

# 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!

## 505 All Things Bright and Beautiful



All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All



crea - tures great and small, All things wise and



won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.



- |    |      |           |           |              |            |      |
|----|------|-----------|-----------|--------------|------------|------|
| 1. | Each | lit - tle | flower    | that         | o - pens,  | Each |
| 2. | The  | pur - ple | head - ed | moun - tain, | The        |      |
| 3. | The  | cold      | wind      | in the       | win - ter, | The  |
| 4. | God  | gave      | us        | eyes to      | see them,  | And  |



lit - tle	bird	that	sings,	God	made	their	glow - ing
riv - er	run - ning	by,	The	sun - set,	and	the	
plea - sant	sum - mer	sun,	The	ripe	fruits	in the	
lips	that	we	might	tell	How	great	is God Al-

To verses 2-4



col - ors,	God	made	their	ti - ny	wings.
morn - ing	That	bright - ens	up	the	sky.
gar - den,	God	made	them	ev - 'ry	one.
might - y,	Who	has	made	all	things well. Repeat refrain

# What a Friend We Have in Jesus 630

*In everything present your requests to God. Philippians 4:6*

Chords: F, B $\flat$ /F, F, B $\flat$ , F, C

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - lad - en, Cum - bered with a load of care?

1 2 3 4

Chords: F, B $\flat$ /F, F, B $\flat$ , F/C, C $^7$ <sub>sus</sub>, F/C, C, F

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer!  
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our Ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer.

5 6 7 8

Chords: C, C $^\circ$ , C, F/C, C $^7$ , C, F, B $\flat$ , F/A, F, C $^7$ /E, F, C

O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,  
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer.

9 10 11 12

Chords: F, B $\flat$ /F, F, B $\flat$ , F/C, C $^7$ <sub>sus</sub>, F/C, C, F

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer!  
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

13 14 15 16

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## Spirit

James K. Manley, 1975

James K. Manley, 1975



Spir - it, spir - it of gen - tle-ness, Blow through the



wil - der-ness, call - ing and free, Spir - it,



spir - it of rest - less - ness, Stir me from plac - id-ness, Wind,



wind on the sea.



1. You moved on the wa - ters, You called to the
2. You swept through the des - ert, You stung with the
3. You sang in a sta - ble, You cried from a
4. You call from to - mor - row, You break an - cient



deep, Then You coaxed up the moun - tains From the  
 sand, And You gift - ed your peo - ple With a  
 hill, Then You whis - pered in si - lence When the  
 schemes, From the bond - age of sor - row The

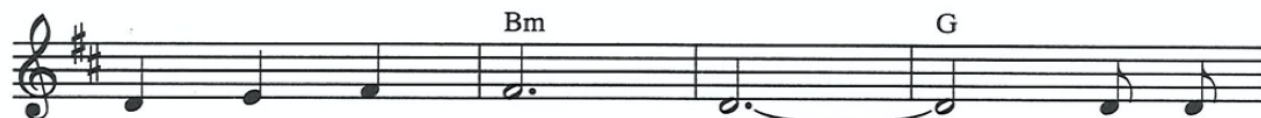
# HOLY SPIRIT



val - leys of sleep, And o - ver the e -  
 law and a land, And when they were blind -  
 whole world was still, And down in the cit -  
 cap - tives dream dreams; Our wom - en see vi -



ons You called to each thing, "A -  
 ed With their i - dols and lies, Then You  
 y You called once a - gain When You  
 sions, Our men clear their eyes. With



wake from your slum - bers And  
 spoke through Your proph - ets To  
 blew through Your peo - ple On the  
 bold new de - ci - sions Your



rise on your wings."  
 o - pen their eyes.  
 rush of the wind.  
 peo - ple a - rise.