O My Father

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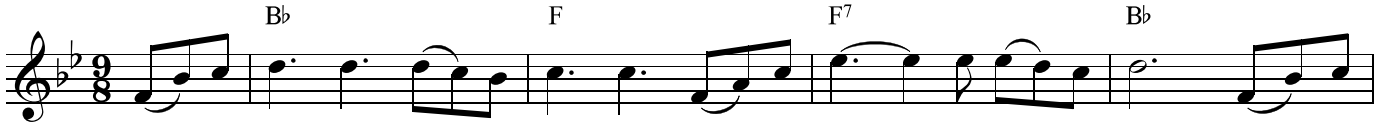
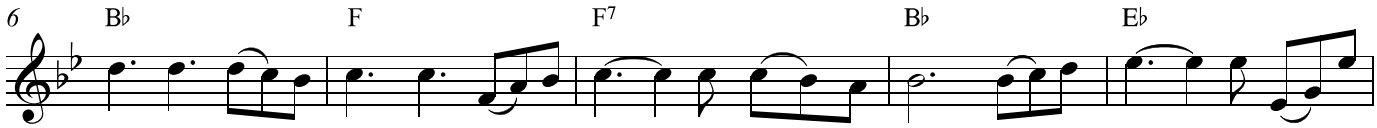
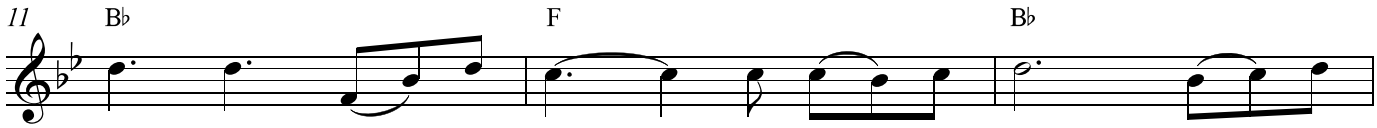
James McGranahan



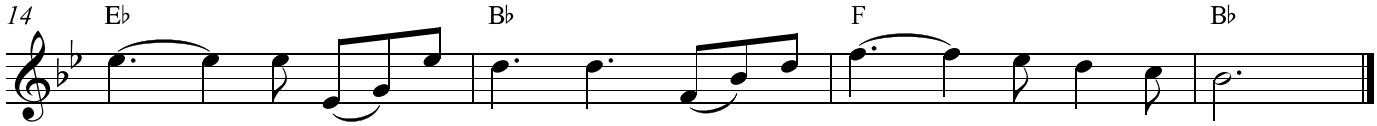
O_ my Fa - ther, thou that dwel - lest In_ the high_ and glo - riousplace, When shall
For a wise and glo - rious pur - pose Thou hast placed me here on earth And with
I__ had learned to call thee Fa - ther, Thru thy Spi - rit from on high, But, un-
When I leave this frail ex - is - tence, When I lay___ 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.