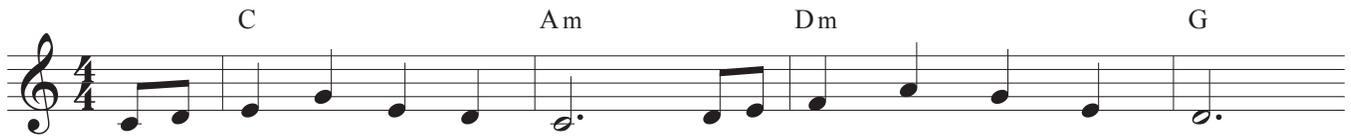
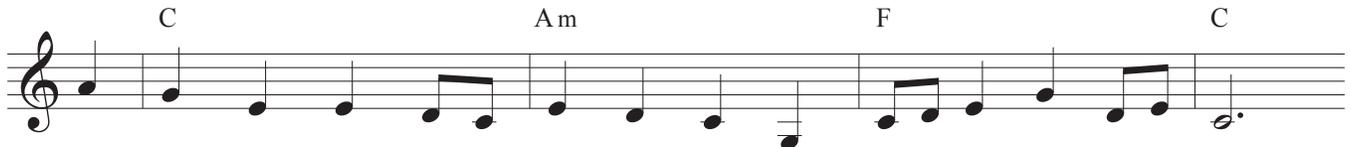


This Is My Father's World



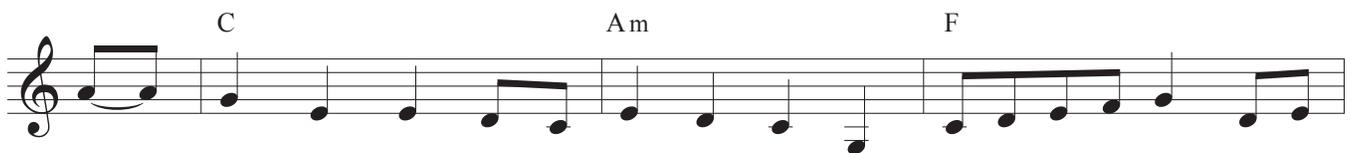
This is my Fa - ther's world, and to my lis - t'ning ears,
 This is my Fa - ther's world, the birds their car - ols raise,
 This is my Fa - ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get



all na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
 the morn - ing light, the lil - y white de - clare their Mak - er's praise.
 that though the wrong seems oft so strong God is the ru - ler yet.



This is my Fa - ther's world. I rest me in the thought
 This is my Fa - ther's world; he shines in all that's fair;
 This is my Fa - ther's world; the bat - tle is not done;



of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the won - ders
 in the rus - tling grass I hear him pass, he speaks to me ev - ery -
 Je - sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, and earth and heav'n be



wrought.
 where.
 one.