Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

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

2. Dark and cheerless is the morn unaccented
   sin and grief; fill me, Radiancy divine, scatter all my
   beams I see; till they inward light impart,
   cheer my eyes and warm my heart.

3. Visit then this soul of mine; pierce the gloom of
   joyless is the day’s return, till thy mercy’s
   unbelief; more and more thyself display,
   shining to the perfect day.

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