

# THE Hiding Place

## Morning Has Broken

Morning has broken, like the first morning  
Blackbird has spoken, like the first bird  
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning  
Praise for the springing fresh from the word

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

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