

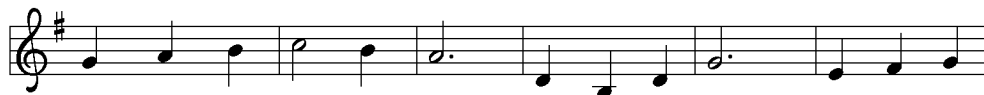
HYMNS FOR JULY 26, 2020*

**Drawn to the Light, For By Grace You Have Been Saved, and Morning Has Broken* are reprinted with permission under OneLicense.net A-726218.

DRAWN TO THE LIGHT



1 Peo - ple who walk in dark - ness have sought a light in the
2 How can we tell a heav - en from hell if ev - 'ry - one
3 Where is the sun? Oh, there will be none! The Lamb is the



heart of the dark - est night. Just when we thought all would be
dwells in the dark of night? Morn - ing dis - pels, gent - ly com -
one who is shin - ing bright, bids us to come! Life has be -



lost, we were drawn to the light of God.
pels, and we're drawn to the light of God.
gun when we're drawn to the light of God.



Dawn is in sight! Gone is the night, drawn to the



light and the morn - ing. Glo - rious and bright, oh, what a



sight to be drawn to the light of God.

Text: John C. Ylvisaker, b. 1937
Music: LA CROSSE, John C. Ylvisaker
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FOR BY GRACE YOU HAVE BEEN SAVED



- 1 For by grace you have been saved and e - ven faith is not your
 2 "So my grace is all - suf - fi - cient for each child who is my
 3 So this weak - ness with con - tent - ment I'll ac - cept now in my -



own, it's the gift of God for you and not the works that you have
 own, for my strength is now made per - fect for each child who is my
 self, all my hard - ships, pains, and griefs that still lie deep with - in my -



done. Don't let an - y - bod - y boast, for this is
 own. When you're weak, then you are strong, for this is
 self. When I'm weak, then I am strong, for this is



God's great gift. A - men.
 God's great gift." A - men.
 God's great gift. A - men. A - men.

Text: Kari Tikka, b. 1946; tr. Michael Harper
 Music: ARMOLAULU, Kari Tikka
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MORNING HAS BROKEN



- 1 Morn - ing has bro - ken like the first morn - ing;
 2 Sweet the rain's new fall, sun - lit from heav - en,
 3 Mine is the sun - light! Mine is the morn - ing,



black - bird has spo - ken like the first bird.
 like the first dew - fall on the first grass.
 born of the one light E - den saw play!



Praise for the sing - ing! Praise for the morn - ing!
 Praise for the sweet - ness of the wet gar - den,
 Praise with e - la - tion, praise ev - 'ry morn - ing,



Praise for them, spring - ing fresh from the Word!
 sprung in com - plete - ness where God's feet pass.
 God's re - cre - a - tion of the new day!

Text: Eleanor Farjeon, 1881–1965
 Music: BUNESSAN, Gaelic tune
 Text © Miss E. Farjeon Will Trust, admin. David Higham Associates