

1. Morn-ing has bro - ken Like the first morn - ing;
 2. Sweet the rains new - fall, Sun - lit from heav - en,
 3. Mine is the sun - light, Mine is the morn - ing,

Black-bird has spo - ken Like the first bird.
 Like the first dew fall On the first grass.
 Born of the one light E - den saw play.

Praise for the sing - ing, Praise for the morn - ing,
 Praise for the sweet - ness Of the wet gar - den,
 Praise with e - la - tion, Praise ev - 'ry morn - ing,

Praise for them spring - ing Fresh from the Word.
 Sprung in com - plete - ness Where his feet pass.
 God's re - cre - a - tion Of the new day.

Refrain: C G7 C Em F G G7

My Lord, what a morn-in'! My Lord, what a morn-in' 0

C7 Am Dm C/G G/F

My Lord, what a morn-in' When the stars be-gin to

C/E F C/G G7 C Verse: Am E7

fall, when the stars be-gin to fall. 1. One true God cre-
2. Christ pro-claimed the
3. Spir-it come to

Am E7 F G7 C C/B Am E7

a-ted me: I heard from heav-en to-day! Made the land and
ju-bi-lee: I heard from heav-en to-day! Come to earth and
fill my soul: I heard from heav-en to-day! Mind and bod-y

Am E7 Am E7 Am F G7

made the sea: I heard from heav-en to-day!
set us free: I heard from heav-en to-day!
now made whole: I heard from heav-en to-day!

D G A D $\frac{D}{C\#}$ Bm

Spir - it, spir - it of gen - tle - ness, blow through the wild - er - ness

E A D G A D

call - ing and free, Spir - it, spir - it of rest - less - ness,

D $\frac{D}{C\#}$ Bm $\frac{Bm}{A}$ G A⁷ D

Stir me from plac - id - ness, Wind, wind on the sea.

1. You moved on the wa - ters, You called to the deep,
 2. You swept through the des - ert, You stung with the sand
 3. You sang in a sta - ble, You cried from a hill,

Then you coaxed up the moun - tains From the val - leys of sleep;
 And you goad - ed your peo - ple With a law and a land;
 Then you whis - pered in si - lence When the whole world was still;

And o - ver the e - ons You called to each thing:
 And when you were blind - ed With their i - dols and lies,
 And down in the cit - y You called once a - gain,

Wake from your slum - bers And rise on your wings.
 Then you spoke through your proph - ets To o - pen their eyes.
 When you blew through your peo - ple On the rush of the wind.

D G A D $\frac{D}{C\#}$ Bm

Spir - it, spir - it of gen - tle - ness, blow through the wild - er - ness

E A D G A D

call - ing and free, Spir - it, spir - it of rest - less - ness,

D $\frac{D}{C\#}$ Bm $\frac{Bm}{A}$ G A⁷ D

Stir me from plac - id - ness, Wind, wind on the sea.

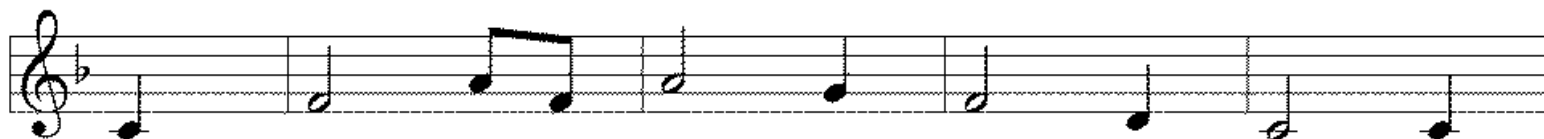
4. You call from tomorrow, You break ancient schemes.
 From the bondage of sorrow the captives dream dreams;
 Our women see visions, Our men clear their eyes.
 With bold new decisions Your people arise.

Slowly

Spir-it of the Liv-ing God, fall a-fresh on me! Spir-it of the

Liv-ing God, fall a-fresh on me! Melt me, mold me, fill me,

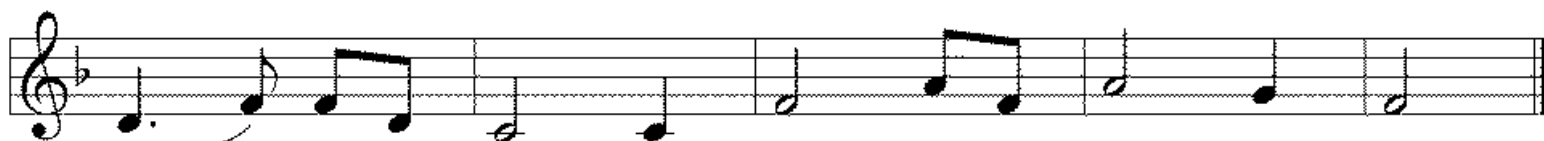
use me. Spir-it of the Liv-ing God fall a-fresh on me!



1 A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, that
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares I
 4 The Lord has prom - ised good to me; his



saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
 have al - read - y come; 'tis grace has brought me
 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and



now am found; was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.

G Em Em Em/D C

1. God of grace and God of glo-ry, On your peo-ple
 2. Lo! The hosts of e-vil round us Scorn the Christ, as-
 3. Save us from weak res-ig-na-tion To the e-vil

D7 G G Em

pour your pow'r; Crown your an-cient Church's sto-ry;
 sail his ways! From the fears that long have bound us
 we de-plore; Let the gift of your sal-va-tion

Em C G/D C G/D D7 G D G

Bring its bud to glo-rious flow'r. Grant us wis-dom, grant us cour-age
 Free our hearts to faith and praise. Grant us wis-dom, grant us cour-age
 Be our glo-ry ev-er-more. Grant us wis-dom, grant us cour-age

G D A D G C G/D D7 G

For the fac-ing of this hour, For the fac-ing of this hour.
 For the liv-ing of these days, For the liv-ing of these days.
 Serv-ing you whom we a-dore, Serv-ing you whom we a-dore.