

Joseph Smith's First Prayer

(using the tune of Jesus, Lover of My Soul)

Oh how love - ly was the morn - ing! Ra - di - ant beamed the sun a -
 Hum - bly kneel - ing, sweet ap - peal - ling, 'Twas the boy's first ut - tered
 Sud - den - ly a light des - cen - ded, Brigh - ter far than noon - day
 Jo - seph, this is my be - lo - ved; Hear him! Oh, how sweet the

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bove. Bees were hum - ming sweet birds sing - ing, mu - sic ring - ing through the
 prayer, when the powers of sin as sail - ing filled his soul with deep dis
 sun. And a shin - ing, glor - i - ous pil - lar O'er him fell a - round him
 word! Jo - seph's hum - ble prayer was an - swered, And he lis - tened to the

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grove. When with - in the sha - dy wood - land Jo - seph sought the God of
 pair. But un - daunt - ted still he trust - ed in his Heav' - nly Fa - ther's
 shone, While ap - peared two heav' - ly be - ings God the Fa - ther and the
 Lord. Oh, what rap - ture filled his bo - som, For he saw the liv - ing

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love, when with - in the sha - dy wood - land Jo - seph sought the God of love.
 care. But un - daunt - ed still he trust - ed in his Heav' - nly Fa - ther's care.
 Son, Wile ap - peared two heav' - nly be - ings, God the Fa - ther and the Son.
 God. Oh, what rap - ture filled his bo - som, For he saw the liv - ing God.