

O My Father

Fervently ♩ = 69-84

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

5

When shall I re - gain thy pres - ence And a - gain be - hold thy face?
And with - held the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth;
But, un - til the key of knowl - edge Was re - stored, I knew not why,
Fa - ther, Moth - er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high?

9

In thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side?
Yet oft - times a se - cret some - thing Whis - pered, "You're a strang - er here,"
In the heav'ns are par - ents sin - gle? No, the thought makes rea - son stare!
Then, at length, when I've com - plet - ed All you sent me forth to do,

13

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

Submitted by Weldon Whipple

Text: Eliza R. Snow

Music: Felix Mendelssohn

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