

# O My Father

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James McGranahan

Ab Eb Eb7 Ab Ab

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

7 Eb Eb7 Ab Db Ab

pre - sence And a - gain\_ be - hold thy face? In\_ thy ho - ly ha - bi - ta - tion, Did my  
lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth; Yet oft - times a se - cret some thing Whis - pered,  
know - ledge Was re - stored, I knew not why. In\_ the heav'ns are pa - rents sin - gle? No, - the  
meet you In\_ your royal courts on\_ high? Then, at\_ length, when I've com - ple - ted All you sent

12 Eb Ab Db Ab Eb Ab

spi - rit once re - side? In\_ my first\_ pri - me - val chil - hood Was I nur - tured near thy side?  
"You're a stran - ger here," And I felt\_ that I\_ had wan - dered From a more ex - al - ted sphere.  
thought makes re - asonstare! Truth is re - ason; truth e - ter - nal Tells me I've\_ a mo - ther there.  
me\_ forth to\_ do, With your mu - tu - al ap - pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.