

When Morning Gilds the Skies

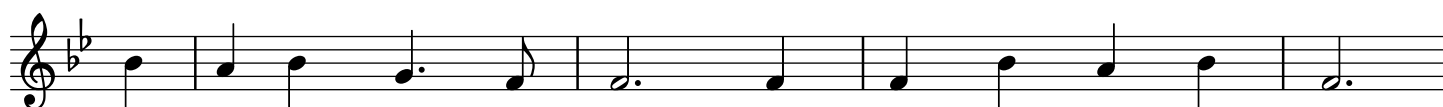
Tr. by Edward Caswall (1856)

Soprano

Joseph Barnby (1865)



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
2. When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell,
3. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,
4. Ye na - tions of man - kind, In this your con - cord find,
5. In heaven's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this,
6. 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! O hark to what it sings,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers 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
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!
As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Ring joy - ous with the sound, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
From depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Through all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!