

WHEN MORNING FILLS THE SKY

LAUDES DOMINI 66.6 D
BEIM FRÜHEN MORGENLICHT

1 When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing
2 When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and
3 My tongue shall ne - ver tire Of chant - ing with the

cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and
dell, May Je - sus Christ be praised; O hark to what it
choir, May Je - sus Christ be praised; This song of sac - red

prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;
sings, As joy - ous - ly it rings,
joy, It ne - ver seems to cloy,

May Je - sus Christ be praised.
May Je - sus Christ be praised.
May Je - sus Christ be praised.

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;
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised.