With dignity $\frac{q}{q} = 63–80$

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung
   kingdoms de part. Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, An
   battle line, Beneath whose awful hand we hold.

2. The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the
   kings depart. Still stands thine ancient sacrifice, An
   minion over palm and pine: Lord God of Hosts, be
   humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be

3. Far called, our navies melt away; On dune and headland
   sinks the fire. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday is
   one with Nineveh and Tyre! Judge of the nations,
   with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The Lord God of Hosts, he that built us the city of David, makes the world known from age to age. Do not we of all the earth acknowledge it? 

Text: Rudyard Kipling, 1865–1936

2 Kings 17:38–39
1 Nephi 17:37–40