

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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Surely the Presence of the Lord is in this Place 159atb~

Surely the Presence of the Lord is in this place;
I can feel His mighty power and His grace.
I can hear the brush of angels' wings,
I see glory on each face;
Surely the Presence of the Lord is in this place

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