

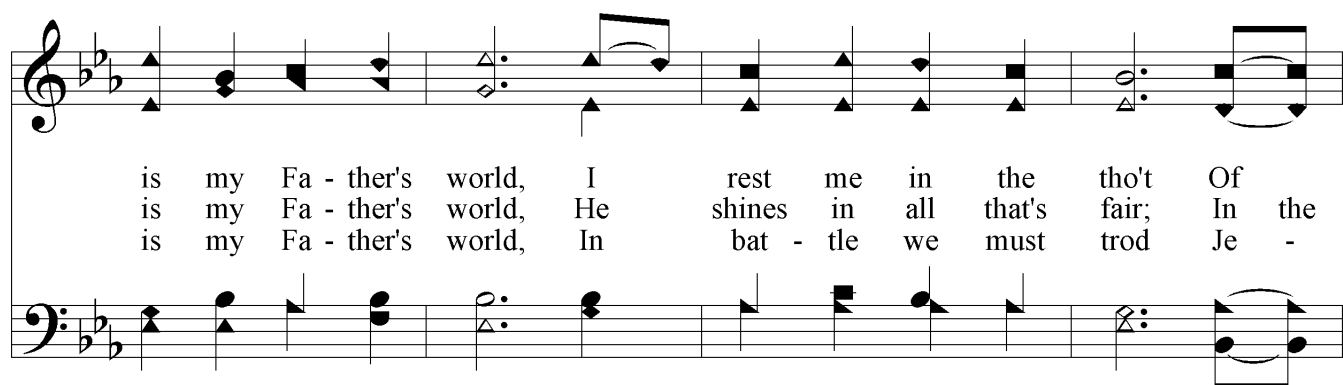
THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD



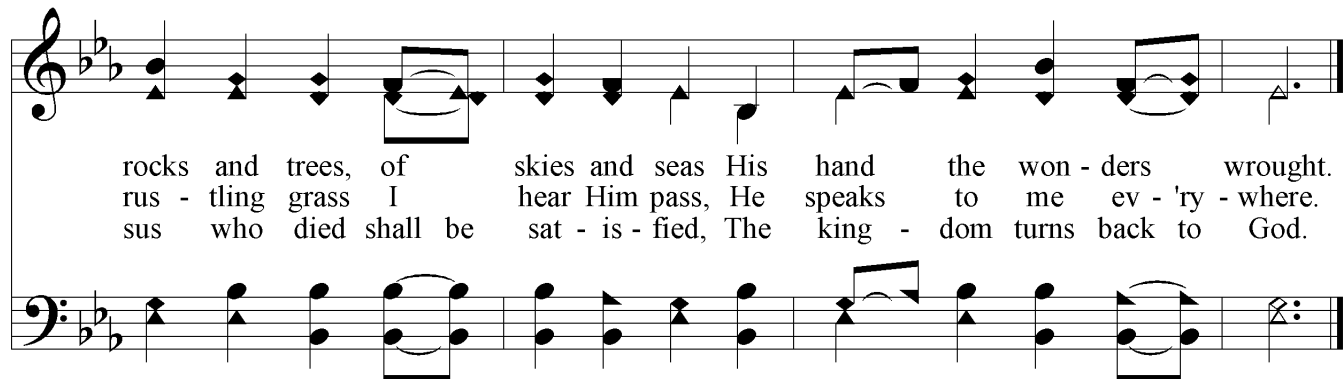
1. This is my Fa - ther's world, And to my list'n - ing ears, All
2. This is my Fa - ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa - ther's world, O, let me ne'er for - get That



na - ture sings, and 'round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres. This
morn - ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Mak - er's praise. This
tho' the wrong seems off' so strong, God is the rul - er yet. This



is my Fa - ther's world, I rest me in the tho't Of
is my Fa - ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
is my Fa - ther's world, In bat - tle we must trod Je -



rocks and trees, of skies and seas His hand the won - ders wrought.
rus - tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev - 'ry - where.
sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, The king - dom turns back to God.

WORDS BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

MUSIC: TRADITIONAL ENGLISH MELODY, ARR. BY S. F. L.