Ratisbon

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise, triumph over shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the dawn till your glories shine on me;
joyless is the day's return till your mercy's beams I see:
more and more yourself display, shining to the perfect day!

3 Visit then this soul of mine, pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
fill me, radiance divine, scatter all my unbelief:
as they inward light impart, cheer my eyes, and warm my heart.

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788), alt.
Tune: J. G. Werner's Choralbuch, 1815; harm. William H. Havergal (1793-1870)

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