

This is My Father's World (75)

Vs 1 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.

Vs 2 This is my Father's world.
The birds their carols raise.
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world.
He shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass;
He speaks to me ev'rywhere.

Vs 3 This is my Father's world,
O let me ne'er forget
That tho' 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 heav'n be one.

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Sweet Hour of Prayer (632)

Vs 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!

In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft' escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Vs 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for Thy return!

With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Vs 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;

And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.