

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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Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus (327)

Vs 1 O soul, are you weary and troubled?
No light in the darkness you see?
There's light for a look at the Savior,
And life more abundant and free!

Turn your eyes upon Jesus;
Look full in His wonderful face,
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.

Vs 3 His word shall not fail you, He promised;
Believe Him, and all will be well.
Then go to a world that is dying,
His perfect salvation to tell!

Turn your eyes upon Jesus;
Look full in His wonderful face,
And the things of earth will grow strangely dim
In the light of His glory and grace.

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