

Morning Has Broken

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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!
 dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet - ness
 one light E-den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion,

Praise for the morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 of the wet gar - den, sprung in com-plete - ness where his feet pass.
 praise ev-ery morn - ing, God's re-cre - a - tion of the new day!

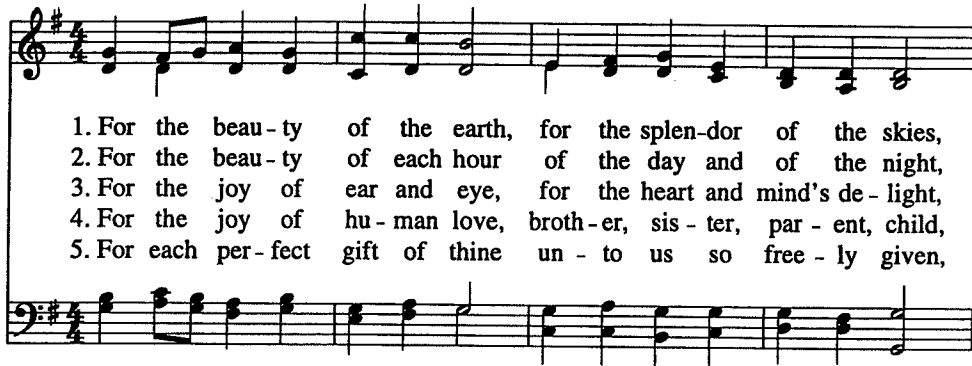
WORDS: Eleanor Farjeon, *Enlarged Songs of Praise*, 1931
 MUSIC: Traditional Gaelic melody, harm. David Evans, *Revised Church Hymnary*, 1927

BUNESSAN
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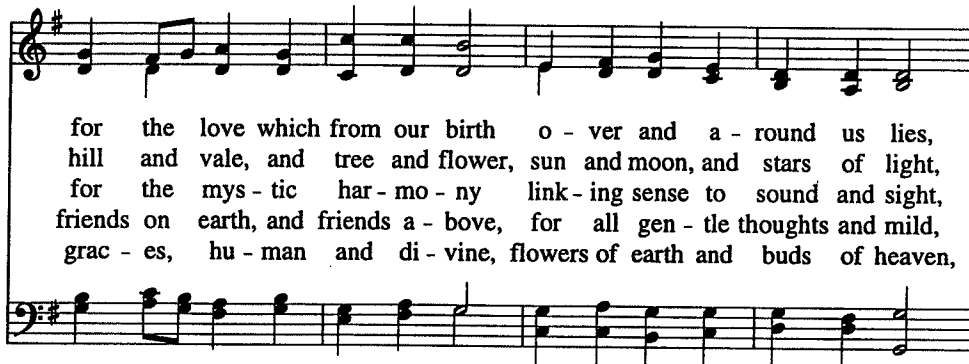
Eleanor Farjeon, English Catholic author and poet, wrote this hymn at the request of Percy Dearmer, editor of the 1931 hymnbook *Enlarged Songs of Praise*.

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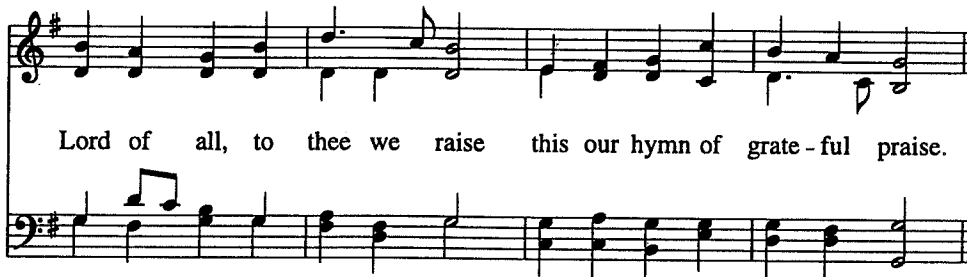
For the Beauty of the Earth



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, for the splen-dor of the skies,
 2. For the beau-ty of each hour of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, for the heart and mind's de-light,
 4. For the joy of hu-man love, broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,
 5. For each per-fect gift of thine un-to us so free-ly given,



for the love which from our birth o-ver and a-round us lies,
 hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light,
 for the mys-tic har-mo-ny link-ing sense to sound and sight,
 friends on earth, and friends a-bove, for all gen-tle thoughts and mild,
 grac-es, hu-man and di-vine, flowers of earth and buds of heaven,



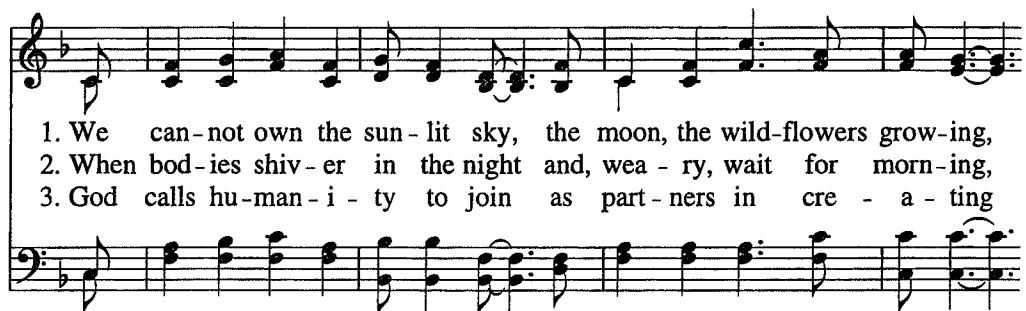
Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grate-ful praise.

WORDS: Follitt S. Pierpoint, 1864, alt.
 MUSIC: Conrad Kocher, 1838; adapt. William H. Monk, 1861

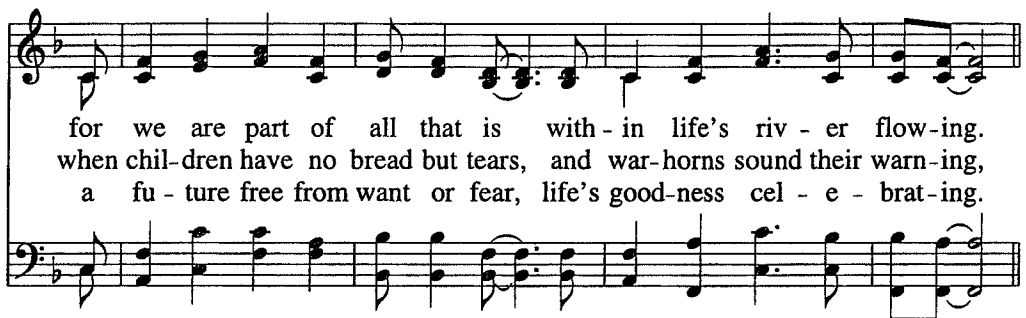
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Originally written as a joyful communion hymn, Pierpoint's text had as its refrain, 'Christ, our God, to thee we raise, this our sacrifice of praise.'

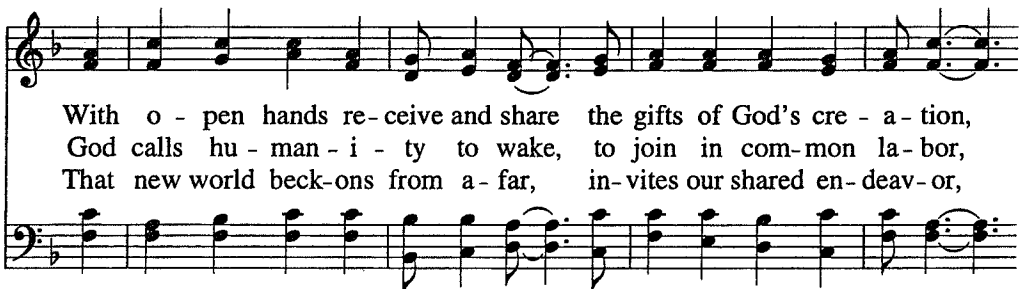
We Cannot Own the Sunlit Sky



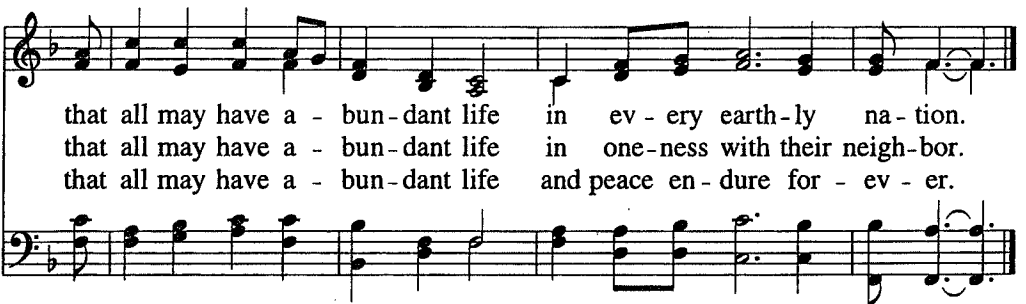
1. We can-not own the sun-lit sky, the moon, the wild-flowers grow-ing,
 2. When bod-ies shiv-er in the night and, wea-ry, wait for morn-ing,
 3. God calls hu-man-i-ty to join as part-ners in cre-a-ting



for we are part of all that is with-in life's riv-er flow-ing.
 when chil-dren have no bread but tears, and war-horns sound their warn-ing,
 a fu-ture free from want or fear, life's good-ness cel-e-brat-ing.



With o-pen hands re-ceive and share the gifts of God's cre-a-tion,
 God calls hu-man-i-ty to wake, to join in com-mon la-bor,
 That new world beck-ons from a-far, in-vites our shared en-deav-or,



that all may have a-bun-dant life in ev-ery earth-ly na-tion.
 that all may have a-bun-dant life in one-ness with their neigh-bor.
 that all may have a-bun-dant life and peace en-dure for-ev-er.

WORDS: Ruth Duck, 1984, rev. 1989

MUSIC: Attr. Robert Lowry, *Bright Jewels for the Sunday School*, 1869

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

87.87D

Ruth Duck wrote this text while she was serving as a corporate member of the United Church Board for World Ministries. In it she wanted to 'emphasize humanity's shared partnership with God in caring for one another and the whole creation.'

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