This Is My Father's World

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: O let us not for-
   get that though the wrong is great and strong, God
   fair; in the rustling grass I hear him pass he
   keep it clean and fair all earth and trees, all
   skies and seas, all creatures everywhere.

3. This is my Father's world: he shines in all that's
   kept though the wrong is great and strong, God
   fair; in the rustling grass I hear him pass he
   keep it clean and fair all earth and trees, all
   skies and seas, all creatures everywhere.

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