

When Morning Gilds the Skies

LAUDES DOMINI

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66.66.66

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak-ing, cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised! When
2. When mirth for mu - sic longs, This is my song of songs: May Je-sus Christ be praised! God's
3. No love-lier an - ti - phon In all high heav'n is known Than, Je-sus Christ be praised! There

eve-ning sha-dows fall, This rings my cur - few call, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
ho - ly house of pray'r Hath none that can com - pare With: Je - sus Christ be praised!
to the-e-ter - nal Word The-e - ter - nal psalm is heard: May Je - sus Christ be praised!

4. Ye nations of mankind,
In this your concord find:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let all the earth around
Ring joyous with the sound:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5. Sing, suns and stars of space,
Sing, ye that see his face,
Sing, Jesus Christ be praised!
God's whole creation o'er,
For aye and evermore
Shall Jesus Christ be praised!

GERMAN, ANON.

TRANS. ROBERT BRIDGES