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.

2 This is my Father's world: The birds their carols raise, The morning light, the lily white, Declare their Maker's praise. Though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet.

3 This is my Father's world: O let me ne'er forget That rocks and trees, of skies and seas—His rustling grass I hear Him pass, He Lord is King. Let the heaven's ring! God hand the wonders wrought.

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