

This Is My Father's World

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D
F#m A7
D Em7
G
D
A A7

1. This — is my Fa - ther's world, And — to my lis - tening ears, All
 2. This — is my Fa - ther's world, The — birds their car - ols raise; The
 3. This — is my Fa - ther's world, O — let me ne'er for - get That

D
F#m A7
F#m A7 D
A A7
D

na - ture sings, and — round me rings The mu - sic of the — spheres.
 morn - ing light, the — lil - y white, De - clare — their Mak - er's — praise.
 though the wrong seems — oft so strong, God is — the Rul - er — yet.

A
D
G A7
D
G
A7 G
D
A7

This is my Fa - ther's world; I — rest me in the thought Of —
 This is my Fa - ther's world; He — shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa - ther's world; Why — should my heart be sad? The —

D **F#m** **A7** **F#m** **A7** **D** **A** **A7** **D**

rocks and trees, of _____ skies and seas; His hand _____ the _____ won - ders _____ wrought.
 rus - tling grass I _____ hear Him pass, He speaks _____ to _____ me ev - ery - where.
 Lord is King; let the heav - ens ring! God reigns; _____ let the earth be _____ glad.