

When Morning Gilds the Skies

When morning gilds the skies, my heart awaking cries:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer to Jesus I repair:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

When sleep her balm denies, my silent spirit sighs:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
When evil thoughts molest, with this I shield my breast:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

In heav'n's eternal bliss the loveliest strain is this:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.
The pow'rs of darkness fear, when this sweet chant they hear:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

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.

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.