

O My Father

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James McGranahan

G D D7 G G

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 D D7 G C G

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 D G C G D G

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.