

## **JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST PRAYER**

### **Oh, How Lovely Was The Morning**

Text: George Manwaring, 1854-1889

Music: Sylvanus Billings Pond, 1792-1871; adapted by A. C. Smyth, 1840-1909

Oh, how lovely was the morning!  
Radiant beamed the sun above.  
Bees were humming, sweet birds singing,  
Music ringing thru the grove,  
When within the shady woodland  
Joseph sought the God of love,  
When within the shady woodland  
Joseph sought the God of love.

Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing--  
'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer--  
When the pow'rs of sin assailing  
Filled his soul with deep despair;  
But undaunted, still he trusted  
In his Heav'nly Father's care;  
But undaunted, still he trusted  
In his Heav'nly Father's care.

Suddenly a light descended,  
Brighter far than noonday sun,  
And a shining, glorious pillar  
O'er him fell, around him shone,  
While appeared two heav'nly beings,  
God the Father and the Son,  
While appeared two heav'nly beings,  
God the Father and the Son.

"Joseph, this is my Beloved;  
Hear him!" Oh, how sweet the word!  
Joseph's humble prayer was answered,  
And he listened to the Lord.  
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,  
For he saw the living God;  
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,  
For he saw the living God.