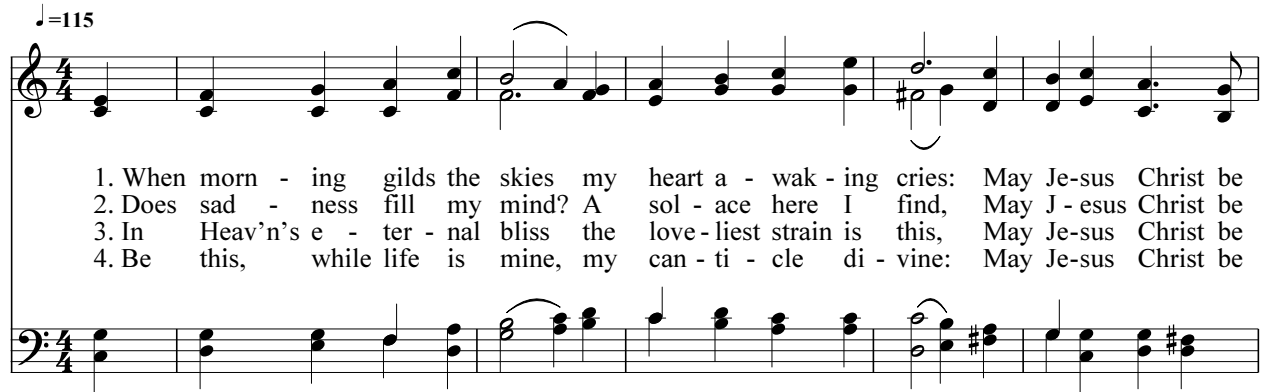


# When Morning Gilds the Skies

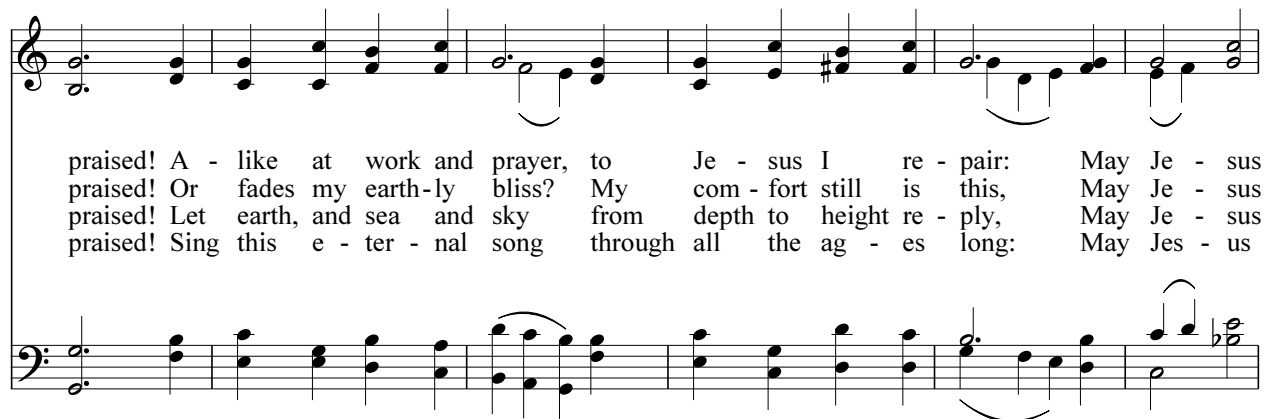
Edward Caswall, 1854, & Robert Bridges, 1899

Joseph Barnby, 1868

♩=115



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies my heart a - wak - ing cries: May Je - sus Christ be  
2. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May J - esus Christ be  
3. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss the love - liest strain is this, May Je - sus Christ be  
4. Be this, while life is mine, my can - ti - cle di - vine: May Je - sus Christ be



praised! A - like at work and prayer, to Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus  
praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus  
praised! Let earth, and sea and sky from depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus  
praised! Sing this e - ter - nal song through all the ag - es long: May Jes - us



Christ be praised!  
Christ be praised!  
Christ be praised!  
Christ be praised!