

This is My Father's World

D A D G/D D A

1. This is my Fa - ther's world, and to my list - 'ning ears
 2. This is my Fa - ther's world, the birds their car - ols raise;
 3. This is my Fa - ther's world, oh let me ne'er for - get

G/B D A D A D

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

A7 D G A7 D G D

This is my Fa - ther's world! I rest me in the thought
 This is my Fa - ther's world! He shines in all that's fair;
 This is my Fa - ther's world! The bat - tle is not done;

G/B D A D A D A D

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas— His hand the won - ders wrought.
 In the rus - tling grass I hear Him pass— He speaks to me ev'ry - where.
 Je - sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, and earth and heav'n be one.