1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung
kings de part. Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, An
sinks the fire. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday is

minion over palm and pine: Lord God of Hosts, be
humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be
one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the nations,

with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.
with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.
spare us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Text: Rudyard Kipling, 1865–1936

2 Kings 17:38–39
1 Nephi 17:37–40