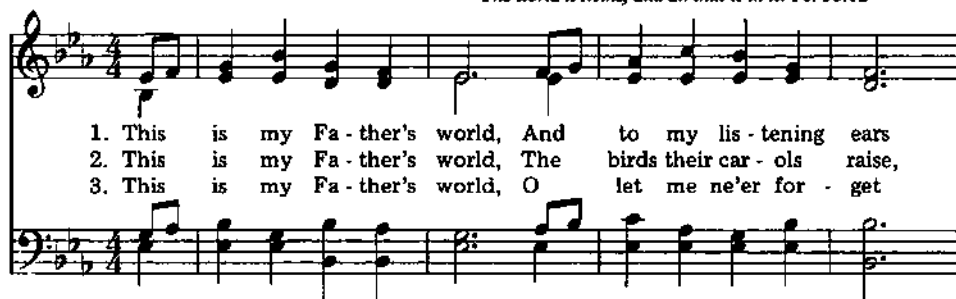
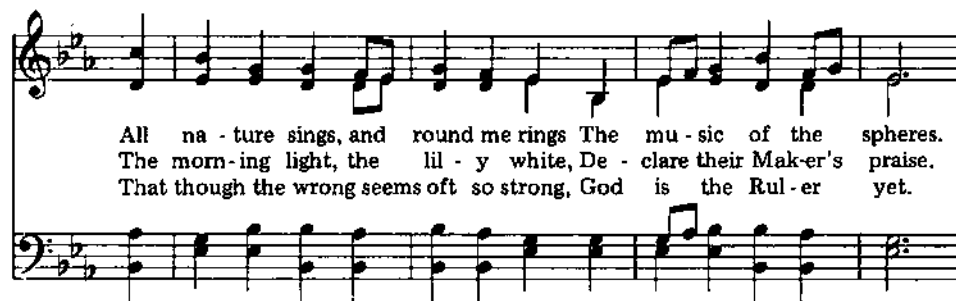


# This Is My Father's World 58

*The world is Mine, and all that is in it. Ps. 50:12*



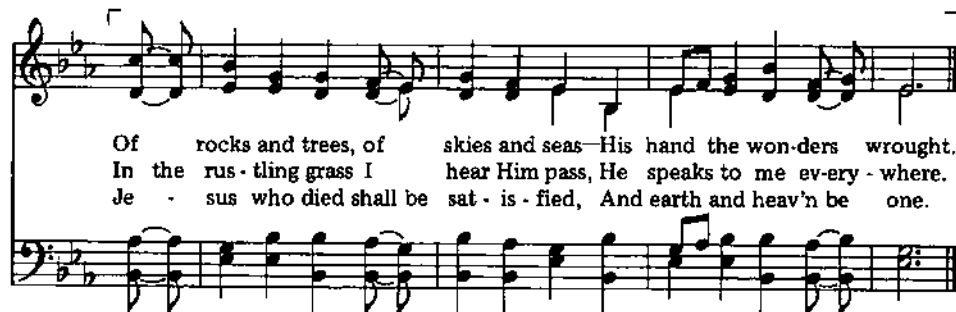
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-tening ears  
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise,  
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get



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  
 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-ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-ery-where.  
 Je-sus who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heav'n be one.