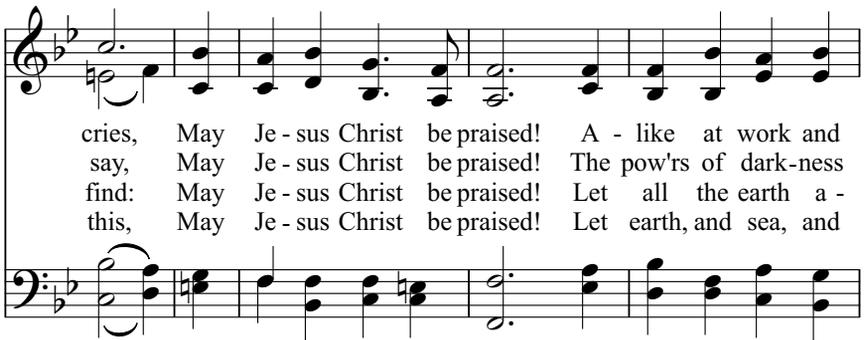


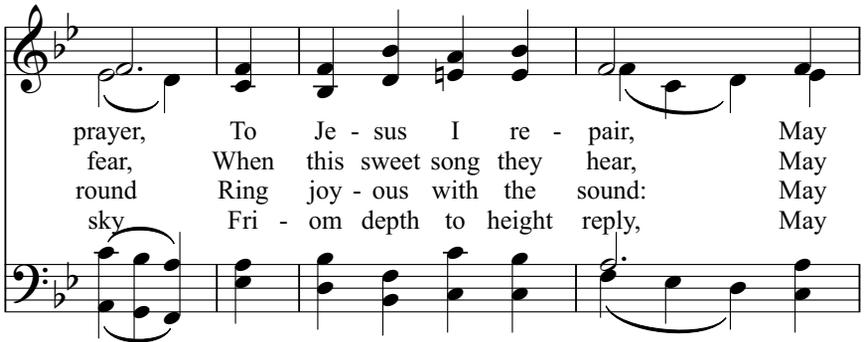
# When Morning Gilds the Skies



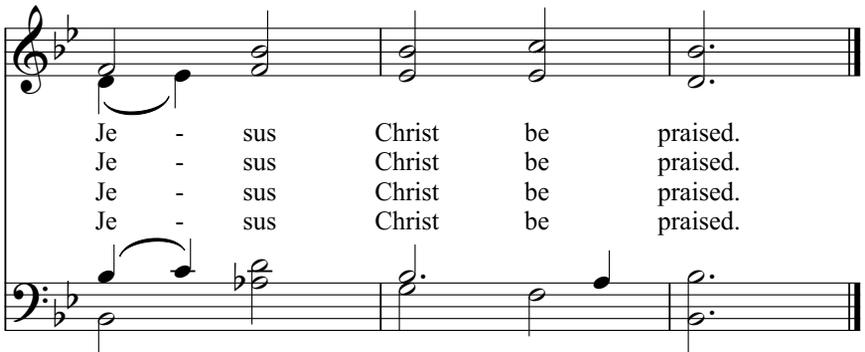
1. When mor-ning gilds the skies,— My heart a - wa-king  
2. The night be-comes as day,— When from the heart we  
3. Ye na - tions of man - kind,— In this your con-cord  
4. In heavn's e - ter - nal bliss— The love-liest strain is



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.  
Je - sus Christ be praised.  
Je - sus Christ be praised.  
Je - sus Christ be praised.