

MORNING HAS BROKEN

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.

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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LORD OF THE DANCE

I danced in the morning when the world was begun
I danced in the Moon and the Stars and the Sun
I came down from Heaven and I danced on the Earth
At Bethlehem I had my birth

*Dance, dance, wherever you may be
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
And I'll lead you all, wherever you may be
And I'll lead you all in the Dance, said He!*

I danced for the scribe and the pharisee
But they would not dance and they wouldn't follow me
I danced for the fishermen, for James & John
They came with me so the Dance went on
Dance, dance . . .

I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame
The holy people said it was a shame!
They whipped and they stripped and they hung me high
And left me there on a cross to die!
Dance, dance . . .

I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone
But I am the Dance and I still go on!
Dance, dance . . .

They cut me down and I leapt up high
I am the Life that will never, never die!
I'll live in you if you'll live in Me -
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He!
Dance, dance . . .