When Morning Gilds the Skies

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. Let earth's wide cir-cle round In joy-ful notes re-sound:
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! Let air and sea and sky
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this the 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!
From depth to height re-ply: May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Through all the a-ges long: May Je-sus Christ be praised!