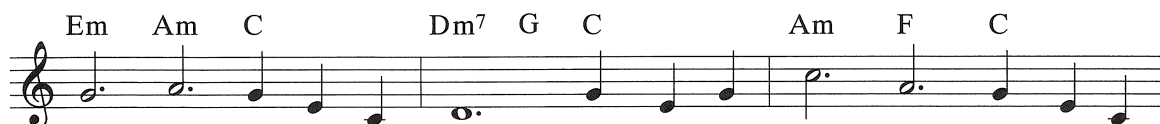


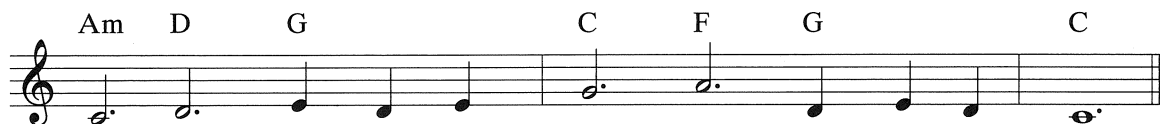
Morning Has Broken 859



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 his feet pass.
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion Of the new day!

Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1881-1965, *The Children's Bells*, © David Higham Assoc., Ltd.
 Tune: BUNESSAN, 5 5 5 4 D; Gaelic; acc. by Marty Haugen, b.1950, © 1987, GIA Publications, Inc.