1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the	on-ly light, Sun of Righteousness, arise, triumph o'er the
2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn un-ac-com-pa-
nied by thee; joy-less is the day's return, till thy mercy's
3. Vi-sit then this soul of mine; pierce the gloom of
sha-kes of night; Dayspring from on high, be near;
beams I see; till they in-ward light impart,
un-belief; more and more thy self dis-play,

Day-star, in my heart appear.
cheer my eyes and warm my heart.
shining to the perfect day.