

A Dream given to Thomas Durham at Parowan, Ibon Co. Utah

I was standing alone at the head of a large river, that was running west, on a narrow neck of land about three rods wide and eight rods long sloping about three feet down to the waters edge.

I stepped to one side looking west as the river ran. The country was heavily timbered. I was gazing down the river expecting some of my folks to come; It was nearly sundown. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the timber behind me. I looked about me for I thot myself alone, and I saw coming toward me what I thought was a Navajo Indian.

I looked west again and saw a striped blanket floating on top of the water, two men stepped down to the water's edge to lift the blanket up when a pony came from under it. By this time, the Indian that I first saw stepped down and put his hand on the pony's neck and led him out of the water. I smiled and thought that a curious way to gentle a horse and he gave me a look as much as to say, it was none of my busindss. I looked around and saw about thirty Indians coming toward me. When they got to where I was standing, they formed a circle--the Chief standing on the East side. He pointed his finger to a young man on the West who had a brass horn in his hand. He stepped out and went down to the water's edge and played a tune, then came back to his place.

The Chief then motioned to another to his left who had a gun in his hand. He went down to the same place and fired his gun--then I awoke. I remembered the tune and lay wondering whether to go to the organ and play it over and by that means I would never forget it; but I went to sleep again and I heard the same tune again, but saw nothing and I woke up just as the tune was finished. It was just breaking day and I got up and went to the organ and played it over and afterwards wrote and arranged it for the Choir.

This was in fulfillment of a blessing that Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock promised on my head in England in 1861. In that blessing he told me that angels would reveal to me in my sleep, music that is sung in the heavens.

Sometime after this, Brother Wheelock and Patriarch D. Tyler of Beaver were staying at my house when Brother Wheelock asked me to relate the above dream, which I did. Then asked me and my family to sing to him to "Oh My Father." After we had sung it Brother Wheelock and Brother Tyler said he had the same vision that I saw. He said that those men that I saw were a remnant of the Nephites after a heavy battle with the Lamanites, when thousands of them were slain, and after the gun was fired that I heard, they sang a song of Lamentation, and then the Chief lectured them for their disobedience to the Prophet Mormon and he gave us his speech in the Nephite language and then in English, and I can testify that he did it uneder the influence of the Holy Spirit, as all can who were in the room.

Respectfully,

Thomas Durham

There are different versions of this dream but the tune is the same. This is a copy of a letter from Mettie Robinson- Daughter of Thomas Durham. It has been in both a minor and major keys. Giles called it 'Nephite Lament'