

167

When Morning Gilds the Skies

I will extol the LORD at all times; his praise will always be on my lips. Ps. 34:1

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, my heart a - wak - ing cries:
 2. When sleep her balm de - nies, my si - lent spir - it sighs:
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A so - lace here I find:
 4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss the love - liest strain is this:

May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer
 May Je - sus Christ be praised. When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
 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,

to Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 with this I shield my breast: 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.

5. Let earth's wide circle round
 in joyful notes resound:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
 Let air and sea and sky,
 from depth to height, reply:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

6. Be this, while life is mine,
 my canticle divine:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
 Be this th'eternal song,
 through all the ages on:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.