When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When morning gilds the skies, my heart awaking
2. The night be-comes as day, when from the heart we
3. Let all the earth a-round ring joy-ous with the
4. Be this, while life is mine, my can-ti-cle di-

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

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