Morning Has Broken

V.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!

V.2: Sweet the rains new fall,
Sunlit from heaven,
Like the first dew fall
On the first grass;
Praise for the sweetness,
Of the wet garden,
Spring in completeness
Where his feet pass.

V.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.