

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD

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 lilly white
Declare their makers 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 never forget
That though the wrong seems off' so strong
God is the ruler yet

This is my Father's world
Why should my heart be sad
The Lord is King, Let the heavens ring
God reigns, let earth be glad

This is my Father's world
I walk the desert alone
In a bush ablaze to my wondering gaze
God makes his glory known

This is my Father's world
Why should my heart be sad
The Lord is King, Let the heavens ring
God reigns, let earth be glad

THE CANTICLE OF THE TURNING

My soul cries out
With a joyful shout
That the God of my heart is great
And my spirit sings
Of the wondrous things
That you bring
To the ones who wait

You fixed your sight
On your servants plight
And my weakness
You did not spurn
So from east to west
Shall my name be blest
Could the world be about to turn

My heart shall sing
Of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn
Wipe away all tears
For the dawn draws near
And the world is about to turn?

Though I am small my God my all
You work great things in me
And your mercy will last
From the depths of the past
To the end of the age to be

Your very name
Puts the proud to shame
And to those
Who would for you yearn
You will show your might,
Put the strong to flight
For the world is about to turn

My heart shall sing
Of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn
Wipe away all tears
For the dawn draws near
And the world is about to turn?

From the halls of power
To the fortress tower
Not a stone will be left on stone
Let the king beware
For your justice tears
Every tyrant from his throne

The hungry poor
Shall weep no more
For the food they can never earn.
There are tables spread,
Every mouth be fed
For the world is about to turn

My heart shall sing
Of the day you bring
Let the fires of your justice burn
Wipe away all tears
For the dawn draws near
And the world is about to turn?