

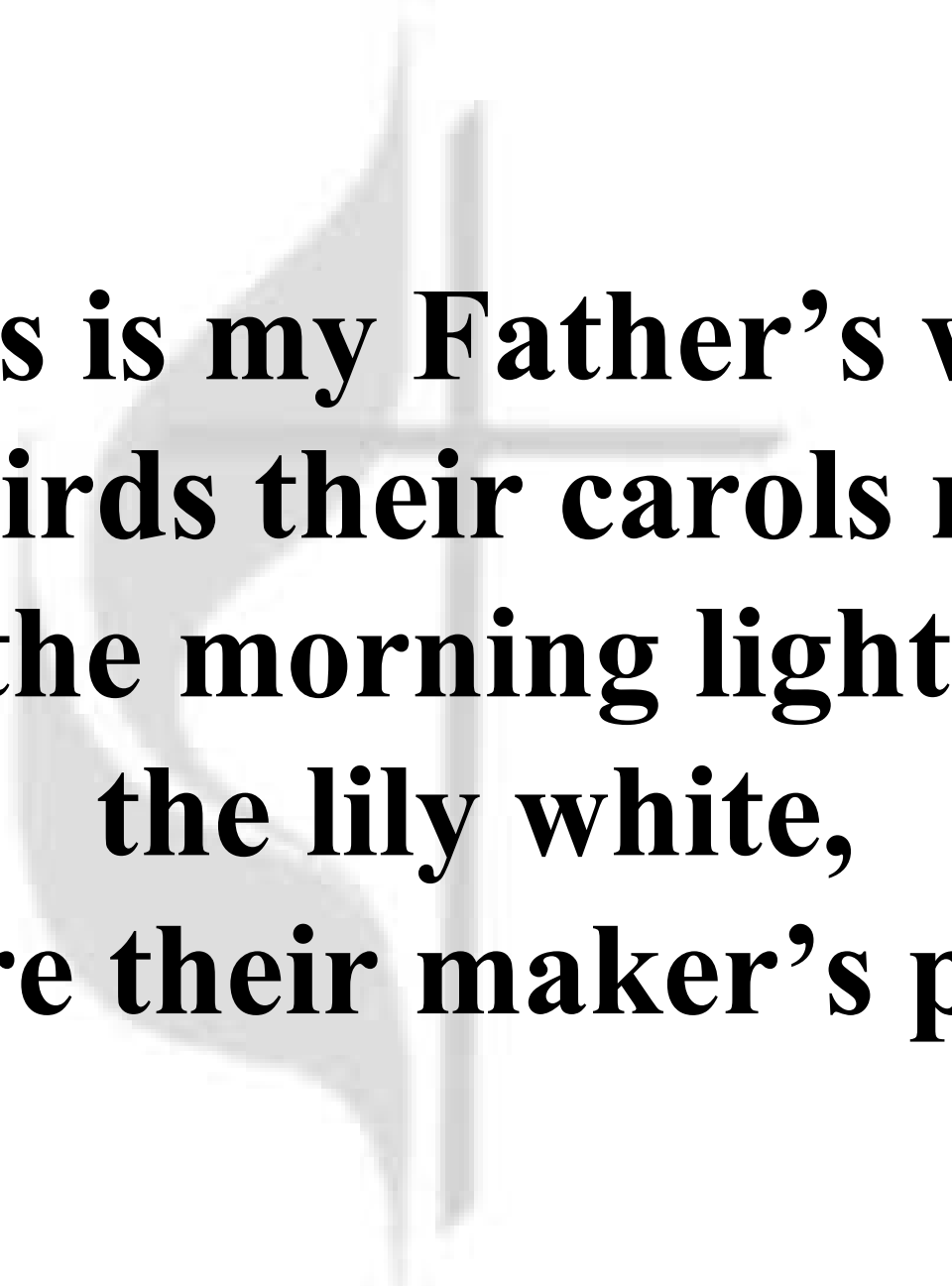
This Is My Father's World

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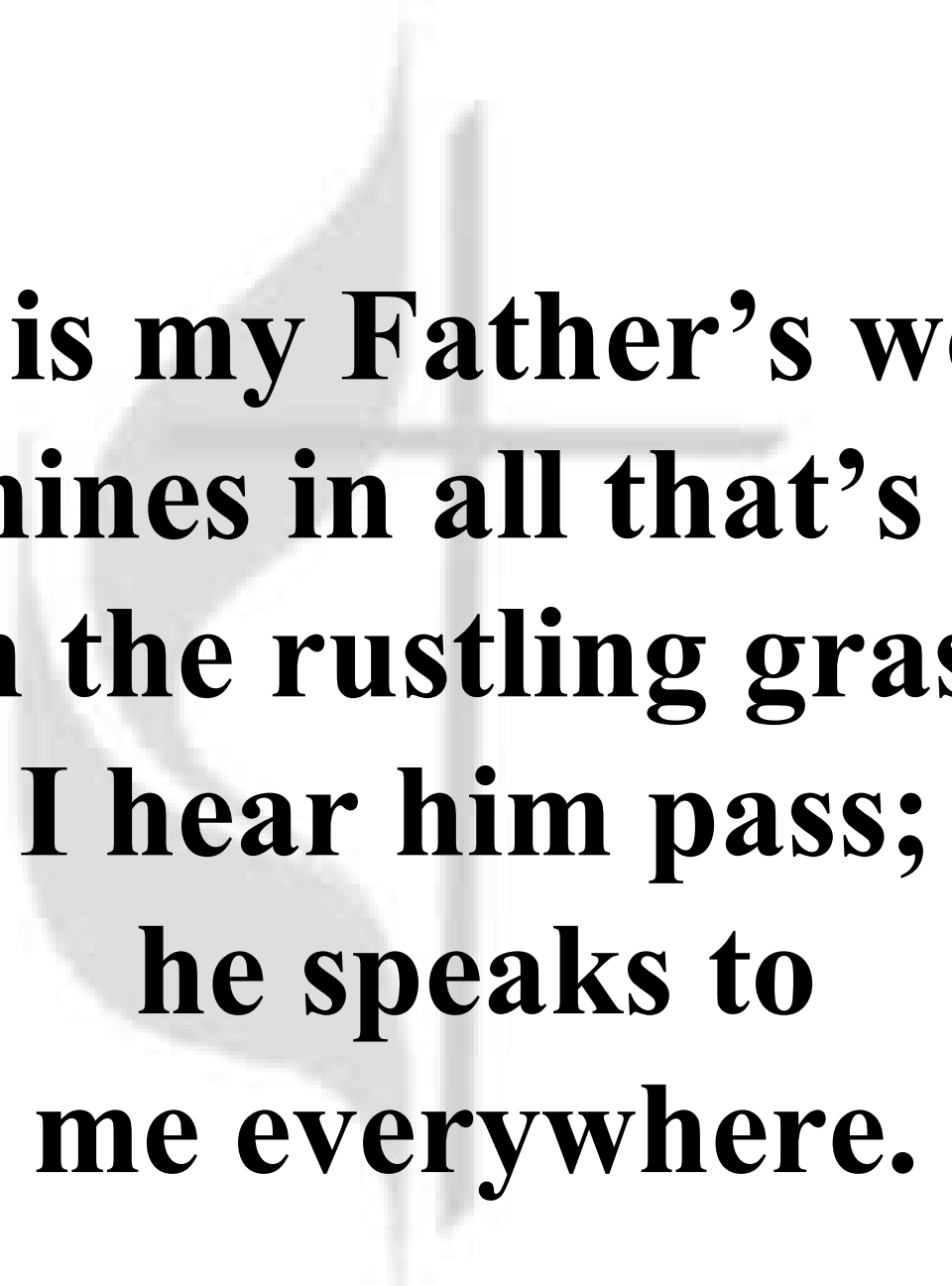
WORDS: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

- 1. This is my Father's world,
and to my listening ears
all nature sings,
and round me rings
the music of the spheres.**

**This is my Father's world:
I rest me in the thought
of rocks and trees,
of skies and seas;
his hand the
wonders wrought.**



**2. This is my Father's world,
the birds their carols raise,
the morning light,
the lily white,
declare their maker's praise.**



**This is my Father's world:
he shines in all that's fair;
in the rustling grass
I hear him pass;
he speaks to
me everywhere.**

3. This is my Father's world.

**O let me ne'er forget
that though the wrong
seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.**

**This is my Father's world:
why should my heart be sad?**

**The Lord is King;
let the heavens ring!**

**God reigns;
let the earth be glad!**