

# O My Father

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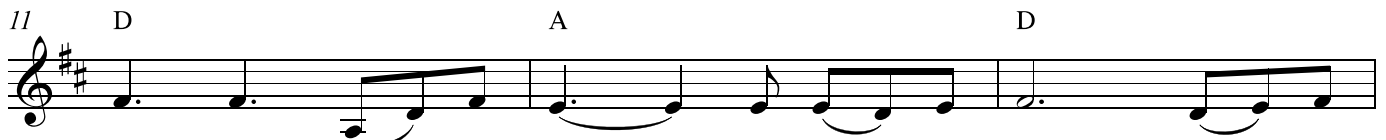
James McGranahan



O\_ my Fa - ther, thou that dwel - lest In\_ the high\_ and glo - rious place, When shall  
For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose Thou hast placed me here on earth And with  
I\_ had learned to call thee Fa - ther, Thru thy Spi - rit from on high, But, un -  
When I leave this frail ex - is - tence, When I lay\_ this mor - tal by, Fa - ther,



I re - gain thy pre - sence And a - gain\_ be - hold thy face? In\_ thy ho - ly ha - bi -  
held the re - col - lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth; Yet oft - times a se - cret  
til the key of know - ledge Was re - stored, I knew not why. In\_ the heav'ns are pa - rents  
Mo - ther, may I meet you In\_ your royal courts on\_ high? Then, at\_ length, when I've com - ple



ta - tion, Did\_ my spi - rit once\_ re - side? In\_ my  
some - thing Whis - pered, "You're\_ a stran - ger here," And\_ I  
sin - gle? No, the thought\_ makes re - ason stare! Truth is  
ted All you\_ sent me\_ forth to\_ do, With your\_ mu -



first\_ pri - me - val chil - dhood Was I nur - tured near thy side?  
felt\_ that I\_ had wan - dered From a more\_ ex - al - ted sphere.  
re - ason; truth e - ter - nal Tells me I've\_ a mo - ther there.  
tu - al ap - pro - ba - tion Let\_ me come\_ and dwell with you.