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.