

# Morning Has Broken

664

C Am Dm G Dm G C

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

Em Am Em F G C Am F C

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 - ery

Am G C G Am G7 C

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!

This 20th-century text was created to provide words for this traditional tune named for a small village on the Isle of Mull, off the west coast of Scotland. Through repeated use of "new" and "first," each morning is treated as a re-creation of the promise of the original day.

TEXT: Eleanor Farjeon, 1931, alt.  
 MUSIC: Gaelic melody; arr. Beverly A. Howard, 2012  
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