

Hymns

Morning Has Broken



1 Morn - ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing;
2 Sweet the rain's new fall, sun - lit from heav - en,
3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing,



black-bird has spo - ken like the first bird.
like the first dew - fall on the first grass.
born of the one light E - den saw play!



Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry morn - ing,



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

Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1881–1965
Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic tune
Text © Miss E. Farjeon Will Trust, admin. David Higham Associates

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator.

We Come to You for Healing, Lord



1 We come to you for heal - ing, Lord, of
 2 As once you walked through an - cient streets and
 3 You touch us through phy - si - cians' skills, through
 4 When nights are long with wake - ful - ness, through
 5 We come to you, O lov - ing Lord, in



bod - y, mind, and soul, and pray that by your
 reached toward those in pain, come, ris - en Christ, a -
 nurs - es' gifts of care, and through the love of
 days when strength runs low, grant us your gift of
 our dis - tress and pain, in trust that through our



Spir - it's touch we may a - gain be whole.
 mong us still with pow'r to heal a - gain.
 faith - ful friends who lift our lives in prayer.
 pa - tience, Lord, your calm - ing peace to know.
 nights and days your grace will heal, sus - tain.

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle Jr., 1923–2007

Music: MARTYRDOM, Hugh Wilson, 1764–1824

Text © 2002 GIA Publications, Inc. 7404 S. Mason Ave., Chicago, IL 60638. www.giamusic.com
 800.442.3358 All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Duplication in any form prohibited without permission or valid license from copyright administrator

Come, Ye Disconsolate



1 Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
2 Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
3 Here see the Bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing



come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel.
hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;
forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove.



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing



earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
"Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

Text: Thomas Moore, 1779–1852, sts. 1–2; Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872, st. 3
Music: CONSOLATOR, Samuel Webbe Sr., 1740–1816

Hymn 483 – No download

I'm So Glad Jesus Lifted Me



1 I'm so glad I'm so glad
2 Sa - tan had me bound, Je - sus lift - ed me. Sa - tan had me bound,
3 When I was in trou - ble, When I was in trou - ble,



Je - sus lift - ed me. I'm so glad
Sa - tan had me bound, Je - sus lift - ed me,
When I was in trou - ble,



sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus lift - ed me.

Text: African American spiritual
Music: JESUS LIFTED ME, African American spiritual