

# Morning Has Broken

*UMH 145*

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 Word!

2 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.

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 re-creation  
Of the new day!

## Romans 8:12-25

<sup>12</sup> So then, brethren, we are under obligation, not to the flesh, to live according to the flesh— <sup>13</sup> for if you are living according to the flesh, you must die; but if by the Spirit you are putting to death the deeds of the body, you will live. <sup>14</sup> For all who are being led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God. <sup>15</sup> For you have not received a spirit of slavery leading to fear again, but you have received a spirit of adoption as sons by which we cry out, “Abba! Father!” <sup>16</sup> The Spirit Himself testifies with our spirit that we are children of God, <sup>17</sup> and if children, heirs also, heirs of God and fellow heirs with Christ, if indeed we suffer with *Him* so that we may also be glorified with *Him*.

<sup>18</sup> For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be revealed to us. <sup>19</sup> For the anxious longing of the creation waits eagerly for the revealing of the sons of God. <sup>20</sup> For the creation was subjected to futility, not willingly, but because of Him who subjected it, in hope <sup>21</sup> that the creation itself also will be set free from its slavery to corruption into the freedom of the glory of the children of God. <sup>22</sup> For we know that the whole creation groans and suffers the pains of childbirth together until now. <sup>23</sup> And not only this, but also we ourselves, having the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting eagerly for *our* adoption as sons, the redemption of our body. <sup>24</sup> For in hope we have been saved, but hope that is seen is not hope; for who hopes for what he *already* sees? <sup>25</sup> But if we hope for what we do not see, with perseverance we wait eagerly for it.

# **Mothering God, You Gave Me Birth**

*TFWS 2050*

1 Mothering God, you gave me birth  
in the bright morning of this world.  
Creator, source of every breath,  
you are my rain, my wind, my sun.

2 Mothering Christ, you took my form,  
offering me your food of light,  
grain...of life, and grape of love,  
your very body for my peace.

3 Mothering Spirit, nurturing one,  
in arms of patience hold me close,  
so that in faith I root and grow  
until I flower, until I know.