

How often in sweet miditation, my mind

Parley P. Pratt

quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland hymnal

1. How often in sweet miditation, my mind,
(Where solitude reigned and aside from mankind,
Has dwelt on the hour, when the Saviour did deign,
To call me his servant to publish his name.
2. To lift up my voice and proclaim the glad news,
First unto the Gentiles and then to the Jews;
That Jesus Messiah in clouds will descend,
Destroy the ungodly, the righteous defend.
3. How rich is the treasure, ye servants of God,
Entrusted to us as made known by his word;
The plan of salvation, the gospel of grace,
To publish abroad unto Adam's lost race.
4. O gladly we'll go to the isles and proclaim;
And nations unknown then shall hear of his fame;
Yea, kingdoms, and countries, both Gentiles and Jews,
Shall see us, and hear us proclaim the glad news.
5. And Millions shall turn to the Lord and rejoice,
That they have made Jesus the Saviour their choice;
From north, and the south, from the east and the west,
We'll bring home our thousands in Zion to rest.
6. As clouds see them fly to their glorious home—
As doves to their windows in flocks see them come,
While empires shall tremble and kingdoms shall rend,
And thrones be cast down as wise Daniel proclaim'd.
7. And Israel shall flourish and spread far abroad,
Till earth shall be full of the knowledge of God:
And thus shall the stone of the mountain roll forth—
Extend its dominion, and fill the whole earth.