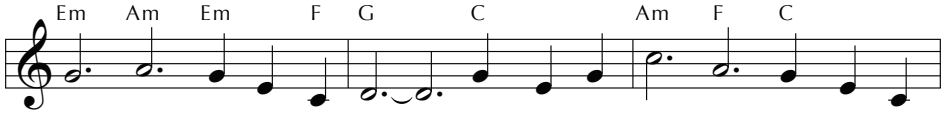


## Morning Has Broken

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.

# We Are One in the Spirit 300

## They'll Know We Are Christians by Our Love

Capo 1: (Em) (Bm) (Em)  
Fm Cm Fm

1 We are one in the Spir - it; we are one in the Lord;  
2 We will walk with each oth - er; we will walk hand in hand;  
3 We will work with each oth - er; we will work side by side;  
4 All praise to the Fa - ther, from whom all things come,

(Am) (Em)  
B<sup>b</sup>m Fm

we are one in the Spir - it; we are one in the Lord,  
we will walk with each oth - er; we will walk hand in hand,  
we will work with each oth - er; we will work side by side,  
and all praise to Christ Je - sus, God's on - ly Son,

(Am) (Em)  
B<sup>b</sup>m Fm

and we pray that all u - ni - ty may one day be re - stored:  
and to - geth - er we'll spread the news that God is in our land:  
and we'll guard hu - man dig - ni - ty and save hu - man pride:  
and all praise to the Spir - it, who makes us one:

Refrain (C) (Em)  
D<sup>b</sup> Fm

And they'll know we are Chris - tians by our love, by our

(Am) (Em) (Am) (Bm) (Em) (Am/E) (Em)  
B<sup>b</sup>m Fm B<sup>b</sup>m Cm Fm B<sup>b</sup>m/F Fm

love; yes, they'll know we are Chris - tians by our love.

A parish priest at St. Brendan's on the South Side of Chicago in the 1960s was very involved in the local Civil Rights movement and needed something for his youth choir to sing at ecumenical, interracial events. Finding nothing, he wrote this song in a single day.