

Hymn: Every Kindred, Tongue, and People

Though Rome's lance pierced the Crucified,
Her peace allowed His word.

Now free men live where Joseph died
By mob and law unheard.

We love the right in any land;
The wrong, by gospel truth withstand;
But first we follow, voice and hand,
Our Savior, Master, Lord.

From Deseret, first Zion's hearth,
When east and north toiled west,
He sent their sons about the earth
To gather in the best.

But, as the western church grew strong,
He bade men stay where they belong
To add new Zion to the throng
And strengthen all the rest.

“Christ reigns!” lake-valley, ocean-peak,
And continent proclaim.
In every language brethren speak,
Our hearts and tongues aflame,
From northern straits to boisterous Horn,
To sunset from the gates of morn,
With those long dead and those new born,
We praise His holy name.

—Arthur Henry King