When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When morn'ing gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries,
   May Jesus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer,
   To Jesus I repair,

2. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say,
   The pow'rs of darkness fear,
   When this sweet song they hear,

3. Ye nations of mankind, In this your concord find:
   Let all the earth around
   Ring joyous with the sound:

4. In heav'n's eternal bliss, The loveliest strain is this,
   Let earth, and sea, and sky
   From depth to height reply,

May Jesus Christ be praised!

Text: Katholiches Gesangbuch, Wurzburg, 1828; st. 1,2,4, tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-1878; st. 3, tr. Robert Bridges, 1844-1930
Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896

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