When Morning Gilds the Skies

1 When mor-ning gilds the skies, my heart a-waking
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! Thepowers of dark-ness
vine, may Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th'et-er-nal

prayer 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!

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