

There's an Unknown Grave

Text by David Smith, *the child Emma Smith was carrying when Joseph & Hyrum Smith were murdered. Joseph and Hyrum's bodies were laid in secret graves in fear of the mobs desecrating the bodies. This was David's tribute to his father Joseph, whom he never knew.*

Source: F. Mark McKiernan, "David H. Smith's Verse," Saints' Heritage: A Journal of the Restoration Trail Foundation (1988), 35-36; is also found in Deseret Sunday School Songs, #8, with two similar verses and two different verses

1. There's an unknown grave in a green lowly spot
The form that it covers will ne'er be forgot.
Where the haven trees spread and the wild locusts wave
Their fragrant white blooms o'er the unknown grave.
Over the unknown grave.
2. And near by its side does the wild rabbit tread,
While over the bosom the wild thistles spread.
As if in their kindness to guard and to save
From man's footstep intruding the unknown grave,
Guarding the unknown grave.
3. The heavens may weep and the thunders moan low,
Or the bright sunshine and the soft breezes blow,
Unheeding the heart, once responsive and brave,
Of the one who sleeps there in the unknown grave,
Low in the unknown grave.
4. The Prophet whose life was destroyed by his foes
Sleeps now where no hand may disturb his repose.
Till trumpets of God drown the notes of the wave
And we see him arise from his unknown grave,
God bless that unknown grave.
5. The love all embracing that never can end,
In death, as in life, knew him well as a friend,
The power of Jesus the mighty to save
Will dispell of its treasure the unknown grave,
No more an unknown grave.