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
   shines in all that's fair; in the rustling grass I
   should my heart be sad? The Lord is King; let the
   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, despite
   that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God
   clare their maker's praise. This is my Father's world: he
   is the ruler yet. This is my Father's world: why
   hear him pass; he speaks to me everywhere.

3. This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er for -
   get that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God
   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
   shines in all that's fair; in the rustling grass I
   should my heart be sad? The Lord is King; let the
   skies and seas; his hand the wonders wrought.