This Is My Father's World

1. This is my Father's world, and to my list'ning 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 battle is not done; Jesus who died shall be
2. This is my Father's world, The morning light, the calmly white clare, their Maker's praise. This is my Father's world, He is the Ruler yet. This is my Father's world, The
   That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God
   Rest me in the thought of rocks and trees, of
   Shines in all that's fair; In the rustling grass I
   Battle is not done; Jesus who died shall be
3. This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget to raise; The morning light, the calmly white clare, their Maker's praise. This is my Father's world, He is the Ruler yet. This is my Father's world, The
   That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God
   Rest me in the thought of rocks and trees, of
   Shines in all that's fair; In the rustling grass I
   Battle is not done; Jesus who died shall be