

This Is My Father's World

D A Bm Em G A

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 ca-rols raise,
 3 This is my Fa-ther's world: O let me ne'er for-get

6 D A F# Bm A D A D

All na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.
 The mor-ning 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.

11 D G A D G D A

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: The bat-tle is not done; Je-

17 D A F# Bm A D A D

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