

Glory to God #664

Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken
like the first morning;
blackbird has spoken
like the first bird.

Praise for the singing!
Praise for the morning!
Praise for them, springing
fresh from the Word!

Sweet the rain's new fall
sunlit from heaven,
like the first dewfall
on the first grass.

Praise for the sweetness
of the wet garden,
sprung in completeness
where God's feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight!
Mine is the morning,
born of the one light
Eden saw play!

Praise with elation;
praise every morning,
God's re-creation
of the new day!