

# When morning gilds the skies

German (19th century) trans.

Edward Caswall (1814-1878) alt. The Editors.

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1. When morning gilds the skies,  
my heart awaking cries,  
may Jesus Christ be praised.  
At work as well as prayer  
I seek his loving care;  
may Jesus Christ be praised.
2. The night becomes as day,  
when from the heart we say:  
may Jesus Christ be praised.  
The pow'rs of darkness fear,  
when this sweet chant they hear:  
may Jesus Christ be praised.
3. In heav'n's eternal bliss  
the loveliest strain is this:  
may Jesus Christ be praised.  
Let air, and sea, and sky  
from depth to height reply:  
may Jesus Christ be praised.

4. Be this, while life is mine,  
my canticle divine:  
may Jesus Christ be praised.  
Be this my constant song  
through all the ages on:  
may Jesus Christ be praised

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