

WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES

Trinity Hymnbook, Page 167 (key: C); Hymn Fake Book, Page , (key:)

C G7 C F Dm7 G7 Am G Am7 D7
When morn- ing gilds the skies, my heart a- waking cries:
When sleep her balm de- nies, my si- lent spirit sighs:
Does sad- ness fill my mind? A so- lace here I find:
In heav'n's e- ter- nal bliss the love- liest strain is this:
Let earth's wide cir- cle round in joy- ful notes re-sound:
Be this, while life is mine, my can- ti- cle di- vine:

G C D7 G
May Jesus Christ be praised!

G C G7 F G C D7 G7
A- like at work and prayer to Jesus I re- pair:
When evil thoughts mo- lest, with this I shield my breast:
Or fades my earth- ly bliss? My comfort still is this:
The pow'rs of dark- ness fear, when this sweet chant they hear:
Let air and sea and sky, from depth to height, re- ply:
Be this th'e- ter- nal song, through all the ages on:

C F G7 C
May Jesus Christ be praised!