When morning gilds the skies O Seigneur 667.667.D Genevan Psalter, 1551 Image: Constraint of the skies Image: Constraint of the skies









When morning gilds the skies my heart awaking cries: may Jesus Christ be praised! Alike at work and prayer, to Jesus I repair: may Jesus Christ be praised! Whene'er the sweet church bell peals over hill and dell, may Jesus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings, as joyously it rings, may Jesus Christ be praised!

My tongue shall never tire of chanting with the choir, may Jesus Christ be praised! This song of sacred joy, it never seems to cloy, may Jesus Christ be praised! When sleep her balm denies, my silent spirit sighs, may Jesus Christ be praised! When evil thoughts molest, with this I shield my breast, may Jesus Christ be praised! Does sadness fill my mind? A solace here I find, may Jesus Christ be praised! Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this, may Jesus Christ be praised! The night becomes as day when from the heart we say: may Jesus Christ be praised! The powers of darkness fear when this sweet chant they hear: may Jesus Christ be praised! In heaven's eternal bliss the loveliest strain is this, may Jesus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea and sky from depth to height reply, may Jesus Christ be praised! Be this, while life is mine, my canticle divine: may Jesus Christ be praised! Sing this eternal song through all the ages long: may Jesus Christ be praised!

19th Cent

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