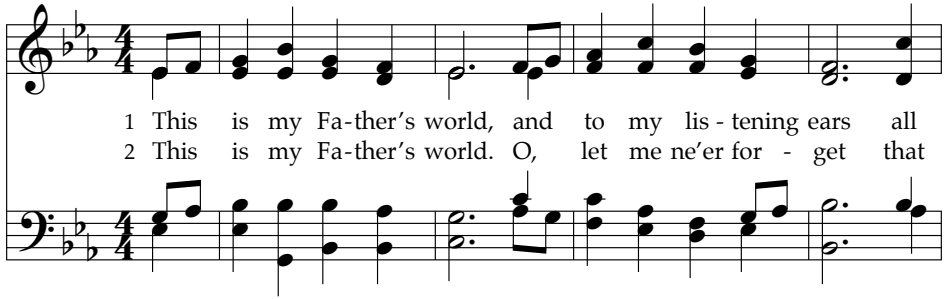


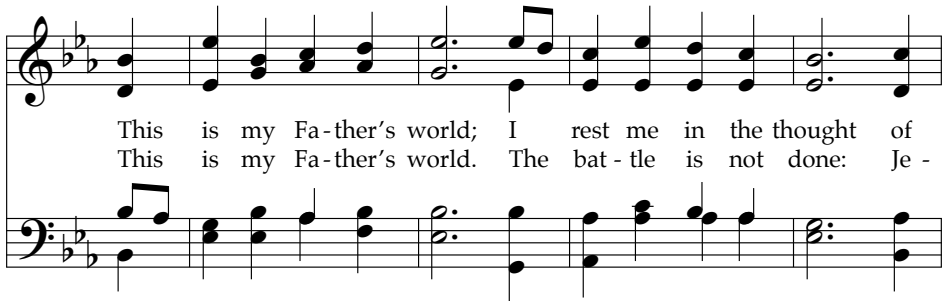
This Is My Father's World 370



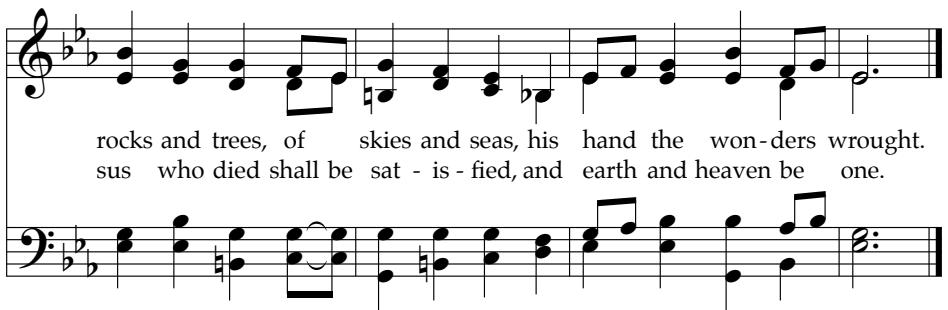
1 This is my Fa-ther's world, and to my lis - tening ears all
 2 This is my Fa-ther's world. O, let me ne'er for - get that



na - ture sings, and round me rings the mu - sic of the spheres.
 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. The bat - tle is not done: Je -




rocks and trees, of skies and seas, his hand the won - ders wrought.
 sus who died shall be sat - is - fied, and earth and heaven be one.

When pastor of a Presbyterian church in Lockport, New York, the author of this text referred to his morning walks as "going out to see my Father's world." The tune created for these words is based on an English melody the composer learned from his mother when he was a boy.


God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending 716

Capo 3: (D) F (Bm) Dm (G) B \flat




1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and
 2 Skills and time are ours for press - ing toward the goals of
 3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your

(D) F (Bm) Dm




end - less store, na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly
 Christ, your Son: all at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es
 grace con - ferred: ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to

(G) B \flat (D) F (A) C




cross, grave's shat - tered door: gift - ed by you, we turn
 joined, the church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly
 spread the gos - pel word. O - pen wide our hands in

(Bm) Dm (F#m) Am (Bm) Dm (G) B \flat (A) C (D) F



to you, of - fer - ing up our - selves in praise; thank - ful song shall
 la - bor, lest we strive for self a - lone. Born with tal - ents,
 shar - ing, as we heed Christ's age - less call, heal - ing, teach - ing,

(Bm) Dm (G) B \flat (D) F

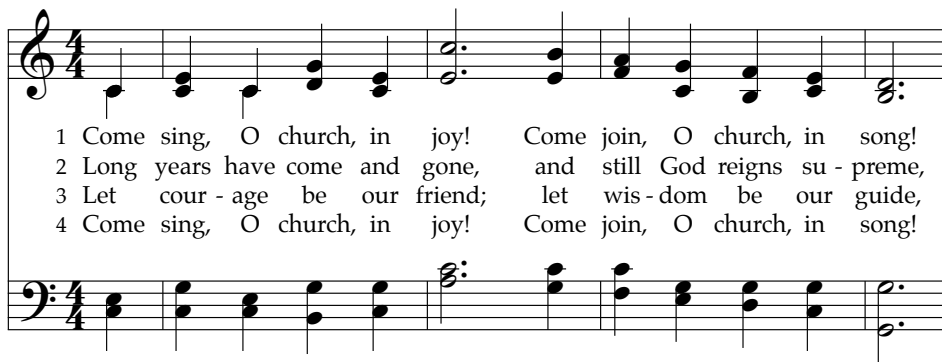


rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.
 make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.
 and re - claim - ing, serv - ing you by lov - ing all.

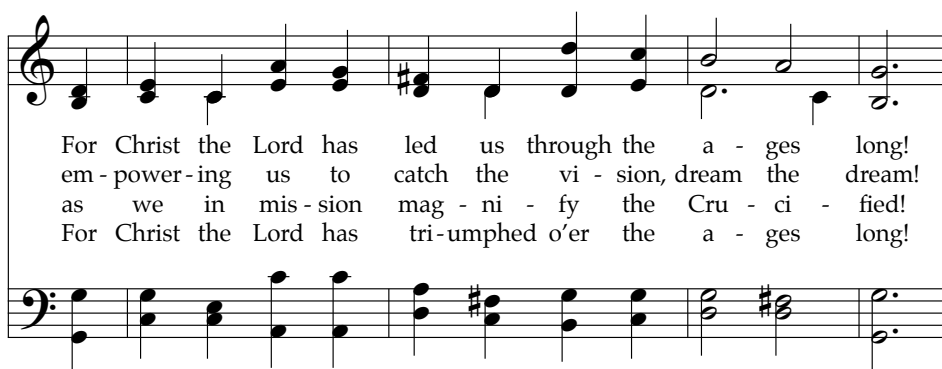
Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

This text on stewardship was one of about 450 submissions in a search for such hymns conducted by the Hymn Society of America in 1961. These words are well grounded by their musical setting, an early American shape note tune named for a Baptist church in Harris County, Georgia.

305 Come Sing, O Church, in Joy!



1 Come sing, O church, in joy! Come join, O church, in song!
 2 Long years have come and gone, and still God reigns su - preme,
 3 Let cour - age be our friend; let wis - dom be our guide,
 4 Come sing, O church, in joy! Come join, O church, in song!



For Christ the Lord has led us through the a - ges long!
 em - power - ing us to catch the vi - sion, dream the dream!
 as we in mis - sion mag - ni - fy the Cru - ci - fied!
 For Christ the Lord has tri - umphed o'er the a - ges long!



In bold ac - cord, come cel - e - brate the jour - ney now and praise the Lord!

This text was the winner in a hymn competition sponsored by the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) Bicentennial Committee for the 1988–1989 observance, which had the theme “Celebrate the Journey.” The late 18th-century tune (first used with Psalm 148) is appropriately celebratory.