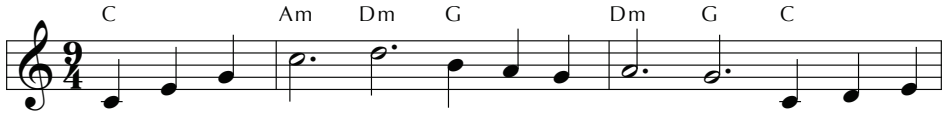
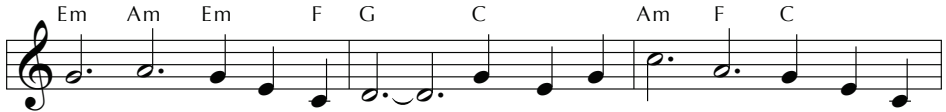


Morning Has Broken

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



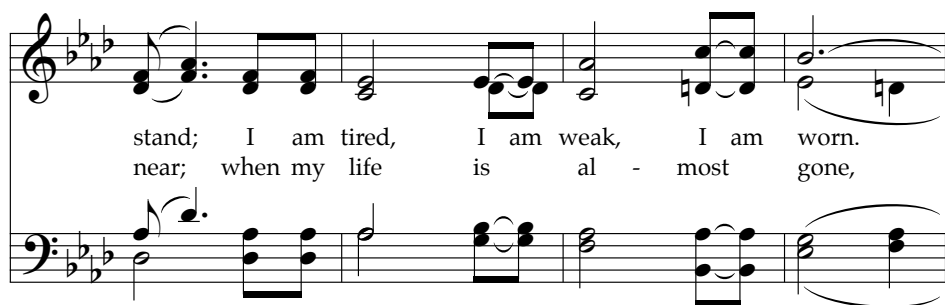
morn - ing! Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 gar - den, sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
 morn - ing, God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

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.

834 Precious Lord, Take My Hand




1 Pre - cious Lord, take my hand; lead me on, help me
2 When my way grows drear, pre - cious Lord, lin - ger



stand; I am tired, I am weak, I am worn.
near; when my life is al - most gone,



Through the storm, through the night, lead me on to the
hear my cry, hear my call, hold my hand lest I



light; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.
fall; take my hand, pre - cious Lord, lead me home.

This black gospel song, like much hymnody, sprang out of the author's deep personal loss (the death of his wife and newborn son), yet it has brought solace to many. He thought his fingers were playing new music, but they unlocked a deep memory of a tune almost a century old.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah 65

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, whence the heal - ing
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land. I am weak, but thou art might - y. Hold me
 stream doth flow. Let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar lead me
 fears sub - side. Death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion, land me

with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,
 all my jour - ney through. Strong de - liv - erer, strong de - liv - erer,
 safe on Ca - naan's side. Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es

feed me till I want no more; feed me till I want no more.
 be thou still my strength and shield; be thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to thee; I will ev - er give to thee.

Few Welsh hymns are as well known or loved as this 18th-century text that did not gain its popular tune until the early 20th century. In both its original text and in English translation, it is a stirring hymn of pilgrimage filled with vivid imagery from Hebrew Scripture.