

## This is My Father's World (Blue Hymnal #46)

Words by: Maltbie D. Babcock

Music: Franklin L. Sheppard

[ NO CAPO ]

[ CHORDS ]

| D     | G         | A     |
|-------|-----------|-------|
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|       |           |       |

[ INTRO ]

| D A | D |

[ VERSE 1 ]

      D                                  G                                  A  
This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-t'ning ears,  
      D                                  A                                  D  
All na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.  
      D                                  G                                  D  
This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought  
      D                                  A                                  D  
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won-ders wrought.

[ VERSE 2 ]

This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise;  
The morn-ing light, the lil-y white De-clare their Ma-ker's praise.  
This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair;  
In the rust-ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-'ry-where.

[ VERSE 3 ]

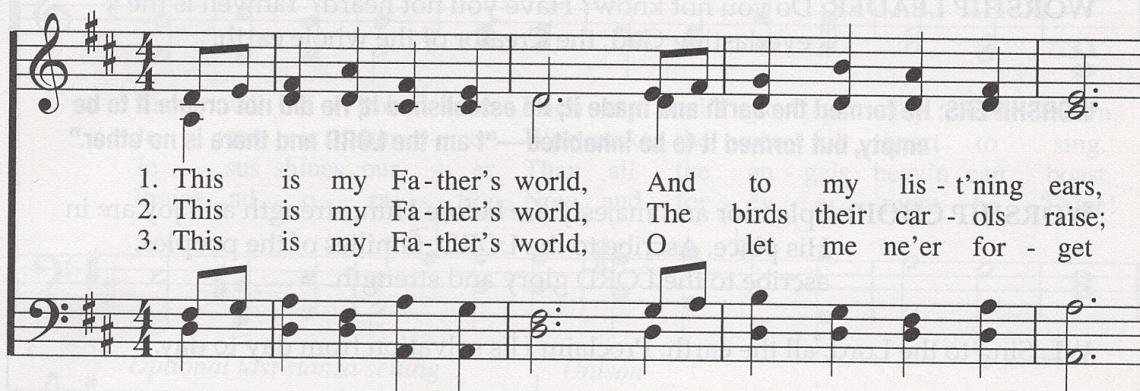
This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get  
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ru-ler yet.  
This is my Fa-ther's world, The battle is not done;  
Je-sus who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heav'n be one.

# This Is My Father's World

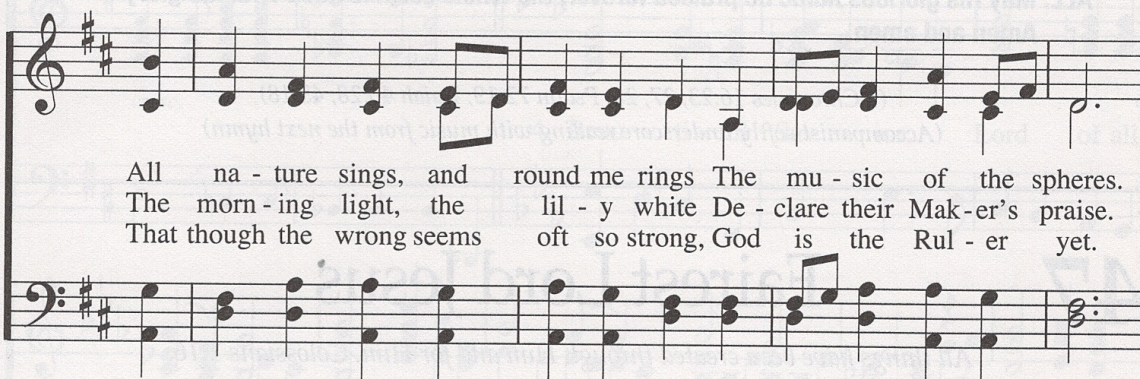
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# 46

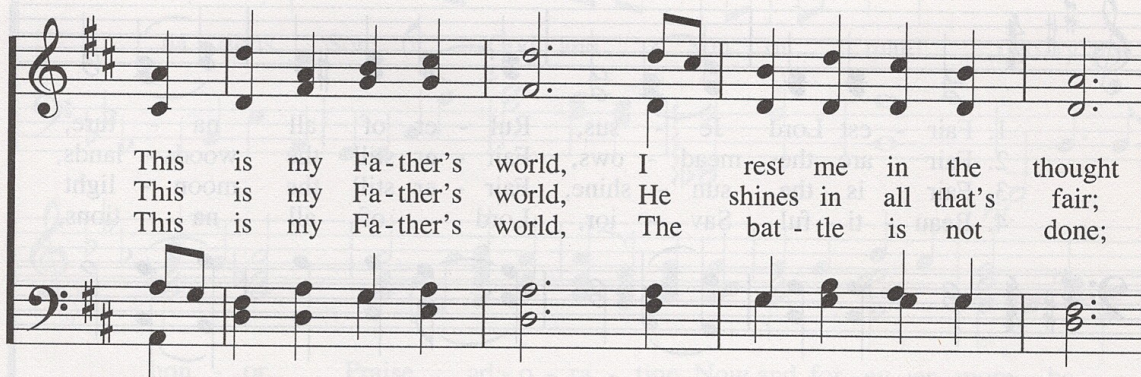
*The earth and everything in it belongs to the LORD. Psalm 24:1*



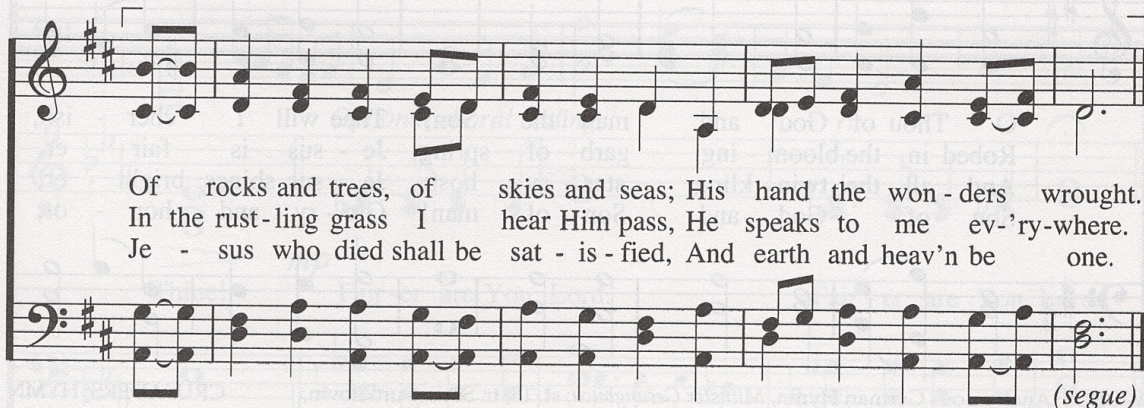
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis - t'ning ears,  
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise;  
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get



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 rust - ling 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.

(segue)