

Morning Has Broken

1 Morn - ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing; black - bird has
2 Sweet the rain's new fall, sun - lit from heav - en, like the first
3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing, born of the

spo - ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet
one light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry

morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
gar - den, sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1881–1965
Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic tune; arr. hymnal version
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