

Morning Has Broken

Text: Eleanor Farjeon

Musik: Traditional 1931



G

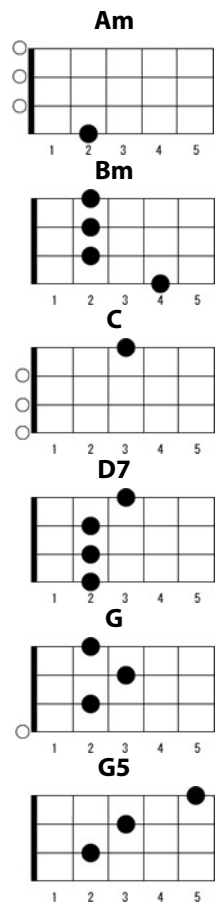
1. Morning has *bro*ken *like the first *mor*ning,
*Blackbird has *spo*ken *like the first *bird.*
*Praise for the *sing*ing, *praise for the *mor*ning,
*Praise for them *spring*ing *fresh from the *world.

2. Sweet the rain's *new *fall, *sunlit from *hea*ven,
*Like the first *dew*fall *on the first *grass.*
*Praise for the *sweet*ness *of the wet *gar*den,
*Sprung in com*plete*ness *where his feet *pass.

3. Mine is the *sun*light, *mine is the *mor*ning,
*Born of the *one *light *Eden saw *play.*
*Praise with e*la*tion, *praise ev'ry *mor*ning,
*God's recre*a*tion *of the new *day.

4. Cool the gray *clouds *roll *peaking the *moun*tains,
*Gull in her *free *flight *swooping the *skies:*
*Praise for the *myste*ry *misting the *mor*ning
*Behind the *sha*dow *waiting to *shine.

5. I am the *sun*rise *warming the *hea*vens,
*Spilling my *warm *glow *over the *earth:*
*Praise for the *bright*ness *of this new *mor*ning
*Filling my *spi*rit *with Your great *love.



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G a D7 C G5
6. Mine is a *turn*ing, *mine is a *new *life;
G b C G5 a a
*Mine is a *jour*ney *closer to *You:*
G5 C C G5 G D
*Praise for the *sweet *glimpse *caught in a *mo*ment,
G b a D G
*Joy breathing *deep*ly *dancing in *flight.