

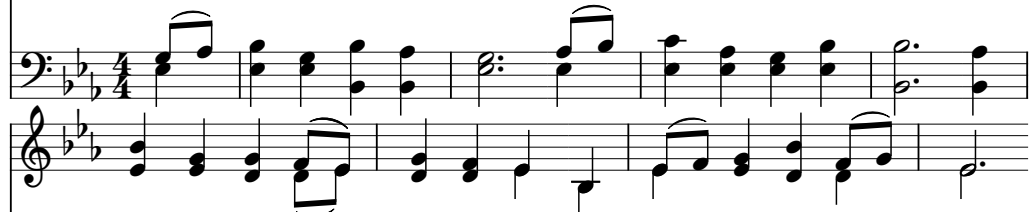
This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock

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1. This is my Father's world, And to my lis-t'ning ears All
2. This is my Father's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
3. This is my Father's world, Oh, let me ne'er for - get That



na - ture sings, and 'round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres.
morn-ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Maker's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ru - ler yet.



This is my Father's world: I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Father's world: He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Father'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.

