This Is My Father's World

1. This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears all na-ture sings, and round me rings the mu-sic of the spheres.
This is my Father's world: I rest me in the thought of
rock and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won-ders wrought.
Lord is King; let the heavens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.

2. This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise, the morn-ing light, the lily white, de-clare 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 ev-ery-where.

3. This is my Father's world. O, let me ne'er for-get 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
This is my Father's world: I should my heart be sad? The
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