



1. When morn-ing gilds the skies my heart a - wak-ing cries:
 2. The night be-comes as day when from the heart we say:
 3. Let all the earth a - round ring joy- ous with the sound:
 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! The powers of dark-ness fear
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! In heaven's e - ter - nal bliss
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th'e - ter - nal song



to Je-sus I re-pair:
 when this sweet chant they hear:
 the love-liest strain is this:
 through all the a-ges long:

May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 May Je - sus Christ be praised!



WORDS: *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, ca. 1744; sts. 1, 2, 4 trans. by Edward Caswall, 1854;

st. 3 by Robert S. Bridges, 1899

MUSIC: Joseph Barnby, 1868

LAUDES DOMINI

666.666

1. Take my life, and let it be con - se - cra - ted,
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing al - ways, on - ly,
 3. Take my will, and make it thine; it shall be no

Lord, to thee. Take my mo - ments and my days;
 for my King. Take my lips, and let them be
 long - er mine. Take my heart, it is thine own;

let them flow in cease - less praise. Take my hands, and
 filled with mes - sag - es from thee. Take my sil - ver
 it shall be thy rov - al throne. Take my love, my

let them move at the im - pulse of thy love.
 and my gold; not a mite would I with - hold.
 Lord, I pour at thy feet its trea - sure - store.

Take my feet, and let them be swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use ev - ery power as thou shalt choose.
 Take my-self, and I will be ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

Bread of the World

624

1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro-ken, wine of the
2. Look on the heart by sor - row bro-ken, look on the

soul in mer - cy shed, by whom the words of life were
tears by sin - ners shed; and be thy feast to us the

spo - ken, and in whose death our sins are dead:
to - ken that by thy grace our souls are fed.

WORDS: Reginald Heber, 1827 (Jn. 6:35-58)
MUSIC: John S. B. Hodges, 1868

EUCCHARISTIC HYMN
98.98

Alt. tune: RENDEZ À DIEU

Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life 427



1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, where sound the
 2. In haunts of wretch-ed - ness and need, on shad-owed
 3. From ten - der child-hood's help - less - ness, from wom-an's
 4. The cup of wa - ter given for you still holds the
 5. O Mas-ter, from the moun - tain - side make haste to
 6. Till all the world shall learn your love and fol - low



cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of
 thresh-olds dark with fears, from paths where hide the
 grief, man's bur - dened toil, from fam - ished souls, from
 fresh- ness of your grace; yet long these mul - ti -
 heal these hearts of pain; a - mong these rest - less
 where your feet have trod, till, glo - rious from your



self - ish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of man.
 lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears.
 sor - row's stress, your heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 tudes to view the sweet com - pas - sion of your face.
 throngs a - bide; O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain,
 heaven a - bove, shall come the cit - y of our God!

