

Folk Songs from our Church Heritage

Come, Come Ye Saints

Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way.
Tho' hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive
our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this and joy your hearts will swell,
All is well! All is well!

Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy

With a merry little jig and a happy little song,
Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy.
We trudge out way the whole day long,
Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy,
What though we are all covered with dust
It's better than staying back home to rust,
We'll reach Salt Lake some day or bust,
Whoa, Haw, Buck, and Jerry Boy.

There's a pretty little girl in the outfit ahead,
Whoa, Haw, Buck and Jerry Boy.
I wish she was by my side instead,
Whoa, Haw, Buck and Jerry Boy.
Look at her now with a pout on her lips,
as daintily with her fingertips
She picks for the fire some buffalo chips,
Whoa, Haw, Buck and Jerry Boy.

Oh, tonight we'll dance by the light of the moon,
Whoa, Haw, Buck and Jerry Boy.
To the fiddler's best and only tune,
Whoa, Haw, Buck and Jerry Boy.
Holding her hand and stealing a kiss,
but never a step of the dance we miss,
Never did know a love like this,
Whoa, Haw, Buck and Jerry Boy.

The Handcart Song

Ye saints who dwell on Europe's shore
prepare yourselves for many more,
To leave behind your native land
for sure God's judgments are at hand.
For you must cross the raging main
before the promised land you gain
And with the faithful make a start
to cross the plains with your handcart.

Chorus

For some must push and some must pull
as we go marching up the hill;
So merrily on our way we go
until we reach the valley-o.

And long before the valley's gained,
we will be met upon the plain
With music sweet and friends so dear
and fresh supplies our hearts to cheer.
And then with music and with song
how cheerfully we'll march along
And thank the day we made a start
to cross the plains in our handcart.
(Chorus)

When you get there among the rest,
obedient be and you'll be blessed
And in god's chambers be shut in
while judgments cleanse the earth from sin,
For we do know it will be so,
God's servants spoke it long ago,
We say it is high time to start
to cross the plains with your handcart.
(Chorus)

Doo-Dah

Come Brethren listen to my song,
Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah
I don't intend to keep you long,
Oh, Doo-Dah Day.
'Bout Uncle Sam I'm going to sing,
Destruction he is trying to bring,

Then let us be on hand
By Brigham Young to stand,
And if our enemies do appear,
We'll sweep them from the land.

Johnston's army's on the way,.....
The Mormon people for to slay,.....
And if he comes we'll have some fun,
To see him and his "Jinnies" run,
(Chorus)

Johnston's army's in a sweat,
He swears the Mormons he'll upset,
But the Mormon People all are one,
United in the gospel plan,
(Chorus)

St. George and the Drag-on

Chorus: Mesquite, soap root,
Prickly-pears and briars,
St. George ere long will be a place
that everyone admires.

**None Can Preach the Gospel
Like the Mormons Do**

We're going to preach the gospel
to all who want to hear.

A message of salvation
un-to the meek we'll bear.

Je-hovah has commanded us
and therefore we must go,

(Chorus)

For none can preach the Gospel
like the Mormons do, Like the Mormons do.

Faith in God and Jesus
is the first thing that we preach.

Genuine repentance
is the next thing that we teach.

Baptism by immersion
is the next thing that we show,

(Chorus)

How to obtain the spirit,
the next thing that we say,
As in the days of Peter the same as in our day,
'Tis by the laying on of hands and,
Oh, we know 'tis true.

(Chorus)

The old-time religion
is what we want, you know
With prophets and apostles
as in the days of long ago.
Read Ezekiel's second chapter,
Ephesians four and two.

(Chorus)