

41 This Is My Father's World

TERRA BEATA

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning ears
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world; the birds their car-ols raise;
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world; O, let me not for-get

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 Ma-ker's praise.
 that 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
 This is my Fa-ther's world; He shines in all that's fair;
 This is my Fa-ther's world; why should my heart be sad?

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

WORDS: Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901

MUSIC: Traditional English melody; adapt. Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915

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