1. Oh say, what is truth? ‘Tis the fairest gem That the
riches of worlds can produce, And priceless the value of

2. Yes, say, what is truth? ‘Tis the brightest prize To which
mortal or Gods can aspire. Go search in the depths where it
winds of stern justice he copes. But the pillar of truth will en-
limit its of time it steps o’er. Tho the heavens depart and the

3. The sceptre may fall from the despot’s grasp When with
truth will be when The proud monarch’s costliest
glittering lies. Or ascend in pursuit to the
dure to the last, And its firm-rooted bulwarks out-
earth’s fountains burst, Truth, the sum of existence, will

4. Then say, what is truth? ‘Tis the last and the first, For the
diadem is counted but dross and refuse.
loftiest skies: Tis an aim for the noblest desire.
stand the rude blast And the wreck of the fell tyrant’s hopes.
weather the worst, Eternal, un-changed, evermore.

Text: John Jaques, 1827–1900
Doctrine and Covenants 93:23–28
Music: Ellen Knowles Melling, 1820–1905
John 18:37–38