When Morning Gilds the Skies

1 When morning gilds the skies, my heart awaking cries,
2 Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find,
3 The night be comes as day, when from the heart we say,
4 Be this, while life is mine, my canticle divine,

may Jesus Christ be praised! A like at work and prayer
may Jesus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthly bliss?
Mny Jesus Christ be praised! The powers of darkness fear
may Jesus Christ be praised! Be this th'eternal song

My comfort still is this, may Jesus Christ be praised!
when this sweet chant they hear, may Jesus Christ be praised!
through all the ages long, may Jesus Christ be praised!
to Jesus I repair, may Jesus Christ be praised!

Text: Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1828; tr. Edward Caswall (1814-1878)
Tune: Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

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