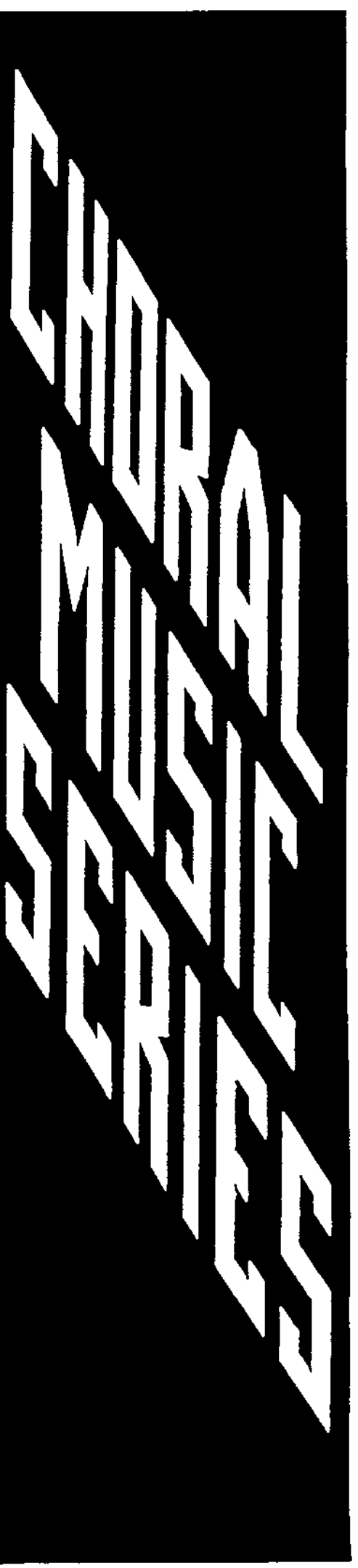


SSA
379
$3.50

Listen to Counsel
(The Saga of Haun's Mill)

For SSA Chorus & Reader

Words and Music by

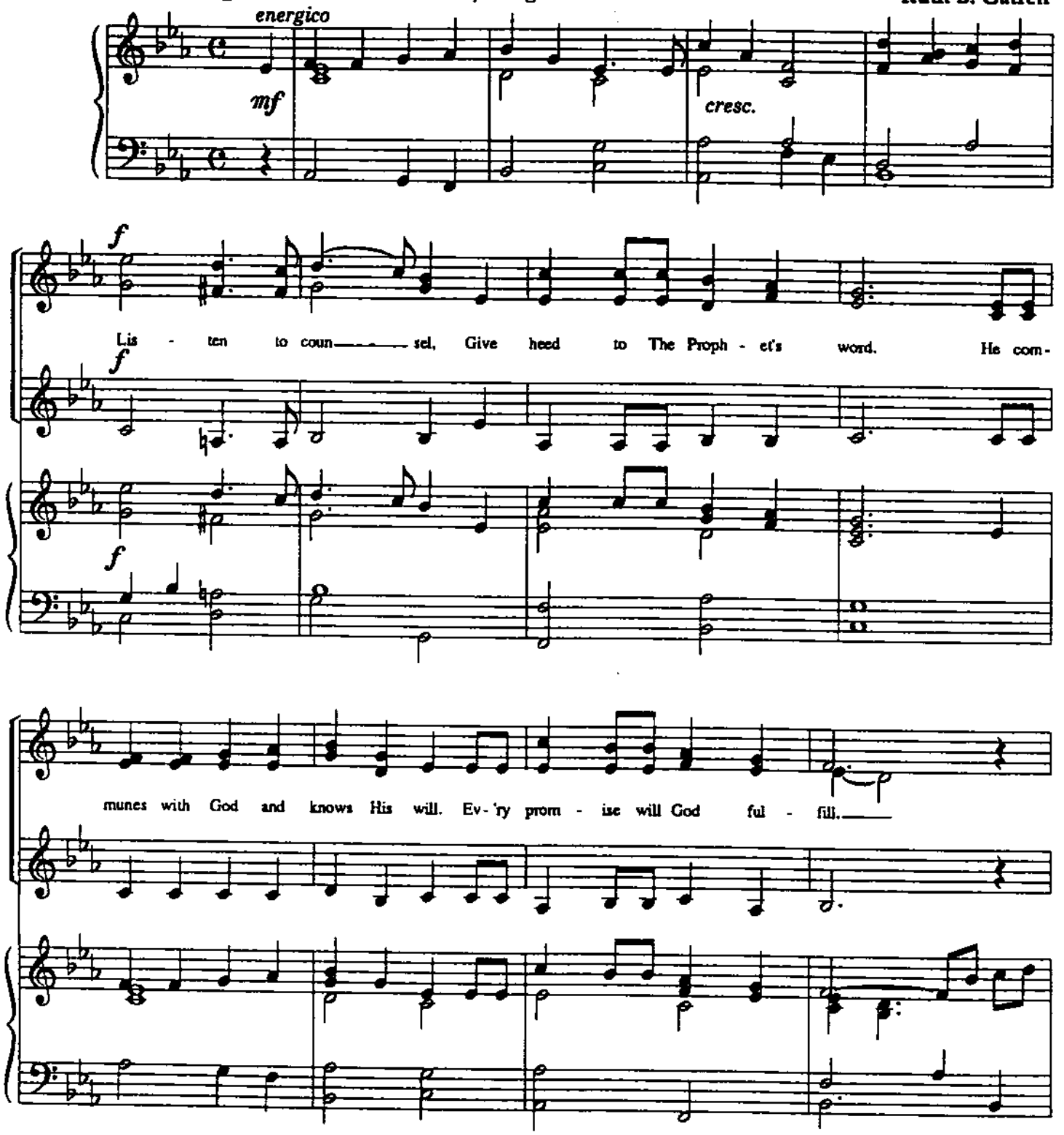
Ruth B. Gatrell

Gatrell Publishing Co.
40 North 100 West, Box 586
Farmington, Utah 84025

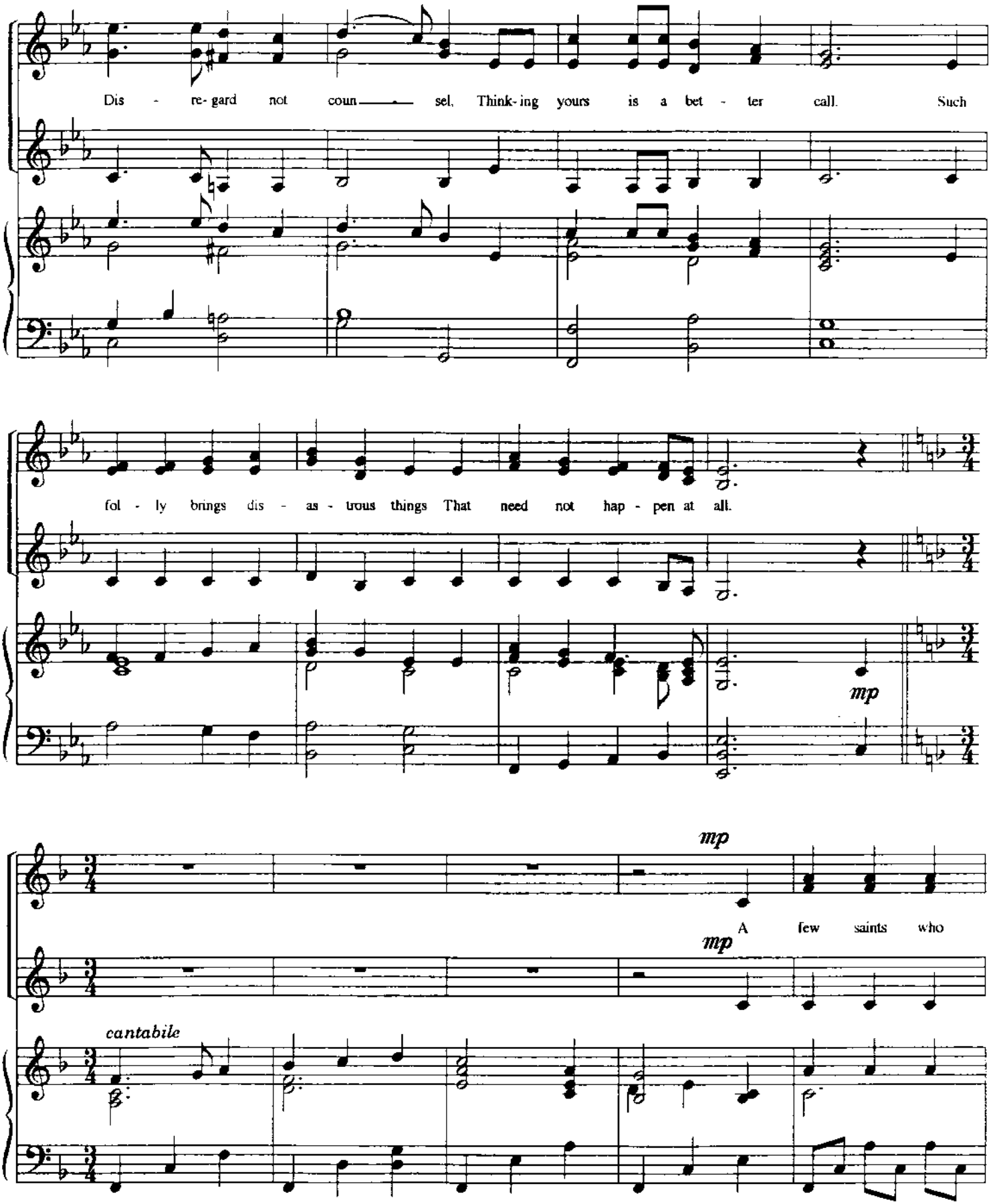
Listen to Counsel
(The Saga of Haun's Mill)

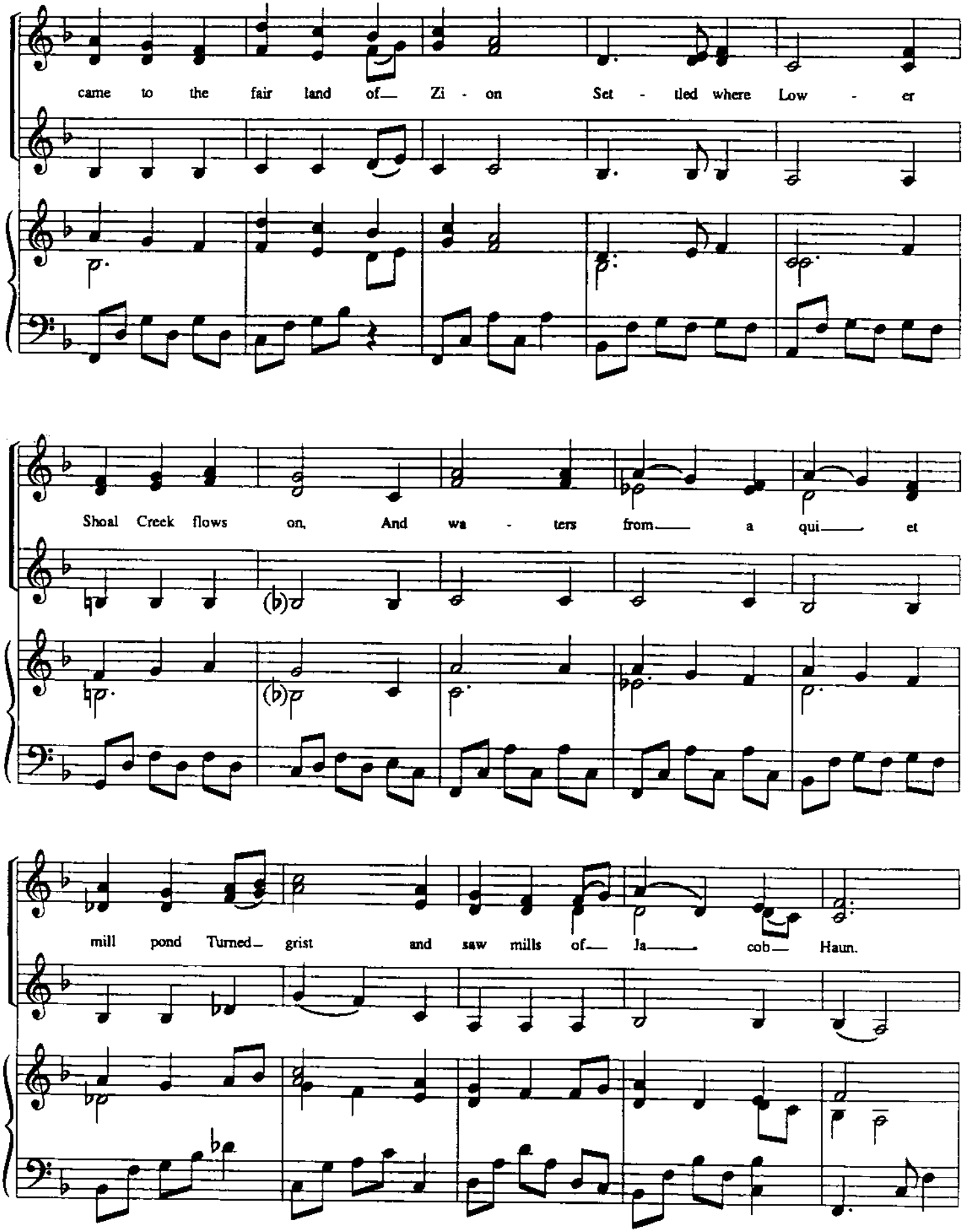
For SSA Chorus and Reader

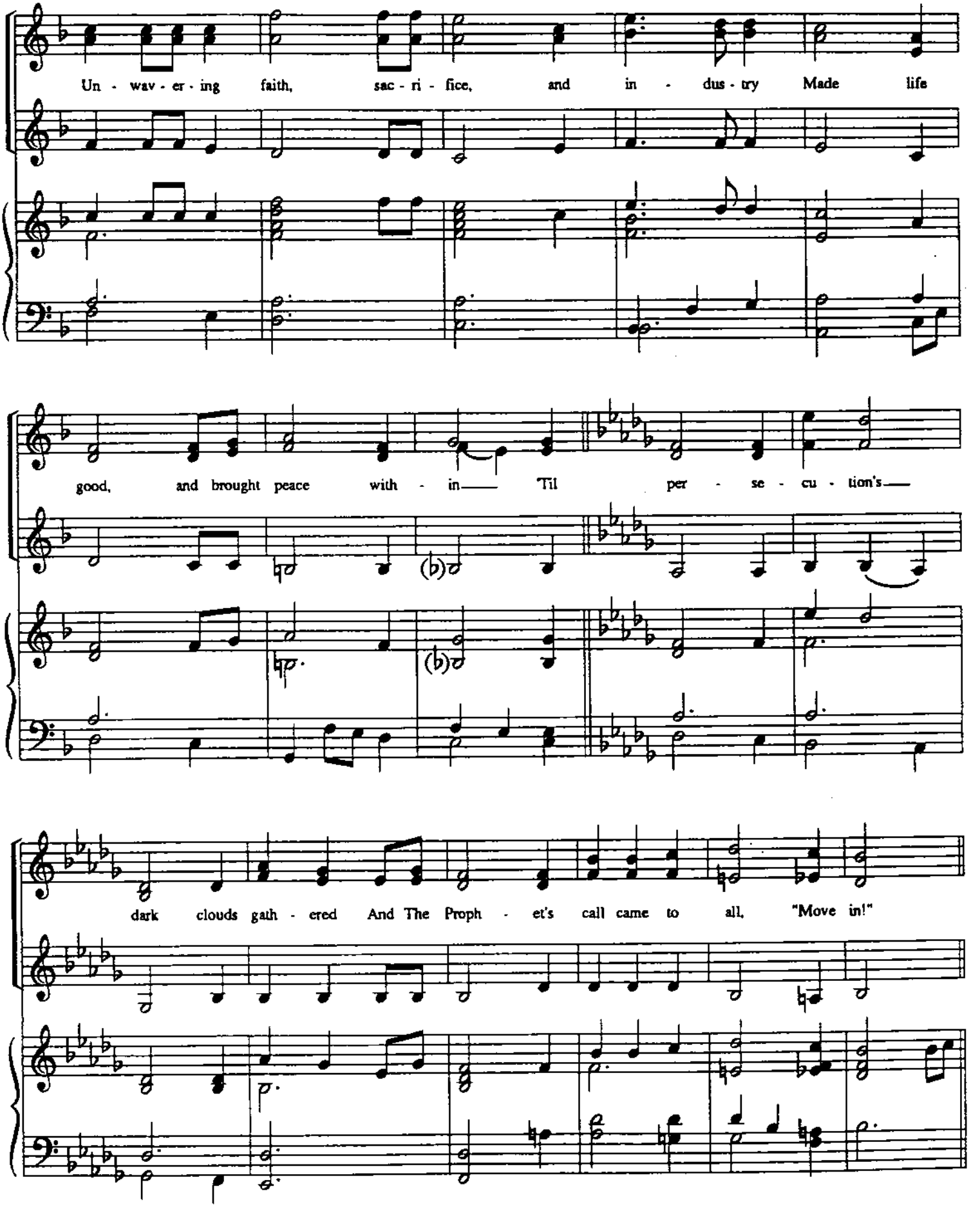
Words and Music by
Ruth B. Gatrell

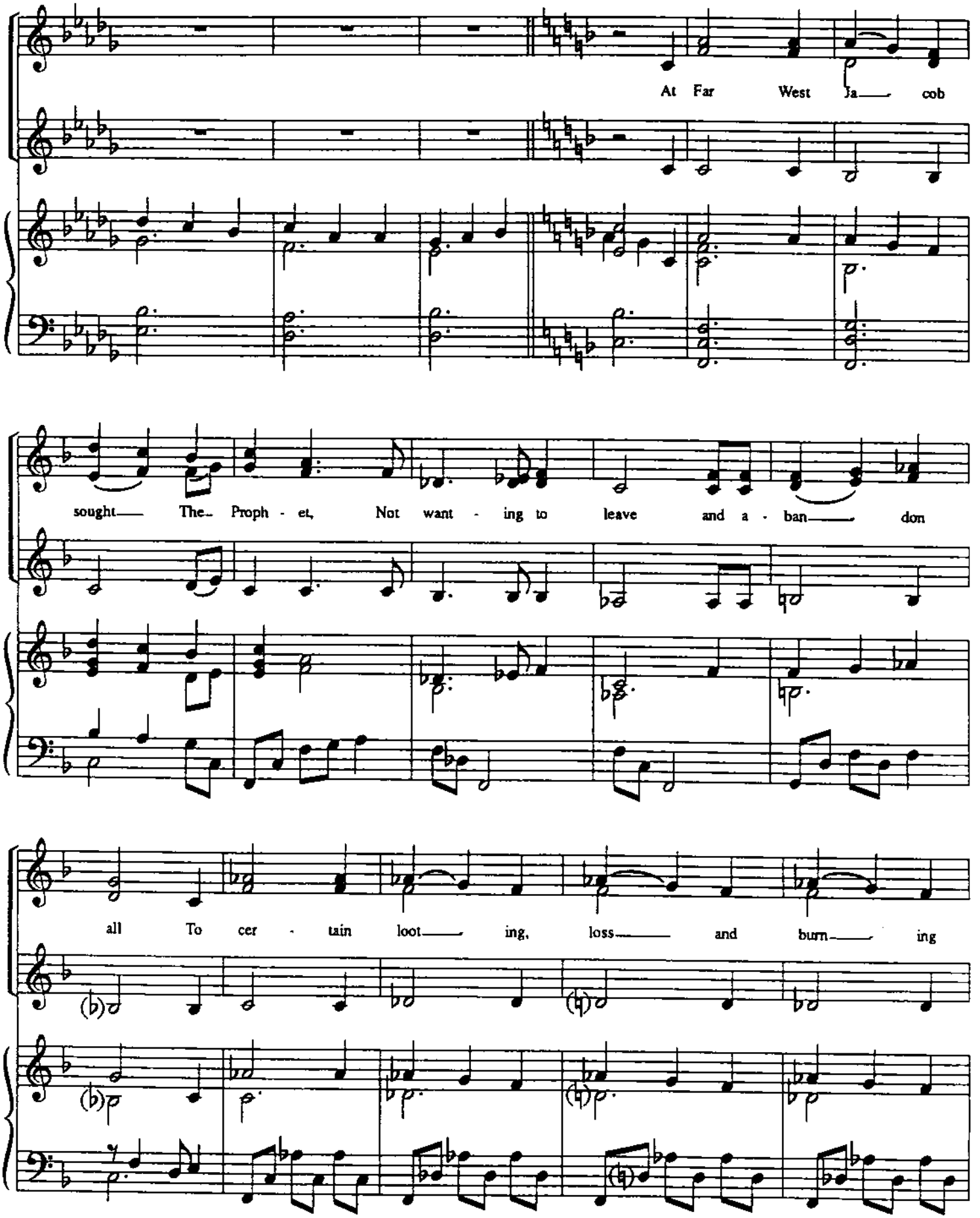


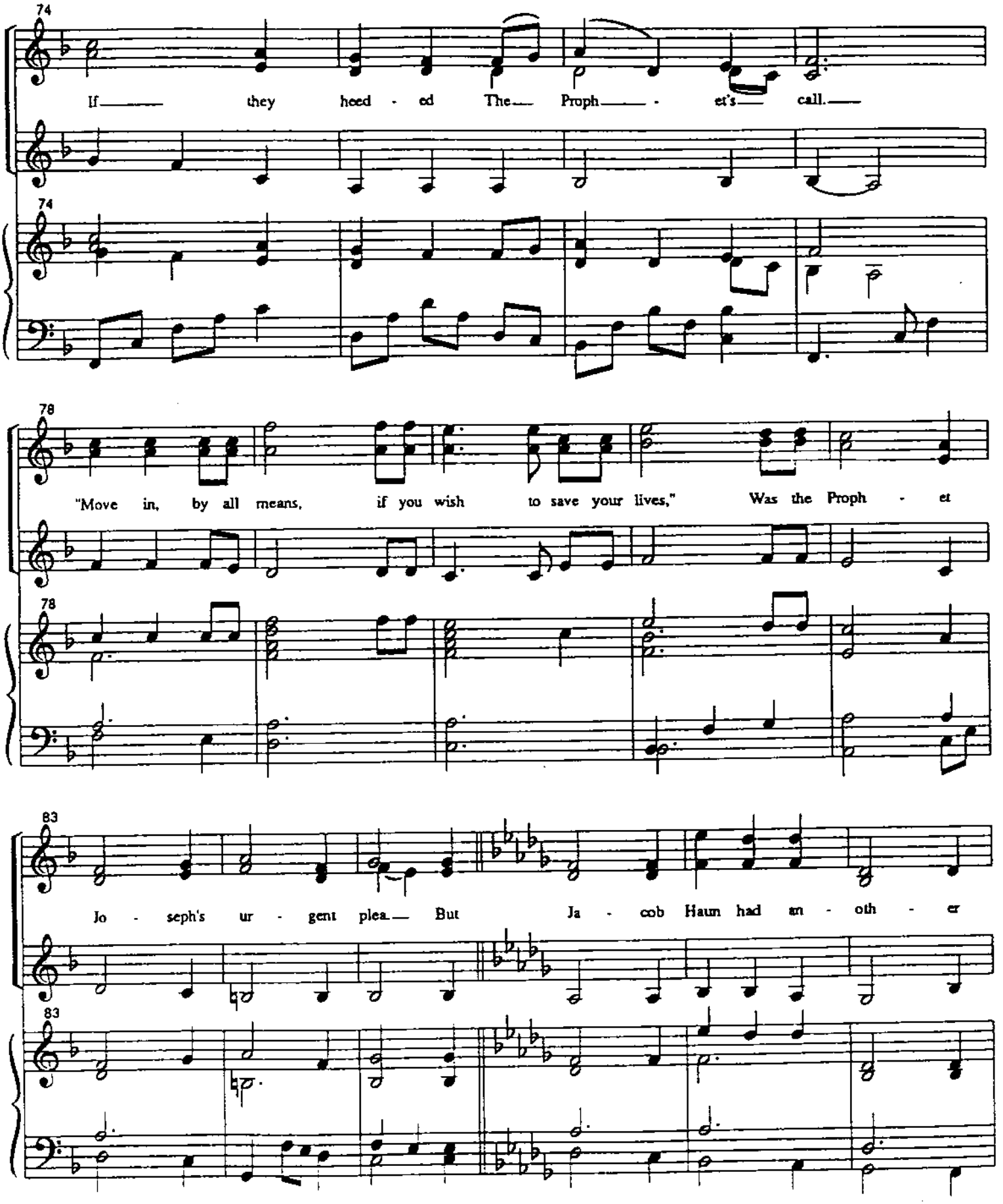
Copyright © 1997 by Ruth B. Gatrell
40 N. 100 W. Box 586 Farmington Ut. 84025 801-451-2275
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

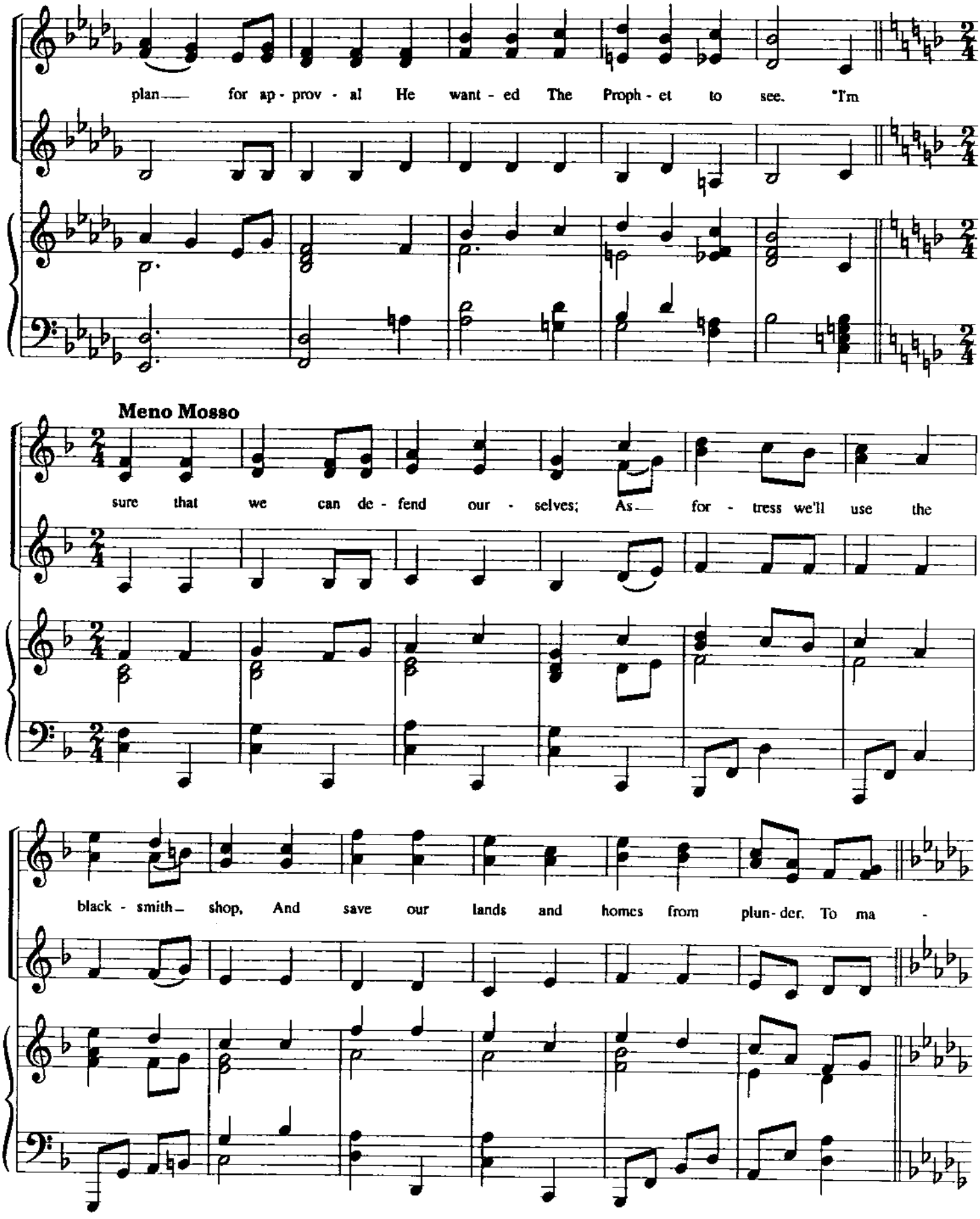

Dis - re- gard not coun — sel, Think- ing yours is a bet - ter call. Such
fol - ly brings dis - as - trous things That need not hap - pen at all.
mp
mp
A few saints who
mp
cantabile

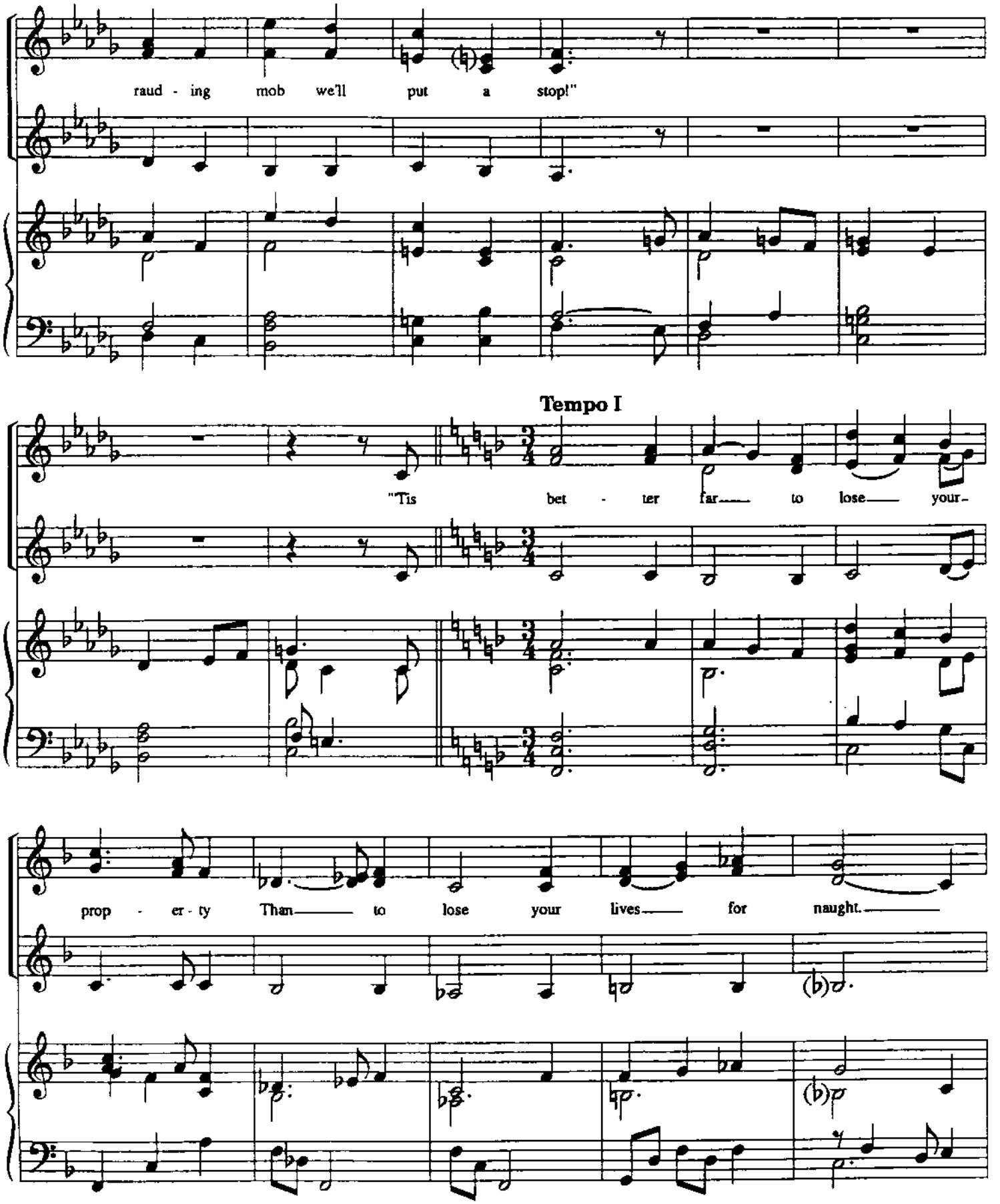

came to the fair land of— Zi - on Set - tled where Low - er
Shoal Creek flows on, And wa - ters from— a qui— et
mill pond Turned— grist and saw mills of— Ja— cob— Haun.

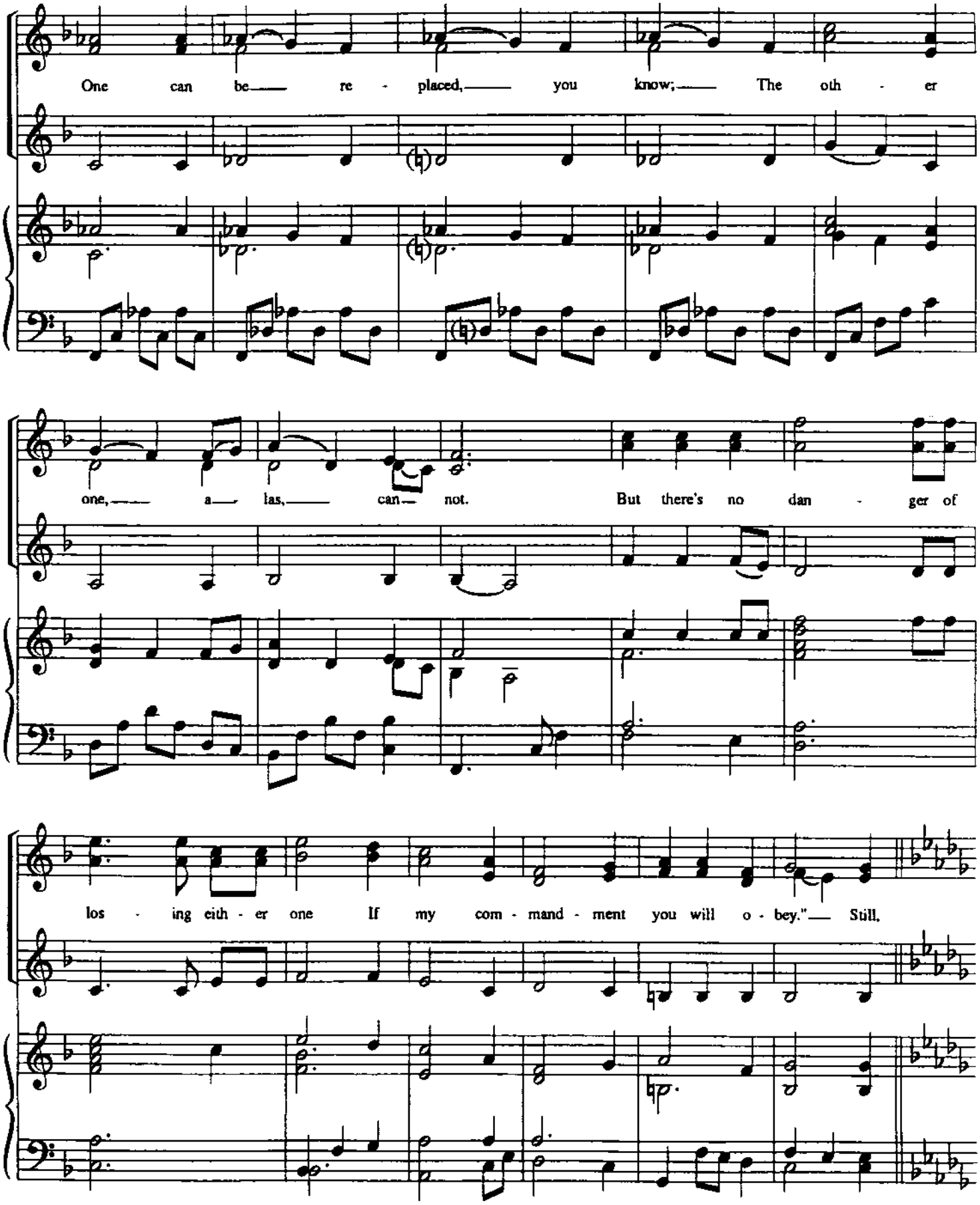

Un - wav - er - ing faith, sac - ri - fice, and in - dus - try Made life
good, and brought peace with - in— 'Til per - se - cu - tion's—
dark clouds gath - ered And The Proph - et's call came to all, "Move in!"

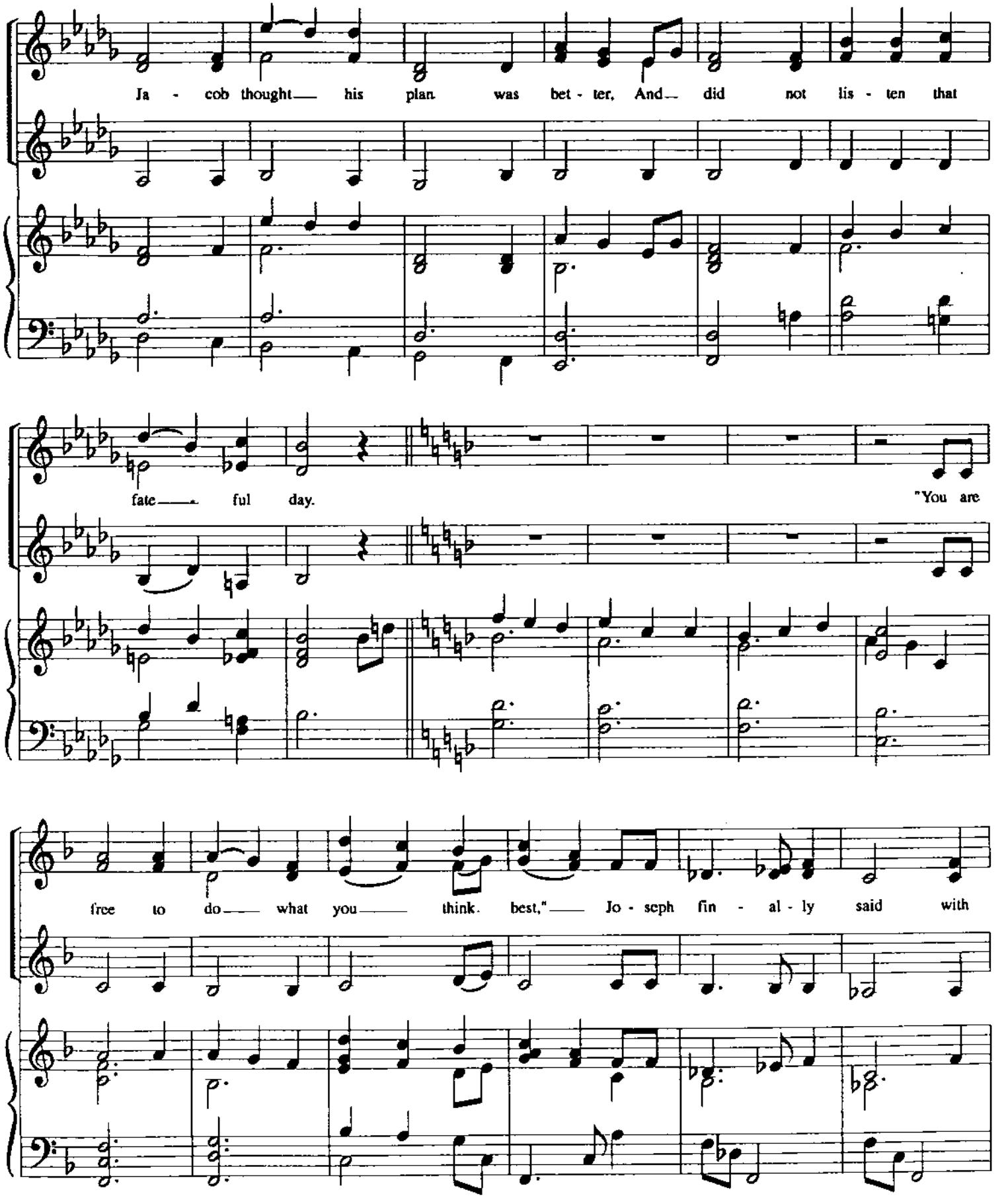

At Far West Ja— cob
sought— The— Proph - et, Not want - ing to leave and a - ban— don
all To cer - tain loot— ing, loss— and burn— ing

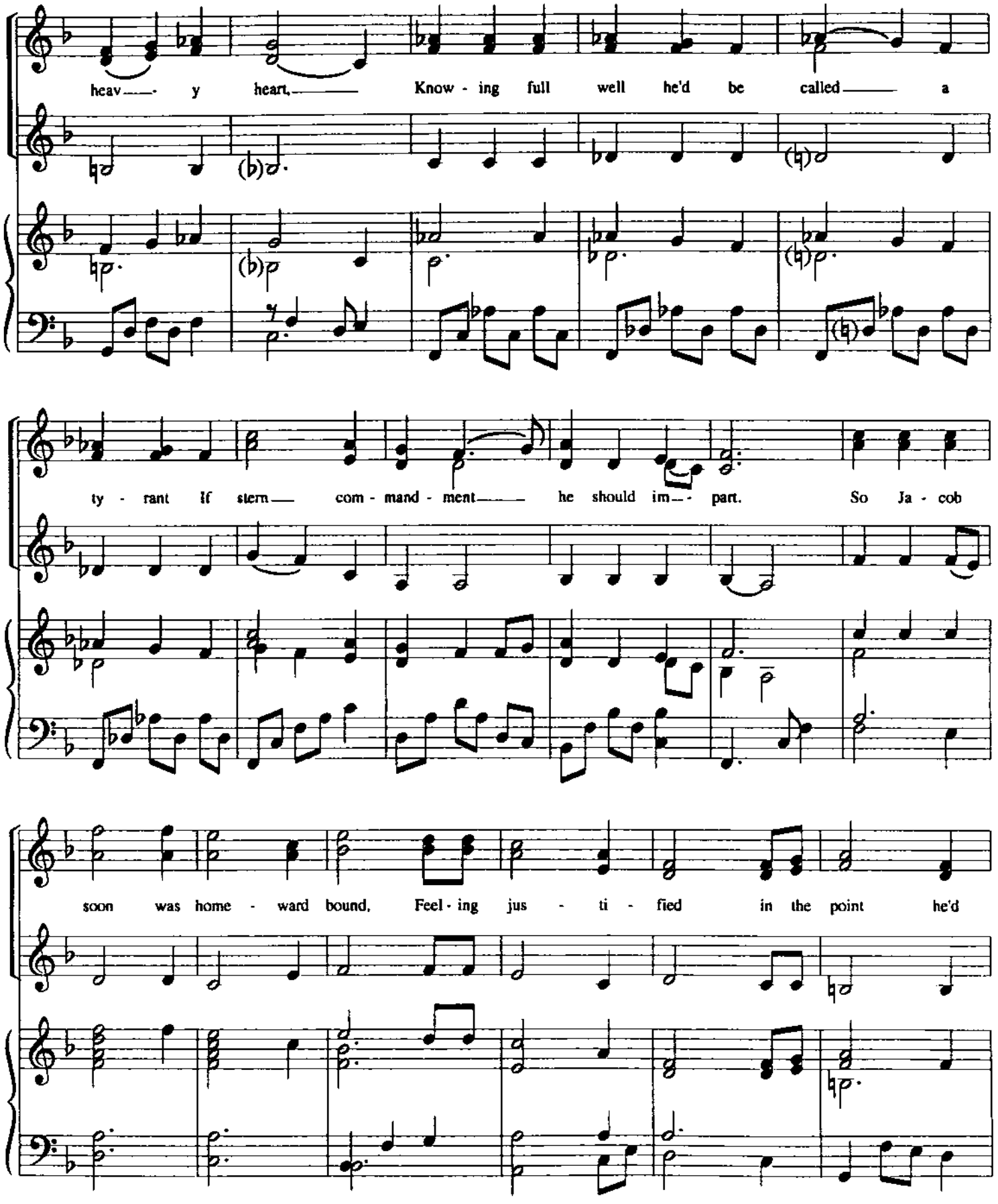

74
If they heed - ed The Proph - et's call.
74
78
"Move in, by all means, if you wish to save your lives," Was the Proph - et
78
83
Jo - seph's ur - gent plea. But Ja - cob Haun had an - oth - er
83

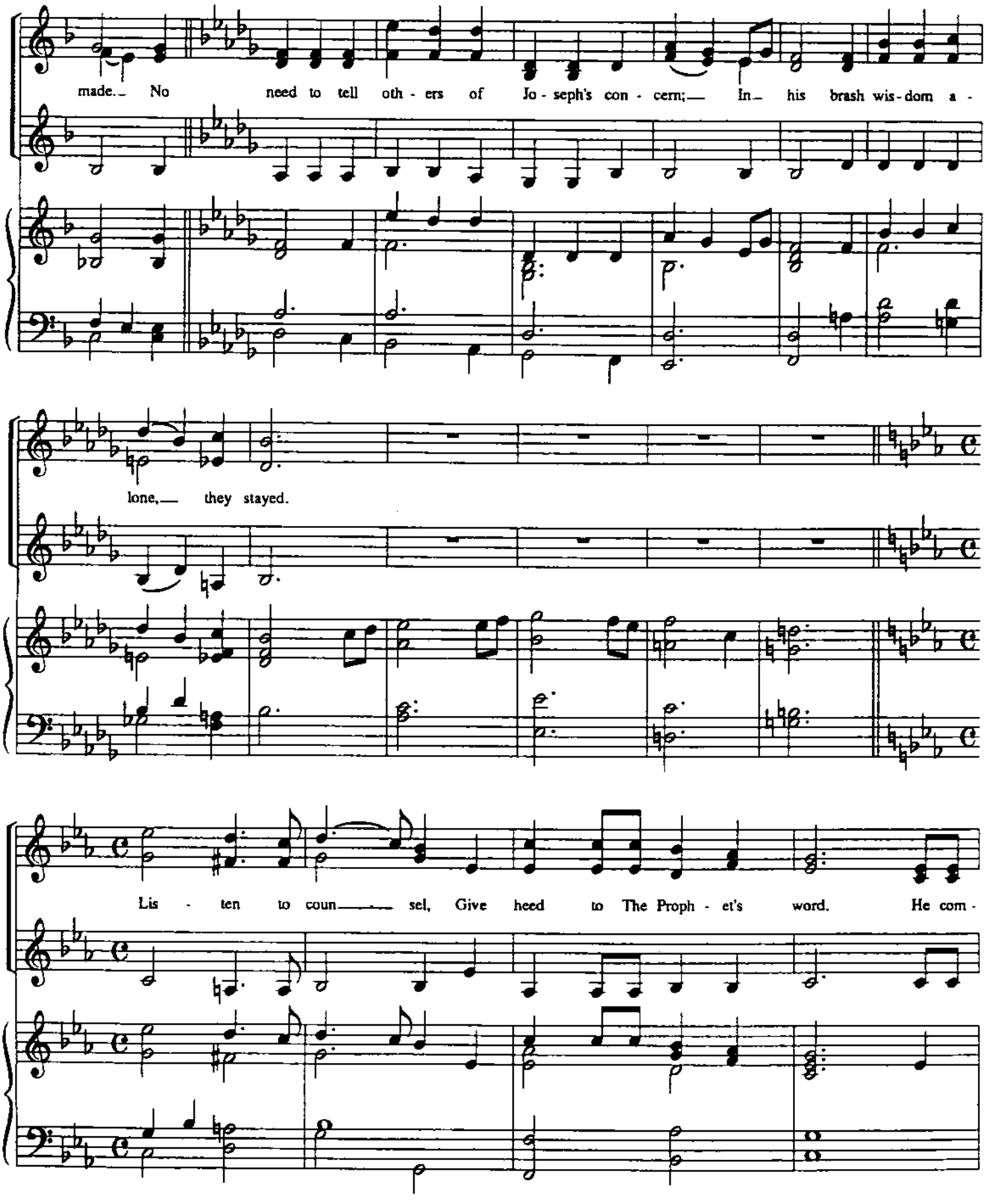

plan— for ap - prov - al He want - ed The Proph - et to see. "I'm
Meno Mosso
sure that we can de - fend our - selves; As— for - tress we'll use the
black - smith— shop, And save our lands and homes from plun - der. To ma -

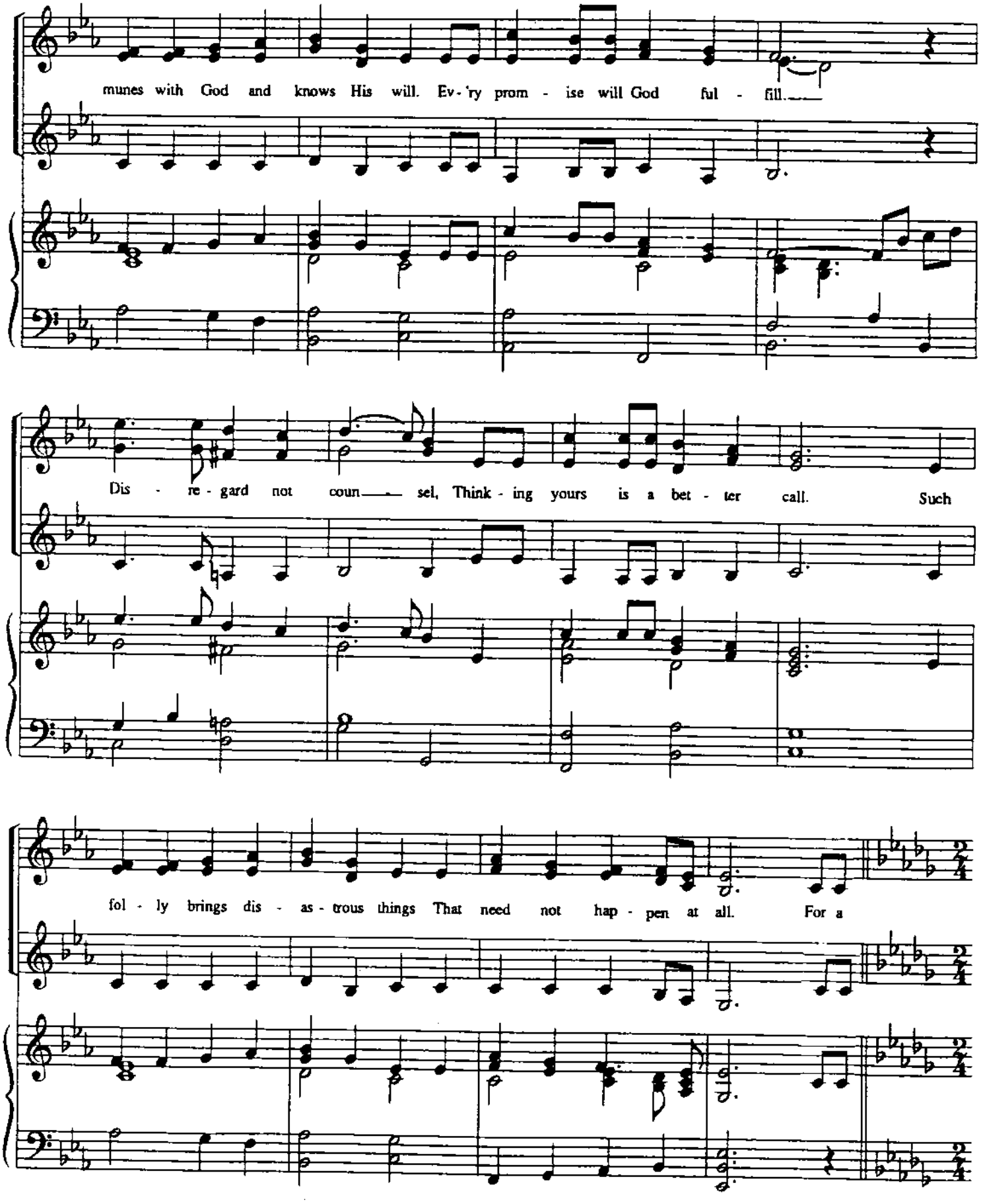

raud - ing mob we'll put a stop!"
Tempo I
"Tis bet - ter far to lose your-
prop - er - ty Than to lose your lives for naught.

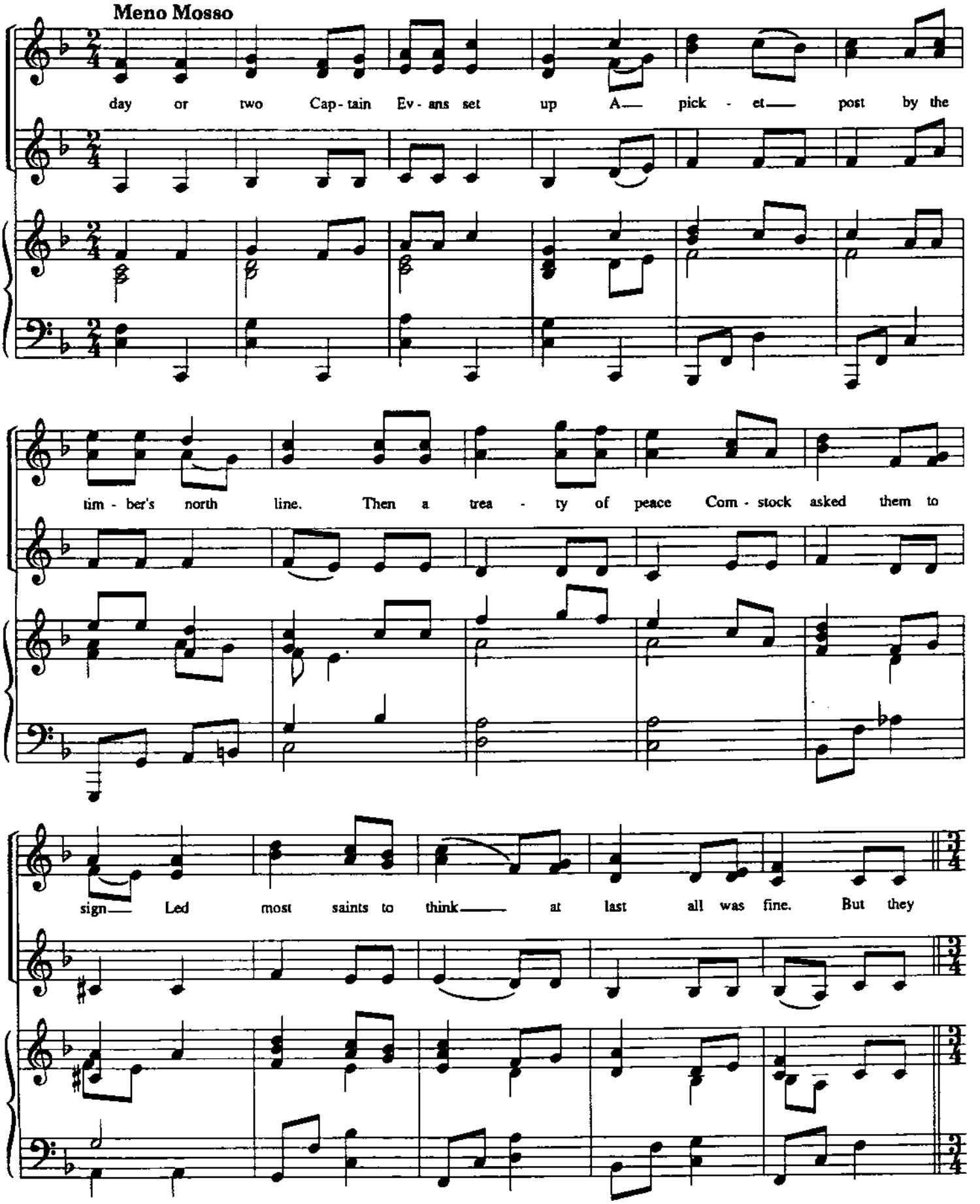

One can be re - placed, you know; The oth - er
one, a las, can not. But there's no dan - ger of
los - ing eith - er one If my com - mand - ment you will o - bey." Still,

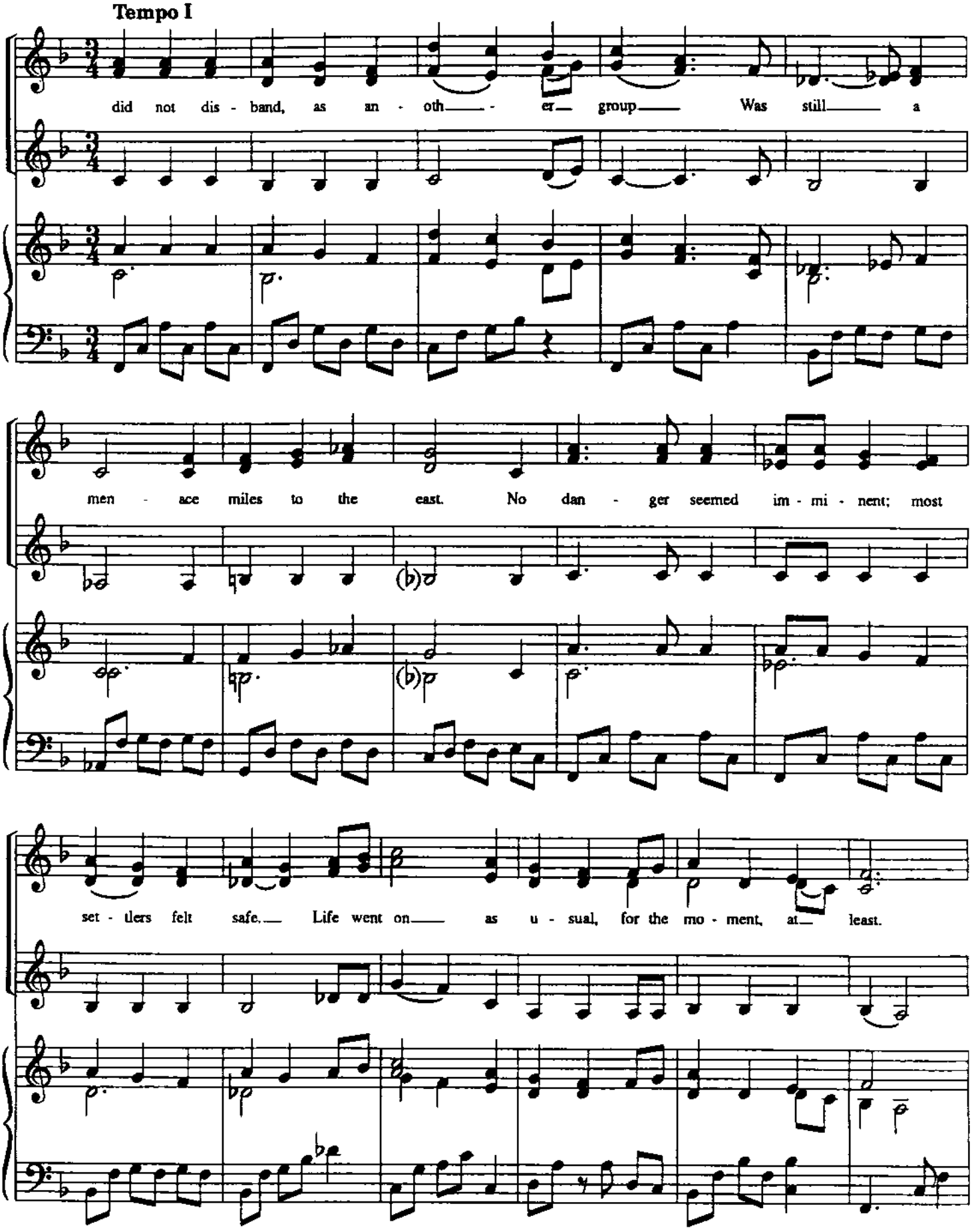

Ja - cob thought his plan was bet - ter, And did not lis - ten that
fate ful day. "You are
free to do what you think best," Jo - seph fin - al - ly said with

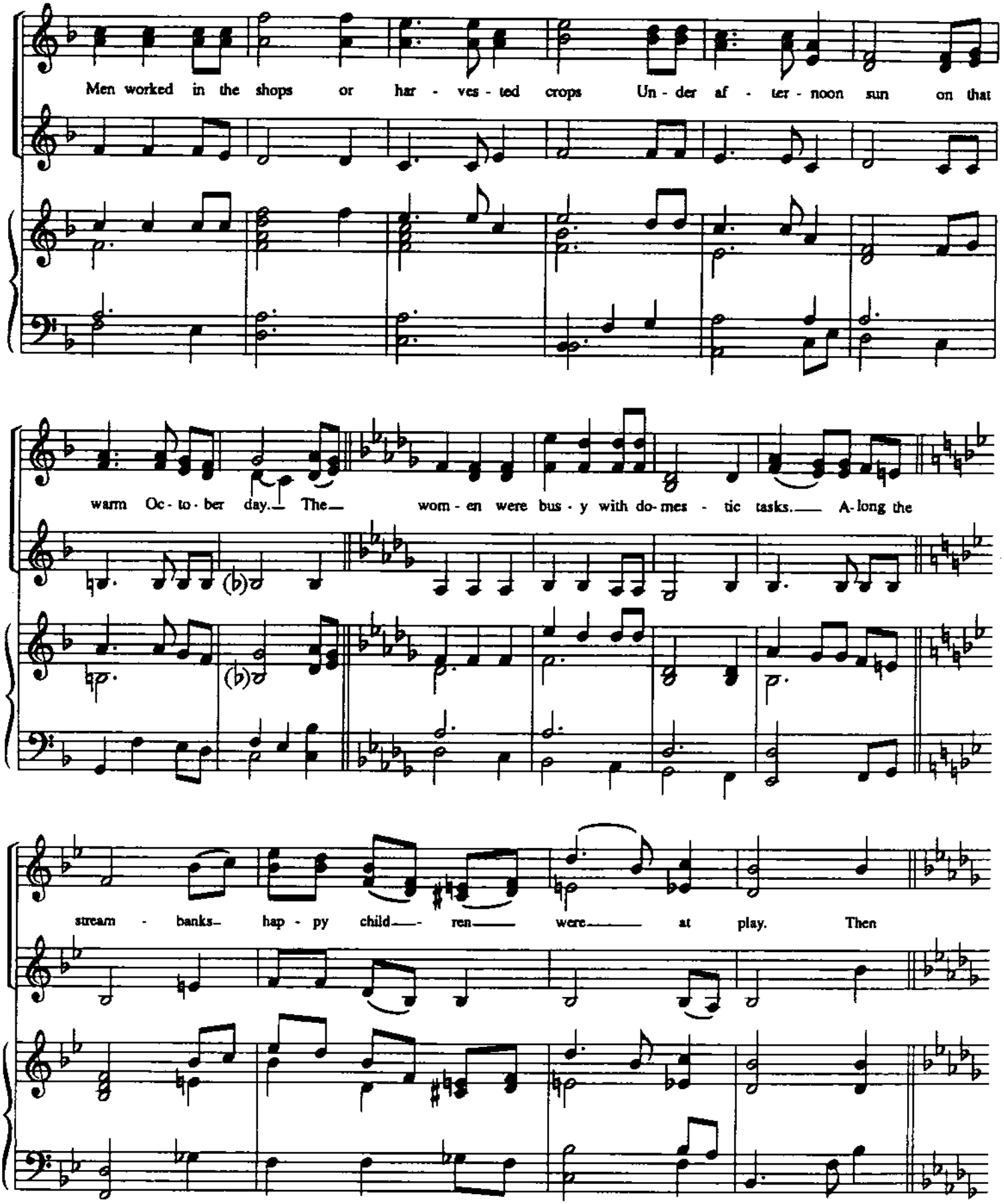

heav - y heart, Know - ing full well he'd be called a
ty - rant If stern com - mand - ment he should im - part. So Ja - cob
soon was home - ward bound, Feel - ing jus - ti - fied in the point he'd

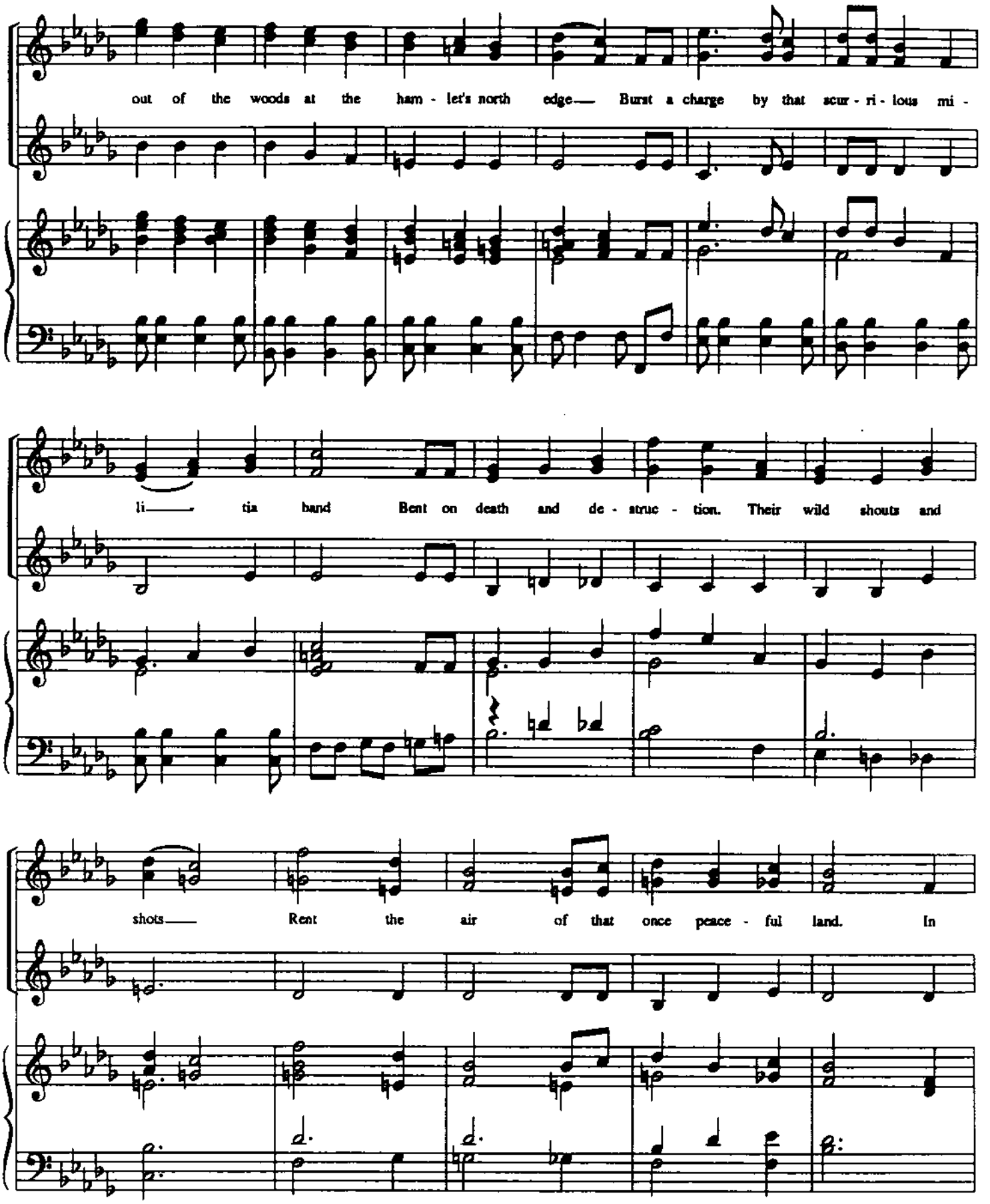

made. No need to tell oth - ers of Jo - seph's con - cern; In his brash wis - dom a -
lone, they stayed.
Lis - ten to coun - sel, Give heed to The Proph - et's word. He com -

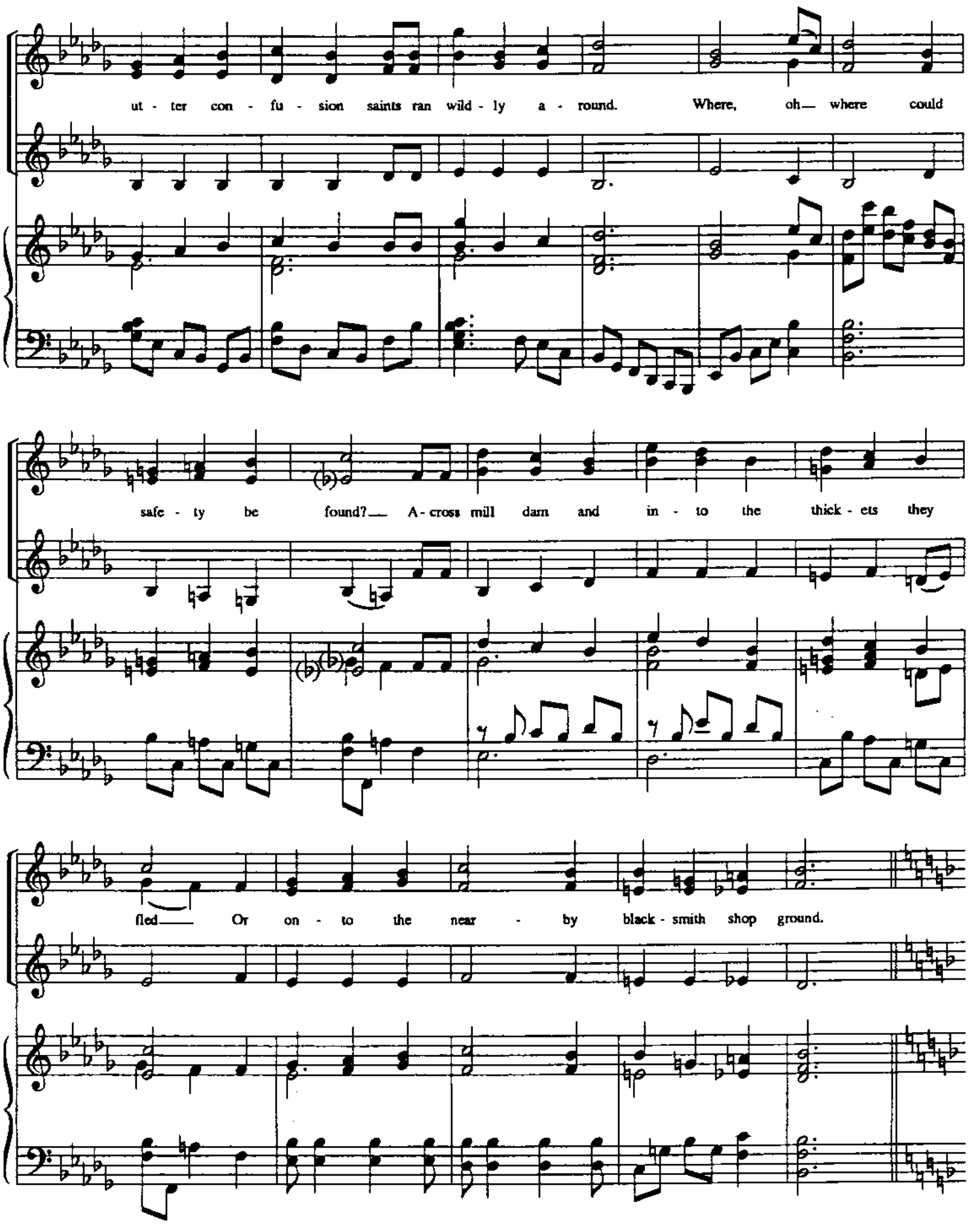

munes with God and knows His will. Ev-'ry prom - ise will God ful - fill.
Dis - re - gard not coun — sel, Think - ing yours is a bet - ter call. Such
fol - ly brings dis - as - trous things That need not hap - pen at all. For a

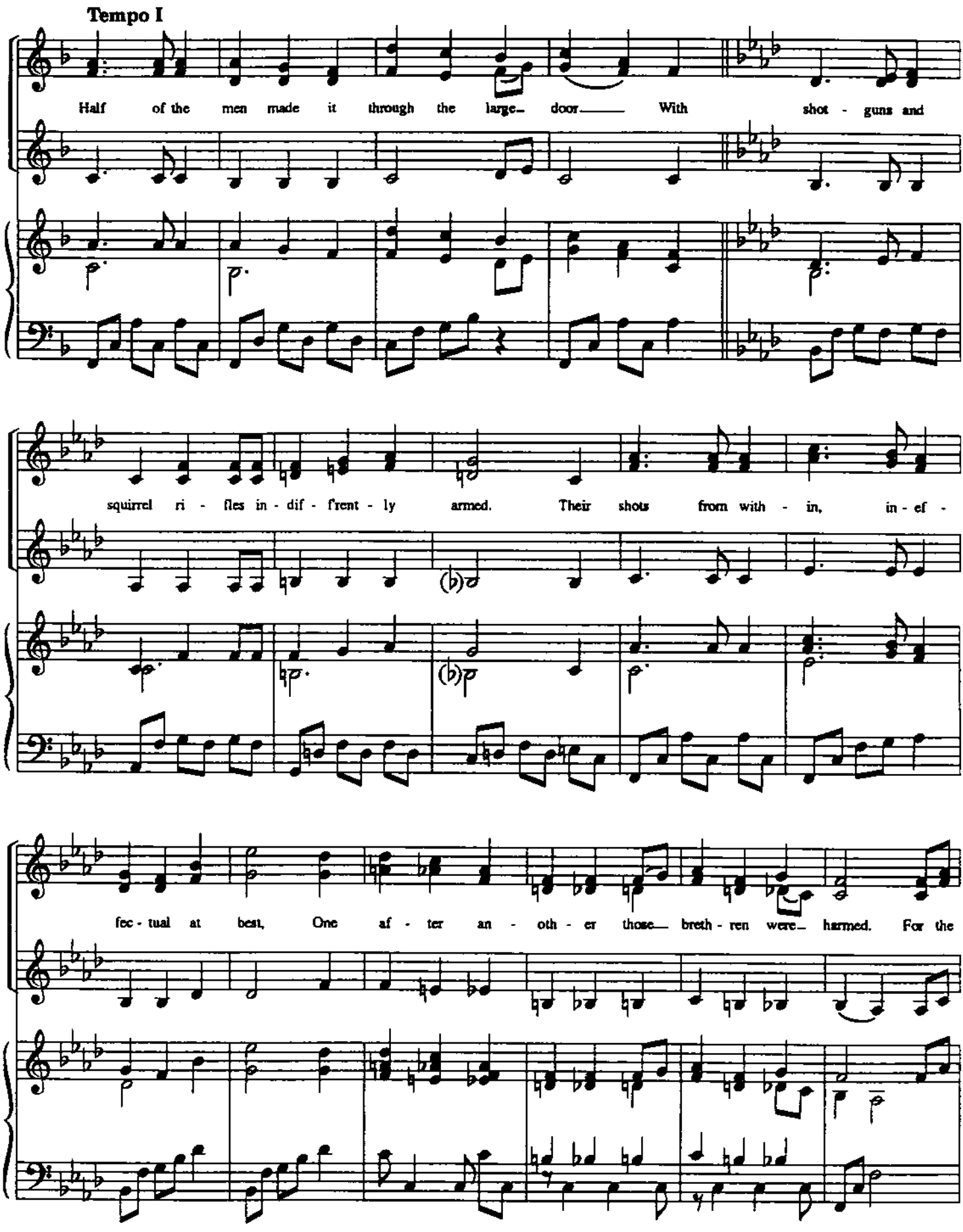

Meno Mosso
day or two Cap - tain Ev - ans set up A— pick - et— post by the
tim - ber's north line. Then a trea - ty of peace Com - stock asked them to
sign— Led most saints to think— at last all was fine. But they

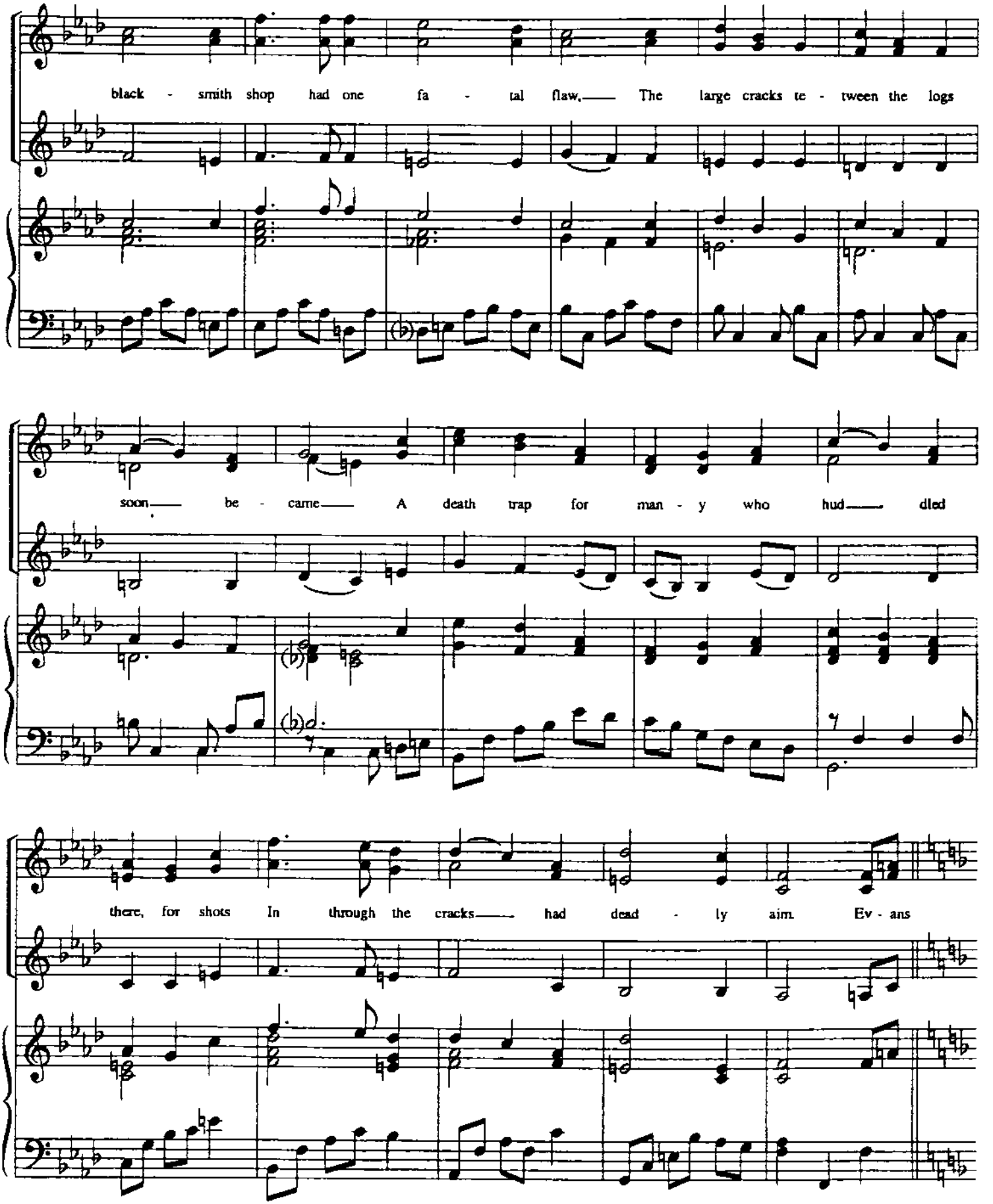

Tempo I
did not dis - band, as an - oth - er group Was still a
men - ace miles to the east. No dan - ger seemed im - mi - nent; most
set - tlers felt safe. Life went on as u - sual, for the mo - ment, at least.

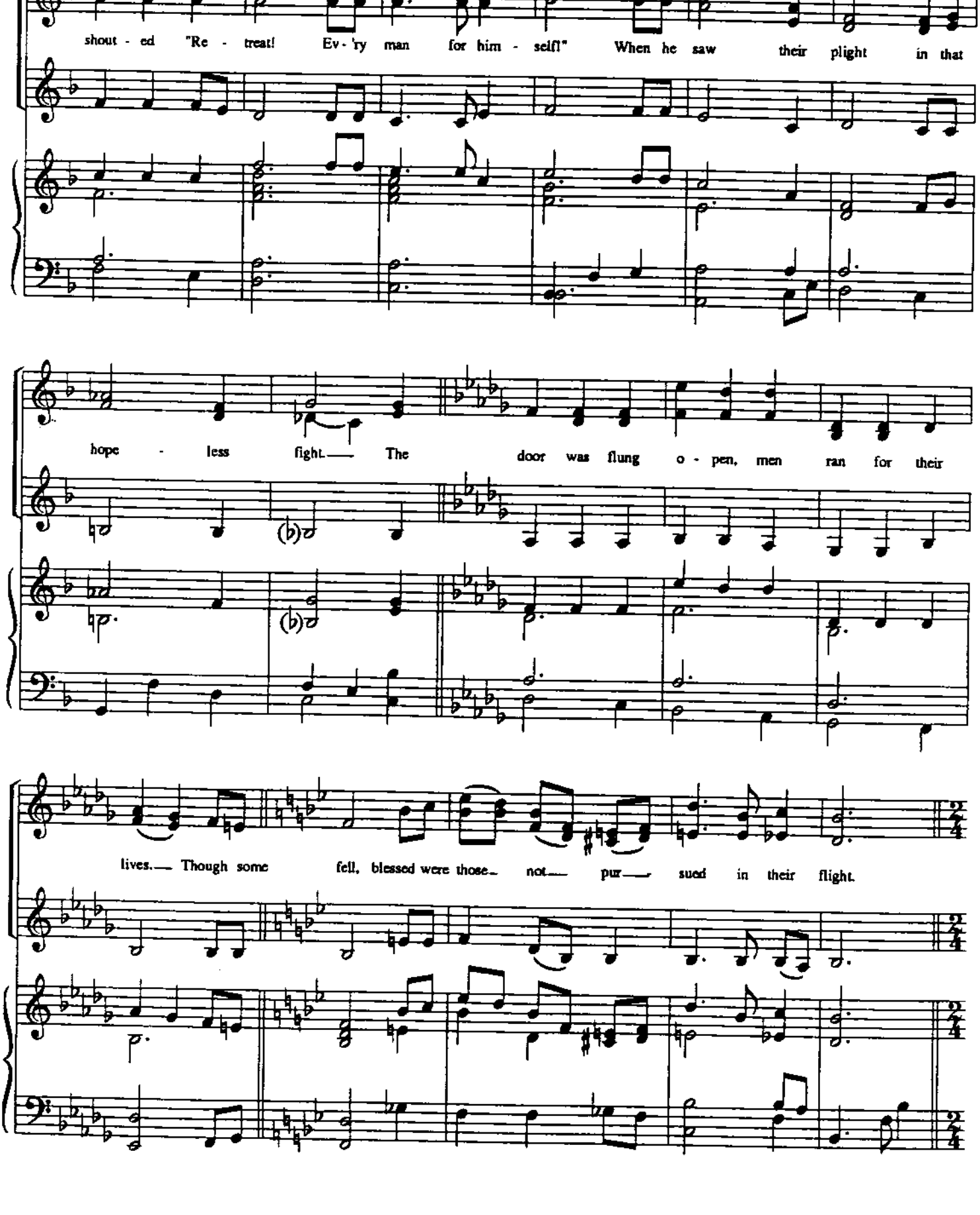

Men worked in the shops or har - ves - ted crops Un - der af - ter - noon sun on that
warm Oc - to - ber day. The wom - en were bus - y with do - mes - tic tasks. A - long the
stream - banks hap - py child - ren were at play. Then

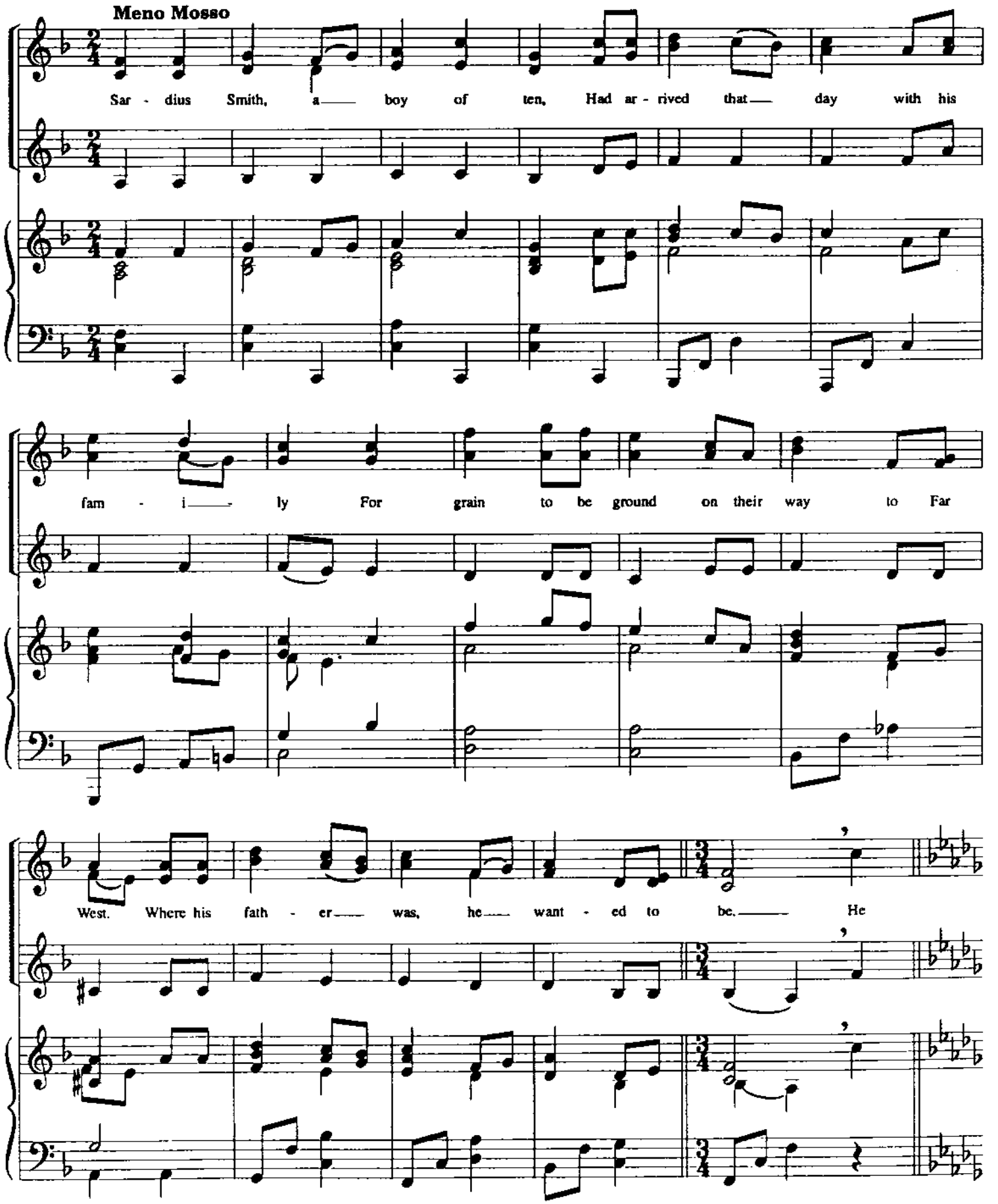

out of the woods at the ham - let's north edge— Burst a charge by that scur - ri - lous mi -
li— tia band Bent on death and de - struc - tion. Their wild shouts and
shots— Rent the air of that once peace - ful land. In

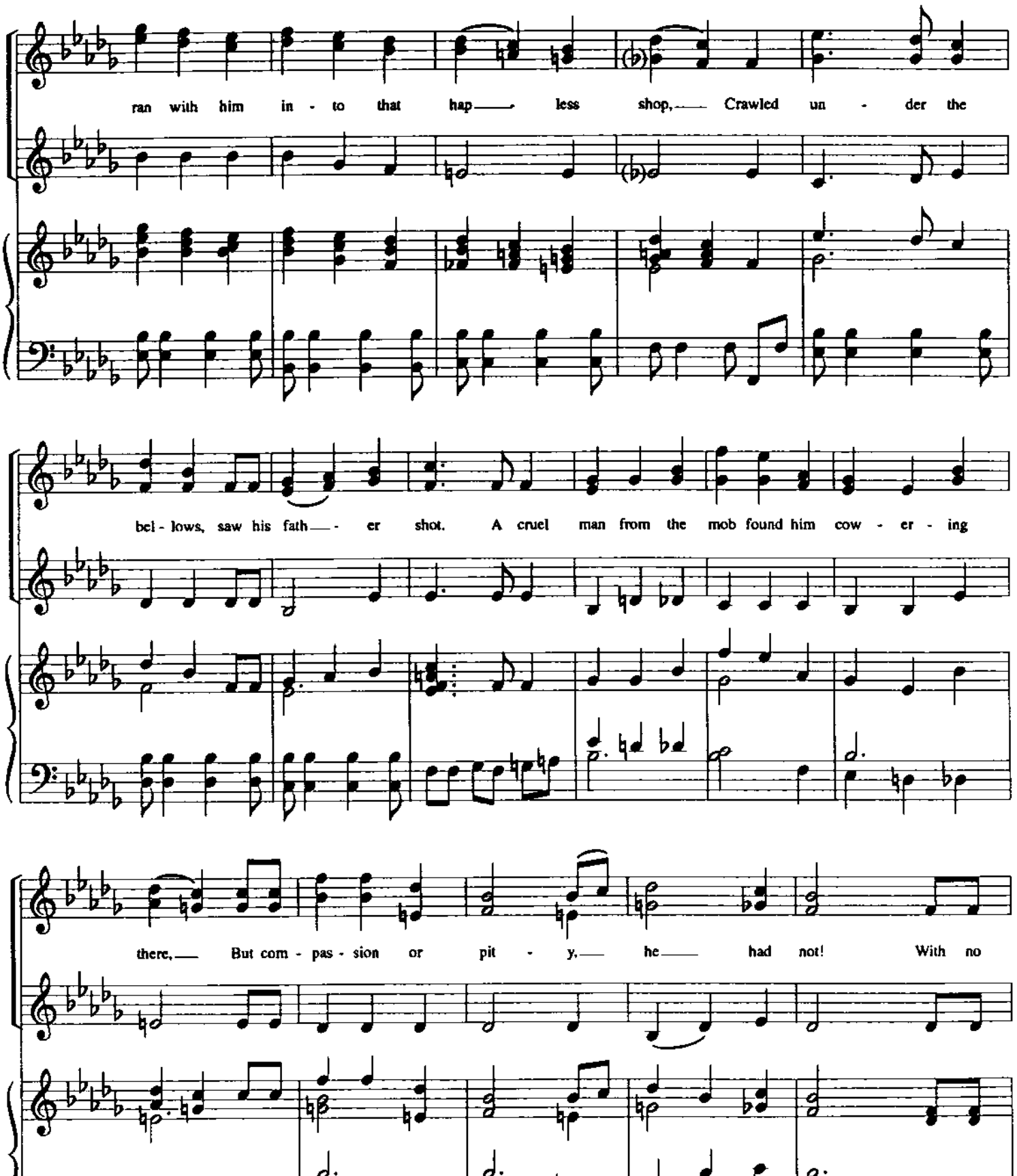

ut - ter con - fu - sion saints ran wild - ly a - round. Where, oh— where could
safe - ty be found?— A - cross mill dam and in - to the thick - ets they
fled— Or on - to the near - by black - smith shop ground.

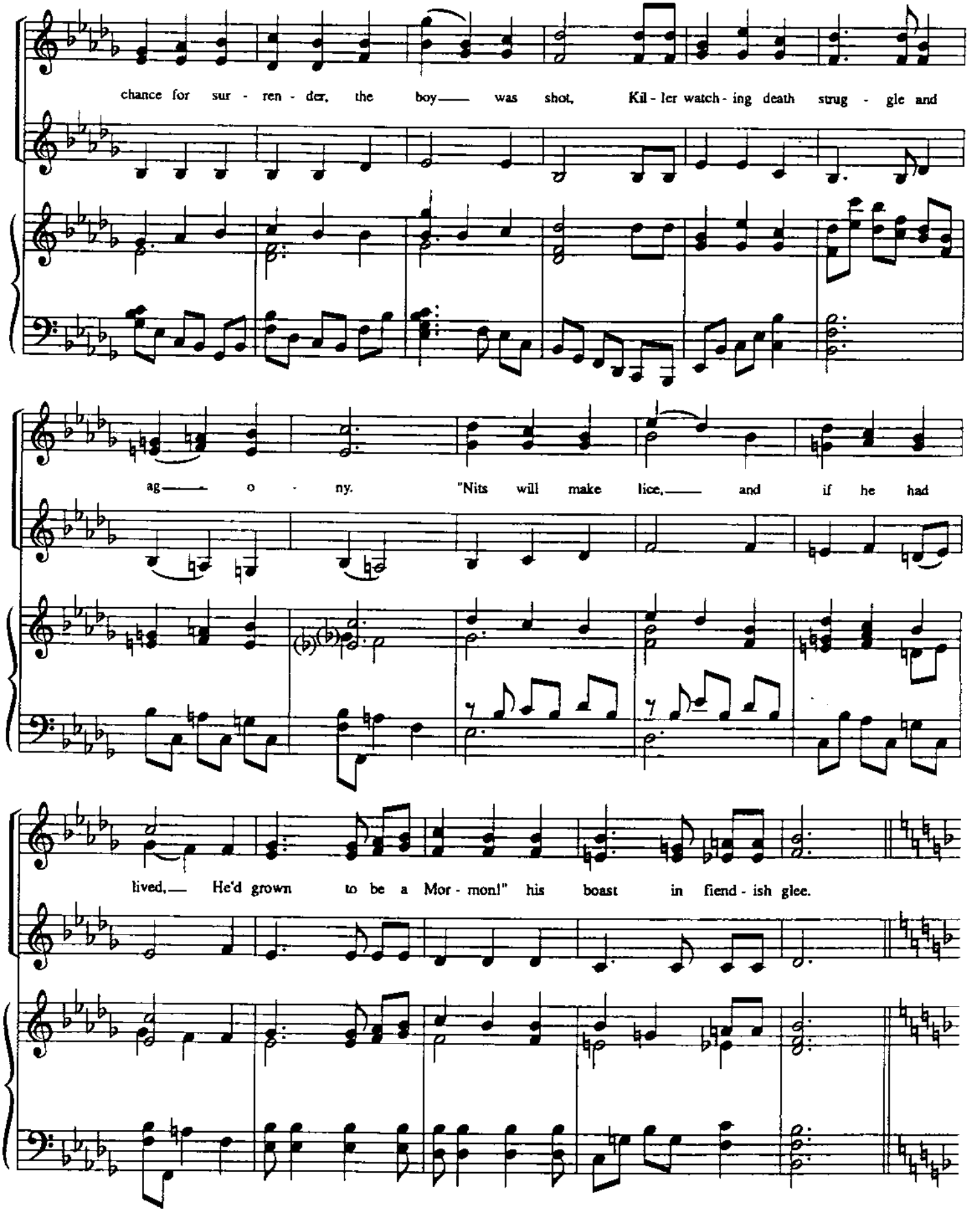

Tempo I
Half of the men made it through the large door With shot - guns and
squirrel ri - fles in - dif - f'rent - ly armed. Their shots from with - in, in - ef -
fec - tual at best, One af - ter an - oth - er those breth - ren were harmed. For the

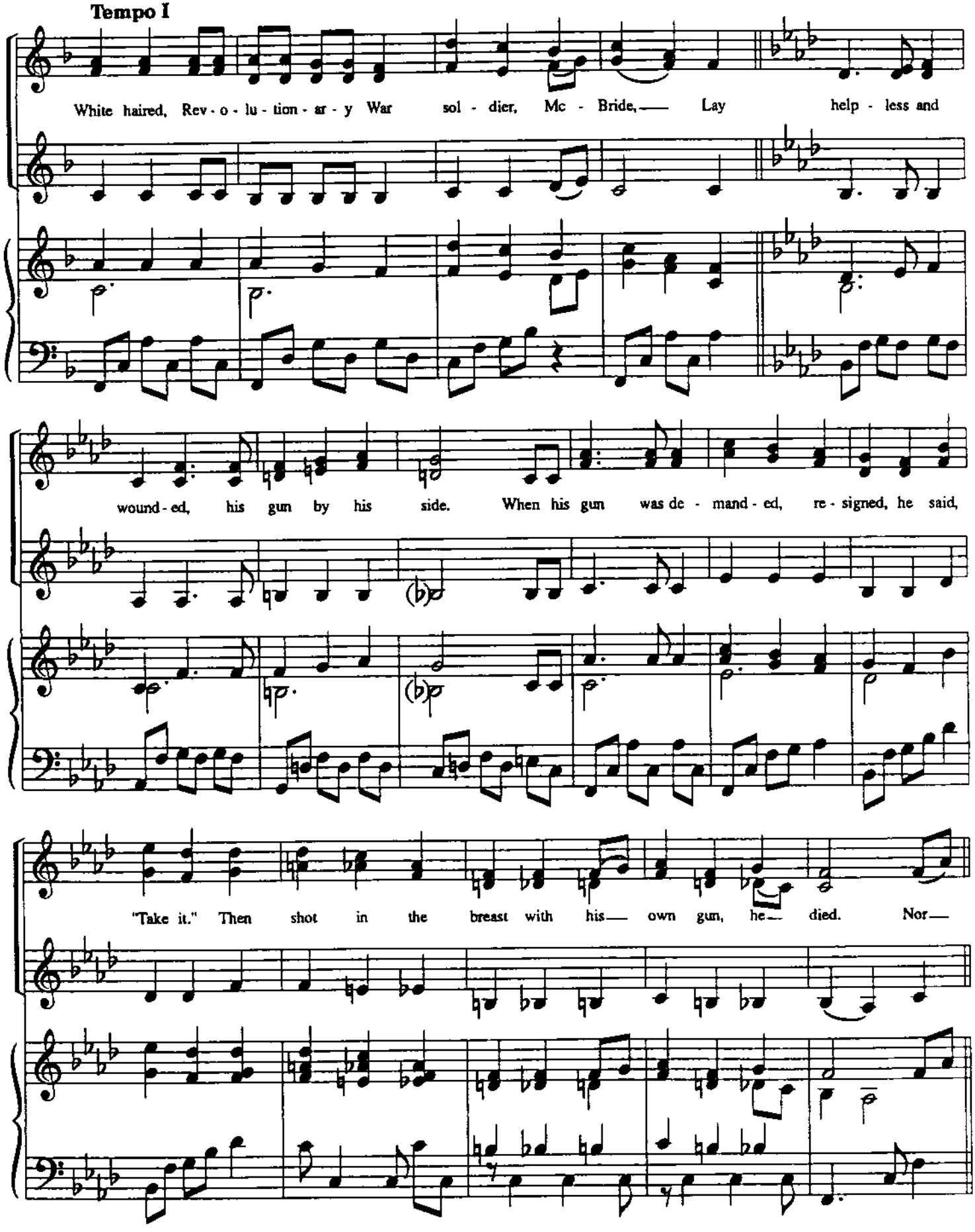

black - smith shop had one fa - tal flaw. The large cracks te - tween the logs
soon be - came A death trap for man - y who hud - dled
there, for shots In through the cracks had dead - ly aim. Ev - ans

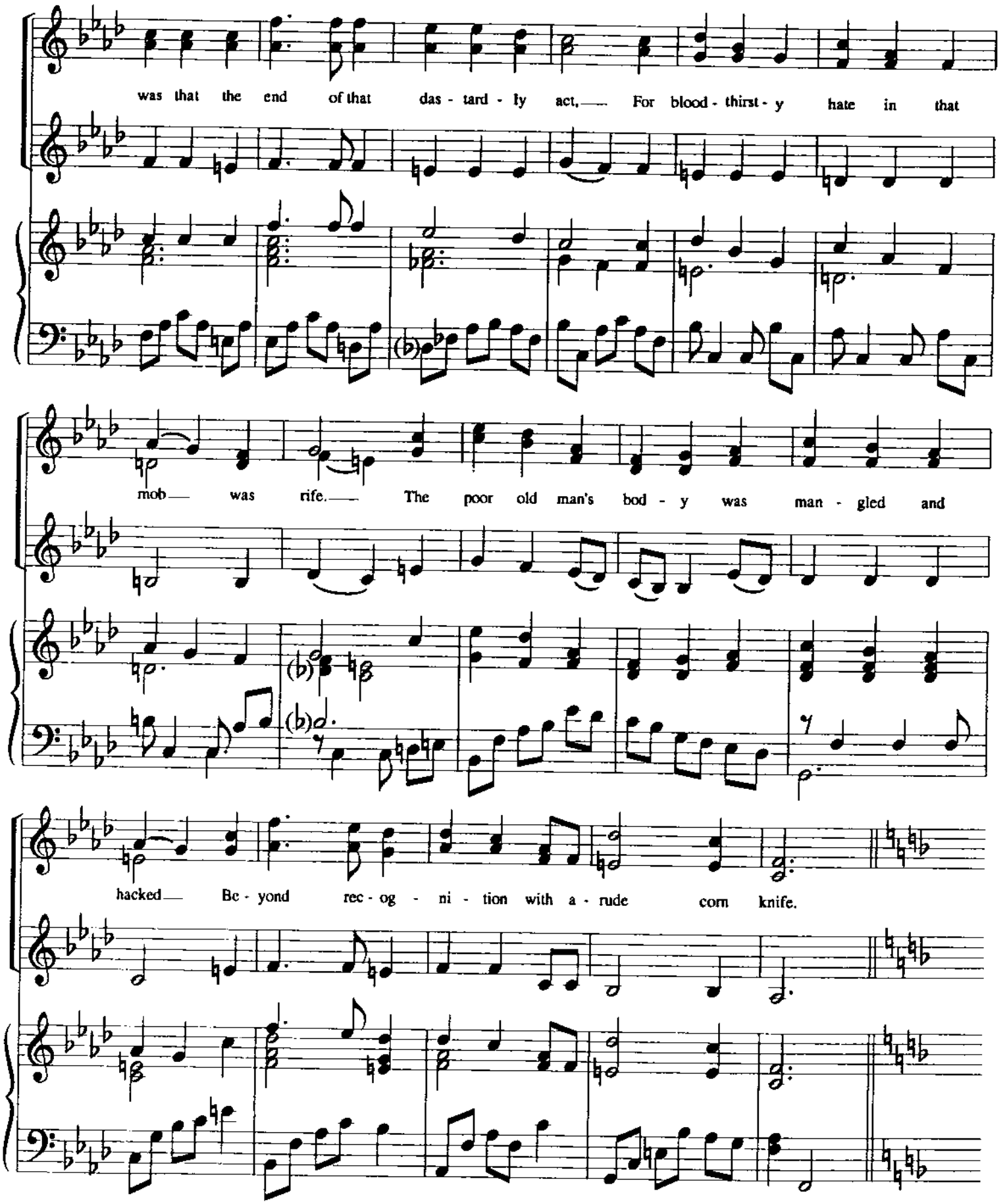

shout - ed "Re - treat! Ev - 'ry man for him - self!" When he saw their plight in that
hope - less fight. The door was flung o - pen, men ran for their
lives. Though some fell, blessed were those not pur - sued in their flight.

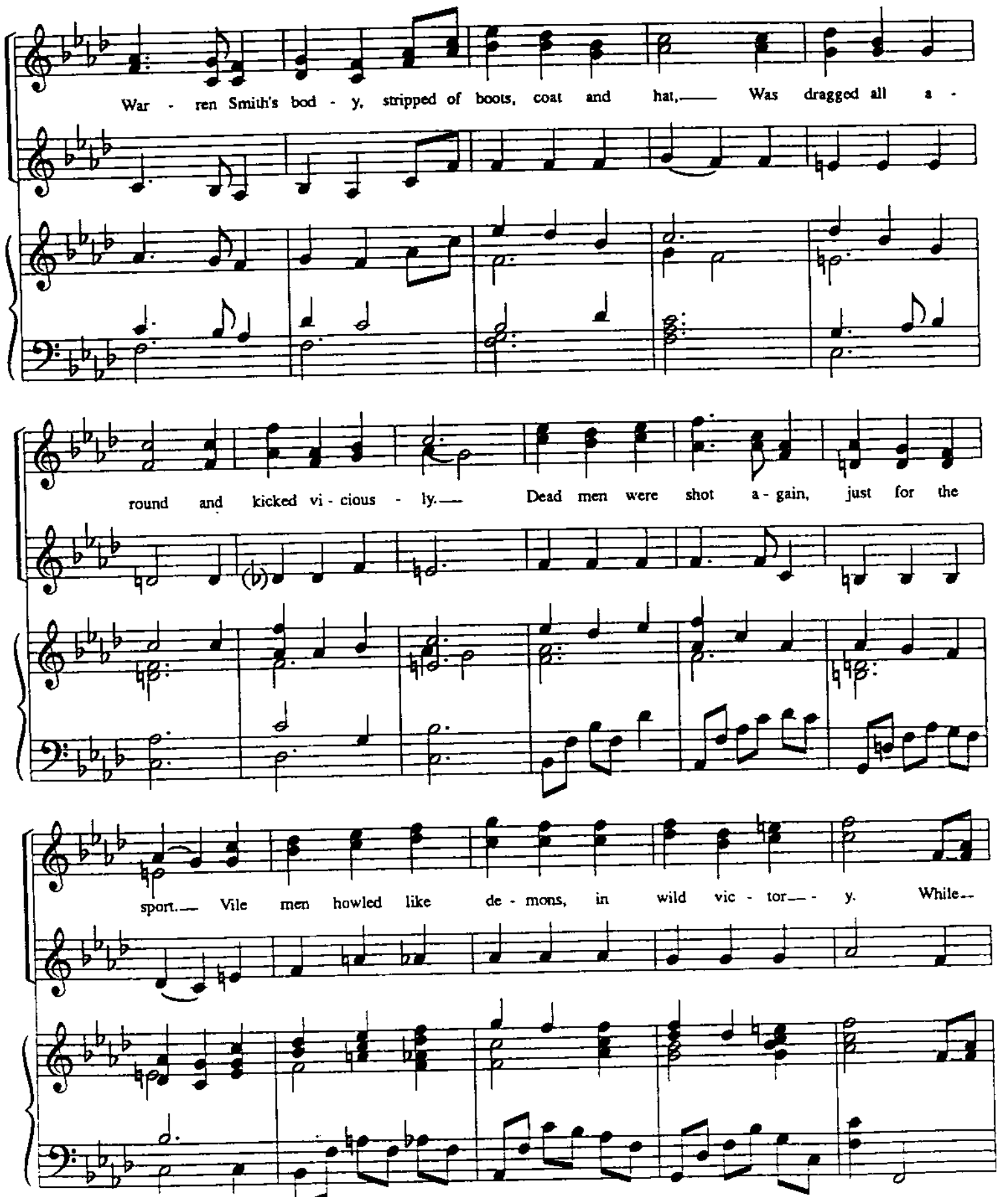

Meno Mosso
Sar - dius Smith, a boy of ten, Had ar - rived that day with his
fam - i - ly For grain to be ground on their way to Far
West. Where his fath - er was, he want - ed to be. He

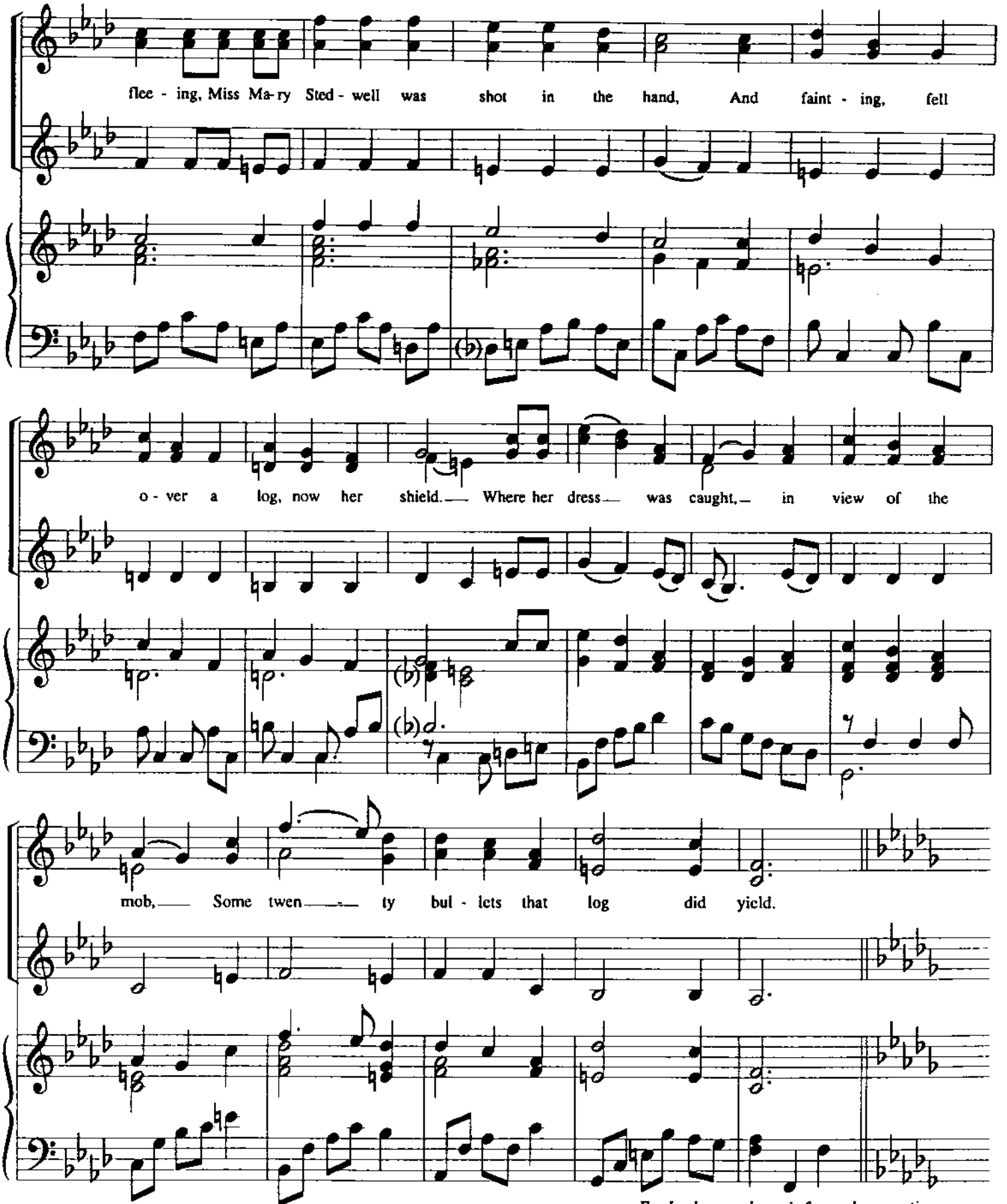

ran with him in - to that hap — less shop, — Crawled un - der the
bel - lows, saw his fath — - er shot. A cruel man from the mob found him cow - er - ing
there, — But com - pas - sion or pit - y, — he — had not! With no


chance for sur - ren - der, the boy was shot, Kil - ler watch - ing death strug - gle and
ag - o - ny. "Nits will make lice, and if he had
lived, He'd grown to be a Mor - mon!" his boast in fiend - ish glee.


Tempo I
White haired, Rev - o - lu - tion - ar - y War sol - dier, Mc - Bride, Lay help - less and
wound - ed, his gun by his side. When his gun was de - mand - ed, re - signed, he said,
"Take it." Then shot in the breast with his own gun, he died. Nor


was that the end of that das - tard - ly act, For blood - thirst - y hate in that
mob was rife. The poor old man's bod - y was man - gled and
hacked Be - yond rec - og - ni - tion with a - rude corn knife.


War - ren Smith's bod - y, stripped of boots, coat and hat,— Was dragged all a -
round and kicked vi - cious - ly.— Dead men were shot a - gain, just for the
sport.— Vile men howled like de - mons, in wild vic - tor— - y. While—



For background music for spoken portion, return to p. 18 . (one page for each verse)

For background music for this spoken portion, play pp. 18-29 (one page per verse).

Not a man was left standing at the massacre's end.
Dead or dying were two boys and fifteen men;
Eleven more wounded, plus Alma Smith, seven;
Five or so who escaped dared not come back again.

Once the shooting was over, the looting began--
Personal effects, clothing, some robbed from the dead,
Bedding and horses, cows, wagons and teams,
Empty ten gallon keg beat as a drumhead.

Little more than an hour all was over and done.
Horror, death, and destruction left in their wake,
Col. Jennings' militia--that murderous mob--
Returned to their camp, boasts of valor to make.

How they savored their victory o'er that helpless lot
Who dared to believe what The Prophet taught.
All on his own, Jennings made that attack,
Later sanctioned, when Governor Boggs' approval was sought.

Pleased with success of his villainous charge,
In which Comstock's company took the lead
But a few hours from signing treaty of peace,
Jennings wondered if it would retribution breed.

When he thought he heard cannon from the direction of Haun's Mill,
He roused his men, broke camp, moving east at great speed,
Not stopping 'til the West Fork of the Grand was between
Him and those imagined pursuers for his deed.

How piteous the sight at that Haun's Mill scene--
Wary women and children searched for loved ones feared lost.
Were their husbands, their fathers, their brothers and sons
Lying wounded or dead? Oh, how terrible the cost!

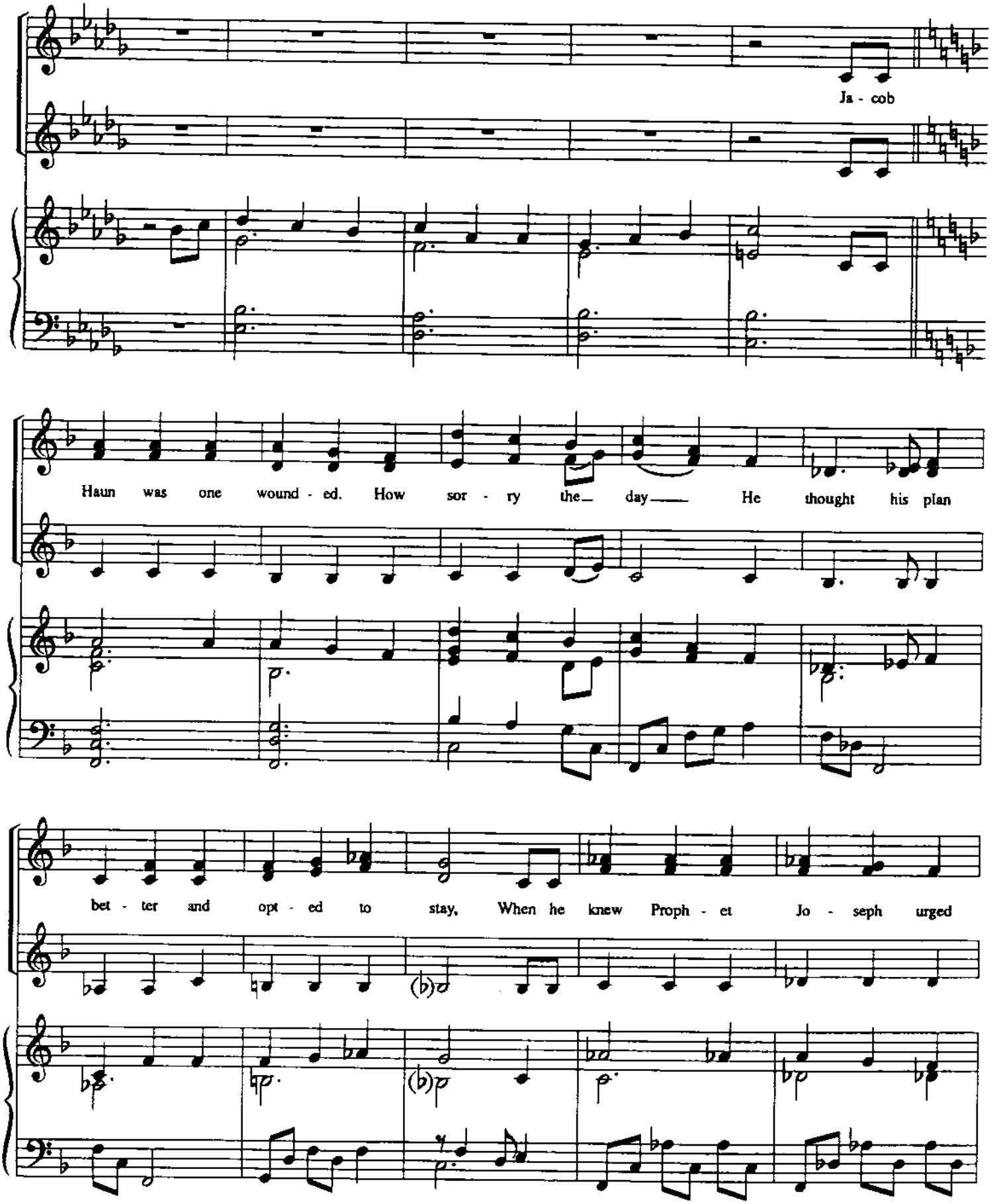
The air was filled with cries of wounded and bereft.
Dogs howled, cattle bellowed. Twilight faded into night.
Women dressed the wounds of those suffering there
And tried to comfort others mourning their plight.

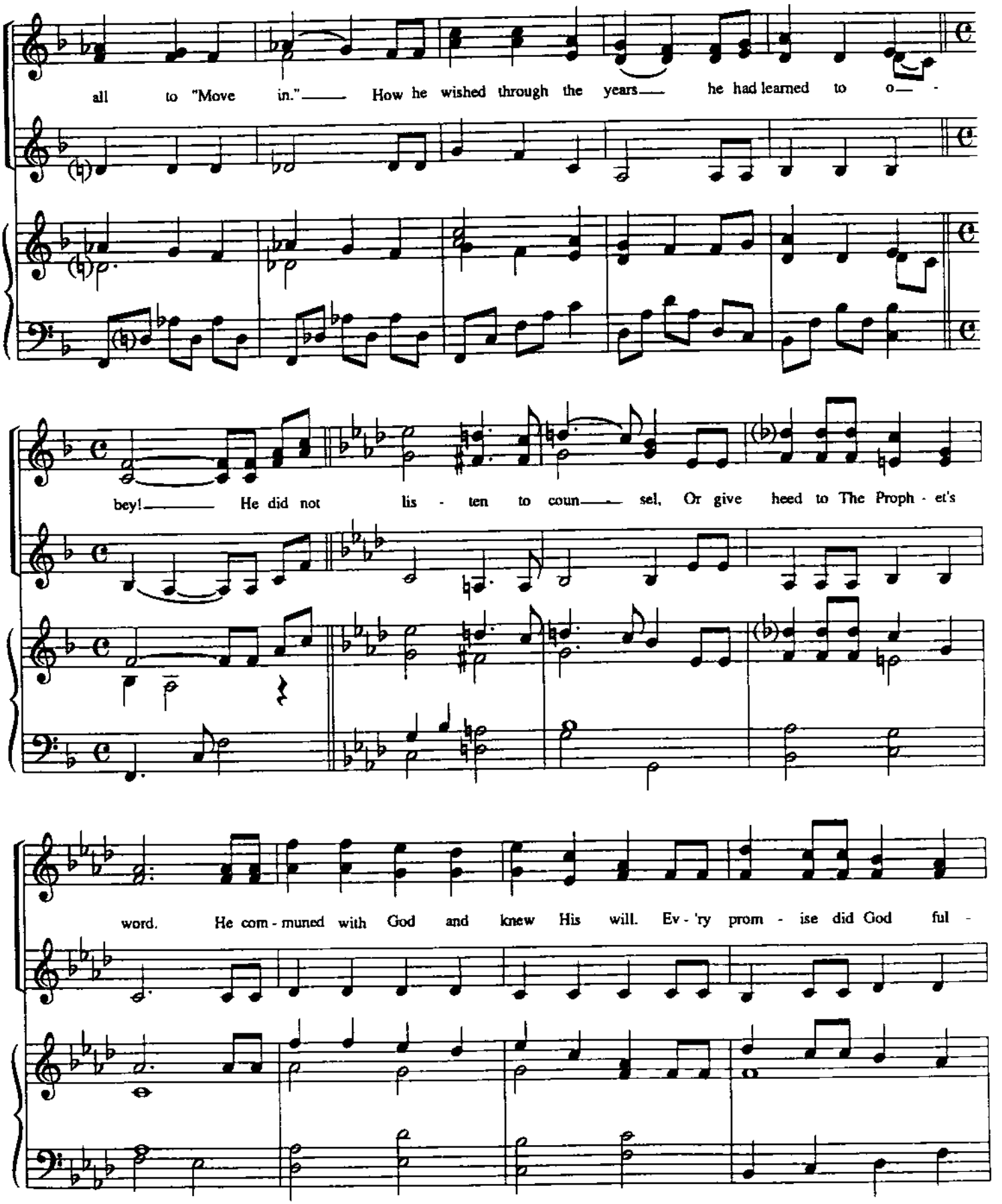
By morning, those escaped returned, though not enough
To dig graves for all those bodies, changing fast.
An unfinished well, a final resting place
For loved ones who perished, free from sorrow at last.

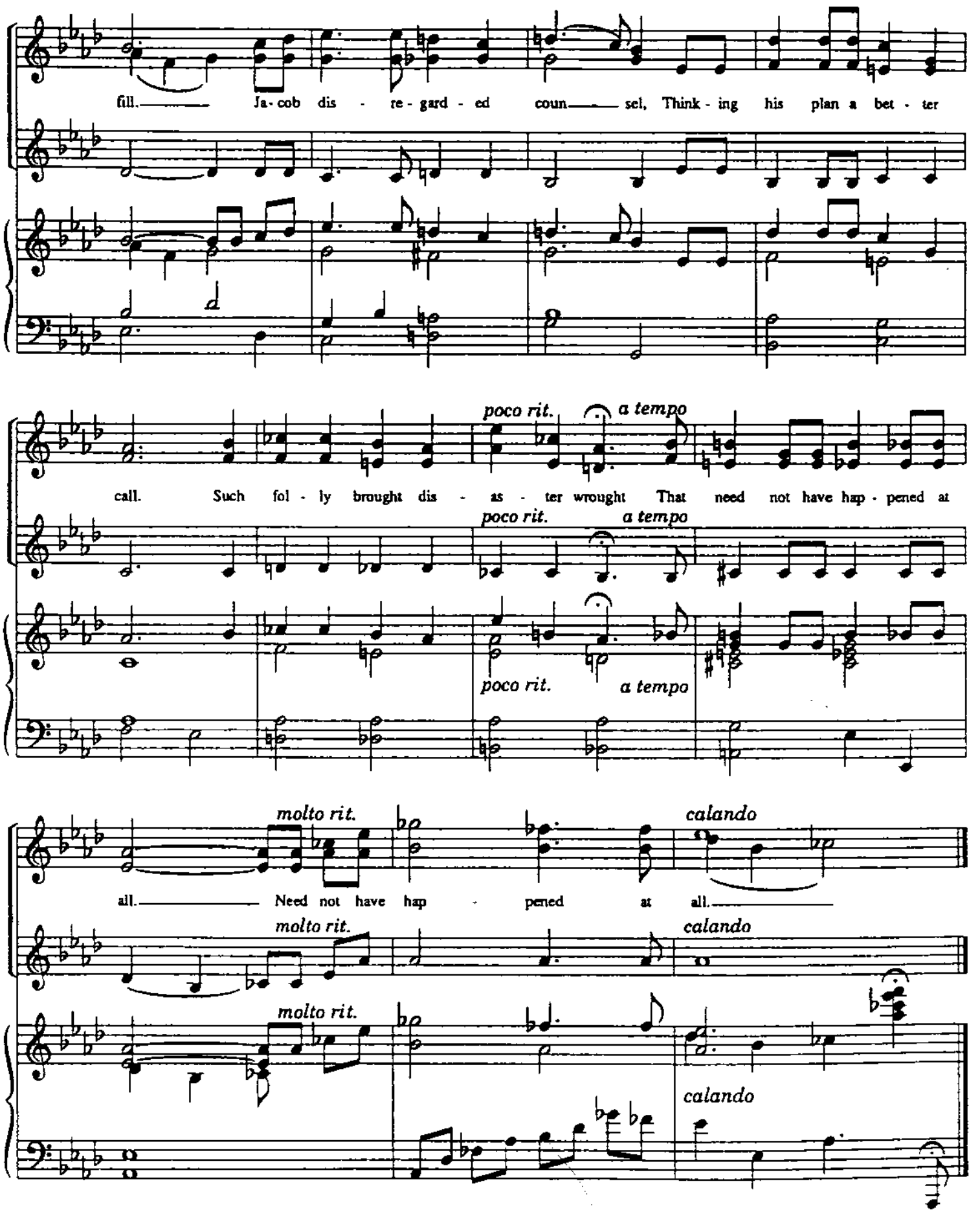
The women assisted in gathering the dead,
Borne one at a time, all gory and ghastly,
Slid into the well from a large wooden plank--
All were covered with hay; then dirt thrown in lastly.

True to their threat, Comstock's company came back,
Relieved at not having to bury the dead.
Survivors were like prisoners, unable to leave,
Now destitute with winter and expulsion ahead.

The mill soon became the company headquarters
As they lived off the land, and very well, too,
Grinding all of their grain, food theirs for the taking,
Raiding beehives, henhouses, field fed hogs not a few.


Ja - cob
Haun was one wound - ed. How sor - ry the_ day___ He thought his plan
bet - ter and opt - ed to stay, When he knew Proph - et Jo - seph urged


all to "Move in." How he wished through the years he had learned to o -
bey! He did not lis - ten to coun - sel, Or give heed to The Proph - et's
word. He com - muned with God and knew His will. Ev - 'ry prom - ise did God ful -


fill. Ja - cob dis - re - gard - ed coun sel, Think - ing his plan a bet - ter
call. Such fol - ly brought dis - as - ter wrought That need not have hap - pened at
poco rit.
a tempo
all. Need not have hap - pened at all.
molto rit.
calando

Music by Ruth Gatrell

Choral Music

Abide in My Love
America--Land Choice above All Other Lands
And I Saw Another Angel
Being Alive is Wonderful!
Ballad of the Dead Cat
Circles of Influence
Come What May
Courageous Pioneers
Daughters of Destiny
Frustration
Farmington, My Farmington
Faith Precedes the Miracle
Fences
Handcart Pioneer Prayer
Heritage
His Kingdom on Earth Ever Grows
I Am the Resurrection
I Have a Mother So Dear to Me
I Like to Listen to the Prophet
I Love America
I'll Follow the Words of the Prophet
In a Gospel Centered Home
In Your Countenance
Joseph
Keep Me in Thy Way, O Lord
Let Freedom Ring
Let Me Do God's Work
Let Us Go unto the Temple
Let's Dance by the Firelight
Listen to Counsel (The Saga of Haun's Mill)
Look to the Future
Love Grows As We Serve One Anothe
Mother Is My Dearest Friend
Mother--Life of Love Unfeigned
My Father Guides Me
My Prayer
One Mind, One Heart
Psalm 67
Pray unto the Lord
Put on the Whole Armour of God
Salute to Our Utah Pioneers
Search the Scriptures
She's My Sister
The Gospel Makes Us One
The Time Is Short
There's Work to Be Done, But It's Lots of Fun
Trusted
Utah--What a Wonderful Place!
We're Best Friends
Work, Work, Work
Why God Gave Us Mothers
Who Was Mary?
You Don't Have t

Instrumental

Come, Come Ye Saints (arr. for Violin & Piano)
Meditation (Violin Solo with Piano Acc.)
Reubenesque (arr. for Violin & Piano)
Silent Night (arr. for 3 Violins)

Children's Songs

Draw Near unto Me
I Like to Listen to the Prophet
I Love America
Let's Dance by the Firelight
Mother Is My Dearest Friend
My Father Guides Me
Shepherd Boy
We're Best Friends
You Don't Have to

Christmas Music

A Day, a Night, and a Day
A New, Bright Shining Star
Bells Ring in the Joyous Season
Christmas Is a Time for Giving
Christmas Star
Christmas White
It's Great to Be with Family at Christmastime
God's Gift of His Son
Mary's Love (Vocal Solo)
No Room at the Inn
Samuel the Lamanite Foretells Christ's Birth
(Christmas Cantata)
Sing We Now at Christmastime
Shepherd Boy
Shepherds Abiding on a Desert Hill
The Reason for Christmas
The Sign Has Been Given
There's Nothing Like Christmas
'Twas the Lambing Season
What Would He Find?
Who Was Mary?

Arrangements

All Creatures of Our God and King
America the Beautifull
Christ the Lord Is Risen Today
Carry Forth the Banner
Come, Come Ye Saints
Come Follow Me
Come, Oh Come Emanuel
El Condor Pasa
Families Can Be Together Forever
Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No
I Am a Mormon Boy
Let Us All Press On
Now Thank We All Our God
Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning
Oh My Father
One in Christ
Przyer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire
Press Forward, Saints
Reubenesque (Violin Solo)
Silent Night
Sweet Is the Peace the Gospel Brings
Tapping at the Garden Gate
The Lord My Pasture Will Prepare
The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers
The Quilting Party
The Spirit of God
Write Your History

Vocal Solos

Being Alive Is Wonderful!
Don't Say Goodby
Farmington, My Farmington
Frustration
I Could Have Loved You
I Want You Here
I'll Love You Forever
In Your Countenance
Let Freedom Ring
Mary's Love
One Mind, One Heart
The Love We Share
Work, Work, Work

Piano Solos

My Dog Spot
Pocahontas
Three Preludes for Piano
Beginnings
Life Stream
Finality