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 unaccompanied
   nieder by thee; joyless is the day's return,
   till thy mercy's 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
   sin and grief; fill me, Radiantcy divine,
   scatter all my unbelief; more and more thy self display, shining to the perfect day.