When Morning Gilds the Skies

Edward Caswall, 1854, & Robert Bridges, 1899
Joseph Barnby, 1868

1. When morning gilds the skies my heart awakening cries: May
2. Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find, May
3. In Heav’n’s eternal bliss the love-liest strain is this, May
4. Be this, while life is mine, my canticle divine: May

Jesus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer, to
Jesus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthy bliss? My
Jesus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea and sky from
Jesus Christ be praised! Sing this eternal song through

Jesus I repair: May Jesus Christ be praised!
comfort still is this, May Jesus Christ be praised!
depth to height reply, May Jesus Christ be praised!
all the ages long: May Jesus Christ be praised!

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