

This Is My Father's World

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1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis-t'ning 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; oh, let me not 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 - tling grass I hear him pass; he speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
 Lord is king, let heav - en ring; God reigns, let earth be glad!

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

1 O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, for am-ber waves of grain,
 2 O beau-ti-ful for he-ros proved in lib-er-at-ing strife,
 3 O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream that sees be-yond the years

for pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties a-bove the fruit-ed plain:
 who more than self their coun-try loved, and mer-cy more than life:
 thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, un-dimmed by hu-man tears:

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed his grace on thee,
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
 A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,

and crown thy good with broth-er-hood from sea to shin-ing sea.
 till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, and ev-'ry gain di-vine.
 con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, thy lib-er-ty in law.