

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST

In my dreams each night, I see upon a hill
A beautiful church, which God brought forth He made so firm like steel.

The ways of this little church are spreading far and wide;
And someday it will be known all over the countryside.

For God gave Joseph Smith a record of His plan;
And Joseph Smith interpreted it throughout many a land.

Though Joseph Smith was killed by men who knew no good,
God made the church rise up again to stand as once it stood;

And now it stands alone, apart from all the others
It is The Church of Jesus Christ where we become sisters and brothers.

Though this church be scorned by people of the world;
We the brother and the sister look upon it as a pearl;
For God thought us good enough to bring into His loving place
And this is where we'll worship Him in prayer; that someday we may see His face.

By Sister Sylvia Curry