

When Morning Gilds the Skies

1 When mor - ning gilds the skies, — my heart a - wa - king
 2 Does sad - ness fill my mind? — A so - lace here I
 3 The night be - comes as day, — when from the heart we
 4 Be this, while life is mine, — my can - ti - cle di -

cries, may Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and
 find, may Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly
 say, Mmy Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness
 vine, may Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'et - er - nal

prayer to Je - sus I re -
 bliss? My com - fort still is
 fear when this sweet chant they
 song through all the a - ges

pair, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
 this, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
 hear, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
 long, may Je - sus Christ be praised!