

## Morning Has Broken

664



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



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



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.

## For the Fruit of All Creation

36

1 For the fruit of all cre - a - tion, thanks be to God.  
 2 In the just re - ward of la - bor, God's will be done.  
 3 For the har - vests of the Spir - it, thanks be to God.

For the gifts to ev - ery na - tion, thanks be to God.  
 In the help we give our neigh - bor, God's will be done.  
 For the good we all in - her - it, thanks be to God.

For the plow - ing, sow - ing, reap - ing, si - lent growth while we are  
 In our world - wide task of car - ing for the hun - gry and de -  
 For the won - ders that as - tound us, for the truths that still con -

sleep - ing, fu - ture needs in earth's safe - keep - ing, thanks be to God.  
 spair - ing, in the har - vests we are shar - ing, God's will be done.  
 found us, most of all that love has found us, thanks be to God.

Originally called "Harvest Hymn," this text is much more comprehensive than that title implies. It also deals with stewardship, thanksgiving, and God's endless gifts that continue to astound us. It is set to a familiar Welsh tune whose name means "throughout the night."

# In the Bulb There Is a Flower 250

## Hymn of Promise

Capo 3: (D) (Em)  
F Gm

1 In the bulb there is a flow - er; in the seed, an ap - ple tree;  
2 There's a song in ev - ery si - lence, seek - ing word and mel - o - dy;  
3 In our end is our be - gin - ning; in our time, in - fin - i - ty;

(A7) (D)  
C7 F

in co - coons, a hid - den prom - ise: but - ter - flies will soon be free!  
there's a dawn in ev - ery dark - ness, bring - ing hope to you and me.  
in our doubt there is be - liev - ing; in our life, e - ter - ni - ty.

(D7) (G) (Em) (D) (Bm) (Em) (F#) (Bm)  
F7 B<sup>b</sup> Gm F Dm Gm A Dm

In the cold and snow of win - ter there's a spring that waits to be,  
From the past will come the fu - ture; what it holds, a mys - ter - y,  
In our death, a res - ur - rec - tion; at the last, a vic - to - ry,

(G) (Em) (D) (Bm) (Em) (A7) (D)  
B<sup>b</sup> Gm F Dm Gm C7 F

un - re - vealed un - til its sea - son, some - thing God a - lone can see.

The writing of this hymn was spurred by a line from the poet T. S. Eliot: "In my end is my beginning."  
Shortly after this piece was completed, the author/composer's husband was diagnosed with what proved to be a terminal malignancy, and the original anthem version of this hymn was sung at his funeral.