

331. THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

TO JE MOG OCA SVET
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1. This is my Fa - ther's world. And to my list - 'ning ears All
2. This is my Fa - ther's world. The birds their car - ols raise; The

na - ture sings, a - round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres. This
morn - ing light, the li - ly white De - clare their Mak - er's praise. This

is my Fa - ther's world; I rest me in the thought Of
is my Fa - ther's world. He shines in all that's fair; In the

rocks and trees, of skies and seas, His hand the won - ders wrought.
rust - ling grass I hear Him pass; He speaks to me eve - ry - where.

3. This is my Father's world. Oh, let me ne'er forget
That while the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet.
This is my Father's world. The battle is not done;
Jesus who died shall be satisfied, And earth and heav'n be one.