A Nation Speaks from Out the Dust

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Abstract: A poem that speaks about the coming forth of the Book of Mormon in the last day.
A Nation Speaks From Out the Dust

Rejoice, O Earth! while tempests rage,
The Dispensation's early morn
Brings forth a wonder of the age—
A modern miracle is born!

One hundred years have passed away
Since pillowed in celestial flame,
To Ramah's slopes, dethroning day,
The angel of the record came.

To Joseph, God's anointed Seer,
He gave the Book of Mormon old
That lay reposed from year to year
There in Cumorah's virgin mold.

A nation speaks from out the dust!
Let Joseph's scattered seed rejoice!
The pages of that sacred trust
Are vibrant with Jehovah's voice.

His words of life are written there;
His promises and precepts old;
And gems of hidden wisdom rare
Adorn that sacred book of gold.

Sweet with the voice of hallowed Seers
From age to hoary age it lay,
The story of forgotten years
And struggling nation passed away.

To issue forth in latter days
From ancient Ramah's sacred sod,
To reconcile a darkened race
And vindicate the ways of God.

THEODORE E. CURTIS.