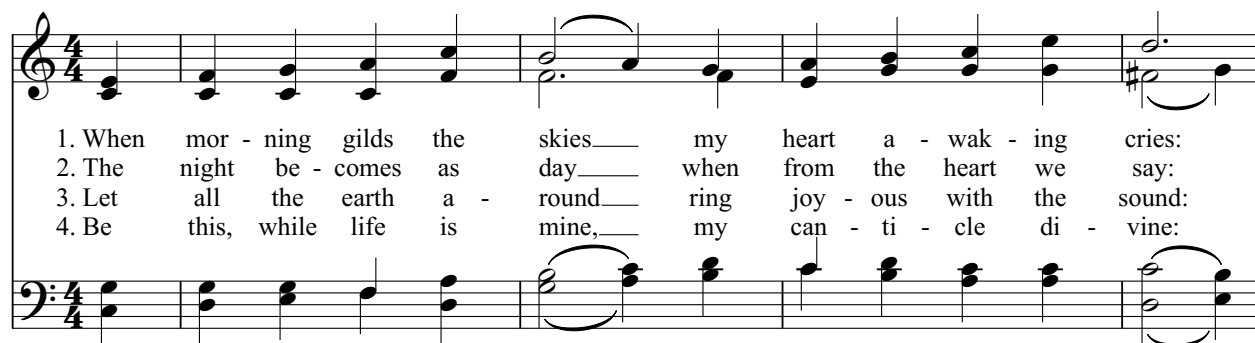
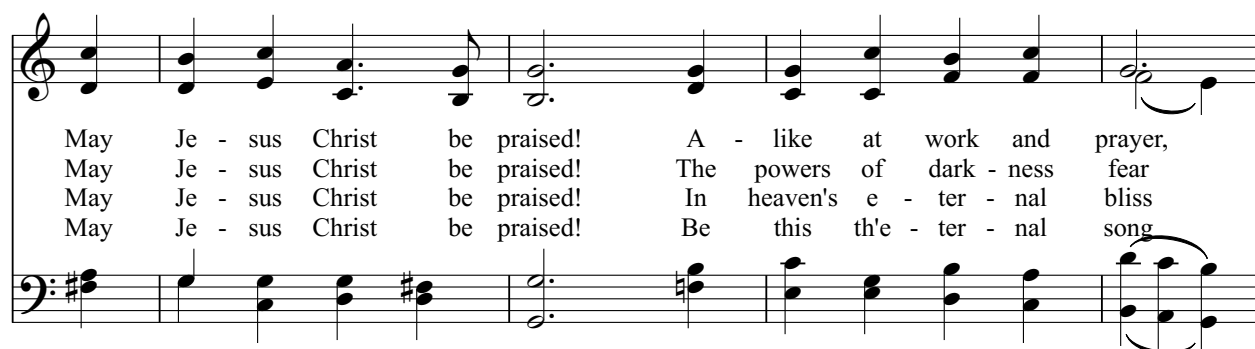


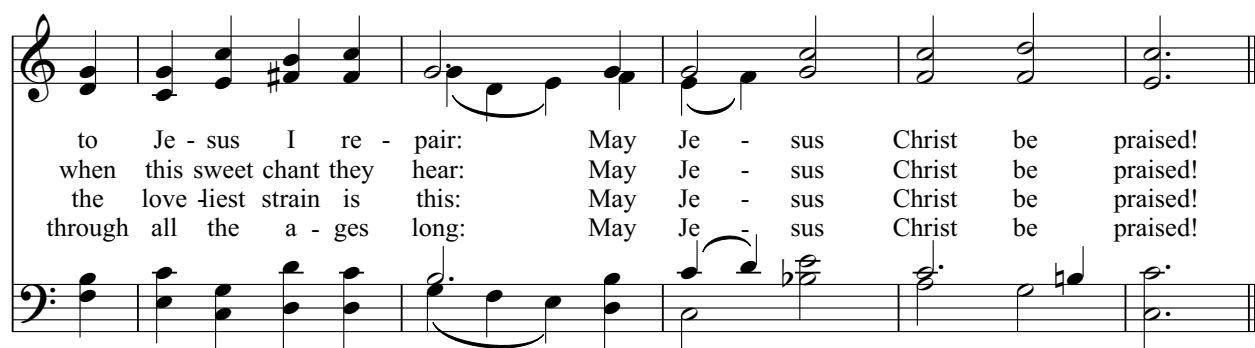
# When Morning Gilds the Skies



1. When mor - ning gilds the skies — my heart a - wak - ing cries:  
2. The night be - comes as day — when from the heart we say:  
3. Let all the earth a - round — ring joy - ous with the sound:  
4. Be this, while life is mine, — my can - ti - cle di - vine:



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness fear  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! In heaven's e - ter - nal bliss  
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song



to Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
when this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
the love - liest strain is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
through all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised!

Text: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, ca. 1744;  
sts. 1,2,4 trans Edward Caswall, 1854;  
st. 3 Robert S. Bridges, 1899  
Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1868



666 666  
LAUDES DOMINI  
[www.hymnary.org/text/when\\_morning\\_gilds\\_the\\_skies](http://www.hymnary.org/text/when_morning_gilds_the_skies)