

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-ti-cle 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^a: 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!

^a go, return

Text: German, 19th cent.; tr. Edward Caswall, 1854
 Tune: Joseph Barnby, 1868

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