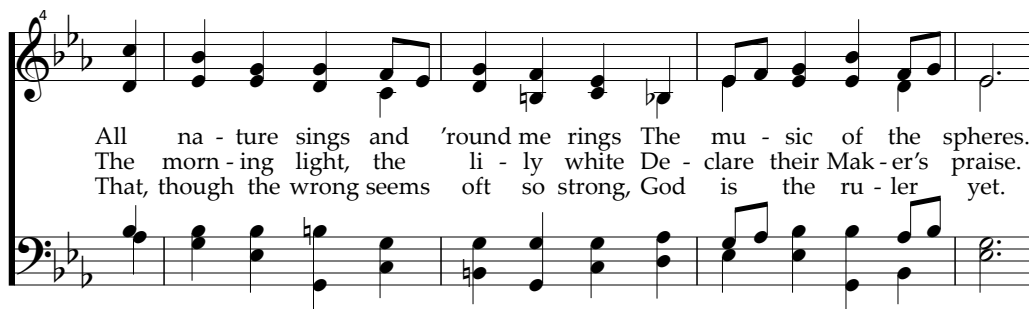


This Is My Father's World



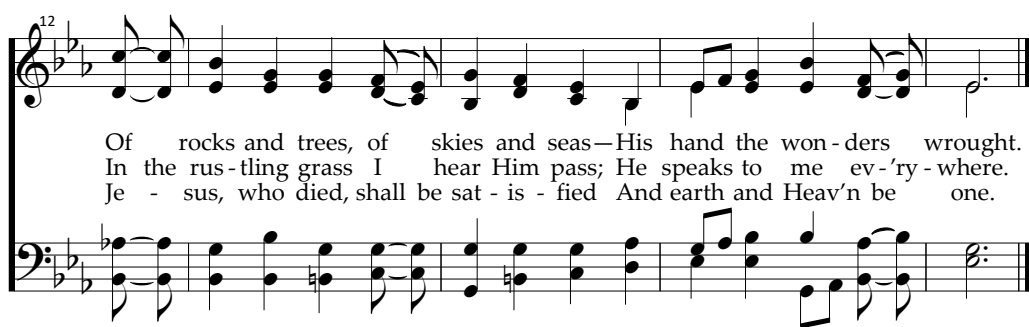
1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my lis - t'ning ears
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise;
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world, Oh, let me ne'er for - get



All na - ture sings and 'round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
 The morn - ing light, the li - ly 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 wrought.
 In the rus - tling grass I hear Him pass; He speaks to me ev - ry - where.
 Je - sus, who died, shall be sat - is - fied And earth and Heav'n be one.

Music: Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915; arr. Edward Shippen Barnes, 1926
 Text: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

TERRA BEATA
 6 6. 8 6. 6 6. 8 6.