

Fernando Ortega

"This Is My Father's World"

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This is my Fathers world
And to my listening ears,
All nature sings and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Fathers world,
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,
His hand, the wonders wrought.
This is my Fathers world,
The birds, their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white
Declare their makers praise.
This is my Fathers world,
He shines in all that's fair.
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.
This is my Fathers world,
Oh let me neer forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet.
This is my Fathers world,
The battle is not done.
Jesus, who died, shall be satisfied
And earth and heaven be one

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