This Is My Father's World

TERRA BEATA

1. This is my Father's world, and to my listening ears, all

2. This is my Father's world, the birds their carols raise, the

3. This is my Father's world, O let me ne'er forget that

nature sings, and round me rings the music of the spheres. This

morning light, the lily white, declare their Maker's praise. This

thought the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ruler yet. This

is my Father's world: I rest me in the thought of

is my Father's world: he sines in all that's fair; in the

is my Father's world: the battle is not done; Je-

rocks and trees, of skies and seas; his hand the wonders wrought.
rusting grass I hear him pass, he speaks to me every where.
sus who died shall be satisfied, and earth and heav'n be one.