

When morning gilds the skies

“KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCK” WÜRZBURG (1828)

translated by EDWARD CASWALL (1854)

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!

Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast—
May Jesus Christ be praised!

In heav'n's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
The pow'rs of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear:
May Jesus Christ be praised!

To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this th' eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
May Jesus Christ be praised!