

## When Morning Gilds The Skies

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

Let all the earth around  
ring joyous with the sound:  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
In heaven's eternal bliss  
the loveliest strain is this:  
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!

CCLI Song # 1045805

## Lord, Speak To Me

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
in living echoes of thy tone;  
as thou hast sought, so let me seek  
thy erring children lost and 'lone.

O strengthen me, that while I stand firm  
on the rock, and strong in thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
to wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
the precious things thou dost impart;  
and wing my words, that they may reach  
the hidden depths of many a heart.

O fill me with thy fullness, Lord,  
until my very heart o'erflow  
in kindling thought and glowing word,  
thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
just as thou wilt, and when, and where,  
until thy blessed face I see,  
thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

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