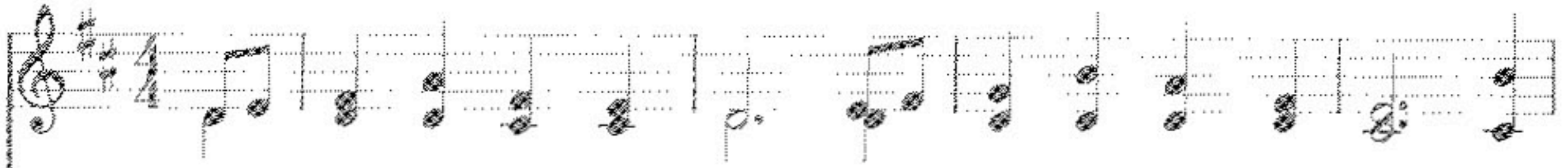
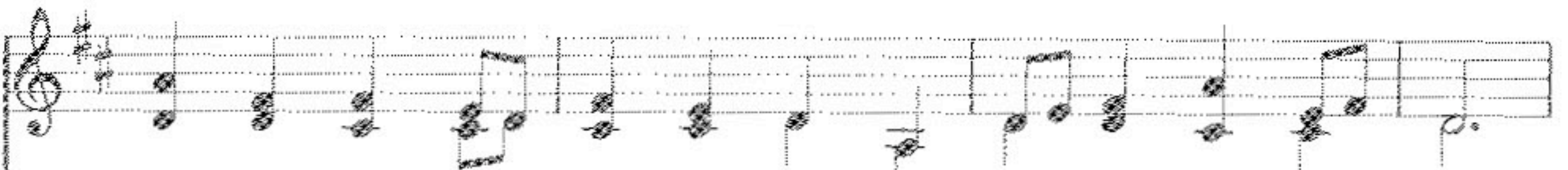
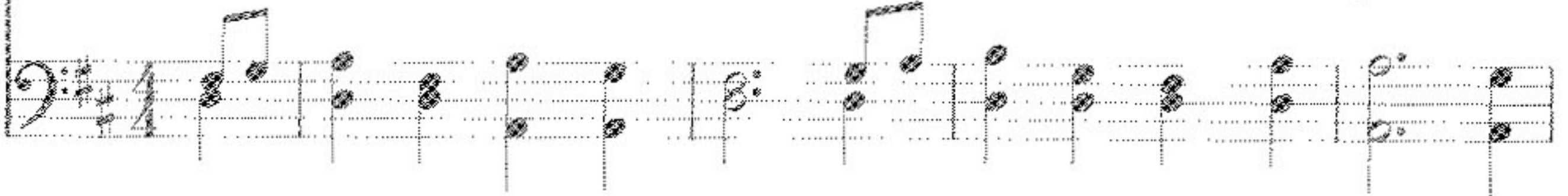


This Is My Father's World

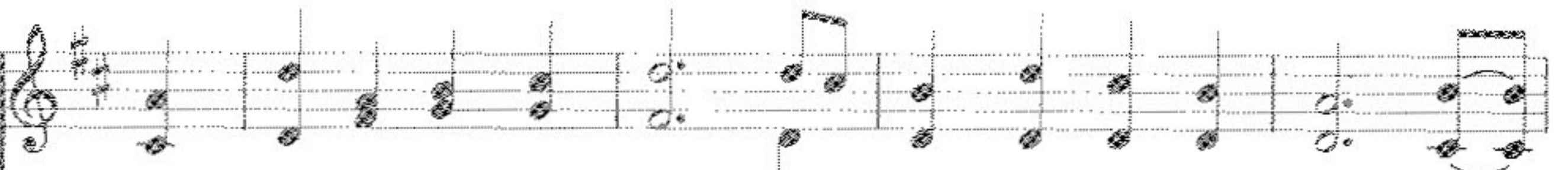
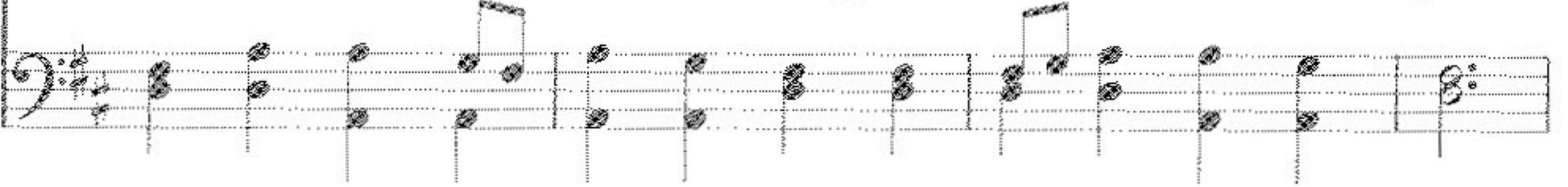
TERRA BEATA S. M. D.

*Mattie D. Babcock, 1901 (1858-1901)**Franklin L. Sheppard, 1915 (1852-1930)*

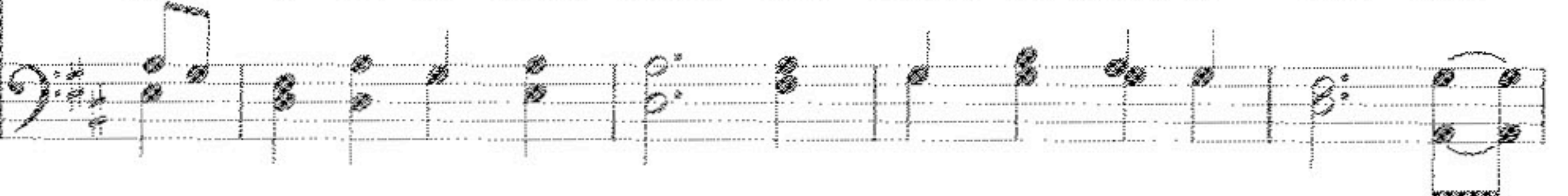
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my lis-tening ears, All
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise; The
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That



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.



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



rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won-ders wrought.
 rus-ling 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.

