

OH, MY FATHER by James McGranahan & Eliza R. Snow

Oh, my Father Thou that dwellest in the high and glorious place
When will I regain Thy presence and again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation did my Spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose Thou hast placed me here on earth.
And withheld the recollection of my former friends and birth;
Yet, oft-times, a secret something whispers you're a stranger here.
And I felt that I had wandered from a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father, through Thy Spirit from on high;
But until the key of knowledge was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single? No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth Eternal tells me I've a Mother there.
I've a Mother there.
I've a Mother there.

When I leave this frail existence, when I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you in your royal courts on high?
Then at last when I've completed all you sent me here to do,
With your mutual approbation let me come and dwell with you.
Oh, my Father, Father, Father with you.