

The Seer, Joseph, the Seer

Some historians believe John Taylor mirrored the metering and style of "The Sea" by Barry Cornwall in writing his tribute to Joseph Smith.

The Sea - Barry Cornwall

THE SEA! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, O, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I lov'd the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!
The waves were white, and red the morn,

In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!

I've liv'd since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

The Seer, Joseph, The Seer John Taylor

The Seer, Joseph, the Seer!
I'll sing of the Prophet ever dear,
The Prophet ever dear;
His equal cannot be found
By searching the wide world around.
With Gods he soared in the realms of day,
And men he taught the heavenly way,
And men he taught the heavenly way.
The earthly Seer! the heavenly Seer!
I love to dwell on his memory dear;
The chosen of God and the friend of man,
He brought the priesthood back again;
He gazed on the past and the future, too,
And opened, and opened
The heavenly world to view,
And opened, and opened
The heavenly world to view.

Of noble seed, of heavenly birth,
He came to bless the sons of earth,
To bless the sons of earth;
With keys by the Almighty given,
He opened the full rich stores of heaven;
O'er the world that was wrapped in sable night,
Like the sun he spread his golden light,
Like the sun he spread his golden light.
He strove, O how he strove to stay
The stream of crime in its reckless way!
With a mighty hand and a noble aim,
He urged the wayward to reclaim:
'Mid foaming billows of angry strife,
He stood at, he stood at
The helm of the ship of life,
He stood at, he stood at
The helm of the ship of life.

The Saints, the Saints, his only pride!
For them he lived, for them he died;
He lived, for them he died;
Their joys were his, their sorrows too.

He loved the Saints; he loved Nauvoo.
Unchanged in death with a Savior's love,
He pleads their cause in the courts above.
He pleads their cause in the courts above.
The Seer, the Seer! Joseph, the Seer!
O how I love his memory dear!
The just and wise, the pure and free,
A father he was and is to me.
Let fiends now rage, in their dark hour--
No matter, no matter,
He is beyond their power,
No matter, no matter,
He is beyond their power.

He's free! He's free! The Prophet's free!
He is where he will ever be,
Where he will ever be,
Beyond the reach of mobs and strife,
He rests unharmed in endless life.
His home's in the sky; he dwells with the Gods
Far from the furious rage of mobs,
Far from the furious rage of mobs.
He died, he died for those he loved.
He reigns; he reigns in the realms above.
He waits with the just who have gone before
To welcome the Saints to Zion's shore.
Shout, shout, ye Saints! This boon is given;
We'll meet him, we'll meet him
Our martyred Seer, in heaven.
We'll meet him, we'll meet him
Our martyred Seer, in heaven.