

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.

2 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.

1 Lord of all good, our gifts we bring to thee:
Use them thy holy purpose to fulfil;
Tokens of love and pledges they shall be
That our whole life is offered to thy will.

2 We give our mind to understand thy ways;
Hands, eyes, and voice
to serve thy great design;
Heart with the flame
of thine own love ablaze,
Till for thy glory all our powers combine.

3 Father, whose bounty all creation shows,
Christ, by whose willing sacrifice we live,
Spirit, from whom all life in fullness flows,
To thee with grateful hearts
ourselves we give.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds
is like to that above.

2 Before our *Father's throne
we pour our ardent prayers.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
our mutual burdens bear.
And often for each other flows
the sympathizing tear.

4 When we are called to part,
it gives us inward pain;
but we shall still be joined in heart,
and hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
and sin we shall be free;
and perfect love and friendship reign
through all eternity.