

Tune—"See the Building."

My thoughts are turned away
 From Babel, and completely attracted
 To the lovely land;
 And my friends, God will move away,
 All enemies yet,
 That may tempt me,
 While I am in their confusion;
 Upon crossing the restless waves,
 I shall sit at the table.

I long continually,
 To see New Wales,
 In California;
 I shall go with the help of God my Head,
 Among enemies,
 And grievous plagues,
 Cruel ones,—I shall be safe,
 In the midst of the blessed company,—
 The just there will stand.