

When Morning Gilds the Skies

1. When mor-ning gilds the skies,— My heart a - wa-king
 2. The night be-comes as day,— When from the heart we
 3. Ye na - tions of man - kind,— In this your con-cord
 4. In heavn's e - ter - nal bliss— The love-liest strain is

cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and
 say, May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark-ness
 find: May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a -
 this, May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and

prayer, To Je - sus I re - pair, May
 fear, When this sweet song they hear, May
 round Ring joy - ous with the sound: May
 sky Fri - om depth to height reply, May

Je - sus Christ be praised.
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