When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking
2. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we
3. Ye nations of mankind, In this your concord
4. In heav’n’s eternal bliss, The loveliest strain is

cries, May Jesus Christ be praised! A like at work and
say, May Jesus Christ be praised! The pow’rs of dark-ness
find: May Jesus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a-
this, May Jesus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and

prayer, To Jesus I repair, May
fear, When this sweet song they hear, May
round Ring joyous with the sound: May
sky From depth to height reply, May

Jesus Christ be praised.
Jesus Christ be praised.
Jesus Christ be praised.
Jesus Christ be praised.