

# THE BEES OF DESERET.

BY JOHN S. DAVIS.

TUNE—"The Slave;" or, "The Soldier's Regret."

The busy bees of Deseret  
Are still around their hive,  
Though honey-hunters in the world  
Don't wish these bees to thrive.

## CHORUS.

Hum, hum, ye bees; build up the hive;  
The sweetest honey get:  
The world will yet be proud to see  
The bees of Deseret.

More bees are homeward gathering fast—  
They come from all the earth;  
But more come from the spirit world,  
Which are of greater worth.

The nations wonder at their work,  
And envy all they can:  
When earth and hell divide and rage,  
These bees are always one.

The hive is on the mountain tops;  
The valleys swarm with bees:  
They gather honey all around,  
And drones shall have no ease.

The 'king'-bees live within the hive,  
To keep the union strong:  
May they, with all the busy bees,  
Enjoy their honey long.

When famine, wars, and earthquakes rage,  
This hive will firmly stand;  
Then hum and work, ye busy bees,—  
Your resting day's at hand.

Vault

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