

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

WORDS BY: M BABCOCK

MUSIC BY: F. SHEPPARD



Th-is
Th-is
Th-is



is my Fa-ther's world, a-nd to my list-ening ears all
is my Fa-ther's world, th-e birds their car-ols raise, the
is my Fa-ther's world. O-O let me ne'er for-get that



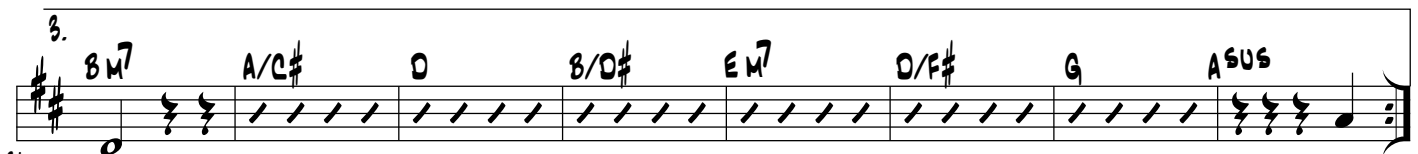
na-ture sings, a-nd round me rings the mu-u-sic of th-e spheres. This
mor-ning light, th-e li-ly white, de-cla-re their ma-ke-r's praise. This
though the wrong se-ems oft so strong, God i-s the ru-le-r yet. This
This



is my Fa-ther's world: I-I rest me in the thought of
is my Fa-ther's world: H-e shines in all that's fair; inthe
is my Fa-ther's world! Th-e bat-tle is not done; Je-
is my Fat-her's world: wh-y should my heart be sad? The



rocks and trees, o-f skies and seas; ha-nd the won-de-rs wrought.
rust-ling grass I-I hear him pass; He spe-aks to me eve-ry-where.
sus who died, shall be sat-is-fied, And ea-rth and heav'n b-e
Lord is King; let the hea-vens ring! God reign-s; letthe earth b-e glad!



one!

This