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| 09/20/09 - This Is My Father's World |
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Maltbie Babcock, a pastor in Lockport, New York, enjoyed hiking in an area called "the escarpment"-an ancient upthrust ledge near the city. Heading out on such walks, he often proclaimed that "I am going out to see my Father's world." And from his vantage point on the escarpment, he had a beautiful view of God's creation indeed; from the greens of farms and orchards to the blues of Lake Ontario.

Lyrics: Maltbie D. Babcock

Music: Franklin L. Sheppard

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.

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 everywhere.

This is my Father's world. O let me ne'er forget
That though 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 heaven be one.

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