

This is my Father's World

This is my Father's world,  
and to my listening ears  
all nature sings, and round me rings  
the music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world,  
I rest me in the thought  
of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;  
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,  
O let me ne'er forget  
that though the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world,  
the battle is not done;  
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,  
and earth and heaven be one.