

# Moroni's Lament

I knew the blow was fatal how he fell beneath my sword.  
I whirled around in haste, certain there were more.  
But to my dismay and horror I realized instead  
All had fled or fallen, and all my men were dead.

I stumbled through the ruins of the nation I had loved,  
Searching 'midst the victims of this battlefield of blood,  
Praying every instant that I would find alive  
The leader of our armies, and when I did I cried:

Oh Father, oh my Father,  
I thank the Lord you live,  
Though your wounds are grave.  
The battle was so fierce~  
Only God could save.  
And Father, oh my Father,  
The night is coming on.  
Our people are completely destroyed...

They hunted us with vengeance, kept us on the run.  
The other few survivors perished one by one.  
And yet our greatest effort was trying to secure  
Our people's holy record and the word of God it bore.

And then one day it happened; they caught us by surprise.  
My Father still recovering from wounds could scarcely rise.  
With every ounce of strength I had I battled with my all,  
But when they finally fled from us I saw my Father fall...

Oh Father, oh my Father,  
The moment I most feared  
Has come to me with pain.  
You slip beyond the veil to God.  
But I must here remain.  
And Father, oh my Father,  
I'll join you just as soon as I fulfill...  
God's will.

Now I remain alone to write the final verse.  
And you who read should know we brought upon ourselves this curse.  
And when the evil choice beckon at your side,  
Remember justice is the price and cannot be denied.

Now as I seal these plates unto Almighty God,  
I pray the sacred word therein will one day spread abroad,  
Throughout the world convincing all of God's great sacrifice,  
Inviting all men everywhere to gather unto Christ!

And Father, oh my Father,  
You loved our people, so  
The Spirit has proclaimed  
Their record that you kept so well  
Shall also bear your name.  
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## What Can They Have to Say

I am a child of the modern age,  
I am a son of the present hour.  
What can these words from so long ago  
Mean to me now?

What can they have to say to me?  
We live so differently today.  
What can they have to offer me?  
They lived so far from me;  
So many years away.  
What can they have to say?

We are the prophets, years gone by.  
We spent our days, we gave our lives  
For a record which was written not for us,  
But for you. And every word is true.

Each word chosen prayerfully,  
Laid down carefully in its place.  
For here, from so far away,  
We have seen your day  
And we pray;  
Hear what we have to say!

Hear what we have to say to you.

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