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Morning has broken,  
like the first morning,  
blackbird has spoken,  
like the first bird.  
Praise for the singing,  
praise for the morning,  
praise for the springing  
fresh from the word

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.

Mine is the sunlight,  
mine is the morning  
Born of the one light  
Eden saw play.  
Praise with elation,  
praise every morning,  
God's recreation  
of the new day.

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All creatures of our God and king,  
lift up your voice and with us sing  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Thou burning sun with golden beam,  
thou silver moon with softer gleam,  
*O praise him, O praise him,  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia!*

Thou rushing wind that art so strong,  
ye clouds that sail in heav'n along,  
O praise him, alleluia!  
Thou rising morn in praise rejoice,  
ye lights of evening, find a voice;  
*O praise him ...*

Thou flowing water, pure and clear,  
make music for thy Lord to hear,  
Alleluia, alleluia!  
Thou fire so masterful and bright  
that givest us both warmth and light,  
*O praise him ...*

Dear mother earth, who day by day  
unfoldest blessings on our way,  
O praise him, alleluia!  
The flow'rs and fruits that in thee grow,  
let them his glory also show;  
*O praise him ...*

Let all things their creator bless  
and worship him in humbleness,  
O praise him, alleluia!  
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,  
and praise the Spirit, Three-in-One,  
*O praise him ...*