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 declare their maker's praise. This is my Father's world: he is the ruler yet. This is my Father's world: why 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. hear him pass; he speaks to me everywhere. heavens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.

2. This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise, the morning light, the lovely white, despite that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God music of the spheres. This is my Father's world: I declare their maker's praise. This is my Father's world: he is the ruler yet. This is my Father's world: why 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. hear him pass; he speaks to me everywhere. heavens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.

3. This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget raise, the morning light, the lovely white, despite that though the wrong seems oft so strong, God music of the spheres. This is my Father's world: I declare their maker's praise. This is my Father's world: he is the ruler yet. This is my Father's world: why 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. hear him pass; he speaks to me everywhere. heavens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.