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

Words and Music by

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Allegro moderato ♩=120 *with feeling*
energico

mf *cresc.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. It begins with a half note chord (F2, B-flat2) followed by a series of eighth notes: F2, G2, A2, B-flat2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a common time signature, beginning with a half note chord (F2, B-flat2) followed by eighth notes: F2, G2, A2, B-flat2, C3, D3, E3, F3. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed below the first measure, and *cresc.* is placed below the fifth measure.

8 *f*

Lis - ten to coun - sel, Give heed to The Proph - et's word. He com -

This system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, starting at measure 8. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The dynamic marking *f* is placed above the first measure of the vocal line. The lyrics are: "Lis - ten to coun - sel, Give heed to The Proph - et's word. He com -".

10

munes with God and knows His will. Ev - ry prom - ise will God ful - fill.

10

This system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, starting at measure 10. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The dynamic marking *f* is placed above the first measure of the vocal line. The lyrics are: "munes with God and knows His will. Ev - ry prom - ise will God ful - fill." The system ends with a double bar line at measure 10.

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14

Dis - re - gard not coun - sel. Think - ing yours is a bet - ter call. Such

18

fol - ly brings dis - as - trous things That need not hap - pen at all.

mp

22

mp

A few saints who

mp

cantabile

27

came to the fair land of— Zi - on Set - tled where Low - er

32

Shoal Creek flows on, And wa - ters from— a qui - et

37

mill pond Turned— grist and saw mills of— Ja - cob— Haun.

42

Un - wav - er - ing faith, sac - ri - fice, and in - dus - try Made life

47

good, and brought peace with - in — Til per - se - cu - tion's —

52

dark clouds gath - ered And The Proph - et's call came to all, "Move in!"

58

At Far West Ja— cob

64

sought— The— Proph - et, Not want - ing to leave and a - ban— don

69

all To cer - tain loot— ing, loss— and burn— ing

74

If — they heed - ed The Proph - et's call. —

78

"Move in, by all means, if you wish to save your lives," Was the Proph - et

83

Jo - seph's ur - gent plea. — But Ja - cob Haun had an - oth - er

89

plan — for ap - prov - al He want - ed The Proph - et to see. "I'm

89

p.

94 **Meno Mosso**

sure that we can de - fend our - selves; As — for - tress we'll use the

94

100

black - smith — shop. And save our lands and homes from plun - der. To ma -

100

106

raud - ing mob we'll put a stop!"

112

Tempo I

"Tis bet - ter far - - to lose - - your -

117

prop - er - ty Than - - to lose your lives - - for naught - -

122

One can be re - placed, you know; The oth - er

127

one, a las, can not. But there's no dan - ger of

132

los - ing eith - er one If my com - mand - ment you will o - bey." Still,

138

Ja - cob thought— his plan was bet - ter, And— did not lis - ten that

138

144

fate — ful day: "You are

144

150

free to do— what you— think. best,"— Jo - seph fin - al - ly said with

150

156

heav - y heart, Know - ing full well he'd be called a

156

161

ty - rant If stern com - mand - ment he should im - part. So Ja - cob

161

167

soon was home - ward bound, Feel - ing jus - ti - fied in the point he'd

167

173

made. — No need to tell oth - ers of Jo - seph's con - cern; — In — his brash wis - dom a —

173

180

lone. — they stayed.

180

186

Lis - ten to coun — sel, Give heed to The Proph - et's word. He com -

188

190

munes with God and knows His will. Ev-'ry prom - ise will God ful - fill.

194

Dis - re - gard not coun - sel, Think - ing yours is a bet - ter call. Such

198

fol - ly brings dis - as - trous things That need not hap - pen at all.

For a day or two Captain Evans set up
A picket post by the timber's north line.
Then a treaty of peace Comstock asked them to sign
Led most saints to think at last all was fine.

But they did not disband, as another group
Was still a menace miles to the east.
No danger seemed imminent; most settlers felt safe.
Life went on as usual, for the moment, at least.

Men worked in the shops or harvested crops
Under afternoon sun on that warm October day.
The women were busy with domestic tasks
Along the stream banks happy children were at play.

Then out of the woods at the hamlet's north edge
Burst a charge by that scurrilous militia band
Bent on death and destruction. Their wild shouts and shots
Rent the air of that once peaceful land.

In utter confusion saints ran wildly around.
Where, oh where could safety be found?
Across mill dam and into the thickets they fled
Or on to the nearby blacksmith shop ground.

Half of the men made it through the large door
With shotguns and squirrel rifles indifferently armed.
Their shots from within, ineffectual at best,
One after another those brethren were harmed.

For the blacksmith shop had one fatal flaw--
The large cracks between the logs soon became
A death trap for many who huddled there, for shots
In through the cracks had deadly aim.

Evans shouted "Retreat! Ev'ry man for himself!"
When he saw their plight in that hopeless fight.
The door was flung open, men ran for their lives.
Though some fell, blessed were those not pursued in their
flight.

Sardius Smith, a boy of ten,
Had arrived that day with his family
For grain to be ground on their way to Far West.
Where his father was, he wanted to be.

He ran with him into that hapless shop,
Crawled under the bellows, saw his father shot.
A cruel man from the mob found him cowering there,
But compassion or pity, he had not!

With no chance for surrender, the boy was shot.
Killer watching death struggle and agony.
"Nits will make lice, and if he had lived,
He'd grown to be a Mormon!"--His boast in fiendish glee.

White haired, Revolutionary War soldier, McBride,
Lay helpless and wounded, his gun by his side.
When his gun was demanded, resigned, he said, "Take it."
Then shot in the breast with his own gun, he died.

'Nor was that the end of that dastardly act,
For bloodthirsty hate in that mob was rife.
The poor old man's body was mangled and hacked
Beyond recognition with a rude corn knife.

Warren Smith's body, stripped of boots, coat and hat,
Was dragged all around and kicked viciously.
Dead men were shot again, just for the sport.
Vile men howled like demons, in wild victory.

While fleeing, Miss Mary Stedwell was shot in the hand,
And fainting, fell over a log, now her shield.
Where her dress was caught, in view of the mob,
Some twenty bullets that log did yield.

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.

202

Ja - cob

202

207

Haun was one wound - ed. How sor - ry the - day — He thought his plan

207

212

bet - ter and opt - ed to stay, When he knew Proph - et Jo - seph urged

212

217

all to "Move in." — How he wished through the years — he had learned to o -

217

222

bey! — He did not lis - ten to coun - sel, Or give heed to The Proph - et's

222

226

word. He com - muned with God and knew His will. Ev - 'ry prom - ise did God ful -

226

230

fill. Ja-cob dis - re - gard - ed coun - sel, Think - ing his plan a bet - ter

234

call. Such fol - ly brought dis - as - ter wrought That need not have hap - pened at

poco rit. *a tempo*

poco rit. *a tempo*

238

all. Need not have hap - pened at all.

molto rit. calando

molto rit. calando