

great-ness; Praise Him! praise Him ev - er in joy - ful song!

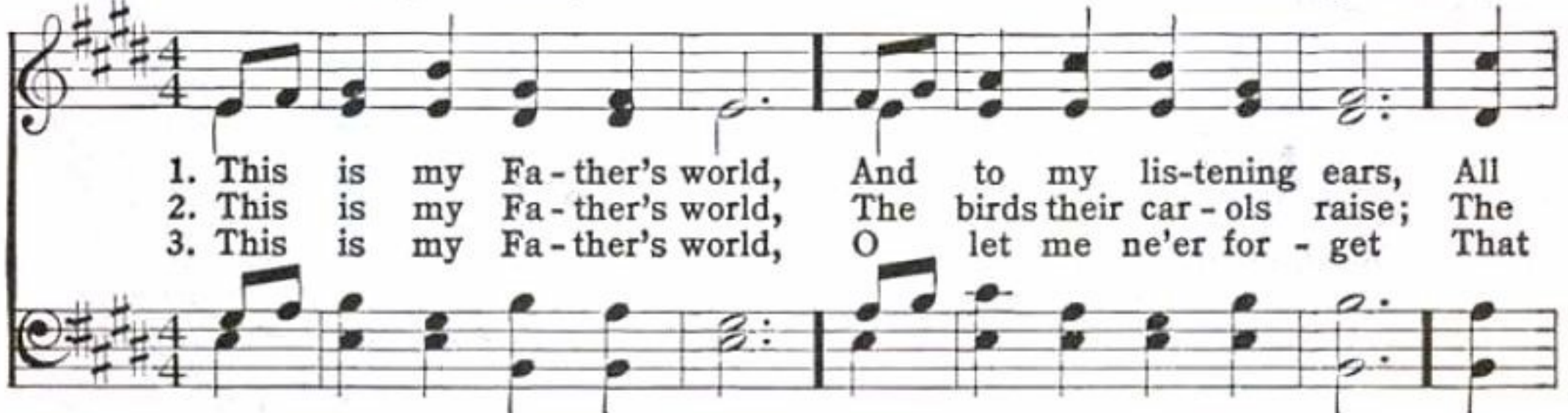
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# This Is My Father's World

Terra Beata. S.M.D.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK (1858-1901)

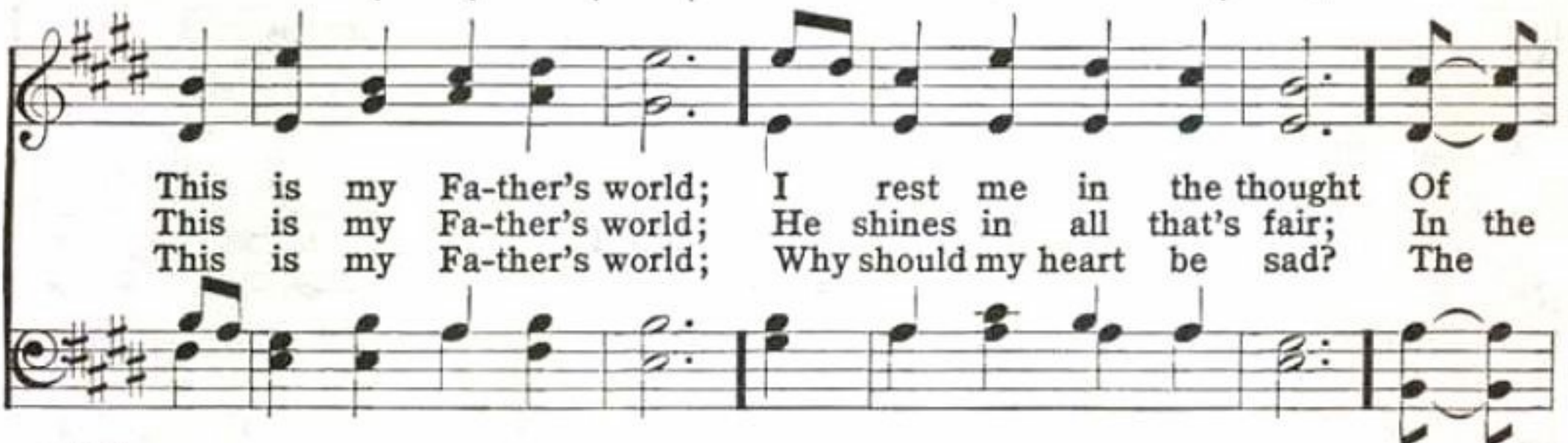
Traditional English melody



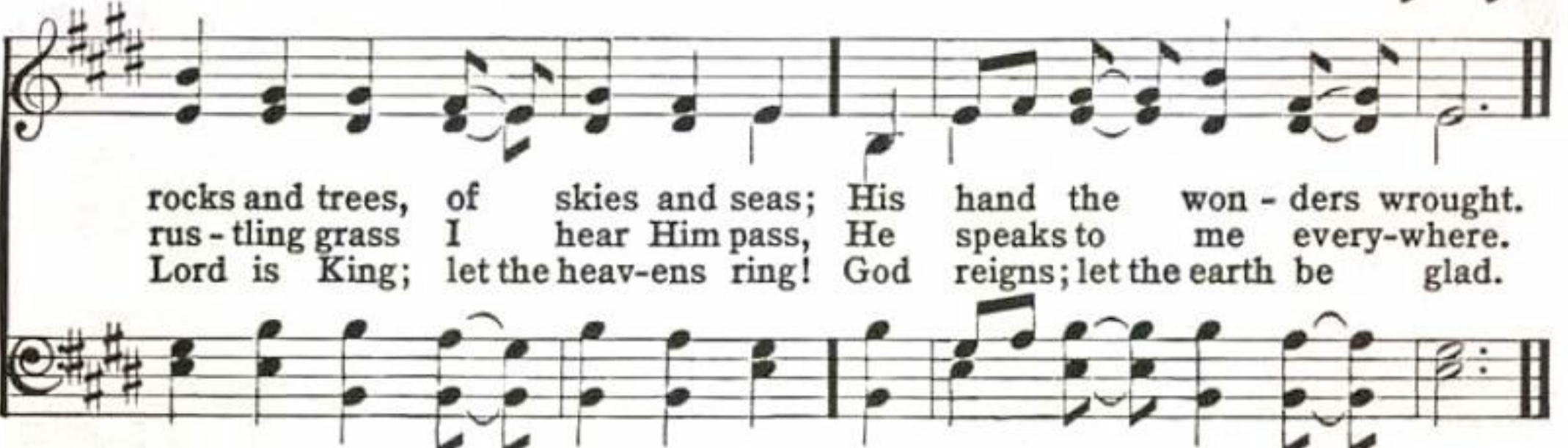
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-tening ears, All  
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise; The  
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That



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



This is my Fa-ther's world; I rest me in the thought Of  
This is my Fa-ther's world; He shines in all that's fair; In the  
This is my Fa-ther's world; Why should my heart be sad? The



rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won - ders wrought.  
rus - tling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me every-where.  
Lord is King; let the heav-ens ring! God reigns; let the earth be glad.

Music arranged from a traditional English melody by Franklin L. Sheppard in 1915. Used by permission. Words used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.