

When Morning Gilds the Skies

1 When mor - ning gilds the skies, my heart a - wa - king cries,
2 Does sad - ness fill my mind? A so - lace here I find,
3 The night be - comes as day, when from the heart we say,
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! Or fades my earth - ly bliss?
My Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness fear
may Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'et - er - nal song

to Je - sus I re - pair, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
My com - fort still is this, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
when this sweet chant they hear, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
through all the a - ges long, may Je - sus Christ be praised!

Text: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, 1828;
tr. Edward Caswall (1814-1878)
Tune: Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)



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