

Morning has broken



This poem titled 'A morning song (For the first day of Spring)' is by Eleanor Farjeon who wrote it when she was asked to make a poem to fit the traditional Scottish Gaelic tune 'Bunessan', the words were inspired by the village of Alfriston in East Sussex and can be found in her collection 'The children's bells' published in 1957.

Morn - ing has brok - en Like the first morn - ing, Black - bird has
spok - en Like the first bird. Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the
morn - ing! Praise for them spring - ing, Fresh from the world!

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.

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 those feet pass.

Mine is the sunlight, Mine is the morning,
Born of the one light Eden saw play.
Praise with elation, Praise every morning,
Spring's recreation Of the new day!

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!