

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-fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

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-fied, And earth and heav'n be one.