

O My Father

Fervently ♩ = 42-56

1. O my Fa - ther, thou that dwell - est In the high and
 2. For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose Thou hast placed me
 3. I had learned to call thee Fa - ther, Thru thy Spir - it
 4. When I leave this frail ex - is - tence, When I lay this

glo - rious place, When shall I re - gain thy pres - ence
 here on earth And with - held the rec - ol - lec - tion
 from on high, But, un - til the key of knowl - edge
 mor - tal by, Fa - ther, Moth - er, may I meet you

And a - gain be - hold thy face? In thy ho - ly
 Of my for - mer friends and birth; Yet oft - times a
 Was re - stored, I knew not why. In the heav'ns are
 In your roy - al courts on high? Then, at length, when

hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side? In my
 se - cret some - thing Whis - pered, "You're a strang - er here," And I
 par - ents sin - gle? No, the thought makes rea - son stare! Truth is
 I've com - plet - ed All you sent me forth to do, With your

first pri - me - val child - hood Was I nur - tured near thy side?
felt that I had wan - dered From a more ex - alt - ed sphere.
rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me I've a moth - er there.
mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887

Music: James McGranahan, 1840–1907

Romans 8:16–17

Acts 17:28–29 (22–31)