

Please pay attention to the dotted notes. They change in each stanza, so you have to pay attention to them or you will be out of rhythm with the rest of the choir.

I have highlighted the dotted notes, but sometimes it is the ones without dots that throw you. *Gently, about ♩ = 70*

O My Father

SATB (use w/obbligato for two C instruments)

Text by Eliza R. Snow
 Melody from John Wyeth's
 "Repository of Sacred Music," Part Second
 Arranged by Sally DeFord

The musical score consists of a piano accompaniment and SATB vocal parts. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with dynamic markings of *p* and *rit.*. The vocal parts include the lyrics: "O my Father, thou that dwell - est in the high and glo - rious place, When shall I re - gain thy pre - sence and a - gain be - hold thy face, In thy ho - ly hab - i - ta - tion did my spi - rit once re - side? In my". The score includes measures 1 through 20, with measure numbers 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 clearly marked. Dotted notes are highlighted in yellow, and the tempo changes to *rit.* and *a tempo* are also highlighted.

Please watch me for the ritardando. The tempo will slow down gradually here. Think of a car coming to a stop sign.

Then back to normal tempo here. This same thing happens in every stanza.



22 **first** pri - me - val child - hood, was I nur - tured near thy side? 24 26

a tempo

28 *p* 30 (Tenor/Bass:) For a **wise** and glo - rious pur - pose thou hast

32 placed me here on earth, And with - **held** the rec - ol - lec - tion - of my - -for - mer friends and 34 36

38 birth, Yet oft_ times a sec - ret some - thing whis - pered "You're a stran - ger 40 *rit.*

rit.

a tempo 42 44

here." And I felt that I had wan - dered from a more ex - alt - ed sphere.

a tempo *mf*

46 48 50

52 *Soprano/Alto* *mf* 54

I had learned to call thee Fa - ther, Thru thy

Tenor/Bass *mf*

56 Spi - rit from on high, But un - til 58 the key of knowl - edge was re - stored, 60 I knew not

62 why. In the_ heav'ns are par - ents sin - gle? No, the_ thought makes rea - son stare! Truth is

rit. *a tempo*

tacet

rit.

68 rea - son, Truth e - ter - nal tells me I've a mo - ther there. 70

a tempo

Please watch me for the cut off so we end together. I may cut off a little earlier than the full six counts.

72 74 76

rit. *tacet*

a cappella--freely
mp 78 80

When I leave this frail ex - is - tence, When I lay this mor - tal by, Fa - ther

82 84 *mf* in rhythm

Mo - ther, may I meet you in your roy - al courts on high? Then, at

86 88 *rit.* *a tempo*

length when I've com - plet - ed all you_ sent me forth to do, *mp*
With your *unis.*

mf *rit.* *mp*

90 *mp* *unis.*

mu - tual ap - pro - ba - tion let me come and dwell with you, Let me

a tempo

Watch me for the cutoff. I may not give it the full 6 counts.

94 96

you, Let me come and dwell with you, and dwell with *p* you.

come and dwell with you, and dwell with you.

98 100

rit. *pp*