1. O my Fa-ther, thou that dwell-est In the high and
   glo-rious place, When shall I re-gain thy pres-ence
   And again be-hold thy face? In thy ho-ly
   hab-i-ta-tion, Did my spir-it once re-side? In my
   se-cret some-thing Whis-pered, "You're a stran-ger here," And I

2. For a wise and glo-rious pur-pose Thou hast placed me
   here on earth And with-held the rec-o-llec-tion
   Of my for-mer friends and birth; Yet oft-times a
   par-ents sin-gle? No, the thought makes rea-son stare! Truth is

3. I had learned to call thee Fa-ther, Thru thy Spir-it
   from on high, But, un-till the key of knowl-edge
   Was re-store-d, I knew not why. In the heav'n's are
   I've com-plet-ed All you sent me forth to do, With your

4. When I leave this frail ex-is-tence, When I lay this
   mor-tal by, Fa-ther, Moth-er, may I meet you
   In your roy-al courts on high? Then, at length, when
   In the heav'n's are
first primal childhood
felt that I had wandered
reason: truth eternal
mutual approbation
Was I nurtured near thy side?
From a more exalted sphere.
Tells me I've a mother there.
Let me come and dwell with you.

Text: Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887
Music: James McGranahan, 1840–1907

Romans 8:16–17
Acts 17:28–29 (22–31)