

- 1 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!
  
- 2 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.
  
- 3 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!
  
- 4 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!

As I look at the beauty around me  
Your Name cries out in everything I see  
Your voice calls out in all of Creation  
In witness to the power that you bring  
In witness to the power that you bring

*Your power was seen in the Resurrection  
Your power was seen in the healing of the lame  
Blind eyes were opened at the touch of Your hand  
And evil fled at the mention of Your Name*

Without a vision many people perish  
All rituals replace the heart  
Ignite our purpose to follow where You're leading  
To run the race and continue for the prize  
To run the race and continue for the prize

*Your power was...*

Holy Spirit fan us into flame  
Let compassion flow through us every day  
Holy Spirit fan us into flame  
Let compassion flow through us every day

Your Word says that we'll do greater things  
That You'll be with us to the end of time  
You sent Your Spirit to dwell within us  
Your power not ours living through us as we run  
Your power not ours living through us as we run

*Your power was...*

*Your power was...  
And evil fled at the mention of Your Name*

*Holy Spirit fan us into flame  
Let compassion flow through us every day  
Let compassion flow through us every day (slowing down)*

- 1 For the beauty of the earth,  
for the beauty of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.
  
- 2 For the beauty of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
sun and moon, and stars of light;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.
  
- 3 For the joy of love from God,  
that we share on earth below;  
for our friends and family,  
and the love that they can show;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.
  
- 4 For each perfect gift divine  
to our race so freely given,  
thank You Lord that they are mine,  
here on earth as gifts from heaven;  
Father, unto You we raise  
this our sacrifice of praise.

*All things bright and beautiful,  
all creatures great and small,  
all things wise and wonderful,  
the Lord God made them all.*

- 1 Each little flower that opens,  
each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

*All things bright...*

- 2 The purple-headed mountain,  
the river running by,  
the sunset, and the morning  
that brightens up the sky;

*All things bright...*

- 3 The cold wind in the winter,  
the pleasant summer sun,  
the ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

*All things bright...*

- 4 He gave us eyes to see them,  
and lips that we might tell  
how great is God almighty,  
who has made all things well.

*All things bright...*

- 1 O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder  
consider all the works Thy hand hath made,  
I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder,  
the power throughout the universe displayed;

*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
how great Thou art, how great Thou art!  
Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to Thee,  
how great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

- 2 When through the woods and forest glades I wander  
and hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees;  
when I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,  
and hear the brook, and feel the gentle breeze;

*Then sings my soul...*

- 3 And when I think that God His Son not sparing,  
sent Him to die – I scarce can take it in,  
that on the cross my burden gladly bearing,  
He bled and died to take away my sin:

*Then sings my soul...*

- 4 When Christ shall come with shout of acclamation  
and take me home – what joy shall fill my heart!  
Then shall I bow in humble adoration  
and there proclaim, my God, how great Thou art!

*Then sings my soul...*

- 1 I, the Lord of sea and sky,  
I have heard My people cry;  
All who dwell in dark and sin  
My hand will save.  
I, who made the stars of night,  
I will make their darkness bright.  
Who will bear My light to them?  
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord.  
Is it I, Lord?  
I have heard You calling in the night.  
I will go, Lord,  
If You lead me;  
I will hold Your people in my heart.*

- 2 I, the Lord of snow and rain,  
I have borne My people's pain;  
I have wept for love of them –  
They turn away.  
I will break their hearts of stone,  
give them hearts for love alone;  
I will speak My word to them.  
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am...*

- 3 I, the Lord of wind and flame,  
I will tend the poor and lame,  
I will set a feast for them –  
My hand will save.  
Finest bread I will provide  
till their hearts are satisfied;  
I will give My life to them.  
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am...*