

O My Father

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O my Fa - ther, thou that dwel - lest In the high and glo - rious place, 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 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 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 - ason stare! 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.