

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 world

2 Sweet the rains 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 recreation of the new day

1 O for a world where everyone
respects each other's ways,
where love is lived and all is done
with justice and with praise.

2 O for a world where goods are shared
and misery relieved,
where truth is spoken, children spared,
equality achieved.

3 We welcome one world family
and struggle with each choice
that opens us to unity
and gives our vision voice.

4 The poor are rich, the weak are
strong,
the foolish ones are wise.
Tell all who mourn, outcasts belong,
who perishes will rise.

5 O for a world preparing for
God's glorious reign of peace,
where time and tears will be no more,
and all but love will cease.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
our hearts in Christian love;
the fellowship of kindred minds
is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
we pour our ardent prayers;
our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
our mutual burdens bear,
and often for each other flows
the sympathizing tear.

4 When we are called to part,
it gives us inward pain;
but we shall still be joined in heart,
and hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
our courage by the way;
while each in expectation lives
and waits to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
and sin, we shall be free;
and perfect love and friendship reign
through all eternity.