

# Morning Has Broken 274

*I will awaken the dawn. I will praise you, O Lord. Psa. 57:8,9*

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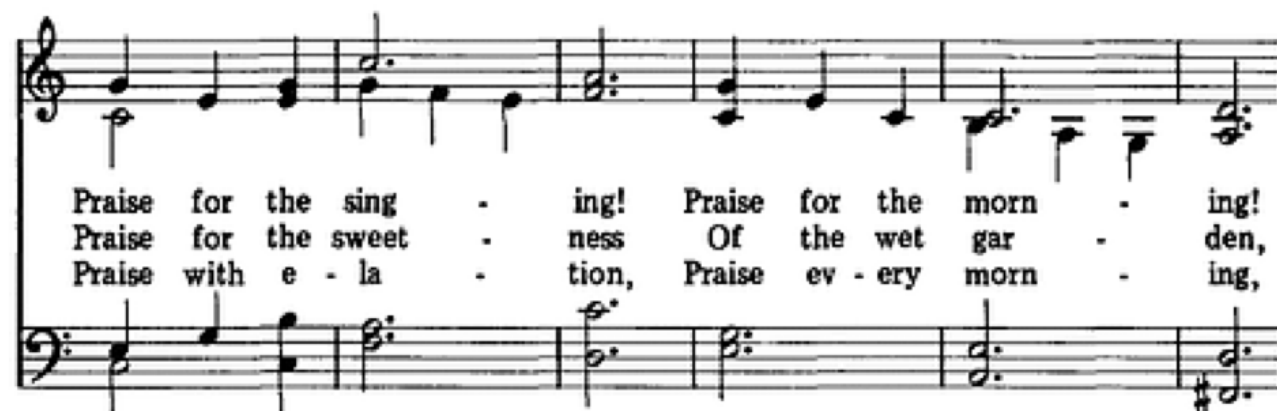
Unison




1. Morn - ing has bro - ken Like the first morn - ing,  
 2. Sweet the rain's 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 - ery 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!

## Forty Days and Forty Nights

AUS DER TIEFE RUF E ICH 7.7.7.7

George Hunt Smyttan, 1856; alt.

Attr. Martin Herbst, 1676

1. For - ty days and for - ty nights You were fast - ing in the wild;  
 2. Shall not we Your sor - row share And from world - ly joys ab - stain,  
 3. Then if Sa - tan on us press, Flesh or spir - it to as - sail,  
 4. So shall we have peace di - vine: Ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;

For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.  
 Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, Strong with You to suf - fer pain?  
 Vic - tor in the wil - der - ness, Grant that we not faint nor fail!  
 Round us, too, shall an - gels shine, Such as served You faith - ful - ly.

5. Keep, O keep us, Savior dear,  
 Ever constant by Your side;  
 That with You we may appear  
 At the eternal Eastertide.

♩=50-54

## 314 What Wondrous Love Is This

Praise be to the Lord, for He showed His wonderful love to me. Psalm 31:21

1. What won-drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What  
 2. When I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When  
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To  
 4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And

won-drous love is this, O my soul! What won-drous love is  
 I was sink-ing down, sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing  
 God and to the Lamb I will sing. To God and to the Lamb  
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on. And when from death I'm

this That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread-ful curse for my  
 down Be-neath God's right-eous frown, Christ laid a-side His crown for my  
 Lamb Who is the great "I AM," While mil-lions join the theme, I will  
 free, I'll sing and joy-ful be, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing

soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul.  
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.  
 sing, I will sing, While mil-lions join the theme, I will sing.  
 on, I'll sing on, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing on.

TEXT: American Folk Hymn

MUSIC: William Walker's *Southern Harmony*, 1835

WONDROUS LOVE

12.9.6.6.12.9.

## Thine Is the Glory

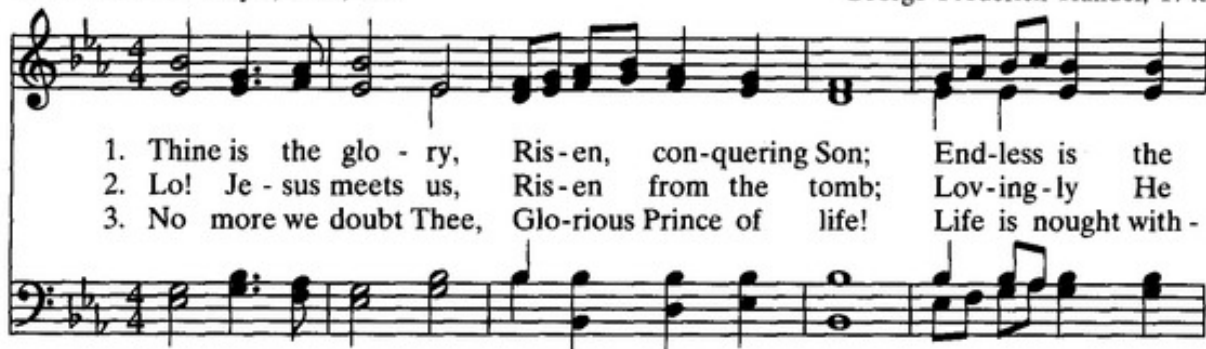
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JUDAS MACCABEUS 5.5.6.5.6.5.6.5 with refrain

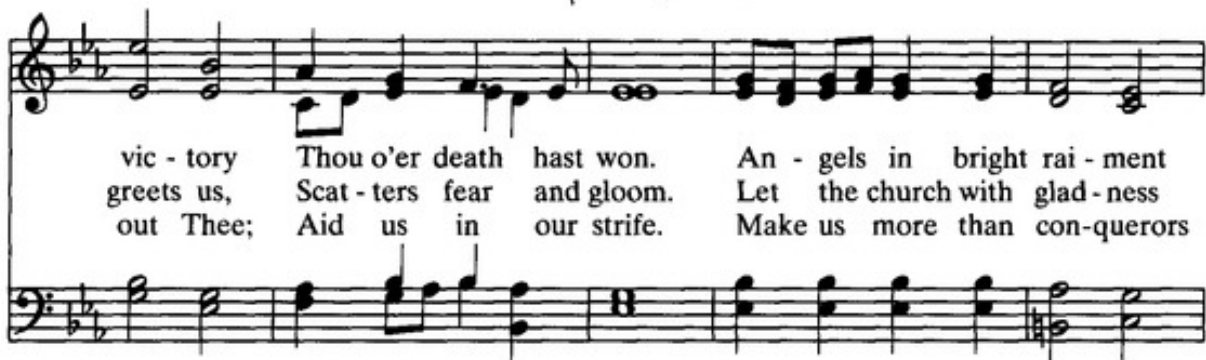
Edmond Louis Budry, 1884

Trans. R. Birch Hoyle, 1923; alt.

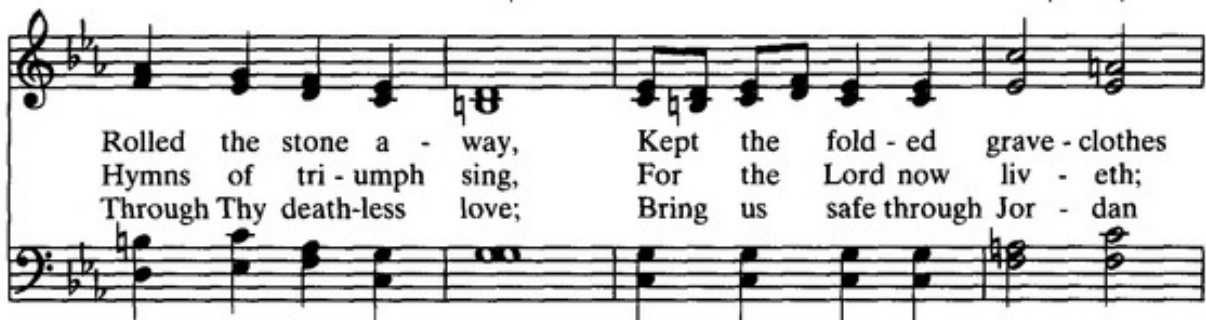
George Frederick Handel, 1748



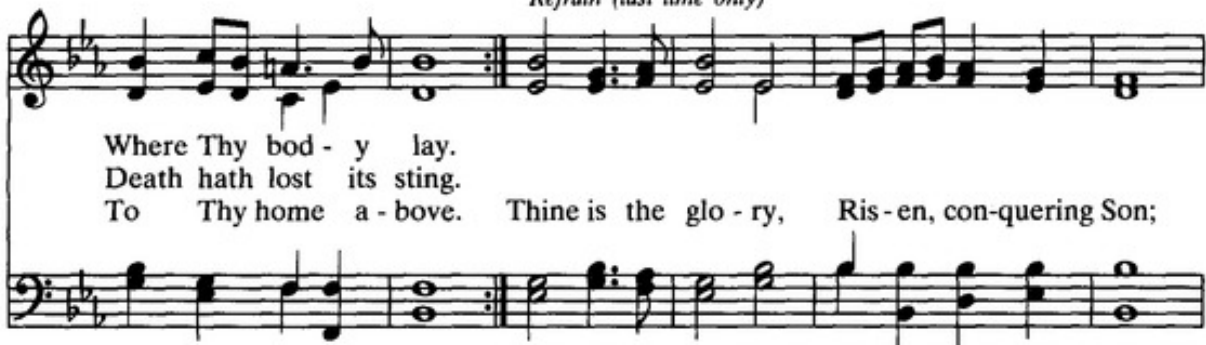
1. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris-en, con-que-ri-son; End-less is the  
 2. Lo! Je - sus meets us, Ris-en from the tomb; Lov-ing-ly He  
 3. No more we doubt Thee, Glo-rious Prince of life! Life is nought with -



vic - tory Thou o'er death hast won. An - gels in bright rai - ment  
 greets us, Scat - ters fear and gloom. Let the church with glad - ness  
 out Thee; Aid us in our strife. Make us more than con-querors



Rolled the stone a - way, Kept the fold - ed grave - clothes  
 Hymns of tri - umph sing, For the Lord now liv - eth;  
 Through Thy death-less love; Bring us safe through Jor - dan

*Refrain (last time only)*


Where Thy bod - y lay.  
 Death hath lost its sting.  
 To Thy home a - bove. Thine is the glo - ry, Ris-en, con-que-ri-son;



End - less is the vic - tory Thou o'er death hast won.