

Think Not When You Gather to Zion

Eliza R. Snow; quoted here from the 1948 hymnal

Think not when you gather to Zion
Your troubles and trials are through,
That nothing but comfort and pleasure
Are waiting in Zion for you.
No, no, 'tis designed as a furnace,
All substance, all textures to try.
To burn with "wood, hay, and stubble,"
The gold from the dross purify.

Think not when you gather to Zion,
That all will be holy and pure;
That fraud and deception are banished,
And confidence wholly secure.
No, no, for the Lord our Redeemer
Has said that the tares with the wheat
Must grow 'til the great day of burning
Shall render the harvest complete.

Think not when you gather to Zion
The Saints here have nothing to do
But look to your personal welfare,
And always be comforting you.
No; those who are faithful are doing
What they find to do with their might;
To gather the scattered of Israel
They labor by day and by night.

Think not when you gather to Zion,
The prize and the victory won.
Think not that the warfare is ended,
The work of salvation is done.
No, no; for the great prince of darkness
A tenfold exertion will make,
When he sees you go to the fountain,
Where freely the truth you may take.