When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When morning gilds the skies, my heart awakening
2. The night becomes as day when from the heart we
3. Let all the earth around ring joyous with the
4. Be this, while life is mine, my canticle di-

cries: May Jesus Christ be praised! Alike at work and
say: May Jesus Christ be praised! The powers of dark-ness
sound: May Jesus Christ be praised! In heaven's e-ter nal
vine: May Jesus Christ be praised! Be this th'e-ter nal

prayer, to Jesus I re-pair: May
fear when this sweet chant they hear: May
bliss the love-liest strain is this: May
song through all the ages long: May

Je-sus Christ be praised!
Je-sus Christ be praised!
Je-sus Christ be praised!
Je-sus Christ be praised!

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