

# When Morning Gilds the Skies



1 When mor - ning gilds the skies, — my heart a - wa - king  
 2 Does sad - ness fill my mind? — A so - lace here I  
 3 The night be - comes as day, — when from the heart we  
 4 Be this, while life is mine, — my can - ti - cle di -



cries, may Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and  
 find, may Je - sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly  
 say, Mmy Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness  
 vine, may Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'et - er - nal



prayer to Je - sus I re -  
 bliss? My com - fort still is  
 fear when this sweet chant they  
 song through all the a - ges



pair, may Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 this, may Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 hear, may Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 long, may Je - sus Christ be praised!