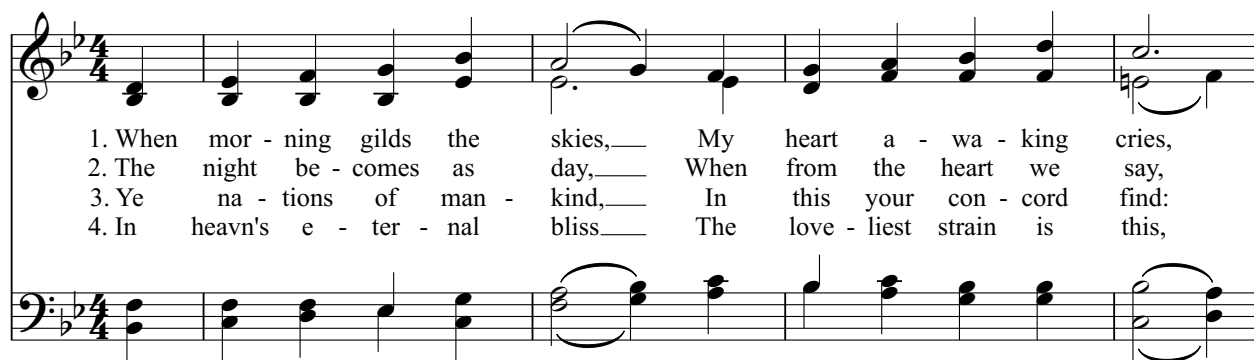
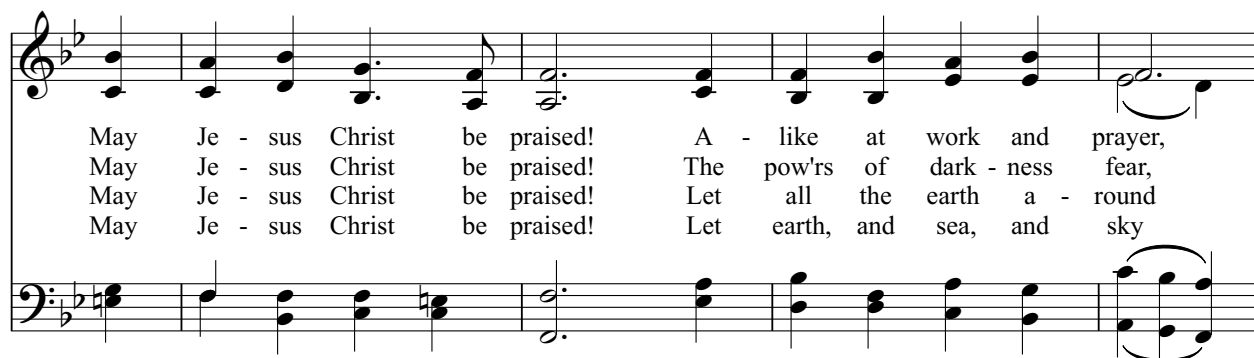


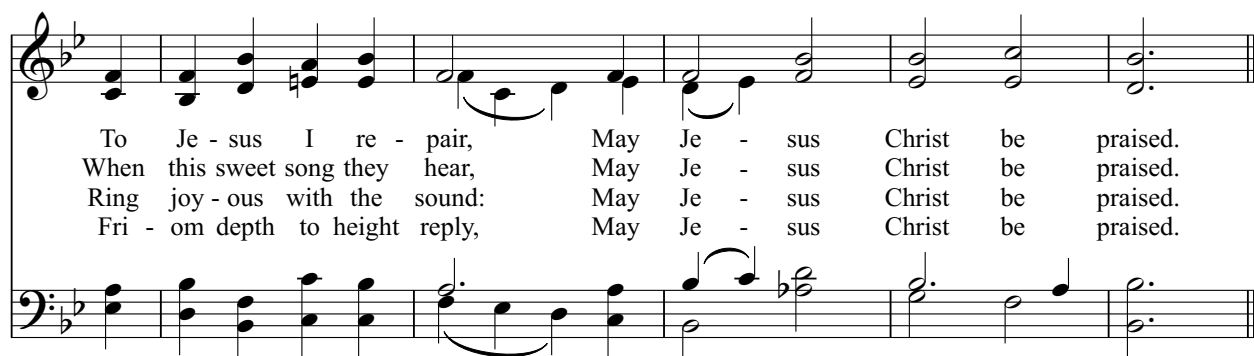
When Morning Gilds the Skies



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



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a - round
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky



To Je - sus I re - pair, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet song they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Ring joy - ous with the sound: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Fri - om depth to height reply, May Je - sus Christ be praised.

Text: Katholiches Gesangbuch, Wurzburg, 1828;
 st. 1,2,4, tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-1878;
 st. 3, tr. Robert Bridges, 1844-1930
 Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896



Irregular
 LAUDES DOMINI
www.hymnary.org/text/when_morning_gilds_the_skies