

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**



**MOVE ON!**

A PLAY WITH SONGS  
BY  
CAROL LYNN PEARSON



ZION THEATRICALS  
Newport, Maine

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## **Move On!**

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## "MOVE ON"

### CAST

7 Men and 7 Women to play all the roles as desired. One actor should play Brigham Young and one actress should play Irene. The others can be doubled as needed.

The cast can be reduced or expanded.

MOVE ON! is a dramatic portrayal of Mormon history, with a challenge to modern Mormondom, using actual excerpts from pioneer diaries, letters and reminiscences, and authentic Mormon folk songs. Quotation marks indicate direct quotations from documents.

An imaginative director can find many ways to make the play lively and colorful. Levels, steps, or ramps can be used to make the blocking visually interesting. Many of the musical numbers can be choreographed. If desired, a trunk can be placed on the stage, out of which various props and costume pieces can be taken. The cast can vary in size from about seven to fifteen. Cuts in the script and the songs can be made throughout, according to the wishes of the director.

All of the melodies found in the Vocal Book are historically authentic, except for "The Camp of Israel," "To Our Tents Again," "Carrot Greens," and "A Marriage Proposal." As no melodies could be found for these, tunes were written that fit into the folk spirit. Background on Mormon folk songs can be found in *Mormon Songs from the Rocky Mountains*, compiled by Thomas E. Cheney, published for the American Folklore Society by the University of Texas Press. Music for the title song, "Move On," was written by Marvin Payne. A simple guitar accompaniment will suffice for the entire play, although the director may wish to develop something more elaborate.

**MOVE ON!** a play with songs by Carol Lynn Pearson. 7M 7F (Can be condensed or expanded) . Unit Set. About 90 minutes. Available again after many years! This is the compilation of journal entries and diary accounts of the Saints crossing of the plains to found their new home in the Zion of the Rocky Mountains. Through stirring true to life scenes and monologues, folk songs and hymns of the era, the Saint's journey comes vividly to life. Title song composed by Marvin Payne. Order #2037

**Carol Lynn Pearson** is a well-known writer in a variety of genres. The unlikely area of poetry provided her first major success. Well over 250,000 copies of her poetry books have been sold and poems have appeared in literature books as well as Ann Lander's column. A book that brought major recognition in a different way is "Goodbye, I Love You", the story of her life with her husband, a homosexual man struggling with the conflicts this brought to his life and marriage. After twelve years and four children, the couple ended their marriage and vowed to remain good friends. Six years later, in Carol Lynn's home, where she was taking care of him, Gerald died of AIDS. Believing their story could help many others, Ms. Pearson decided to tell it. The book made her a popular guest on such shows as "Good Morning, America," "Oprah," "Sally Jesse Raphael," and was featured in "People" magazine and "Woman's Day." She has also written educational motion pictures and children's plays, two commissioned by Robert Redford's Sundance Theatre, "Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Cry Wolf" and "I Believe In Make Believe." Her most recent project is a one-woman play which she wrote and performs, "Mother Wove The Morning," in which she portrays sixteen women throughout history in search for the female face of God. Ms. Pearson received her BA and MA degrees in Theater at Brigham Young University in Utah, where she twice received the "Best Actress" award. She lives and works in Walnut Creek, California.

# MOVE ON!

## MUSICAL #1 -- MOVE ON!

### ALL

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW--  
NOW THAT CUMORAH IS OPEN AGAIN?  
YOU PECULIAR PEOPLE  
WHO SAY JOSEPH IS A PROPHET--  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

MOVE ON--MOVE ON.  
THE JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN.  
MOVE ON.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?  
NOW THAT THE GLORY OF KIRTLAND IS GONE?  
SHEEP ARE RUNNING THROUGH THE TEMPLE,  
JOSEPH'S BRETHREN TURN TO TRAITORS.  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

MOVE ON--MOVE ON.  
THE JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN.  
MOVE ON.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW--  
NOW THAT THE CRY IS EXTERMINATE THEM ALL?  
THE WELL IS RED AT HAUN'S MILL,  
JOSEPH'S CHAINED AND COLD IN PRISON.  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

MOVE ON--MOVE ON.  
THE JOURNEY'S JUST BEGUN.  
MOVE ON.

**MAN 1:** Move on.

**ALL:** Move on.

**WOMAN 1:** That's our story.

**ALL:** Move on!

**MAN 1:** Suddenly we've got a prophet--and wherever he is I want to be too!

**MAN 2:** But the neighbors say--

**ALL:** Move on!

**WOMAN 2:** Follow Joseph.

**WOMAN 1:** New York--

**MAN 3:** Kirtland, Ohio--

**WOMAN 3:** Far West, Missouri.

**MAN 4:** Move on. Too many troubles in staying. Too much misunderstanding. Too strange a people, us  
Mormons. Too many night fires saying--

**ALL:** Move on!

**WOMAN 4:** To Illinois, says Joseph. We'll build a city out of a swamp.

**MAN 5:** We come. By the hundreds. By the thousands. Drain the swamp and build the City Beautiful.

**WOMAN 5:** Nauvoo! The Temple!

**MAN 6:** Move on--you Mormons don't belong here!

**MAN 1:** Trouble from our neighbors. Trouble from ourselves.

**WOMAN 1:** Joseph and Hyrum go to Carthage under arrest.

**MAN 1:** The jail.

**MAN 2:** A mob.

**MAN 3:** Gunshots. Look!

**WOMAN 2:** (Pause) A body falls from the window. And a survivor pens a note to the waiting wife.

**MAN 4:** "Joseph and Hyrum are dead ... Taylor wounded ... The job was done in an instant and the party fled  
towards Nauvoo ... the citizens here are afraid of the Mormons attacking them. I promised them! ... My  
brethren, be still and know that God reigns."

*(Drum beat slowly begins)*

**MAN 3:** "Next day, their bodies were brought from Carthage to Nauvoo. We formed two lines to receive them.  
I was placed at the extreme right to wheel in after the bodies, and march to the mansion. As we passed the  
temple there were crowds of mourners, lamenting the great loss of our Prophet and Patriarch. The scene  
was enough to melt the soul of man. Mr. Brewer, myself, and others took Brother Joseph's body into the  
Mansion House.

*(Drums stop)*

At midnight we carried the body ... to the Nauvoo House and put him and Hyrum in one grave. Their death  
was hard to bear."

*(ALL heads down, hum one verse: "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief")*

**MAN 5:** Joseph's work must go on. It's the Lord's work too.

**WOMAN 4:** Look to Brigham now. Keep building Nauvoo. Keep building the temple.

**MAN 2:** Come. From England! From the states! Come!

**WOMAN (IRENE):** "Monday, June 2nd, 1845. Dear Parents: I have been in the great and beautiful city of  
Nauvoo for one week. We had an excellent journey; not one stormy day on the road.

I cannot wait any longer before I tell you what a beautiful place Nauvoo is. I was very much surprised to  
see such a pretty city. I thought it would look like poordunk. But I cannot describe the beauty of it on  
paper. As far as we can see either way are buildings, not in blocks like other cities but all a short distance  
from each other. The ground between them is all cultivated; it looks like a perfect garden. The corn is so  
high, it measures eleven feet and a half. Tell Grandmother if she was here she could eat as many  
blackberries as she wished.

If you would step into Nauvoo, enter at the lower landing, pass up Main St., then Munson St., until you came to a one story and half brick house very pleasantly situated between two others of similar description. Step into the front entry, open the door on the right (without knocking)--there you would see Irene. Well, after we had talked over things which have transpired since our separation we would "take a walk." Where would we go? To view the great and beautiful temple. Oh, now I think! We would go down to the beautiful Mississippi and take a pleasure ride. We think some of going this afternoon. Will you join us?

The temple is a splendid building. The top stone was laid with Praises and Hosannas the morning before I arrived and that day they rested from their labors. The roof is partly on. It never went on so fast before. Half has been built since Joseph was killed. More than three hundred are at work on it and the rest help by paying their tithing. I have been to meeting in the grove both sabbaths. Such preaching we do not have in New Salem. I delayed writing on account of the trial of the murderers at Carthage. It is thought the murderers are at Liberty. We expect the temple will have to be completed with a sword in one hand and tool in the other.

You need not worry at all about us. Any one that will work can have things to eat, drink and wear. We have bought a real pretty baker. Emeline let me have her table. There is a cellar kitchen with a stone fireplace well and oven in it where I can wash and bake if I wish.

I have scarcely room enough left for love, respects, and compliments. Give them to all and tell them I am contented and happy and do not wish to return. No, I would not live in New Salem for the whole town unless I could have a band of Mormons with me, and hardly then. I told Thomas William wished him to write the new teachings. He said, 'Tell William the new teachings are if he stays there he will go to hell.'

Mother, if it a possible thing, you must come. Love and affections, Irene."

**WOMAN 3:** They keep coming, those Mormons. I don't like it!

**MAN 6:** Move on! We don't trust you. You're not like us.

**MAN 3:** You don't vote right!

**WOMAN 2:** You call yourselves saints! Say the Lord gave you this land.

**WOMAN 3:** You're clannish--think you're better'n we are.

**MAN 5:** We don't trust you. Move on!

**MAN 4:** We got Joseph. Guess we'll have to get Brigham, too.

**MAN 1:** (Reading from a newspaper, laughing occasionally, as if he is enjoying it immensely) "Warsaw Signal, December 31, 1845. The best joke of the season was played off, last week, by the Saints, on the United States deputy Marshall for Illinois. It appears that Brigham Young and other Saints were indicted at the last term of the United States Circuit Court at Springfield, for Bogus making. On Tuesday of last week, the Deputy Marshall, accompanied by eight of the Hancock Guard, and Mr. Benson of Augusta, (who went along to point out Brigham) started from Carthage for the Holy City. On arriving they went to the Temple, where the Saints were assembled, and soon Mr. Benson pointed out Brigham, accompanied by some ladies, in the act of getting into a carriage. The Marshall immediately walked up and arrested him.

The Saints, learning what had been done, assembled around the prisoner and swore that he should not be taken out of town. The Marshall and his posse were, however, determined and declared if any effort was made to rescue him they would shoot Brigham the first man. After considerable bluster, the Saints began to cool off and the prisoner was taken to the tavern. The Saints now began to show long faces and seemed very much affected.

As the Officer and his posse left with their charge they broke out in such strains as these: "Farewell, Brother Brigham. We hope you soon will return." "May the Lord bless you, Brother Brigham, and grant you safe deliverance." On arriving at Carthage, the prisoner was put under a sufficient guard and was carefully watched.

Some time after his arrival, G. W. Thatcher, Esq., went in to see him. Soon he returned with a very knowing look, and affirmed that there was no Brigham Young there, and the prisoner was an entirely different personage. An investigation was gone into and sure enough it turned out that the Saints had, by putting the cloak and cap of the apostle on the man who resembled him in figure and appearance, first deceived Mr. Benson, and then by planning well their part, had prevented any suspicion from arising in the minds of any of the company that they had got the wrong pig by the ear. The Marshall, on learning that he had been hoaxed, released the prisoner and now says the Saints may "have his hat." The United States Marshall, after being sadly humbugged in Nauvoo, returned to the city to get the real Brigham, but it was no good. Of course Brigham could not be found."

**MAN 3:** Move on! Move on, or we'll burn you out!

**MAN 1:** We won't! We bought this land. We got a right to it!

**MAN 4:** Either get out--or watch your families die! That's your choice.

**MAN 2:** I say we stay and fight. Brigham--what do you say?

**MAN (BRIGHAM):** *(Pause)* "We'll go. When grass grows and water runs--we'll go."

**WOMAN (IRENE):** --October, 1845. Dear Parents. Your little Granddaughter is three weeks old today and weighs nine and a quarter pounds. She looks prettier than ever.

The temple progresses rapidly. We mean to have it dedicated before we leave it. The church as a body intend removing in the spring and husband says father must come and go with us. They will have such good times gaming. I think if you would come you would not be sorry.

They have their arrangements made. They are going in companies consisting of one hundred families each, every company half a mile apart, every wagon two rods apart. They make calculations for twenty-five hundred families. The rich promise to sacrifice all except what they need themselves to help the poor so they all can go that wish if they are here. You must come. How can I go and leave you this side the rocky mountains, and yet I cannot stay when God calls us to go. Tell Grandmother I think she could stand it.

Love to all, Irene."

**MAN 6:** *(Sadly)* Move on.

**WOMAN 4:** *(Alarmed)* But it's February.

**MAN 6:** No matter. The only way to prove to them we mean to go is--to go.

**WOMAN 4:** Where to?

**MAN 5:** The Great Basin. Nobody'll bother us there. Nobody else wants it!

**WOMAN 2:** I'm cold!

*(MAN blows a bugle that he has taken from the trunk).*

**MAN 2:** Shhh! Listen to Brigham!

**MAN (BRIGHAM):** "Attention, the camps of Israel. I propose to move forward on our journey. Let all who wish, follow me; but I want none to come unless they will obey the commandments of the Lord. Cease, therefore, your contentions and backbiting, nor must there be swearing or profanity in our camps. Whoever finds anything must seek diligently to return it to the owner. The Sabbath day must be hallowed. In all our camp, prayers should be offered up both morning and evening. If you do these things, faith will abide in

your hearts; and the angels of God will go with you, even as they were sent with the children of Israel when Moses led them from the land of Egypt."

*(Guitar picks up melody of "The Camp of Israel" in the background).*

**WOMAN 4:** "Thursday, February 19th, Sugar Creek. Snowstorm commenced in the night and continued through the day. It was so disagreeable that I did not leave the buggy. Suffered considerably from a severe cold. Amused myself by writing the following."

## **MUSICAL #2 -- THE CAMP OF ISRAEL**

### **WOMAN 4:**

ALTHOUGH IN WOODS AND TENTS WE DWELL,  
SHOUT, SHOUT, O CAMP OF ISRAEL!  
NO CHRISTIAN MOBS ON EARTH CAN BIND  
OUR THOUGHTS, OR STEAL OUR PEACE OF MIND.

### **ALL:**

THO' OPPRESSION'S WAVES ROLL O'ER US,  
WE WILL PRAISE OUR GOD AND KING;  
WE'VE A BETTER DAY BEFORE US--  
OF THAT DAY WE PROUDLY SING.

WE BETTER LIVE IN TENTS AND SMOKE  
THAN WEAR THE CURSED GENTILE YOKE.  
FAR BETTER FROM OUR COUNTRY FLY,  
THAN BY MOBOCRACY TO DIE.

WE'VE LEFT THE CITY OF NAUVOO,  
AND OUR BELOVED TEMPLE, TOO,  
AND TO THE WILDERNESS WE'LL GO  
AMID THE WINTER FROSTS AND SNOW.

OUR HOMES WERE DEAR--WE LOVED THEM WELL,  
BENEATH OUR ROOFS WE HOPED TO DWELL;  
AND HONOR THE GREAT GOD'S COMMANDS,  
BY MUTUAL RIGHTS OF CHRISTIAN LANDS.

OUR PERSECUTORS WILL NOT CEASE  
THEIR MURD'ROUS SPOILING OF OUR PEACE,  
AND HAVE DECREED THAT WE MUST GO  
TO WILDS WHERE REEDS AND RUSHES GROW.

THE CAMP--THE CAMP--ITS NUMBER SWELL,  
SHOUT, SHOUT, O CAMP OF ISRAEL!

THE KING, THE LORD OF HOSTS IS NEAR,  
HIS ARMIES GUARD OUR FRONT AND REAR.

**WOMAN 5:** "April 6th, 1846. The Church is sixteen years old today. It rains hard. Brother Rockwood came to our wagon; told us the word was to get out of this mud as soon as possible. We move before breakfast, go three miles, cross the creek on new bridges that our men had made; had to double team all the way. Brother Brigham came up with his company driving his team in the rain and mud to his knees; was happy as a king. Here we camped. The men went, some to browsing the cattle, some to cutting the wood and making fires. We got supper and went to bed. It soon began to lightning and thunder and the rain came faster than ever. About six o'clock in the morning I was called for as midwife to go back about two miles. It then snowed. I rode behind the man through mud and water, some of the way belly deep to the horse. I found the sister I was called to see in an old log cabin. Her child was born before I got there. She rode thirteen miles after she was in travail and crossed the creek on a log after dark."

**MAN 2:** "April 22. There was considerable joking this morning on account of two of the picket guards having their guns stolen and Colonel Markham having his hat stolen. The owners were found asleep while on guard and those who found them so, took their guns to be a warning to them, but it is difficult for men to keep awake night after night after traveling 20 miles in the day, taking care of teams, cooking, etc. At 7:30 the camp proceeded again."

**WOMAN 3:** "Garden Grove, April 1846. This is the most delightful spot we have seen ... with hills and dales, all dressed anew in their bright velvety robes of spring.

I took an early stroll to enjoy the scene, and I was almost enchanted as I stood there alone, gazing at the glorious sight as the sun was peeking over the hills--and to lend still more to the scene of enchantment, here came a beautiful fawn, and also an antelope, skipping fearlessly over hill and dale and out of sight, with naught to disturb them nor the peace and tranquility of my thoughts, but the knowledge that the spell was soon to be broken."

**WILLIAM CLAYTON:** "Saturday. This morning all our clothing, beds and bed clothing were drenched and it has continued to rain all day. I have been sick again all day, especially towards night. I was so distressed with pain it seemed as though I could not live. I went to bed and put a bag of hot salt on my chest which seemed to give me some ease, but I suffered much through the night, and it continued to rain until after midnight.

April 15th. This morning I received word from Nauvoo that my wife gave birth to a fine fat boy on the 30 of March, but she is very ill with ague and mumps. Truly I feel to rejoice at this intelligence but feel sorry to hear of her sickness ... This morning I composed a new song "All Is Well."

### **MUSICAL #3 -- COME, COME YE SAINTS**

**MAN 3:**

COME, COME, YE SAINTS, NO TOIL NOR LABOR FEAR;  
BUT WITH JOY WEND YOUR WAY.  
THOUGH 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!

*(He hums during the following.)*

**MAN 6:** "Saturday, May 9th, 1846. I was sent for and informed that my little son Hiram was dying. I returned immediately home and found the poor little afflicted child in the last agonies of death. He died in my arms about 4 o'clock. This was the second child which I had lost, both dying in my arms. He died with the whooping cough and black canker. He had worn down ever since he first took it. My wife is yet unable to go about, and little Hosea, my only son now, is wearing down with the same complaint, and what will be the end thereof? We are truly desolate and afflicted, and entirely destitute of anything even to eat, much less to nourish the sick, and just able to go about myself. Arrangements made to bury him this evening."

**MAN 5:** *(Who was humming now sings verse four of "Come, Come, Ye Saints," as if he just got the inspiration for writing it).*

AND SHOULD WE DIE BEFORE OUR JOURNEY'S THROUGH,  
HAPPY DAY! ALL IS WELL!  
WE THEN ARE FREE FROM TOIL AND SORROW TOO;  
WITH THE JUST WE SHALL DWELL!

BUT IF OUR LIVES ARE SPARED AGAIN  
TO SEE THE SAINTS THEIR REST OBTAIN,  
O HOW WE'LL MAKE THIS CHORUS SWELL--  
ALL IS WELL! ALL IS WELL!

**WOMAN 4:** "God pity the exiles, when storms come down  
When snow-laden clouds hang low on the ground,  
When the chill blast of winter, with frost on its breath  
Sweeps through the tents, like the angel of death!  
When the sharp cry of child-birth is heard on the air,  
And the voice of the father breaks down in his prayer,  
As he pleads with Jehovah, his loved ones to spare!"

**MAN 1:** Move on--slowly.

**MAN 2:** Build settlements. Plow ground. Dig wells. Chop trees. Work for those who are coming behind.

**WOMAN 5:** But we can't cross the plains this season. We're not prepared.

**WOMAN 6:** Wait the winter out. Work. Make ready to go in the spring.

**MAN 3:** There it is. Winter Quarters on the bank of the Missouri River. One thousand houses of logs covered with willows and dirt.

**WOMAN (IRENE):** "Camp of Israel, Sept. 19, 1846. Dear Sister, In the wilds of North America is the residence of your affectionate sister. Not unhappy and suffering, no, far from it, not none of our family. There is nothing that would induce me to leave the company of the saints of God. We traveled until we came to Council Bluffs on the Missouri River (you can find it on the map). There we found the camp of Israel waiting for a boat to be built to carry us across the river. Here we camped two weeks, then the boat

was ready. All crossed as fast as possible, came on twenty miles this side of the river, and stopped a while, finally to stay here this winter, and let those that are ahead break the way and we start early in the spring. They consented to it, went to work. Cut grass and made such big stacks of hay as I never thought of, for the cattle, building log cabins for their families. Some split the logs. Francis split his. They make boards and shingles here by hand. They brought saws and almost everything else. They brought a carding machine. I think they will need it, there is seven hundred sheep in one drove that is church property, there is lots of fat cattle killed, one or two every day this six weeks. We have some every week, Francis and Thales got a lot of honey the other day equal to Daniels, the warm biscuit and honey is not so mean. Do not worry about us, I think we shall get along with as little trouble as other people that live in painted houses with carpet floors. The Indians are very plenty here. They are here begging every week. Sometimes they steal a tin cup or garment if it lies in their way. Brigham Young has made a treaty with them. They are to have our houses and all the improvements when we leave. We found one tribe that had several that had been baptized by Joseph. They would say 'me Mormon.'

Direct your letters to Huntsuckers post office, Atchison County, Missouri. Love from your affectionate sister."

**MAN 4:** Wait the winter. Work.

**WOMAN 6:** But some have already moved on.

**MAN 5:** In June, Captain James Allen rides into Council Bluffs and asks for 500 men to march to California in the U.S. conflict with Mexico.

**MAN 1:** No! What's the U.S. Government ever done for us?

**MAN 5:** Now, hang on. They're offerin' good, government gold.

**MAN 6:** Right. Listen to Brigham.

**MAN (BRIGHAM):** "This is the first offer we have ever had from the government to benefit us ... we must raise the battalion. I say it is right ... We will call out the companies, and if there are not young men enough, we will take old men, and if they are not enough, we will take women."

*(Bugle sounds. Drum begins. WOMEN take guns out of trunk and hand them to MEN, who form a line of march).*

#### **MUSICAL #4 -- THE DESERT ROUTE**

**MEN:**

WHILE HERE BENEATH THE SULTRY SKY  
OUR FAMISHED MULES AND CATTLE DIE,  
SCARCE AUGHT BUT SKIN AND BONES REMAIN  
TO FEED POOR SOLDIERS ON THE PLAIN.

CHORUS

HOW HARD TO STARVE AND WEAR US OUT  
UPON THIS SANDY DESERT ROUTE.

NOW HALF-STARVED OXEN, OVER DRILLED  
TOO WEAK TO DRAW, FOR BEEF ARE KILLED

AND GNAWING HUNGER PROMPTED MEN  
TO EAT SMALL ENTRAILS AND THE SKIN.

WE SOMETIMES NOW FOR LACK OF BREAD  
ARE LESS THAN QUARTER RATIONS FED,  
THEN SOON EXPECT FOR WANT OF MEAT  
NOT LESS THAN BROKE-DOWN MULES TO EAT.

OUR HARDSHIPS REACH THEIR ROUGH EXTREMES  
WHEN VALIANT MEN ARE ROPED WITH TEAMS,  
HOUR AFTER HOUR AND DAY BY DAY,  
TO WEAR OUR STRENGTH AND LIVES AWAY.

WE SEE SOME TWENTY MEN OR MORE  
WITH EMPTY STOMACHS AND FOOT SORE,  
BOUND TO ONE WAGON, PLODDING ON  
THROUGH SAND BENEATH THE BURNING SUN.

SOME STAND THE JOURNEY WELL,  
AND SOME ARE BY HARDSHIPS OVERCOME.  
AND THUS THE MORMONS ARE WORN OUT  
ALONG THIS LONG AND WEARY ROUTE.

**MAN 4:** "Jan. 12, 1847. Not a spear of grass and only one pint of water obtained by digging with much labor. The Colorado is over one hundred miles behind. Our provisions are nearly exhausted. The few far fetched cattle, for want of pasture, are scarcely able to walk. The feet and entrails are consumed with greediness, and sometimes hides. The flour, the pork, the coffee and the sugar have all been consumed. Beef, though poor, is all our support and at present salt cannot be obtained.

The second shirt has long since been dispensed with to appease the cravings of hunger. The fresh pieces of green hide fastened to the shoeless feet announce that shoes have ceased to be worth further service or carriage. The skin, protruding through the much-worn and tattered garments, some of which are already shirtless, covered only by their blanket, announce that we are approaching the Indian mode of dress quite fast. Some of the boys are becoming clamorous about rights and privileges. But, having witnessed the introduction of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, I heartily and cheerfully submit to my lot, hoping that my presence here and my service, though small, may be proven testimonial in favor of strengthening the ranks of the armies of Israel. Under such prospects, I would not change my present situation for the comforts of home, wife, children and friends, though blessed with their cheering smiles and warmed by all the enjoyment of my own fireside."

**MAN 5:** Say, look what's comin'!

**MAN 6:** A bull--horns fixed for us.

**MAN 3:** Well, Brigham told us the only battles we'd have would be with wild beasts. Here goes!

**MUSICAL # 5 -- THE BULLFIGHT ON THE SAN PEDRO**

**MEN:**

UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL COOK,  
WHEN PASSING DOWN SAN PEDRO'S BROOK,  
WHERE CANE-GRASS GROWING STRONG AND HIGH  
WAS WAVING AS THE BREEZE PASSED BY;  
THERE AS WE GAINED ASCENDING GROUND,  
OUT FROM THE GRASS WITH FEARFUL BOUND,  
A WILD FEROCIOUS BULL APPEARED,  
AND CHALLENGED FIGHT WITH HORNS UPREARED.

ON THE ROAD TO CALIFORNIA,  
ON OUR HARD AND TEDIOUS JOURNEY  
FAR ALONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,  
BY SAN PEDRO'S CRYSTAL FOUNTAINS.

"STOP, STOP," ONE SAID, "JUST SEE THAT BRUTE."  
"HOLD," WAS RESPONDED, "LET ME SHOOT."  
HE FLASHED BUT FAILED TO FIRE THE GUN;  
BOTH STOOD THEIR GROUND AND WOULD NOT RUN.  
THE MAN EXPLAINED, "I WANT SOME MEAT,"  
AND SAYING THUS AGAIN HE SHOT,  
AND FELLED THE CREATURE ON THE SPOT.

IT SOON AROSE TO RUN AWAY,  
AND THEN THE GUNS BEGAN TO PLAY;  
ALL HANDS AT WORK AMID THE ROAR,  
THE BULL WAS DROPPED TO RISE NO MORE,  
BUT LO, IT DID NOT END THE FIGHT--  
A FURIOUS HERD RUSHED INTO SIGHT,  
AND THEN THE BULLS AND MEN AROUND  
SEEMED ALL RESOLVED TO STAND THEIR GROUND.

IN NATURE'S PASTURE, ALL UNFENCED,  
A DREADFUL BATTLE WAS COMMENCED,  
WE KNEW OURSELVES WE MUST DEFEND,  
AND MUST TO OTHERS AID EXTEND.  
THE BULLS WITH MADDENED FURY RAGED,  
THE MEN WITH SKILLFUL WARFARE WAGED,  
THOUGH SOME FROM DANGER HAD TO FLEE,  
AND HIDE OR CLAMBER UP A TREE.

AND WHEN THE FEARFUL FIGHT WAS O'ER,  
AND SOUND OF MUSCATS HEARD NO MORE,  
AT LEAST A SCORE OF BULLS WERE FOUND  
AND TWO MULES DEAD UPON THE GROUND.  
ON THE ROAD TO CALIFORNIA  
ON OUR HARD AND TEDIOUS JOURNEY  
FAR ALONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS  
BY SAN PEDRO'S CRYSTAL FOUNTAINS.

**MAN 1:** Look--San Diego!

**MAN 2:** We did it! Our pay will see my family all the way West. (Softly) My family back at Winter Quarters.  
(*WOMEN open the trunk and men put guns back in them*).

**WOMAN 3:** Winter Quarters. Winter--with its plague of scurvy and black leg, striking first the red men, then us.

**MAN 4:** Winter--with its six hundred deaths, leaving not enough well to make the coffins.

**WOMAN 3:** Winter--twenty degrees below zero--wolves howling near the graves.

**MAN 4:** But we've worked, gathered supplies.

**WOMAN 5:** Look--the prairie begins to green.

#### **MUSICAL # 6 -- TO OUR TENTS AGAIN (A CAPELLA)**

**WOMAN 6:**

THE TIME OF WINTER NOW IS O'ER;  
THERE'S VERDURE ON THE PLAIN;  
WE LEAVE OUR SHELTR'ING ROOFS ONCE MORE,  
AND TO OUR TENTS AGAIN.

(*OTHERS join her*)

O CAMP OF ISRAEL, ONWARD MOVE,  
O JACOB, RISE AND SING;  
YE SAINTS, THE WORLD'S SALVATION PROVE,  
ALL HAIL TO ZION'S KING.

**MAN 5:** There they go--the first company. 72 wagons, 93 horses, 52 mules, 66 oxen, 19 cows, 17 dogs, and a few cooped-in chickens!

**MAN 6:** Our turn now. Line up. Move on.

**ALL:** Move on!

**WOMAN 3:** "Life on the plains cannot be very well described with such a pen as mine nor imagined or appreciated by a stoic. You, my kind reader, will never know the sports and vicissitudes, joys and fears, gladness and disappointment, hope and despair-yoking up half wild oxen every morning, staking down the tent every night, picking up buffalo chips to cook the food, loading and unloading boxes and bedding mornings and evenings, in the saddle or on foot, guarding the stock every night and driving loose cattle in

the day, digging trenches around the tents to keep from being drowned by the torrents, singing the songs of Zion, mending a broken wagon, carrying on your back across some deep stream about 140 lbs. of female avoirdupois without losing your feet on the rocky bottom of a river, washing your clothes--everybody forgot a clothes line."

**MAN 6:** "An incident occurred our first day which at least taught me to be more careful. We drove on a turnpike road built of 2-inch plank for five miles with a ditch on either side. Brothers James Newton of Manchester and Lee of Stockport should have been on the off-side watching the teams until I became used to driving, but they left and the team ran off the road into the ditch and upset the wagon. My wife, Sister Newton, and some of their children were in the wagon and their screaming almost paralyzed me. A Mr. Haight, being a short distance ahead, rode back and seeing me standing there scared out of my wits, said, 'You d green, English cotton spinner, weaver, or whatever you are, come and help these folks out of this wagon!' I had never heard a Mormon Elder use such language before and it just paralyzed me to the spot. He repeated it again with greater emphasis. Still I stood there until Captain Brown came and put this hand on my shoulder and said, 'Brother William, let's go and assist to unload the wagon.' This aroused me from my stupor. As luck would have it no one was hurt and only the off-front standard was broken."

### **MUSICAL #7 -- WHOA, HAW, BUCK AND JERRY BOY**

#### **MEN:**

WITH A MERRY LITTLE JIG AND A GAY LITTLE SONG.  
WHOA, HAW, BUCK, AND JERRY BOY,  
WE TRUDGE OUR WAY THE WHOLE DAY LONG,  
WHOA, HAW, BUCK, AND JERRY BOY.  
WHAT THOUGH WE ARE COVERED ALL OVER 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 DAINLILY WITH HER FINGER TIPS  
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.

**MAN 1:** "On the twenty-fourth, I drove my carriage, with President Young lying on a bed in it, into the open valley, the rest of the company following. When we came out of the canyon into full view of the valley, I turned the side of my carriage around, open to the west, and President Young arose from his bed and took a survey of the country. While gazing on the scene before us, he was enraptured in vision for several minutes. He had seen the valley before in a vision, and upon this occasion he saw the future glory of Zion and Israel, as they would be planted in the valleys of the mountains.

When the vision had passed, he said. 'It is enough. This is the right place. Drive on.' So I drove to the encampment already formed by those who had come along in advance of us."

### **MUSICAL # 8 -- THIS IS THE PLACE**

#### **ALL:**

COME ALL YE PEOPLE IF YOU WANT TO HEAR  
A STORY ABOUT A BRAVE PIONEER.  
BRIGHAM YOUNG IS THE PIONEER'S NAME,  
IN THE SALT LAKE VALLEY'S WHERE HE WON HIS FAME.  
HE TOLD HIS PEOPLE ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER,  
"YOU BETTER GET READY, WE ARE LEAVING FOREVER,  
WE'LL TURN OUR FACES OUT TO THE WEST,  
DO NOT GET DISCOURAGED FOR WE'LL DO OUR BEST."

BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE WESTERN PIONEER,  
BRIGHAM YOUNG WON A NOBLE RACE.  
BRIGHAM YOUNG MADE A BROAD STATEMENT  
WHEN HE RAISED UPON HIS ELBOW AND SAID,  
"THIS IS THE PLACE."

FROM GERMANY AND HOLLAND, DENMARK, SWEDEN, FRANCE AND WALES,  
JOHNNY BULL AND SCOTCH AND IRISH WITH THEIR CLEVER IRISH TALES,  
HE PUT THEM IN A MELTING POT--I GIVE HIM MANY THANKS,  
WHEN HE STIRRED 'EM UP A LITTLE BIT THEY ALL WERE YANKS.

HE SAYS, "REPAIR YOUR WAGONS, YOUR CARRIAGES AND CARTS,  
SHOE YOUR HORSES, MULES AND OXEN, WE ARE ABOUT TO START.  
MAKE ROADS THROUGH THE VALLEYS AND BRIDGES O'ER THE RIVERS,"  
AND THEY HAD TO TRAVEL SLOW BECAUSE THEY NEVER HAD A FLIVVER.

THEY REACHED SALT LAKE VALLEY ON JULY THE TWENTY-FOURTH,

A THOUSAND MILES THEY TRAVELED--THEY WERE VERY TIRED, OF COURSE.  
THEIR LEADER WAS SICK, WEARINESS WAS ON HIS FACE,  
BUT HE RAISED UPON HIS ELBOW AND SAID, "THIS IS THE PLACE."

SOME WENT TO CALIFORNIA, THEY WOULDN'T HEED ADVICE,  
THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO PROSPER, WERE AS POOR AS CHURCH MICE.  
SOME JOINED THE OTHER CHURCHES AND I HAVE A LITTLE HUNCH  
THEY WISHED THE HECK THEY'D NEVER QUIT THE BRIGHAM YOUNG BUNCH.

**WOMAN (IRENE):** "Great Salt Lake City, March 5th, 1848. Cousin Ophelia, having a little leisure from domestic cares I thought I would write you a few lines knowing you would be very anxious to hear from us. We are all well contented and happy. We have a log house made of hewed logs sixteen by eighteen and covered with planks and slabs. Our fireplace is made of clay pounded into one corner and the fireplace cut out just such shape as you please. The rest is sticks plastered outside and which makes it quite nice. We have quite a nice door made of fir boards which were sawed since we arrived. We have nothing but the boards of our wagon for floor yet. We have a window with five squares of ten by twelve glass and one of cloth pasted on. There is two beds at the east end of the room and curtains drawn across the room in front of the beds and a little chamber floor over the beds where we keep our provisions. Picture to yourself Irene sitting in such a room as this writing on her same chest which stood in her chamber in Mass. Mr. Pomeroy and Thales have gone to what is called the Cotton woods for poles to fence the land. Francelle is filling the little cream pitcher with water and washing it in the wash dish. Mother is knitting. (I will fill this page with family concerns now I have come so near to it, and tell you on the next how we came here and what kind of place it is). We have two yoke of oxen, two cows, two heifers (two years old), a pair of horses, three hens, two chickens and a dog. We have killed one yoke of oxen for beef. We expect to have a garden in front of our house. Our farming land is five or six miles from here. The houses are built adjoining each other and in the form of squares enclosing ten acres each. It was thought wisdom to have them in this manner for this season because we could better defend ourselves from all kinds of danger. When the companies arrive next summer we expect to commence a brick house. There will be a city laid out then and each building will have land for all necessary purposes and a large garden and the farming land will be with out the city. When Mother wrote you at Winter Quarters we were preparing for our journey still farther west. Thales went down into Missouri with Br. Wallace and bought a new supply of provisions and we left Winter Quarters June 17th and I can assure you we passed through a variety of scenes a distance of ten hundred and sixty miles from Winter Quarters. Rivers, brooks, mudholes, mountains, plains, woods, broken wagons, Indians, buffaloes, wolfs, deer, antelope, wild dogs, bears, etc. The Indians were very friendly. They do not hurt if we kept strong guard out so they could not steal our horses and cattle in the night. We passed through some places where it was almost impossible, mountains of cragged rocks seeming as it were bending over us on either side of the road, at another time we would be on the side of a mountain, below us on one side of the road 50 or 100 feet straight down as Grandmother says, on the other side of a mountain and seeming every moment as if the wagon would be upset. This was the last part of the road. The first 1000 miles was mostly prairies, see nothing but land as far as the eye could reach; You can look on the map and see where we came; We came nearly the whole length of the Platte river and camped on its bank most every night. We walked a great part of the way where there were bad roads (Catherine says tell them I could walk 10 or 15

miles per day). We generally traveled from 10 to 15 miles in a day, sometimes 20 and once or twice 25. We did not travel Sundays, on the whole we had quite a pleasant journey. We would (about half a dozen) go on ahead of the wagons, find some place of curiosity and wait for the teams to come up. How many many times mother and I would say how Aunt Samantha would love to see this and that. Grandmother might have come if she had thought so. There is some older than she here.

There was about 600 wagons came last summer. Such only came as could buy provisions, the rest stayed to raise it. We expect a much larger company this season. Well, after all this long journey, when we were coming over mountains and between them all at once a little narrow passage between the mountains (called a canyion, I think I have not spelled it right) opened into a beautiful valley. This is our place of residence. It is in the midst of the rocky mountains surrounded on every side by impassable mts. and just one passage in and another on the west side which will not take much labor to stop an army of ten thousand. Now let the mobbers rage. I wish you would come and stay with us. You would if you (could) see the future. We know this is true, what you call Mormonism. If we ever meet in the resurrection you cannot say I never told you. I know it is truth, and I say it by the spirit of God. I would die in one minute for this gospel if necessary or required of the Lord.

There is a large salt lake lying in the northwest part of the valley. Its water is more highly impregnated with salt than that of the ocean. They can shovel up bushels of coarse salt on the bank. The mountains near the city are covered with vegetation. Streams of beautiful water run from the mountains and empty into a river called Jordon which empties into salt lake. Some of the mountains are covered with perpetual snow. The climate is thought to be warmer here than in New England. The winter has been very pleasant. Feed for cattle all winter.

People have commenced plowing and planting some, but it freezes a little at night. We have not had any snow to last long. There are some maple trees here, poplar, fir, cotton wood, oak, birch, spruce and a species of hemlock. You have heard of dressing in skins. I will send you a specimen. Francis has a coat and pantaloons and Thales pantaloons. We can wash it and stretch it while it dries. Francelle has been putting my ink on her hair calling it oil. I know you are a good scholar so I think you can read this. I have not time to read my letter; you must guess at what is not here. Love to all who know us."

**MAN 4:** "Our provisions beginning to give out. My family went several months without a satisfying meal of victuals. I went sometimes a mile up Jordon to a patch of wild roses to get the berries to each which I would eat as rapidly as a hog, stems and all. I shot hawks and crows and they ate well. I would go and search the mire holes and find cattle dead and fleece off what I could and eat it. We used wolf meat, which I thought was good. I made some wooden spades to dig seagoes with, but we could not supply our wants."

## **MUSICAL #9 -- SEGO LILY**

**WOMEN:** (*Quickly put on pinafores from trunk*)

GREETINGS TO THEE, SEGO LILY,  
SACRED EMBLEM BREATHING GOOD CHEER,  
BLOSSOM OF THE SAGEBRUSH DESERT  
LENDING US THY BLESSING DEAR.

TELL ME, SEGO, OF THY STORY,  
WHEN THOU DID FIRST GRACE THESE HILLS,  
WHOSE EYES WERE THE FIRST TO SEE YOU,  
WHO THE FIRST TO KNOW THY THRILLS?  
WHEN GOD'S ALL-CREATING POWER  
PLACED THEE HERE IN THE DESERT FAIR,  
WAS THE FIRST SEGO LILY AS PERFECT  
AS THOU ART NOW NESTLED THERE?

DID YOU SUFFER AND OVERCOME HARDSHIP  
WHEN YOU CAME TO THIS REGION SO DREAR,  
DID GOD SEND YOU, DEAR LITTLE FLOWER,  
TO UTAH AS A PIONEER?

DID YOU FEEL A GLOW OF PLEASURE  
WHEN THE PIONEER ARRIVED  
AND YOUR ROOTS SUPPLIED THEIR HUNGER  
AS THE FOOD TILL THEY REVIVED?

ONE MORE QUESTION, SEGO LILY,  
ANSWER THIS MY LAST REQUEST,  
WILT THOU BE THERE WITH THE ANGELS  
SHOULD I CHANCE TO JOIN THE BLEST?  
*(They put the pinafores back in the trunk).*

## MUSICAL #10 -- THE SEAGULLS AND THE CRICKETS

### MEN:

THE WINTER OF FORTY-EIGHT HAD PASSED,  
THE WINTER OF HAUNTING FEARS,  
FOR FAMINE HAD KNOCKED AT THE CITY GATES  
AND THREATENED THE PIONEERS.  
BUT SPRING WITH ITS SMILING SKIES LENT GRACE  
AND CHEER TO THE HOSTS WITHIN  
AND THEY TILLED THEIR FIELDS WITH A NEW-BORN TRUST  
AND THE COURAGE TO FIGHT AND WIN.

WITH A THRILL OF LIFE THE TENDER SHOOTS  
BURST FORTH FROM THE VIRGIN PLAIN,  
AND EACH DAY ADDED ITS RAY OF HOPE  
FOR A BLESSING OF RIPENED GRAIN.  
BUT LO, IN THE EAST STRANGE CLOUDS APPEARED

AND DARK BECAME THE SUN  
AND DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDES THERE SWEEPED  
A SCOURGE THAT THE BOLDEST SHUN.

BLACK CRICKETS BY TENS OF MILLIONS CAME  
LIKE FOG ON THE BRITISH COAST,  
AND THE FINGER OF DEVASTATION MARKED  
ITS COURSE ON THE MORMON HOST.  
WITH A VIGOR THAT DESPERATION FANNED  
THEY BATTLED AND SMOTE AND SLEW,  
BUT THE CLOUDS STILL GATHERED AND BROKE AFRESH  
TILL THE FIELDS THAT WAVED WERE FEW.

WITH VISIONS OF FAMINE AND WANT AND WOE  
THEY PRAYED FROM HEARTS SINCERE  
WHEN LO, FROM THE WEST CAME OTHER CLOUDS  
TO SUCCOR THE PIONEERS.  
'T WAS SEAGULLS FEATHERED IN ANGEL WHITE,  
AND ANGELS THEY WERE FORSOOTH.  
THE SEAGULLS THERE BY THE THOUSANDS CAME  
TO BATTLE IN VERY TRUTH.

THEY CHARGED DOWN UPON THE CRICKET HOARDES  
AND GORGING THEM DAY AND NIGHT  
THEY ROUTED THE DEVASTATING HOSTS  
AND THE CRICKETS WERE PUT TO FLIGHT.  
AND HEADS WERE BOWED AS THEY THANKED THEIR GOD  
AND THEY REAPED WHILE THE DEVIL RAVED.  
THE HARVEST WAS GARNERED TO SONGS OF PRAISE  
AND THE PIONEERS WERE SAVED.