

When morning gilds the skies

When morning gilds the skies, my heart, awaking, cries, may Jesus Christ be praised! When evening shadows fall, this rings my curfew call, may Jesus Christ be praised!

When mirth for music longs, this is my song of songs: may Jesus Christ be praised! God's holy house of prayer hath none that can compare with: Jesus Christ be praised!

No lovelier antiphon in all high heaven is known than, Jesus Christ be praised! There to the eternal Word the eternal psalm is heard: may Jesus Christ be praised!

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!

Sing, suns and stars of space, sing, ye that see his face, sing, Jesus Christ be praised! God's whole creation o'er, both now and evermore shall Jesus Christ be praised!