

59. Morning Has Broken

Eleanor Farjeon



Morn- ing has bro- ken like the first
Sweet the rain's new fall, sun- lit from
Mine is the sun- light, mine is the



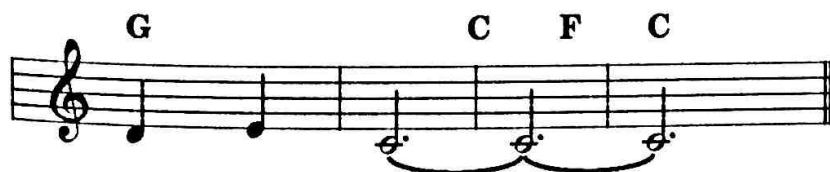
morn- ing, Black-bird has spo- ken like the first
heav- en, Like the first dew-fall on the first
morn- ing, Born of the one light E- den saw



bird. Praise for the sing- ing, praise for the
grass. Praise for the sweet-ness of the wet
play. Praise with e- la- tion, praise ev- 'ry



morn- ing, praise for them spring- ing
gar- den, Sprung in com- plete- ness
morn- ing, God's re- cre- a- tion



fresh from the Word!
where His feet pass!
of the new day!