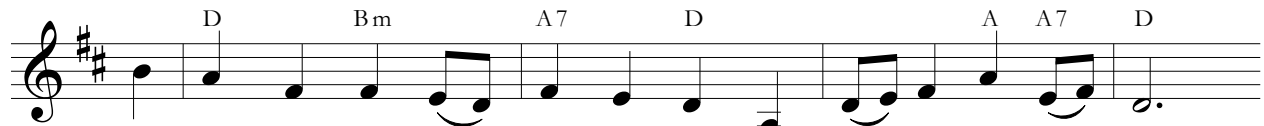


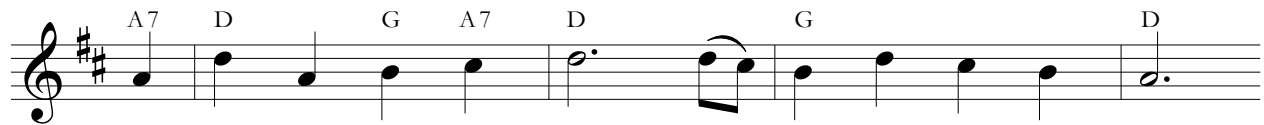
# This Is My Father's World



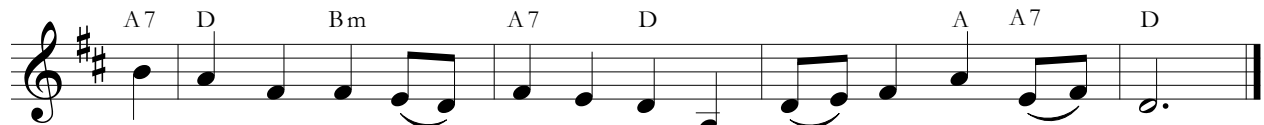
1. This is my Fa - ther's world, and to my list' - ning ears  
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world, the birds their car - ols raise,  
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O\_\_ let me ne'er for - get



all na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.  
 the morn - ing light, the\_\_ lil - y white, de - clare their Mak - er's praise.  
 that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is\_\_ the Rul - er\_\_ yet.



This is my Fa - ther's world: I\_\_ rest me in the thought  
 This is my Fa - ther's world: he\_\_ shines in all that's fair;  
 This is my Fa - ther's world: the bat - tle is not done;



of rocks and trees, of\_\_ skies and seas, his hand the won - ders wrought.  
 in rust - ling grass I\_\_ hear him pass, he speaks to me ev-'ry - where.  
 Je - sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, and earth and heav'n be\_\_ one.

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock (1901)

Music: TERRA BEATA, English folk melody, adapt. Franklin L. Sheppard (1915)

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