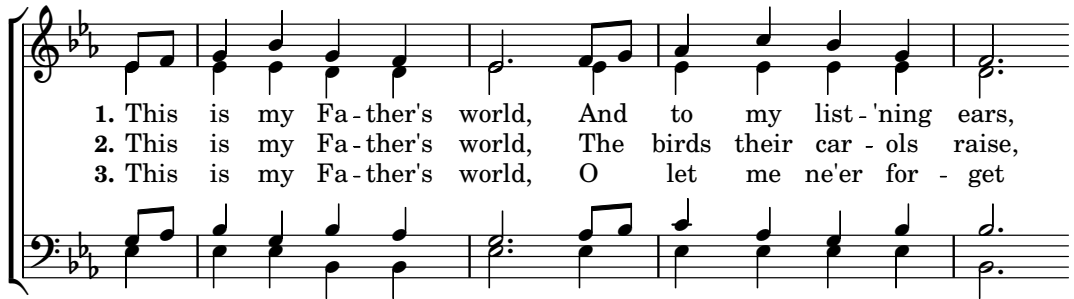


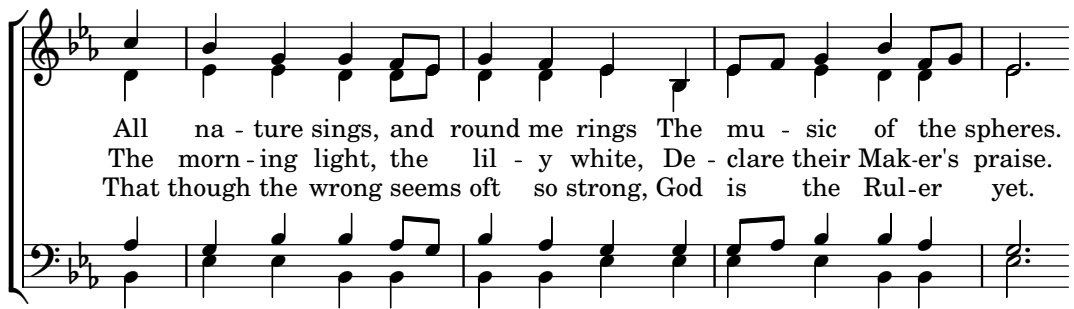
# THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

Music: TERRA BEATA, S.M.D.; English; arr. F. L. Sheppard, 1915

Text: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901



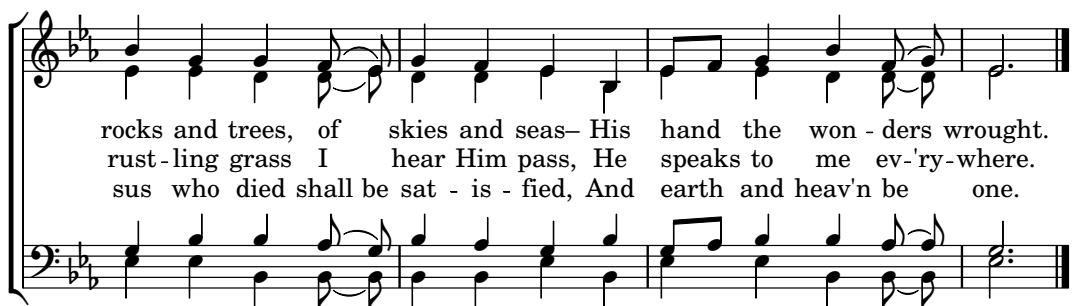
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-'ning ears,  
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise,  
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get



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 Rul-er yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of  
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the  
This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-



rocks and trees, of skies and seas- His hand the won-ders wrought.  
rust-ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-ry-where.  
sus who died shall be sat-is-sied, And earth and heav'n be one.

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