

SAB

O My Father

Arr. Jay Williams

Soprano

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

Alto

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Baritone

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Sop

5
 I re - gain thy pres - ence And a - gain be - hold thy face? In thy
 held the rec - ol - lec - tion Of my for - mer friends and birth; Yet oft -
 til the key of know - ledge Was re - stored, I knew not why. In the
 Moth - er, may I meet you In your roy - al courts on high? Then, at

Alt

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O My Father

2

9

Sop

ho - - - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spi - rit once re - side? In my
 times a se - cret some - thing Whis - pered, "You're a strang - er here," And I
 heav'n's are par - ents sin - gle? no, the thought makes rea - son stare! Truth is
 length, when I've com - plet - ed All you sent me forth to do, With your

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ho - - - ly hab - i - ta - tion, Did my spi - rit once re - side? In my
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13

Sop

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

Alt

first pri - me - val child - hood, Was I nur - tured near thy side?
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