

Morning Has Broken 664

C Am Dm G Dm G C

1 Morn-ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing; black-bird has
 2 Sweet the rain's new fall sun - lit from heav - en, like the first
 3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing, born of the

Em Am Em F G C Am F C

spo - ken like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
 dew - fall on the first grass. Praise for the sweet-ness of the wet
 one light E - den saw play! Praise with e - la - tion; praise ev - ery

Am G C G Am G7 C

morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 gar - den, sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

This 20th-century text was created to provide words for this traditional tune named for a small village on the Isle of Mull, off the west coast of Scotland. Through repeated use of "new" and "first," each morning is treated as a re-creation of the promise of the original day.

504 We Come as Guests Invited

1 We come as guests in - vit - ed when Je - sus bids us dine,
 2 We eat and drink, re - ceiv - ing from Christ the grace we need,
 3 One bread is ours for shar - ing, one sin - gle fruit - ful vine,

his friends on earth u - nit - ed to share the bread and wine;
 and in our hearts be - liev - ing on him by faith we feed;
 our fel - low-ship de - clar - ing re - newed in bread and wine:

the bread of life is bro - ken; the wine is free - ly poured
 with won - der and thanks - giv - ing for love that knows no end,
 re - newed, sus - tained, and giv - en by to - ken, sign, and word,

for us, in sol - emn to - ken of Christ our dy - ing Lord.
 we find in Je - sus liv - ing our ev - er - pres - ent friend.
 the pledge and seal of heav - en, the love of Christ our Lord.

Without attempting to unravel the mystery of Christ's presence in the bread and wine, the central stanza of this text affirms that we are nourished by faith rather than by understanding. This hopeful text is reinforced by a gentle 16th-century tune created for a secular text.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord 310



1 I love thy king - dom, Lord, the house of thine a - bode,
 2 I love thy church, O God. Her walls be - fore thee stand,
 3 For her my tears shall fall; for her my prayers as - cend;
 4 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heaven - ly ways:
 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, to Zi - on shall be given

the church our blest Re - deem - er saved with his own pre - cious blood.
 dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, and grav - en on thy hand.
 to her my cares and toils be given, till toils and cares shall end.
 her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, her hymns of love and praise.
 the bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, and bright - er bliss of heaven.

One of the oldest American hymn texts in continuous use, this paraphrase of Psalm 137 was created by a president of Yale University while compiling a popular revision of Watts's *Psalms of David*. The arranger of the tune was the clerk of a Presbyterian church in London.

TEXT: Timothy Dwight, 1800

MUSIC: *The Universal Psalmist*, 1763; adapt. Aaron Williams, 1770

ST. THOMAS
SM