

HYMN

When morning gilds the skies

C F Dm7 G7 F G7 Am D7 Em7

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 Ye na-tions of man-kind, in this your con-cord find,
 4 Be this, while life is mine, my can-tic-le di-vine,

D7 G C D7 G G7 C G7 F G7 (Em)

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 all the earth a-round
 may Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this the e-ter-nal song,

G7 C D7 G (Em) G7 C C7 F G7 C

to Je-sus I re-pair; may Je-sus Christ be praised!
 My com-fort still is this, may Je-sus Christ be praised!
 ring joy-ous with the sound, may Je-sus Christ be praised!
 through all the a-ges long, may Je-sus Christ be praised!