

This Is My Father's World

Lyrics by Maltbie Babcock, 1901; Tune: "Terra Beata" arranged by Franklin Sheppard, 1915.



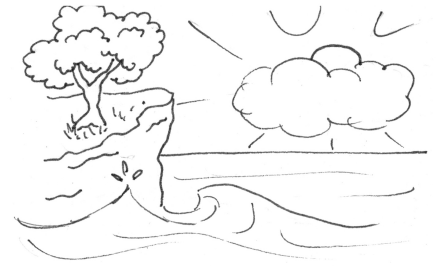
This is my
Father's world,
And to my
listening ears



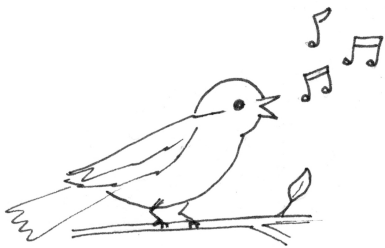
All nature sings,
and round me rings
The music of
the spheres.



This is my
Father's world:
I rest me
in the thought



Of rocks and trees,
of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders
wrought.



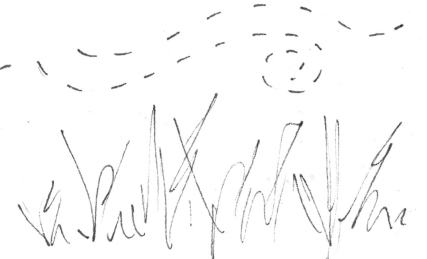
This is my
Father's world,
The birds their
carols raise,



The morning light,
the lily white,
Declare 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
everywhere.



This is my
Father's world.
O let me
ne'er forget



That though the wrong
Seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

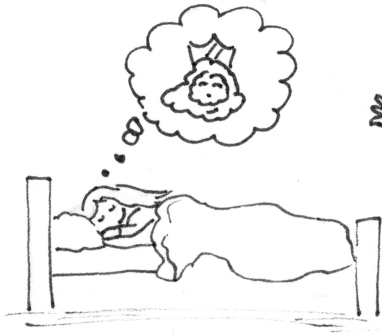


This is my
Father's world:
The battle
is not done:



EARTH + HEAVEN = 1

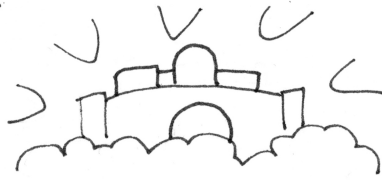
Jesus who died
shall be satisfied,
And earth and
Heav'n be one.



This is my
Father's world.
Dreaming,
I see His face.



I ope my eyes,
and in glad surprise
Cry, "The Lord is
in this place."



This is my
Father's world:
From the shining
courts above,



The Beloved One,
His Only Son,
Came--a pledge
of deathless love.



This is my
Father's world.
Should my
heart be ever sad?



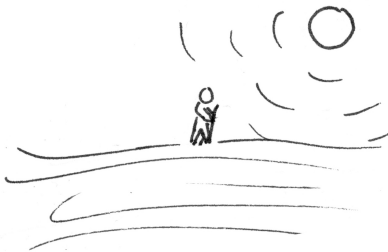
The lord is King--
et the heavens ring.
God reigns--
let the earth be glad.



This is my
Father's world:
Now closer to
Heaven bound,



For dear to God is
the earth Christ trod.
No place but is
holy ground.



This is my
Father's world.
I walk a desert lone.



In a bush ablaze to
my wondering gaze
God makes His
glory known.



This is my
Father's world:
A wanderer
I may roam



Whate'er my lot,
it matters not,
My heart is
still at home.