

“From Mother Lucy to
Eliza Sharp March 27th 1867.”

Child of my love, I often hear
Thy intercessions deep,
For Zion, & her little Ones
I've seen thy spirits weep!
For this my blessing shall be thine
My tears with thine shall flow
And every One, who're toiling on
For Victory here below.

I lov'd thee first in distant Lands
When sorrow mark'd thy way
Thro' dangerous billows, where the foe
Was lurking for his prey!
I saw thy firm undaunted steps
With courage bravely stand
When the destroyer's cruel force
Approach'd thy little Band!

Again thy troubl'd spirit bow'd
To Wisdom's Throne of Light
Besought her aid, Her Mantle pure
Her arm of Power and might;
From thence a cloud did o'er thee rest
Wherein a voice was heard
'Daughter! Arise, be comforted
'My power you've lov'd & fear'd'

When Friends forsook thee, near & dear
Their holy Birthrights sold
I saw thee rind their garments vile
And cast them from the Fold,
Thus stands thy record Faithful one
Devoted to the cause
A loyal Friend to Zion's Queen
Supporter of her Laws.

From thy Mother Lucy.”