

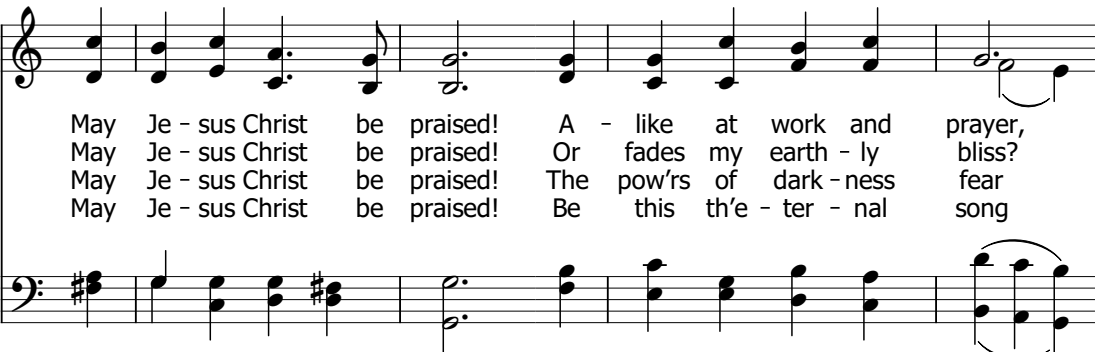
When Morning Gilds the Skies

tr. Edward Caswall

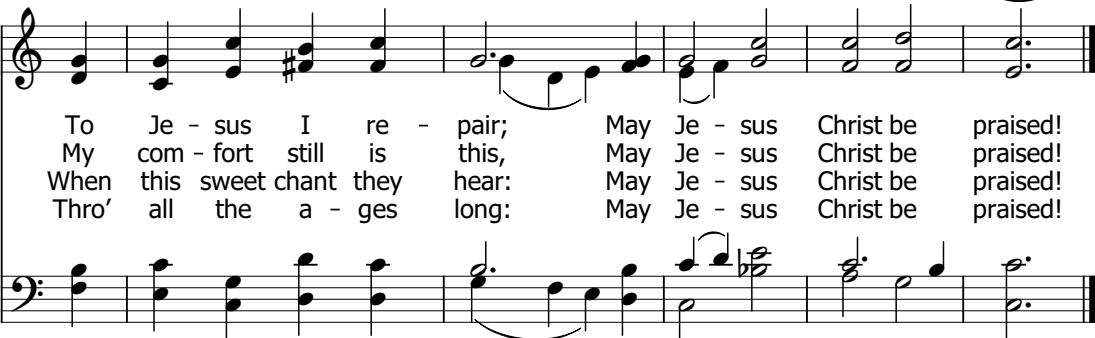
Joseph Barnby



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,
3. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this,
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?
May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - 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!
Thro' all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised!