

# O MY FATHER to the tune of "Come, Thou Fount"

Eliza R. Snow, 1804–1887

John Wyeth, 1813

♩ = 100

1 O my Fa - ther, thou that dwell - est In the high and glor - ious place, When shall  
 2. For a wise and glor - ious pur - pose Thou hast placed me here on earth And with -  
 3. I had learned to call thee Fa - ther, Thru thy Spi - rit from on high, But, un -  
 4. When I leave this frail e - xist - ence, When I lay this mor - tal by, Fa - ther,

I re - gain thy pres - ence And a - gain be - hold thy face? In thy  
 - held the re - col - lec - tion Of my form - er friends and birth; Yet oft -  
 - til the key of know - ledge Was re - stored, I knew not why. In the  
 Mo - ther, may I meet you In your ro - yal courts on high? Then, at

ho - ly h - bi - ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side? In my  
 - times a se - cret some - thing Whisp - ered, "You're a strang - er here," And I  
 heav'ns are par - ents sin - gle? No, the thought makes rea - son stare! Truth is  
 length, when I've com - ple - ted All you sent me forth to do, With your

first pri - me - val child - hood Was I nur - tured near thy side?  
 felt that I had wand - ered From a more ex - al - ted sphere.  
 rea - son; truth e - ter - nal Tells me I've a mo - ther there.  
 mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion Let me come and dwell with you.