

Title: The Gift of Tongues (Helsinki, Finland)

Song inspired by an experience had by Daniel Harding

(Verse 1)

Ten months in and the words were like a wall
I was stumbling through the grammar, trying not to fall
Then President Wade, he made a plan for me
He paired me with Veli Puikonen to see what I could be

Seppo wouldn't speak a word of English to my face
It was Finnish in the morning, it was Finnish in the marketplace
I struggled and I labored till the sounds began to clear
Not knowing that a prophet's voice was something I would hear.

(Chorus)

And he said, "Elder, you've been given the gift of tongues"
Words of fire in a spirit that was young
From a whisper in the chapel to a memory in his soul
The Prophet saw the story and he saw the spirit whole
In the city by the sea where the northern light begins
He knew my name, he knew the work, he knew where I had been.

(Verse 2)

The year was seventy-four, the summer turning gold
Helsinki was gathered with a story to be told
President Kimball stood before the Finnish saints
While I sat in the back, feeling small and feeling faint

The sisters asked for me to translate every word he said
I whispered in the shadows while the spirit was being fed
Then the Prophet leaned to whisper to the man beside his chair
"Ask that Elder if he needs some water while he's there."

(Verse 3)

The meeting reached its ending and we stood up in the pews
I watched the Prophet walking down the center of the room
He stopped and placed both of his hands upon my shoulders then
A moment of a lifetime for a boy among the men

He said, "Elder, you've been given a gift from God today"
The Gift of Tongues was with me in the words I had to say

I felt the power of his calling, a witness deep and true
He saw the hidden labor that the Father put me through.

(Bridge)

Years went by like winter snow, I was a father and a man
Living in the valley where my newer life began
I saw him at a homecoming, I thought he'd never know
The missionary boy from all those seasons long ago
I said, "President, you probably don't recall my face..."
But he looked me in the eye and he traveled through time and space.

(Chorus)

And he said, "Helsinki, Finland!"—he knew exactly who I was
The Prophet of the Lord who knows the work the Master does
He remembered the water, the whisper, and the gift
A momentary meeting that gave my life a lift
In the city by the sea where the northern light begins
He knew my name, he knew the work, he knew where I had been.

(Outro)

Helsinki, Finland... The Prophet's hands upon my soul.
Helsinki, Finland... He called my spirit home.