

## **Song Sheet for Care of Creation**

**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 rains 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!

**He's got the whole world in His hands,**  
He's got the earth and the sky in His hands,  
He's got the sun and the moon in His hands,  
He's got the whole world in His hands.

She's got the wind and the rain in Her hands,  
She's got the river and the seas in Her hands,  
She's got the mountains and the prairies in  
Her hands,  
She's got the whole world in Her hands.

He's got the soil and the seed in His hands,  
He's got the birds and the fish in His hands,  
He's got the fruit and the fungus in His hands,  
He's got the whole world in His hands.

She's got you and me, brother, in Her hands,  
He's got you and me sister, in His hands  
She's got ev'rybody here in Her hands.  
He's got the whole world in His hands

## **In the Garden**

I come to the garden alone  
While the dew is still on the roses  
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear  
The Son of God discloses

And He walks with me  
And He talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own  
And the joy we share as we tarry there  
None other has ever known

He speaks and the sound of His voice  
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing  
And the melody that He gave to me  
Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me  
And He talks with me  
And He tells me I am His own  
And the joy we share as we tarry there  
None other has ever known

**Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya**

Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya

Kumbaya my Lord, kumbaya

Oh Lord, kumbaya

Someone's singing Lord, kumbaya

Someone's singing Lord, kumbaya

Someone's singing Lord, kumbaya

Oh Lord, kumbayah

Someone's crying Lord, kumbaya

Someone's crying Lord, kumbaya

Someone's crying Lord, kumbaya

Oh Lord, kumbaya

Someone's praying Lord, kumbaya

Someone's praying Lord, kumbaya

Someone's praying Lord, kumbaya

Oh Lord, kumbaya

**1 This is my Father's world,**

And to my listening ears  
All nature sings and round me rings  
The music of the spheres.  
This is my Father's world:  
I rest me in the thought  
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas--  
His hand the wonders wrought.

2 This is my Father's world:

The birds their carols raise,  
The morning light, the lily white,  
Declare their Maker's praise.  
This is my Father's world:  
He shines in all that's fair;  
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,  
He speaks to me everywhere.

3 This is my Father's world:

O let me ne'er forget  
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,  
God is the Ruler yet.  
This is my Father's world:  
Why should my heart be sad?  
The Lord is King: let the heavens ring!  
God reigns; let earth be glad!

**1 For the beauty of the earth,**  
for the glory of the skies,  
for the love which from our birth  
over and around us lies.

**Refrain:**

**Christ, our Lord, to you we raise  
this, our hymn of grateful praise.**

2 For the wonder of each hour  
of the day and of the night,  
hill and vale and tree and flower,  
sun and moon and stars of light, [Refrain ]

3 For the joy of human love,  
brother, sister, parent, child,  
friends on earth, and friends above,  
for all gentle thoughts and mild, [Refrain]

4 For yourself, best gift divine,  
to the world so freely given,  
agent of God's grand design:  
peace on earth and joy in heaven. [Refrain]