

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 his 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.

by Eleanor Farjeon