

C Am Dm G Dm G

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

C Em Am Em F G

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!

C Am F C Am G

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,

C G Am G7 C

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

Alternate harmonization at 482.

This piano arrangement may be played with the alternate harmonization.

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.

O Love, How Deep, How Broad, How High

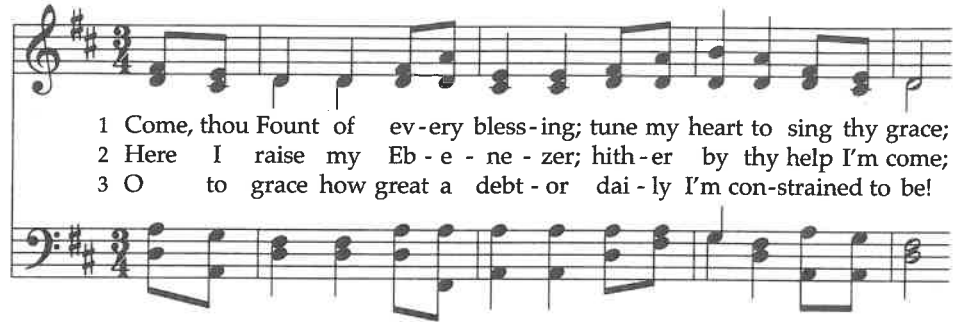
1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high, be - 'yond all
 2 For us bap - tized, for us he bore his ho - ly
 3 For us by wick - ed - ness be - trayed, for us, in
 4 For us he rose from death a - gain; for us he
 5 All glo - ry to our Lord and God, for love so

thought and fan - ta - sy, that God, the Son of
 fast and hun - gered sore; for us temp - ta - tions
 crown of thorns ar - rayed, he bore the shame - ful
 went on high to reign; for us he sent the
 deep, so high, so broad: the Trin - i - ty whom

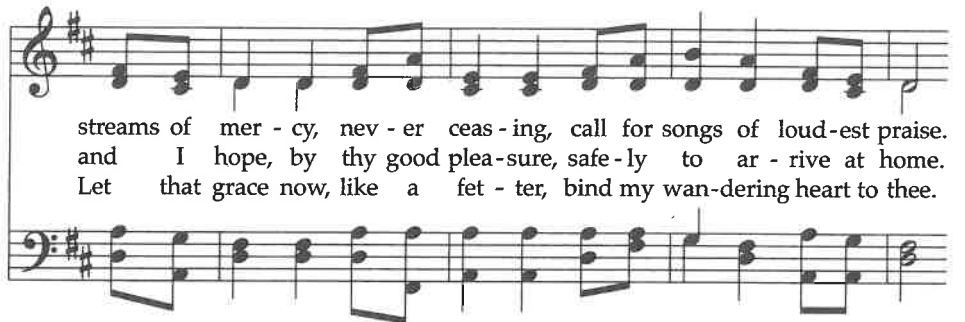
God, should take our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake.
 sharp he knew, for us, the tempt - er o - ver - threw.
 cross and death; for us gave up his dy - ing breath.
 Spir - it here to guide, to strength - en, and to cheer.
 we a - dore for - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.

Reducing a twenty-three-stanza Latin text to these five English stanzas intensifies this survey of the mystery of the Incarnation and strengthens the repeated reminder that all was done "for us." A comparable tone of proclamation animates this 15th-century song celebrating a military victory.

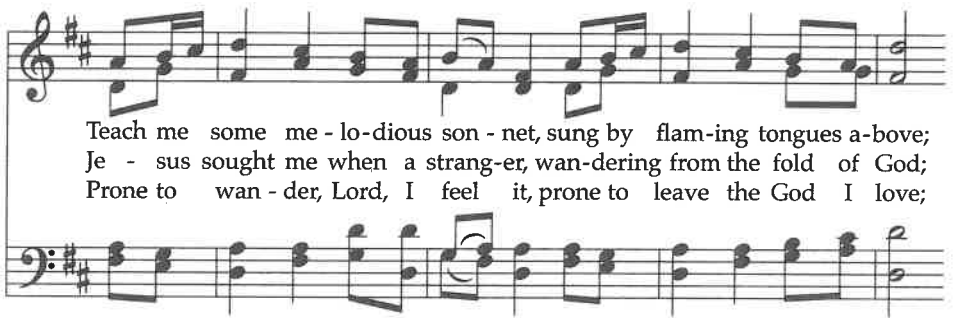
475 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



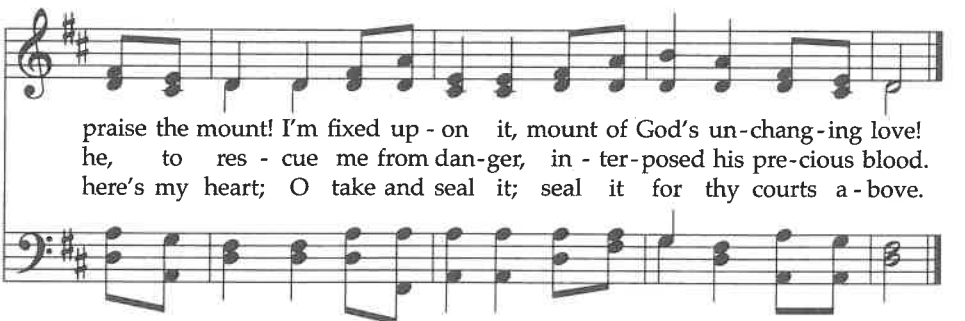
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love!
 he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

TEXT: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.
 MUSIC: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813

NETTLETON
 8.7.8.7.D