

228 When morning gilds the skies

C F Dm7 G7 F G7 Am D7 Em7

1 When morn-ing gilds the skies, my heart a-wak-ing cries:
 2 Does sad-ness fill my mind? a sol-ace here I find:
 3 Ye na-tions of man-kind, in this your con-cord find:
 4 Be this, while life is mine, my can-ti-cle di-vine:

D7 G C D7 G G7 C G7 F G7 Em

may Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer
 may Je-sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth-ly bliss?
 may Je-sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a-round
 may Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this the e-ter-nal song

G7 C D7 G Em G7 C C7 F G7 C

to Je-sus I re-pair^a. may Je-sus Christ be praised!
 my com-fort still is this: may Je-sus Christ be praised!
 ring joy-ous with the sound: may Je-sus Christ be praised!
 through all the a-ges long: may Je-sus Christ be praised!

^a go, return