O my Father, thou that dwell-est in the high and glorious place, When shall I re-gain 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 has placed me here on earth, And withheld the recollection of my former friends and birth, Yet oft times a secret something whispered

"You're a stranger here." And I felt that I had wandered from a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call thee Father, Thru thy Spirit from on
high. But, until the key of knowledge was restored I knew not why, in the heav'n's are parents

single? No, the thought makes reason stare! Truth is reason, Truth eternal tells me

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 length when I've completed all you

sent me forth to do, With your mutual approbation, let me come and dwell with you.

Let me come and dwell with you.