

# This is My Father's World

Words by Maltbie D. Babcock and Music TERRA BEATA

C            G            C            F    Am7    G  
This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears  
C    G            E            Am        F    G            C  
All nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres.  
C            F G        C        F        G        C  
This is my Father's world: I rest me in the thought  
C            G            E            Am        F            G            C  
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise,  
The morning light, the lily white, declare their Maker's praise.  
This is my Father's world: He shines in all that's fair;  
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass; He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget  
That though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world: the battle is not done:  
Jesus Who died shall be satisfied, And earth and Heav'n be one.