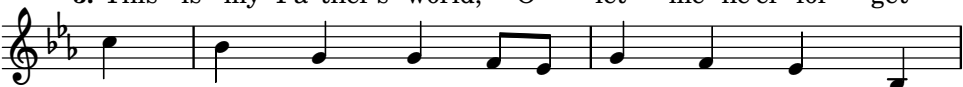
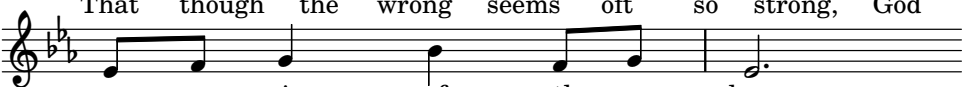




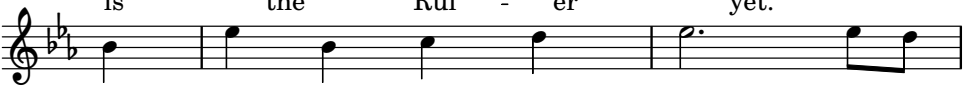
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-'ning ears,
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise,
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get



All na - ture sings, and round me rings The
 The morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De -
 That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God



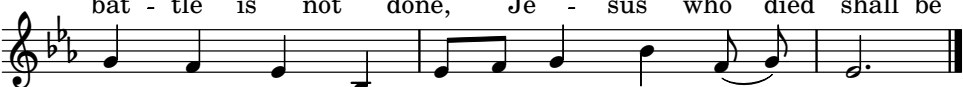
mu - sic of the spheres.
 clare their Mak - er's praise.
 is the Rul - er yet.



This is my Fa - ther's world, I
 This is my Fa - ther's world, He
 This is my Fa - ther's world, The



rest me in the thought Of rocks and trees, of
 shines in all that's fair; In the rust - ling grass I
 bat - tle is not done, Je - sus who died shall be



skies and seas- His hand the won - ders wrought.
 hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.
 sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one.