

When morning gilds the skies,
my heart awakening cries,
may Jesus Christ be praised:
like at work and prayer
to Jesus I repair:
may Jesus Christ be praised!

To God, the word on high,
the hosts of angels cry:
may Jesus Christ be praised!
Let mortals, too, upraise
their voice in hymns of praise:
may Jesus Christ be praised!

Let earth's wide circle round
in joyful notes resound:
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let air, and sea, and sky,
from depth to height, reply:
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.

Be this, whole 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.