

Each time in the morning
Experience of Christ—As Food and Drink

(Guitar: Capo 3)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|-------|------|----------|-----------|----------------------|----------|--------|----------|-------|----------|----------|--|
| G | | | | Bm | | | | C | | | D | |
| 1. Each | time | in | the | morn - | ing, | a | while | be - | fore | dawn | To | |
| G | | | | Bm | | | | C | | | D | |
| You, | Lord, | I | whis - | per | a | praise | or | a | song, | And | | |
| G | | | | Bm | | | | C | | | D | |
| feel | Your | life | stir - | ring | so | deep | with - | in | me— | My | | |
| G | | | C | | D⁷ | G | | C | | G | | |
| cup | run - | neth | o - | ver | with | joy! | | | | | | |

2. And then at the moment my heart turns to Thee,
 The eyes of my spirit Your presence can see;
 While all is so fresh and the sunlight breaks through—
 My cup runneth over with joy!
3. And when at the noontime I'm hungry and worn
 And feel that the cares of this world have me torn,
 You come as my haven, my rest, and my food—
 My cup runneth over with joy!
4. And then in the evening when my thoughts are free,
 Remembr'ing that You, Lord, still dwell within me,
 This sweet fact releases a river in me—
 My cup runneth over with joy!