

1. This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world:

I rest me in the thought

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—

His hand the wonders wrought.

2. 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.

3. 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.

