

This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock · 1901 · Tune: Terra Beata (Franklin L. Sheppard)

Meter: S.M.D. (6.6.8.6.D)

Verse 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.

Verse 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 everywhere.

Verse 3

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.

History

Presbyterian pastor Maltbie Babcock, who served churches in Lockport, NY and Baltimore, often hiked the cliffs above Lake Ontario, telling his wife he was 'going out to see my Father's world.' The poem was published posthumously in 1901 after his sudden death at age 42. Franklin Sheppard adapted an English folk melody for it in 1915.

Scripture References (KJV)

Psalm 24:1

The earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Psalm 19:1

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

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