“Morning Has Broken” #74

1. 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!

2. 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 His feet pass.

3. Mine is the sunlight!

Mine is the morning

Born of the one light

Eden saw play!

Praise with elation,

Praise every morning,

God’s recreation

Of the new day!

“This Is My Father’s World” #73

1. This is my Father’s world,

And to my listening ears

All nature sings, and ‘round me rings

The music of the spheres.

This is my Father’s world,

I rest me in the thought

Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas –

His hand the wonders wrought.

2. This is my Father’s world,

The birds their carols raise,

The morning light, the lily white,

Declare their Maker’s praise.

This is my Father’s world,

He shines in all that’s fair;

In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,

He speaks to me everywhere.

3. This is my Father’s world,

O let me ne’er forget

That though the wrong seems oft so strong,

God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father’s world,

The battle is not done;

Jesus who died shall be satisfied,

And earth and heaven be one.

“For the Beauty of the Earth” #76

1. For the beauty of the earth,  
for the glory of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.  
  
2. For the wonder of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.  
  
3. For the joy of human love,  
brother, sister, parent, child,  
friends on earth and friends above,  
for all gentle thoughts and mild;  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
this our hymn of grateful praise.