

When Morning Gilds the Skies 99

In the morning I will sing of your love. Ps. 59:16

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. The night be - comes as day, when from the heart we say,
 4. Be this, while life is mine, my can - ti - cle di - vine,

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! The powers of dark - ness fear
 may Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song

to Je - sus I re - pair, may Je - sus. Christ be praised!
 My com - fort still is this, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
 when this sweet chant they hear, may Je - sus Christ be praised!
 through all the a - ges long, may Je - sus Christ be praised!

WORDS: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Würzburg, 1828; tr. Edward Caswall, 1854
 MUSIC: Joseph Barnby, 1868

LAUDES DOMINI
 6.6.6.6.6.6.

O Love That Will Not Let Me Go

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*George Matheson, 1882; alt.**Rom. 8:38-39; John 8:12*

1 O Love that will not let me go,
 2 O Light that fol - lows all my way,
 3 O Joy that seeks me through my pain,
 4 O Cross that rais - es up my head,

I rest my wea - ry soul in you;
 to you I yield my flick - ering flame;
 to you I can - not close my heart;
 from you I dare not seek to flee;

I give you back the life I owe, that
 Re - new my spir - it's fee - ble ray, that
 I trace the rain - bow through the rain, and
 Life's glo - ries with - er and are dead, but

in your o - cean depths its flow may swell with ar - dor true.
 from your bril - liant sun - lit day it may new bright - ness claim.
 know the prom - ise is not vain that you will ne'er de - part.
 from the ground there blos - soms red, life that shall end - less be.

Although he was nearly blind, George Matheson studied for the Church of Scotland ministry, assisted by his sisters, who learned Latin, Greek, and Hebrew to help him. Matheson wrote this hymn in five minutes on June 6, 1882, at his parsonage.

Tune: ST. MARGARET 8.8.8.6.
 Albert L. Peace, 1885

Acts 17:30-31; Rev. 7:9-14

Fanny Crosby, 1873; alt.



1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light! Vi - sions of
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my



fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sav - ior am hap - py and blessed; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a -



God, born of the Spir - it, washed in Christ's blood.
 bove ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 bove, filled with God's good - ness, lost in Christ's love.

*Refrain*

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long;



This is my sto - ry, this is my song, prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

